128442

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/harpersmagazine205alde

GIFT

Harper's MAGAZINE

JULY
FIFTY CENT

Laws Won't Stop Strikes.....
Donald B. Straus

An Open Letter to Teachers.....
Paul Woodring

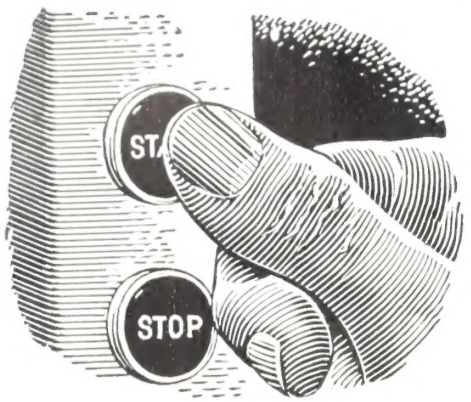
Going Broke on $10,000 a Year .....
Jay Taylor

The Anatomy of Graft.....
Joseph Dinneen

LIB.

Also: The Spirit of the Times *by Frederick Lewis Allen;* Perspective on South Africa *by Bart J. Bok;* Radio and the Richards Case *by Edmund Lawrence;* How to Prevent Floods *by Lee Templeton;* Departments, Reviews, Stories

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:



The man with 7½ horses

SOMETIME SOON, when your men's club is looking for a live topic, try this:

"For every 100 people in the world, only 6 are inside the borders of the U.S.A.; yet we produce 40% of the world's goods." Question: How can this be done?

Obviously the answer is not in numbers of people.

For there are many more people in Asia, for instance. Half the Asiatics work on farms. Yet most of the population is undernourished.

Here in America only 1 in 10 workers is on a farm. Yet most of us have all we need to eat. Why does our manpower go so far?

Because a little gasoline plows the furrow, a bit of electricity milks the cow. Mechanization and electrification multiply our manpower many times over.

Experts call this *productivity,* and it's what earns the U.S.A. her top-rung position.

Where does this productivity come from? Someone asked Dr. Charles Steinmetz, G.E.'s electrical wizard, this question shortly after World War I, and he answered:

> "One horsepower equals the muscle work of about 22 men—big men. There are machines coming out of General Electric today which can do more work than the entire slave population of this country at the time of the Civil War."

And things have moved along fast since Dr. Steinmetz' day, too.

Today almost 90% of America's industrial output is supplied by electric motors. The American workman has about 7½ horsepower at his finger tips — the power of 165 big men. He is aided by 7 times more electric power than his Russian counterpart.

At a West Coast steel mill, for instance, 4 motors can do a job equal to the manpower of 38 army divisions. In Butte, Montana, a single motor lifts 12 tons of copper ore at nearly 30 miles per hour.

And at Grand Coulee Dam the largest motors in the world — 65,000 horsepower each — can pump enough water to supply a city the size of New York!

Motors put muscles in industry — but they work faithfully for us at home, too. Someday count up the number of electric motors in your home. The average American home today has 6 motors, doing work that our grandparents did by hand.

In the last two generations General Electric scientists and engineers have done many things to change the world we live in. No one can explain America's gigantic production records without mentioning "electrification."

Motors are a giant cause of our production gains. But so are electric transportation, electric lighting, new methods of generating electricity, new electrical efficiency in homes.

Call it what you will — private enterprise, the competitive economic system, or the American way — the results are impressive.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

128442





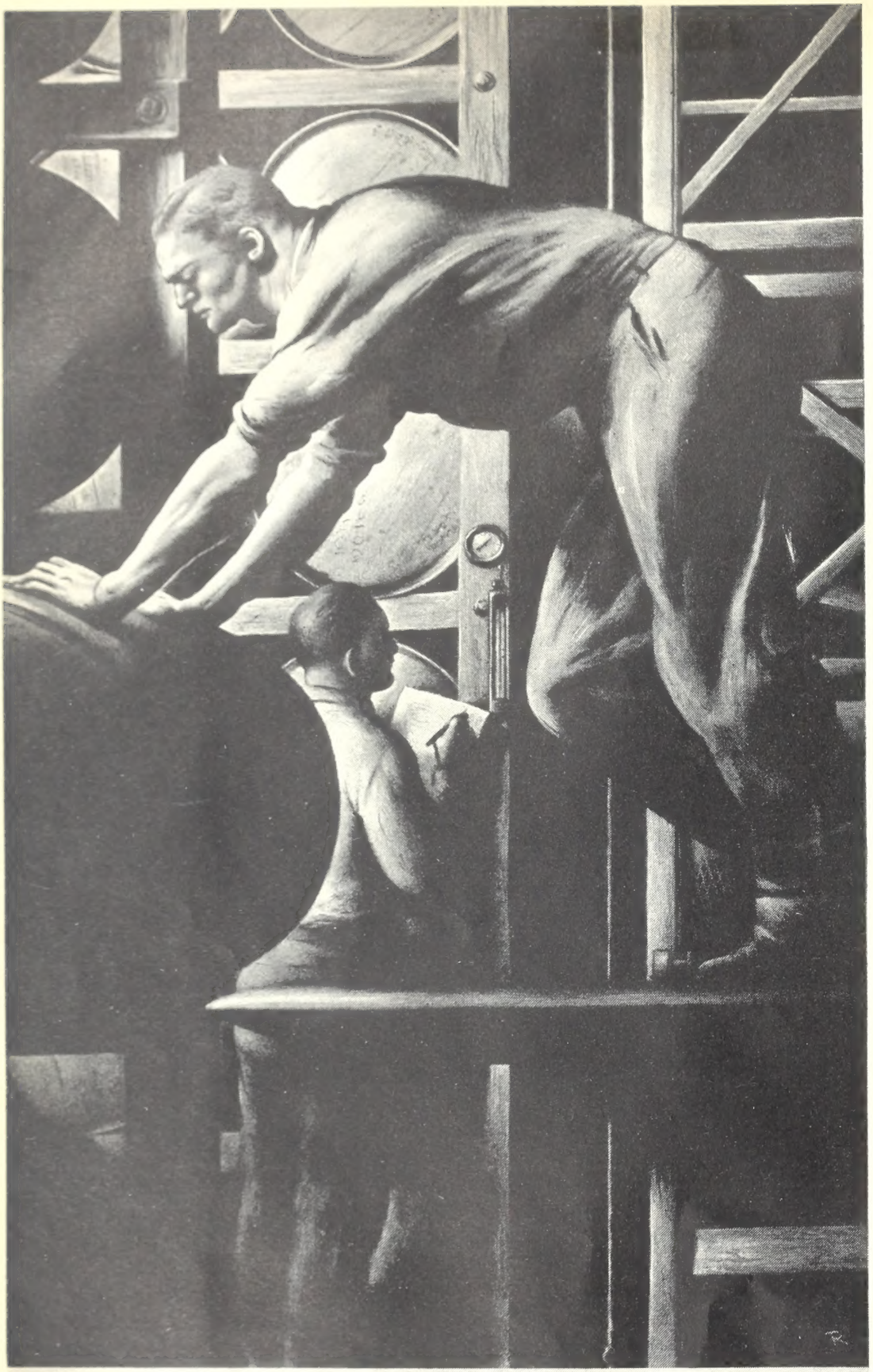
Taxes and Your Telephone



A considerable part of the money you pay for telephone service goes right out in taxes. In fact, the total telephone tax bill last year averaged $2.70 per month for every Bell telephone in the country. It will be even higher this year.

Taxes are necessary . . . you couldn't run a city, state or nation without them. But they do mount up.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



The place where summer never ends

The slow, steady aging of fine whiskey calls for a summery temperature twelve months of the year. Only in a man-made climate could this ideal weather exist all year round. That's why summer never ends in Schenley's many warehouses. Schenley helps Nature, creates and maintains its own wonderful warehouse weather. Even when snow covers the ground, inside it's balmy, with pleasantly moist air and soft breezes.

Year after year in this perfectly controlled climate, whiskies mature in sturdy oak barrels which Schenley makes itself. Each barrel is carefully watched over and checked all during the long aging.

Making perfect weather is just one of the quality controls that guard Schenley whiskies from the time the grain is grown till the whiskey is in your glass.

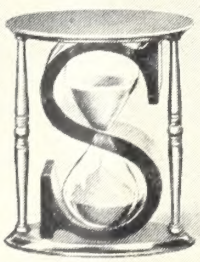
This is Schenley's way of making certain that you get the utmost enjoyment in every drop of every drink. *Schenley Distillers, Inc., New York, N. Y.*



Nature's unhurried goodness

S

Schenley's unmatched skill



The best-tasting whiskies in ages

SCHENLEY

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
Editor in Chief

RUSSELL LYNES
KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON
ERIC LARRABEE
CATHARINE MEYER
ANNE G. FREEDGOOD
Editors

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN
JOHN FISCHER
RICHARD H. ROVERE
Contributing Editors

JOHN JAY HUGHES
Assistant to the Publisher, Circulation Director

WALDO W. SELLEW
Advertising Director

HARPER & BROTHERS
PUBLISHERS

CASS CANFIELD
Chairman of the Board

FRANK S. MACGREGOR
President

RAYMOND C. HARWOOD
Executive Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
WILLIAM H. ROSE, JR.
EDWARD J. TYLER, JR.
Vice Presidents

Harper's Magazine, issue for July 1952. Vol. 205. Serial No. 1226. Copyright 1952 in the United States and Great Britain by Harper & Brothers. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.
Published monthly by Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33d Street, New York 16, New York.
Composed and printed in the U. S. A. by union labor at the Williams Press, 99-129 North Broadway, Albany, New York. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Subscription Rates: 50¢ per copy; $5.00 one year; $8.00 two years; $10 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan America—$1.50 per year additional.
Change of Address: Four weeks' advance notice, and old address as well as new, are necessary. Address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to: Subscription Dept., 49 E. 33d St., New York 16. N. Y.

Harper's MAGAZINE

Vol. 205 JULY 1952 No. 1226

PERSONAL & OTHERWISE 4

LETTERS 14

LAWS WON'T STOP STRIKES
Donald B. Straus 21

AN OPEN LETTER TO TEACHERS
Paul Woodring 28

THE HYPOTHETICAL SNUB—*A Poem*
Peggy Bennett 32

THE SAILOR—*A Story*
Walter Macken 33

THE ANATOMY OF GRAFT
Joseph F. Dinneen 38

TIGERS TELL A STORY—*A Poem*
Martha Bacon 46

THE EASY CHAIR—*Transcontinental Flight*
Bernard DeVoto 47

PERSPECTIVE ON SOUTH AFRICA
Bart J. Bok 51

GOING BROKE ON $10,000 A YEAR
Jay Taylor 60

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES
Frederick Lewis Allen 66

JOURNEY WITH A LADY—*A Story*
Shirley Jackson 75

THE COMING CLASS WAR—OLD *VS.* YOUNG
Frank G. Dickinson 81

RADIO AND THE RICHARDS CASE
Edmund Lawrence 82

HOW TO PREVENT FLOODS
Lee Templeton 88

AFTER HOURS
Mr. Harper 92

NEW BOOKS
Charles Poore 96

BOOKS IN BRIEF
Katherine Gauss Jackson 100

Personal & Otherwise

More than a hundred years ago, Thackeray noticed that there is a Mrs. Grundy streak in all of us which makes us curious about the "worldly affairs" of our acquaintances. "I suppose," he said in his most famous novel, "there is no man in this Vanity Fair of ours . . . so extremely charitable as not to wonder how his neighbor Jones or his neighbor Smith can make both ends meet at the end of the year."

That was his way of introducing a pair of chapters entitled "How to Live Well on Nothing a Year." As readers of *Vanity Fair* may remember, the methods of living revealed in those chapters were not exactly admirable. They had a marked tendency to inconvenience the various tradespeople and purveyors who served Colonel and Mrs. Crawley. But, whatever the drawbacks (to others), it was apparently possible—a hundred years ago—not only to live but to live well on nothing a year.

Times have, we gather, changed. The appropriate subject now, according to ***Jay Taylor's*** article in this issue, is "Going Broke on $10,000 a Year" (p. 60). Mr. Taylor (the name is a pseudonym, of course) opens for our inspection his family accounts and lets us see, item by item, where his salary goes. By thus exhibiting his check-book stubs, he intends to demonstrate that $10,000 a year is no longer enough to finance the kind of life which a $10,000-a-year man is expected to live.

In part, at least, Mr. Taylor's troubles are those of anyone living on a fixed income in a period of inflation—and there are many of us. But as Mr. Taylor presents his case, it is also that of a special class—not a "functional" class in the contemporary business hierarchy (many "junior executives" make more than Mr. Taylor, and some make less), but a class which seems to have crystallized around an abstract idea of how a $10,000-a-year man ought to act and dress.

It is as if "$10,000-a-year-man" were a title, like Bishop or Viscount in a highly stratified social structure, which demands a certain "pattern of living" from those who hold it. As a holder of that title, Mr. Taylor finds himself "forced" to live by standards which he "did not set, cannot afford, and must adhere to under a code as rigid as that of Moses."

We should, of course, remind ourselves that people forever have difficulty making ends meet, whether their incomes are large or small, increasing or decreasing. We had an article in *Harper's* years ago, way back in the days when (by Mr. Taylor's standards) $10,000 was a lot of money, about the expenditures of a family with a much fatter income; the title of the article (not intentionally ironic) was "Living on the Ragged Edge." Just a few weeks ago, the *New York Times Magazine* ran an article by A. H. Raskin about the difficulties an "average" worker and his family have in getting along on $3,722 a year, even though that is more than twice what he earned in 1940. And so it goes. And yet, Mr. Taylor's article raises some interesting questions. For instance, P & O is unable to determine precisely what Mr. Taylor thinks should be done about his sorry plight. Would he advocate a $10,000-



When the membership rolls close again—as they must in a few short weeks!—you will be glad that you seized upon this opportunity to obtain

BEAUTIFUL, *beautiful* BOOKS LIKE THESE—AT THE SAME PRICE AS AN ORDINARY NOVEL!

Now—but for a brief time only!—you can obtain a unique collection of the world's classics, especially illustrated by the world's greatest artists and well printed on fine papers—for the same price as ordinary books!

WHEN THE MEMBERSHIP rolls of The Heritage Club are publicly opened to new members—and you may know that this does not happen often—you are offered an unusual opportunity which you should be alert to seize.

Now The Heritage Club is preparing the announcement of the Seventeenth Series of its fine books, for distribution to its members during the coming twelve months; and the membership rolls are opened for a brief time.

THE MEMBERS of The Heritage Club regularly come into possession of "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." These books are not falsely *deluxe,* nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are especially designed by the most famous typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, carefully printed by leading printers on papers which have been chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries, and then handsomely bound and boxed.

You may find this next statement hard to believe; but nevertheless it is true, and it seems a principal reason for the continuing success of this cooperative plan: *the members obtain these books for the same price that they are called upon to pay for ordinary rental library novels!* Despite increases in the past few years of about one hundred per cent in the costs of producing books, each member pays only $3.65 for each book—or *only $3.28* if he pays in advance!

Now the Prospectus is being prepared for the Seventeenth Series; and in this Prospectus will be described all of the books to be distributed to the members during the coming twelve months. Some of these members, by the way, have been members of The Heritage Club ever since the Club was established nearly seventeen years ago. If you elect to get into this obviously-satisfied membership, and apply in time, you will obtain books like these:

The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, in a large square quarto profusely illustrated by Fritz Kredel; and *Madame Bovary* illustrated with engravings by the great French painter Pierre Brissaud; and *The Pilgrim's Progress* with the water-colors of William Blake printed in full color for the first time; and Thoreau's *Walden* with wood-engravings by Thomas Nason; and Voltaire's *Candide* with illustrations in color by Sylvain Sauvage; and *The Book of Ruth* with the beautiful miniature-paintings of Arthur Szyk . . .

Yet, if it should happen that you do not desire to have any of these books, you do not have to purchase *any* book you do not want; for you are given a list of three dozen Heritage books-now-in-print—from which to select substitute titles.

THERE HAVE BEEN great book bargains before, of course, and there will be again. But it seems safe to say that never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain been offered to wise buyers of books.

You are invited to put this statement to the test. If you will fill out the coupon printed herewith and mail it to The Heritage Club, you will be sent a copy of the descriptive Prospectus. Also, one of the available memberships will be reserved for you until you have had time to study the Prospectus and to send in your formal application.

Reservation Coupon

To THE HERITAGE CLUB
595 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Please send me your new Prospectus, describing the books which you will distribute to the members in the coming twelve months. I understand that you will now reserve one of the remaining memberships for me, awaiting the receipt of my formal application.

NAME _____ PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____ H-17

a-year-men's union, to bargain collectively with the Big Boss for higher salary? Or is [illegible] its salary if someone will just relax the pseudo-Mosaic code which forces him to live by standards which he cannot now afford and, by implication, does not approve of? If the latter, still other questions arise.

It would be unseemly for P & O to underestimate the compulsive power of a code he does not directly encounter. In the curious worlds of journalism and academe which we inhabit there are, perhaps, fewer ironclad conventions of dress and address than there are in the world of junior executives. Furthermore, such conventions as do crop up from time to time in these curious worlds are likely to be ostentatiously economical: the jacket with the leather-patched elbows which threatened at one time to become a sort of uniform, and the gas-house-district address which is almost the litmus test for a rising young sociologist or physicist or art historian. Admittedly, therefore, P & O is in no position to judge the pressures to which Mr. Taylor is subjected. And yet, remembering the men who built the chemical firms, the underwear mills, the advertising agencies, law offices, and department stores which now employ the $10,000-a-year men, P & O finds it difficult to believe that their successors in business leadership will be recruited from a "class" which allows an externally prescribed "pattern of living" to dictate the ways in which it spends its income. Even the "robber barons" of nineteenth-century industry invented a "pattern of living" which would have been incomprehensible to any of the barons we like to think they imitated.

On the other hand, it is true, as Mr. Taylor says, that it now costs almost $20,000 to live as a $10,000-a-year man could live before the war. If an employer, or a code of commercial etiquette, really expects the Mr. Taylors of America to maintain on $10,000 a living standard which costs twice that much, there is obviously something wrong with the employer or the etiquette.

The fact is, of course, that all sorts of expectations and all sorts of codes are being outmoded all of the time by the disorderly but lively ferment that is now going on in America. The theme song of most observers of our civilization, as we noted in this column a short time ago, is "Contrary to Expectations," and that is likely to be true so long as the ferment continues. As our encyclopedia tells us, "the products of fermentations are very numerous and diverse . . .; indeed, the products vary from time to time in the course of fermentation."*

It is with the unexpected variety and diversity which the ferment has produced, especially in the field of arts and letters, that ***Frederick Lewis Allen*** deals in "The Spirit of the Times" (p. 66), the second of two articles which—in revised form—will turn up as part of his book, *The Big Change,* when it is published in September. ("The Unsystematic American System" was in last month's *Harper's.)*

Refusing to adopt the blinders worn by either the denouncers or the defenders of American culture, Mr. Allen looks at what is happening in literature, painting, music, and the entertainment arts and concludes that the picture is confused. It certainly is. To add to the confusion, it has been announced, since Mr. Allen wrote his article, that a new *avant-garde* magazine, "edited for its writers rather than for its readers," will soon be published by Pocket Books, Inc., a firm whose besetting sin, from the *avant-garde* point of view, has been its highly successful effort to please the reader rather than the writer. It gets harder and harder to tell whether our advanced writers and artists are really in the *avant-garde* or the caboose.

Maybe we are in some sort of cultural cycle, and they are so far out in front that they are catching up with the van from behind. Or maybe we have to go back to our "fermentation" analogy for an explanation. According to that encyclopedia of ours "the most active fermentations" are produced by the "lower" organisms. The "higher" organisms *can* produce fermentation, we gather, but chiefly when their ripe fruits or "the dying tissues of cut or crushed plants" are deprived of the oxygen which is their source of energy. The "lower" organisms, on the other hand, get along all right even without oxygen. They secure the necessary energy simply "by fermenting the medium in which they live."

(* We still cling to *The New International,* 1909.)

P & O

One must not analogize too lengthily; "the production of gases," the encyclopedia reminds us, "though characteristic, is not essential to fermentation." All we really need to point out is that the American spirit is distilled from a mash in which hitherto stable compounds have been decomposed "by the action of living organisms." It is a heady brew, if you take it straight.

Teachers and the Community

In the midst of the frequently bitter controversies which have surrounded our public-school system of late, it is a pleasure to come upon a discussion so temperate and reasonable as that by ***Paul Woodring*** in "An Open Letter to Teachers" (p. 28). Teachers and parents alike will profit from his equable handling of problems which tempt many of us into discouraged cynicism, rage, or vindictive fear.

Mr. Woodring grew up on a farm in northwestern Ohio and got his early education in a consolidated school five miles away to which he was transported daily in a horse-drawn school wagon. The school, he tells us, was not worth the trip. He got two years of a prelaw course at Bowling Green State University before he ran out of money and looked for a job as teacher. That was in 1927, when he was nineteen years old. He was interviewed by a school board made up of five thoughtful farmers who sat in a circle busily chawing tobacco and spitting into a bucket half full of water.

"They asked if I figgered I could handle the bigger boys," he says, "and when I allowed as how I could, they hired me."

He found that he liked teaching, and he has since decided he must have done all right because many of the things he did as a matter of plain common sense have turned out to have high-sounding names, now well established in the educational jargon. Mr. Woodring does not make the point, but we laymen might take comfort from this clue that some, at least, of the high-sounding terms in educational jargon are, after all, only the technical names for familiar, common-sense practices.



Wherever you go in Britain—

GO BY TRAIN!

NEW 9-DAY "Guest Ticket" For UNLIMITED RAIL TRAVEL! ONLY $30 THIRD CLASS $45 FIRST CLASS Not obtainable in Britain Purchase before you leave

Cathedral cities, tiny hamlets—all have their special charm for visitors to Britain. Your Travel Agent will show you how much more you can see at the lowest rail fares ever offered American visitors. Secure all tickets and reservations before you leave home!

BRITISH RAILWAYS



For additional information and literature write to Dept. 23 at any British Railways office.

NEW YORK 20, N. Y., 9 Rockefeller Pl. • CHICAGO 3, ILL., 39 So. La Salle St.
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL., 510 W. Sixth St. • TORONTO, ONT., 69 Yonge St.

Absolutely FREE

No "strings" to this offer—the only condition is your love for fine books



THE Fine Editions Club *will present you with these*

2 BOOKS FREE

in Superb Collectors' Editions

YOU are invited to accept these two superb volumes as a gift of the Fine Editions Club... and receive on approval the first selection of these handsome new editions of the great favorite classics of all time... *triumphs* of the bookbinding art... handsome, full-library-size collectors' editions to cherish for a lifetime... to lend grace and distinction to your home. Superbly bound with maroon genuine leather, yet they cost hardly more than you would pay for an ordinary novel. Send for them today! Examine them for yourself... see what a great Publishing Achievement they represent!

CRIME & PUNISHMENT—*Dostoevsky*
An absorbing detective story, a psychological thriller, and revealing character study, all in one. Illustrated.

MADAME BOVARY—*Flaubert*
A vivid French realistic novel. A doctor's beautiful wife heedlessly seeks romance and luxury. Illustrated.

BOOKS OF RARE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION—*This Coupon will make them yours*

The Fine Editions Club, Membership Dept.
2230 West 110th Street, Cleveland 2, Ohio

Please send me ABSOLUTELY FREE, the two Fine Editions of MADAME BOVARY and CRIME & PUNISHMENT, along with your Invitation to Membership, approval copy of the first monthly selection, and advance information on future selections.

I may cancel my membership at any time, and I need not take any specific number of books. For each selection I keep, I will send you the special Members' price of $3.95, all postage charges paid.

Even if I decide not to become a member, I may still keep the two free gift copies.

MR.
MRS
MISS (Please Print Name)

ADDRESS

CITY & ZONE STATE

(Books shipped only in U.S.A.) H-T-2

After two years, Mr. Woodring [illegible] washed dishes in a hash house in Los Angeles, and attended night [illegible].

Since then he has taught at Ohio State University, where he also got his Ph.D. in psychology, and has served for two years as clinical psychologist for the criminal courts [illegible]. Since 1939 he has been at Western Washington College of Education, where he is now professor of psychology.

During the war he was on leave to the Army and spent eighteen months overseas as an Information-Education officer assigned to General MacArthur's staff headquarters. He wound up as a lieutenant colonel, Commandant of the Western Pacific Branch of the Armed Forces Institute.

One way and another, then, Mr. Woodring has seen a good deal of American education. With that in mind, those engaged in teaching may well take seriously his suggestion that the way to deal with unreasonable, prejudiced, and unenlightened critics of our schools is not to slight them or make countercharges against them, but to enlist the guidance and assistance of the more representative members of the community and work with them to improve the schools. There is at least one community in which exactly this sort of co-operation between teachers and citizens paid off handsomely. Anyone interested in the details of how a fine school system was saved from irrational and irresponsible meddling, will find them faithfully recorded over a period of several years in a weekly newspaper called the Scarsdale *Inquirer*, published in Scarsdale, [illegible]. When the Pulitzer judges start looking around for the paper which deserves this year's award for "disinterested and meritorious public service," it should consider the imperturbably courageous work which this paper and the woman who edits it have accomplished.

THE story of Ohio's Muskingum Conservancy District, as summarized in Lee Templeton's article on "How to Prevent Floods" (p. 88), calls to mind a Vermont-born teacher, scholar, linguist, lawyer, politician, business man, and diplomat—a true Yankee jack of all-intellectual-trades—who was the father of the conservation movement. Born in Woodstock, Vermont, in 1801, George Perkins Marsh practiced law in Burlington, served in Congress for six years, as Minister to Turkey for four years, as railroad commissioner of Vermont, and (on appointment by President Lincoln) as first U. S. Minister to the Kingdom of Italy. He died in Rome in 1882.

Master of six foreign languages, Marsh published a grammar of Icelandic and a distinguished history of the English language. A practical and widely traveled naturalist, he also wrote a volume on *The Camel: His Organization, Habits, and Uses.* But the work upon which his present status chiefly depends was *Man and Nature; or, Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action,* which was published in 1864, reissued twice, and translated into Italian. One part of the book was subtitled "Importance of Physical Conservation and Restoration," and it was from this use of the term that the conservation movement took its name.

Marsh has justly received, from Lewis Mumford and others, high praise for his role in calling attention to the need for conservation of natural resources. But the emphasis in most comments upon Marsh's work, as in the conservation movement as a whole, has fallen too exclusively on its negative aspects. Marsh did intend, as he said in his preface to *Man and Nature,* "to point out the dangers of imprudence and necessity of caution in all operations which, on a large scale, interfere with the spontaneous arrangements of the organic or the inorganic world." But, aware as he was of the risks, he certainly did not share the feeling which permeates so much of the literature of conservation: that man should stop tampering with nature, or, as Mumford put it, "stop befouling and bedeviling the earth." One of Marsh's chief purposes in writing his book (one which Mumford significantly omits in his quotation from the preface) was "to illustrate the doctrine that man is, in both kind and degree, a power of a higher order than any of the other forms of animated life, which, like him, are nourished at the table of bounteous nature."

Indeed, *Man and Nature* is full of concrete proposals for "bedeviling" the earth in man's interest: for diverting fresh-water streams in order to allow the formation of coral reefs which will join the separate islands of an archipelago, or for encouraging the growth, in fresh-water ponds, of diatomaceae whose deposits of siliceous shields are valuable in the manufacture of fire-brick, water glass, hydraulic cement, "and ultimately, doubtless, in many yet undiscovered industrial processes." What really ignited Marsh's enthusiasm was his conviction, not that we should leave nature undisturbed, but that we can creatively bedevil her by "stimulating her productive energies in provinces of her empire hitherto regarded as forever inaccessible, utterly barren." The "waste" regions Marsh wanted to improve were not merely those which have been wasted by man.

It is to this neglected aspect of Marsh's work that one can trace those aspects of the Muskingum project which set it apart from "mere conservation" and which have enabled it to flourish without subsidy. Marsh would have delighted in the story Mr. Templeton has to tell.

Mr. Templeton is a native of Ohio and a journalist. Since 1948, when he was graduated from Baldwin-Wallace College, he has been a member of Storycraft, Incorporated—a group of five writers in the script-producing business. The group turns out commercial and industrial movies and radio shows (notably "The Ohio Story," which has been broadcast three times a week from fifteen Ohio stations for the past five and a half years).

Words, Stories, People

•••There are fashions in words as in clothes and art, and frequently a good word slips under a temporary cloud of disdain. One such is "dis-

crimination," which, denoting a quality of good judgment, has always been an admirable thing; but busybodies who have overused it in the special sense of prejudicial judgment against a minority have dimmed its better and larger meaning. Indeed, what the world needs to bring men together is, in the good old sense, more discrimination, not less—discrimination in the understanding of issues, in clearing away of falsehood, in defining areas of agreement.

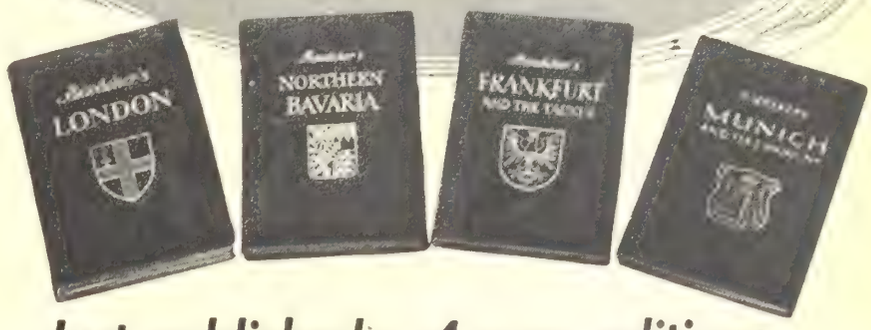
In "Laws Won't Stop Strikes" (p. 21), ***Donald B. Straus*** weeds out the false issues that tend to magnify troubles between labor and management, and defines the process by which a peace beneficial to the public interest is possible. In a year of political campaigning the beauties of discrimination in public debate will be less popular on the whole than the mass movements that can be started by appeals to sentiment, but this campaign year happens also to be a year of international negotiations for peace, conducted under gunfire. With that kind of indiscriminate interference obstructing discussions in foreign affairs, we had better dispense as much as possible with loose thinking at home.

Mr. Straus has been working ever since the war as a professional in the field of labor relations and has developed through his various assignments a growing interest in mediation techniques. During three years' work with a management-labor consulting firm, he took part frequently in collective bargaining as a negotiator. The agreement-making process led him to study such techniques as discussion-leading, the proper use of words, and the proper way of listening. Under the auspices of the New York Adult Education Council, he conducted meetings with groups (of personnel directors, social workers, union leaders, etc.) interested in learning both how to listen and how to direct meetings.

In the fall of 1948, after a threatened strike at Oak Ridge, he became consultant and executive director of a commission set up by President Truman to investigate means of achieving industrial peace in the atomic energy industry. Though Congress and the public

Don't waste time or money—travel with...

Baedeker's Guides



Just published — 4 new editions

- **LONDON • NORTHERN BAVARIA**
- **FRANKFURT AND THE TAUNUS**
- **MUNICH AND ITS ENVIRONS**

If you are going to Europe—via plane, ship or daydreaming—you will need copies of the famous *Baedeker's Guides.* The first post-war editions are completely revised, rewritten and enlarged. Each *Baedeker Guide Book* contains completely up-to-date information and facts on: **TRANSPORTATION**—how to get where you want to go whether by train, bus, plane or car. **ACCOMMODATIONS**—where to stay when you get there. Location, descriptions, and average rates are given for hotels, pensions, boarding houses, restaurants, snack bars. There are delightful hints on what to ask for. **DESCRIPTIVE NOTES**—there are brief sketches of the historic, artistic, cultural, industrial or agricultural growth of each city. **ENTERTAINMENT**—theatres, concerts, sporting events, popular festivals and movies are all listed with instructions for getting to them.

at your bookstore or

SEND FOR YOUR COPIES ON FREE 10-DAY TRIAL

The Macmillan Company, Dept. H
60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

Please send me for free 10-day trial copies of the *Baedeker's Guides* as checked below. If not completely satisfied, I will return them and owe nothing. Otherwise, after 10 days you may bill me.

☐ LONDON (320 pages—10 maps—80 sketches) $3.50
☐ NORTHERN BAVARIA (205 pages—8 maps—94 sketches) $2.75
☐ FRANKFURT AND THE TAUNUS (176 pages—1 map—66 sketches) $2.00
☐ MUNICH AND IT ENVIRONS (146 pages—1 map) $1.75

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____



MEXICO

Pulsing with life and progress, abreast of the times in the arts, social services, and sciences... Mexico! Thrill to the surging-forward new world, from the newest and best in hotels to gayest of seasons at beaches, spas, and resorts. You'll never forget Mexico because its ancient culture is framed in a modern life full of attractions.

MEXICO

Where life is different!

DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO

Av. Juarez 89 Mexico, D. F.

- New York 630 Fifth Avenue
- Chicago 333 N. Michigan Blvd.
- Los Angeles, 511 W. 6th St.
- San Antonio, 518 W. Houston
- New Orleans, Whitney Bldg.
- Miami, 40 Columbus Arcade
- Houston, Pan American World Airways Bldg.

evidently expected the commission to recommend a law to abolish strikes in atomic energy. they reported, after six months' study, that the only possible lasting safeguard was a panel of men who would stimulate agreements—empowered only to issue nonbinding recommendations. Mr. Straus took over direction of the panel, which has handled some forty disputes in atomic energy since 1949, without a strike in production (though there have been some in construction).

For about a year Mr. Straus was in Washington, as vice-chairman of the Review and Appeals Committee of the Wage Stabilization Board, and served as a public member of several disputes panels. He was also during 1951 one of a group of about a dozen UN and labor mediators who conferred under the auspices of the Society of Friends to see what principles their work had in common. A book resulting from this study has just been published by McGraw-Hill: *Meeting of the Mind,* by Elmore Jackson.

Harvard-trained (A.B., 1938, and M.B.A., 1940), Mr. Straus served during the war in the Navy, as an air-combat intelligence officer. He spent most of the time in Dutch Guiana doing anti-submarine control work.

•••"The Sailor" (p. 33) is a short story made out of some very familiar elements—at least since the Biblical account of Jonah we've read stories about the power of dat ol debil, the sea—on ship and on shore and in many dialects. The author, ***Walter Macken,*** is an Irishman who has acted in the Galway Gaelic Theater and, since 1948, has managed, acted, and written plays for the Abbey Theater in Dublin. In the tradition of John Millington Synge, all this seems right as background for a tale of a man "born way out beyant where they live by boats." Clearly the most delightful story in the world may be the one which is made out of the stuff we all know best.

Besides a number of plays, Mr. Macken has written several novels, two of which have been well read in this country in the past two years: *Rain on the Wind,* a Literary Guild choice last year, and *The Bogman,* brought out by Macmillan this spring. (See Katherine Gauss Jackson's review this month, page 100).

Orel Zell Tucker, the man who made the pictures for "The Sailor," has a background of the sea also—the result of three years in the Navy as a quartermaster during the last war. But in making his drawings he seems to have cared most about the people and the idea. Born in Idaho in 1924, he did his naval service young, then studied art in Hollywood and at the Brooklyn Museum. He expects to have an exhibit in New York in the fall.

•••The subtle interaction of the principle of friendship and the principle of force (or, in the Orient, "squeeze") in the dispensing of public funds and favors has made millionaires out of some politicians and monkeys out of others. But rarely both out of the same persons, it seems to us in our morbid moments, for in politics as in fishing, the big fellow gets away. It is the middle-sized scalawag, a man much like ourselves, who gets caught. As a nonpolitical bystander whose only bit of gravy (strictly private-enterprise brand) has been a discount on an out-of-season air-conditioner, we believe it couldn't have happened to us. And we wonder how that other poor fish got hooked.

In "The Anatomy of Graft" (p. 38) ***Joseph F. Dinneen*** constructs the life history of a hypothetical Collector of Internal Revenue whose career exemplifies the process by which a petty official starts out with the best of intentions and ends in the political bonfire. Mr. Dinneen is a columnist on the Boston *Globe,* and has been on the staff of that paper for the past twenty-nine years. His specialties as a reporter have been crime and politics, probably because, as he told P & O, "these things have so long been so closely associated in my home city." He was born in Boston's North End, attended Boston parochial schools and public high schools and Suffolk Law School, and served briefly in the infantry in World War I.

Mr. Dinneen's first piece in *Harper's,* called "Murder in Massachusetts" (March 1936), brought about an investigation and sent the chairman of the Democratic State Committee to jail. Mr. Dinneen was awarded $2,500 by the Governor and

Council of the State for helping to solve the Millens-Faber murders, upon which the article was based. In November 1938 he wrote for this magazine "The Kingfish of Massachusetts," a study of James Michael Curley. Politicians conceded that this piece contributed much to Curley's defeat for U. S. Senator. Two years later we published Mr. Dinneen's "The Life of Beano Breen," a study of a typical Boston gangster. "Murder in Massachusetts" was made into the motion picture, "Let Us Live," by Columbia Pictures and starred Maureen O'Hara, Henry Fonda, and Ralph Bellamy. Mr. Dinneen has also written several books, including *Ward Eight* and *Yankee Fighter.*

•••***Bart J. Bok's*** "Perspective on South Africa" (p. 51) is a long one, discovering no immediate solution to the crowding problems of that land but warm with affection for the country and its people, of whatever race. Dr. Bok has been professor of astronomy at Harvard and associate director of the Harvard Observatory since 1946. He went to South Africa as a Guggenheim Fellow and spent a year and a half at Harvard's southern observing station, the Boyden Station, near Mazelspoort in the Orange Free State. While he was making friends with the South Africans among whom he lived, his astronomical work dealt largely with the Southern Milky Way, notably with the study of the structure of the Milky Way System for the direction of its center.

The Bok family settled in during their stay: Mrs. Bok, who is an astronomical doctor in her own right, worked on astronomy and took part in the reduction and analysis of the South African material; their son, now a Harvard graduate, worked on his thesis in government at the University of Cape Town; and their daughter, who has just completed her freshman year at Swarthmore College, attended Eunice High School in Bloemfontein.

Dr. Bok assisted in mounting and putting into operation the new telescope owned jointly by the Armagh Observatory of Northern Ireland, the Dunsink Observatory of Eire, and the Harvard Observatory, and built according to a new design of Dr. James G. Baker of Harvard.

Over the past seven years, Dr. Bok's principal extracurricular activity has been a deep concern with the problems of UNESCO. He was the first chairman of the National Research Council's Committee on UNESCO and is still an active member. His own background is international, for he was born in Holland and trained at the universities of Leiden and Groningen. He came to this country in 1929, to be a research fellow at Harvard, and he became a citizen in 1938.

•••"Journey with a Lady" (p. 75) is the fifth sketch by ***Shirley Jackson*** to appear in *Harper's;* all have dealt with family life, involving children —one in story form, the others (like "The Night We All Had Grippe") written as revelations of Miss Jackson's own ménage. This one we call a story.

Miss Jackson, who was born in California and now lives in Connecticut, is the author of a collection of short stories called *The Lottery, or the Adventures of James Harris,* and of two novels, *Road Through the Wall* and *Hangsaman.* She is married to Stanley Edgar Hyman, the critic, and is the mother of four children. Her newest book is a novel, so far untitled, which will be brought out by Farrar, Straus.

Andy Warhol's spare drawings with "Journey with a Lady" will remind you most of his illustrations for two earlier *Harper's* stories: "Vega" (December 1949) and "Promiscuous Unbound" (December 1950). Mr. Warhol is a Carnegie Tech graduate who is working as an artist in New York. He expects to exhibit some of his drawings next winter, and recently won a medal from the Art Directors' Club.

•••A good place for thinking about the joys and problems of growing old seems to be Florida. See, for example, the letter on the sunny side from Evelyn B. Rittenhouse in the Letters column on page 17. See also the analysis and prediction on the dire side from ***Frank G. Dickinson,*** "The Coming Class War—Old *vs.* Young," on page 81. Both cogitations stem from that state and both refer to St. Petersburg.

Mr. Dickinson made his remarks at

Our Wonderful Restlessness

Children are frequently told, when doing a trencherman's job on something they love dearly to eat, that their eyes are bigger than their stomachs.

Maybe we at HOLIDAY should have been told, when we dreamed up this month's HOLIDAY, that our eyes are bigger than our pens and our lenses. For we chose as our subject (it's the whole issue) the United States of America —that's all. "*Travel U.S.A.*"

But we honestly think it comes off. We've been told till our little ears burned that it's the most exciting word-and-picture presentation of this country, of its people and places, of its scenic beauty, of its ocean-to-ocean delights, of its food and lodging, of its things to see and do, ever put on paper.

If you plan to travel at all this summer or this year, you most certainly should have HOLIDAY's "*Travel U.S.A.*" as an inspiration, textbook, guide and key to pleasure. It's on the stands now.

P. S. In this issue you will find, among others, such writers as James Jones, Carl L. Biemiller, Al Hine, Silas Spitzer, Clifton Fadiman. Also two spectacular pictorial portfolios that camera addicts might want to compare with their own work.

IMAGINE ME TAKING A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE in WRITING!

... to write. Their own success, their ... best assurance of a pratical, thorough,

Our Staff Includes

ROBERT SMITH



... Hotel on the Lake; The Human Image; Baseball: One Winter in Boston and many short stories.

BETH WALKER, ... stories

MARY HEATON VORSE, ...

OUR STUDENTS SAY*

"... my story, submitted as my first sale, after I had completed only four ..."

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET TODAY

The MAGAZINE INSTITUTE

... New York 20, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

the first annual Southern Conference on Gerontology at the University of Florida over a year ago. He is economist and statistician of the American Medical Association, director of the AMA's Bureau of Medical Economic Research, but was speaking unofficially in this instance. Besides working and playing with statistics, Mr. Dickinson has invented the Dickinson Football Rating System, from which he retired in 1940, and has made several minor additions to the ancient subject of geometry.

•••"Radio and the Richards Case" (p. 82) is a lesson in discrimination—to adhere to the use of discrimination in its good sense of nice discernment. ***Edmund Lawrence,*** a radio newsman who writes under a pseudonym in order to keep his identity and his position from figuring in the narrative, undertakes to sort out the issues in a spectacular case of biased newscasting—a case now closed—and to suggest what lines of distinction remain to be drawn in the disputed areas of free speech *vs.* accurate reporting. In this article, as in "Laws Won't Stop Strikes," side issues, such as the role of government in the disputed areas (whether of labor relations, industrial operation, or free speech) and constitutional guarantees of individual rights, keep intruding into the discussion to garble simpler and more immediate issues.

The inherent difficulties in the issue of free speech over the radio are startlingly exemplified by the fact that the transcript of the FCC hearings in the Richards Case was 18,265 pages long. This is undoubtedly one reason why there has been no proper review of the episode in the press until Mr. Lawrence wrote his. It took a brave man and one with personal acquaintance with the events to go over that mass—or even the 340-page book of conclusions submitted by the general counsel. We are grateful to Mr. Lawrence for his good work.

•••Both poets this month are mothers as well as writers. That they both write verse about animals in this issue is also merely a coincidental similarity.

Peggy Bennett, who contributed "The Hypothetical Snub" (p. 32), tells us she has been working on a pair of novels for the past two years at the same time that her two little girls (two and three years old) have been growing. The coupled careers of parenthood and writing are rugged, she says, "but keep a spirit in fine tone." She is the author of many poems and short stories and one published novel, *The Varmints.*

Martha Bacon told us, speaking of "Tigers Tell a Story" (p. 46), that she has always felt drawn to tigers as a subject. "They seem to have attracted quite a number of people of artistic or literary pretensions from Little Black Sambo through the Douanier Rousseau and William Blake . . . and they actually do make hieroglyphics of a sort, or so I read in a book."

Miss Bacon has a son and two daughters, and she is working on a new novel and a collection of poems. She has published two books of verse *(Lament for the Chieftains* and *Things Visible and Invisible)* and a novel *(A Star Called Wormwood).* She is the daughter of Leonard Bacon, whose "Six Sonnets" we published in the May issue, and she lives in Santa Barbara, California.

•••The two maps in this issue (South Africa and the Muskingum Conservancy District) came from ***Sigman-Ward,*** the flourishing firm run by Carl T. Sigman (engineer) and William J. Ward, Jr. (architect turned illustrator), who provide many technical drawings for *Harper's* and other publications. Aside from these two men, who organized the firm in 1934, the outfit now has ten on the staff.

The Messrs. Sigman and Ward have a joint extracurricular project at the moment: a book to be published next fall by William Wise, called *The Improvement of Basements and Attics.* They think in terms of drawings, doing them first and going at the writing second. Their last book was *The Home Furniture Builder.* Also extracurricularly, Mr. Ward is chairman of the Architecture Committee of the School Board of Glen Rock, New Jersey, and Mr. Sigman is a colonel in the Air Force (Reserve) and has a mobilization assignment on which he spends several days a month.

The important reply to Paul Blanshard's "American Freedom and Catholic Power"

CATHOLICISM AND AMERICAN FREEDOM



By JAMES M. O'NEILL, Author of "Religion and Education under the Constitution." ". . . nobody can be imagined making [a rebuttal] with more moderation, more ample and exact documentation or more literary skill than James M. O'Neill exhibits."
—THEODORE MAYNARD, *New York Times Book Review*

". . . 'must' reading for every literate American — Jew, Protestant and Catholic . . . I do not know of any other writer in a field so partisan who deals with issues at debate more dispassionately."
—DANIEL A. POLING. $3.50

A penetrating analysis of the social forces at work in our society, with an accent on the positive . . .

THE NEXT AMERICA

PROPHECY AND FAITH



By LYMAN BRYSON, Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University. "A great book, a timely book, an eminently readable book. Third in the series of appraisals of America begun by Lord Bryce in his *American Commonwealth* and followed by Herbert Croly's *Promise of American Life,* Lyman Bryson's book comes nearest of all to the real and the ideal America."
—ALVIN S. JOHNSON, President Emeritus, The New School for Social Research. $3.50

CREATING AN INDUSTRIAL CIVILIZATION

A REPORT ON THE CORNING CONFERENCE



Edited by EUGENE STALEY. A remarkable cross-fertilization of ideas, from nearly 100 distinguished business and academic leaders, concerning a common problem: the place of *human values* in a world increasingly dominated by the products of mechanical technology.

"The Corning Conference . . . was of great historical significance. The published report on it is an amazing piece of work and in its field is as important a contribution to progress as any research data released by a physical scientist or laboratory."—LAWRENCE A. APPLEY, President, American Management Association. $4.00

FUNDS AND FOUNDATIONS

THEIR POLICIES PAST AND PRESENT

By ABRAHAM FLEXNER. A thought-provoking book by the 'educational knight errant,' one of the great pedagogical reformers of our time . . . It will produce violent disagreement in some professional quarters and perhaps a pause for stocktaking."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review.*
$2.75

THE COLLEGE AND THE COMMUNITY

A CRITICAL STUDY of HIGHER EDUCATION

By BAKER BROWNELL. "A profound diagnosis of the evils of our unstable urban civilization, a powerful attack upon impersonal, anonymous mass-education, and a practical guide to educational reconstruction." — MELVIN RADER, University of Washington. Outspoken in its criticism of the cleavage between the college and its community, this book is undoubtedly the most devastating appraisal of higher education to come from any responsible source in recent years. $3.50

CHOOSING THE RIGHT COLLEGE

By ANNETTE TURNGREN. Practical answers to questions asked by every teenager who wants to make up his own mind about college. "A good deal more than just a guide to choosing your college. It is also a briefing on the facts of campus life."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*
$2.50

LETTERS

What's Ike Like?—

Senator Lodge in his able defense of his candidate for President ["Eisenhower and the GOP," May] asserts that the General has stated his position plainly in fields where he has a direct responsibility and "on other questions he has refrained from making statements that would be necessarily abstract and without roots in firsthand knowledge and experience." . . .

The fact is that the General has declared himself repeatedly and strongly on abstract questions of domestic political policy. He has proved in these statements that he is in thorough accord with Mr. Hoover and distinctly more conservative and reactionary than Mr. Taft. . . .

It would be interesting to apply to flood control General Eisenhower's vehement opposition to federal centralization. Should the Missouri River's floods be "controlled" by the separate state action of Montana, or Iowa, or Missouri, or Kansas, or South Dakota? Would not the General's stubborn refusal to sanction "centralized bureacracy" taking action against flood damage mean no effective action, just as President Hoover's insistence that unemployment should be tackled by state action meant no effective governmental action against unemployment?

Alfred Baker Lewis
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

To the Editors:

"Eisenhower and the GOP," Senator Lodge's offering in the May issue, could have as easily been entitled "Eisenhower and God." Except for an excess of adulation, it supplies nothing of a concrete nature to aid the voters in assessing Ike, the political candidate. We can presuppose that each Presidential hopeful is against sin and stands "on a belief in the individual." What is there about Eisenhower that would justify accepting him on mere faith that he is endowed with qualities not bestowed on ordinary mortals? . . .

Harry R. Talan
Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editors:

A statement made by Mr. Lodge in his article entitled "Eisenhower and the GOP" bothers me. The statement, "Can there be any doubt but that this mission too is destined to be fulfilled?" seems to point out that the Republicans are just as cocky as they were in 1948. . . . Being an independent I am, of course, interested in the issues involved, but let this letter be a word to the wise. Overconfidence has caused more voters to stay away from the polls than the weather has.

Msgt. John D. Dillon, Jr.
Barksdale AFB, La.

To the Editors:

I would like to bring to your notice a statement in Senator Lodge's article: "On Christmas Eve 1944 Eisenhower's appointment as Supreme Commander of the Allied Armies was announced to the world."

In Eisenhower's book, *Crusade in Europe,* the date is given as Christmas Eve 1943. Is this not the correct date?

N. M. Keith, M.D.
Mayo Clinic
Rochester, Minn.

(*It is.*—The Editors)

He Likes Adlai—

To the Editors:

The June issue of *Harper's* carries a preposterous letter from Philip R. Davis of Chicago complaining of the laudatory article about Governor Stevenson by Bernard DeVoto in your April issue and also deprecating the Governor's admirable record.

You may be interested to know the writer of that letter has long been active in Republican politics in Illinois. He was an employee of the Green administration until he was replaced shortly after Governor Stevenson took office.

In attempting to discredit Stevenson, Mr. Davis repeats the substance of inaccurate articles appearing in the Chicago *Tribune.* . . . For example, reference was made to the counterfeit cigarette tax stamp racket. As a matter of fact, the Governor's handling of this problem has been widely acclaimed . . . and even the *Tribune* has admitted that this syndicate racket has now been broken. Had the Governor acted prematurely . . . the racketeers would have likely avoided prosecution entirely.

Likewise Davis' mention of the West Frankfort mine disaster ignores the outstanding safety record for the past two years, the fact that state mine inspectors have been taken out of politics, and the fact that the Governor conscientiously endeavored at the last session of the legislature to have better safety laws enacted. Comparison with the 1948 Centralia mine disaster is inept. In that case Governor Green's office had received a direct plea from the miners to remove the unsafe conditions of the mine, and the mine inspectors had been collecting political contributions from the mine owners.

It cannot be denied by even the most violent Republican partisan that Governor Stevenson has consistently and conscientiously endeavored to remove all forms of corruption in state government. . . . No distortion by a frantic political opposition can undermine the high reputation which he has earned.

Charles L. Stewart, Jr.
Chicago, Ill.

More About Mundel—

To the Editors:

It was gratifying to read Mr. Manchester's excellent article, "The Case of Luella Mundel," in the May *Harper's.*

ERIC HOFFER is a longshoreman. He is the *only* longshoreman whose name and work are becoming familiar to economists and to educators, to philosophers, to world leaders, and to lively minds on two continents. For Eric Hoffer is also a writer of perhaps very great importance.

Of his life

This middle-aged dock worker has written of his early life: "I had no schooling. I was practically blind up to the age of fifteen. When my eyesight came back I was seized with an enormous hunger for the printed word. I read indiscriminately everything within reach — English and German. When my father died I realized that I would have to fend for myself. I knew several things: One, that I didn't want to work in a factory; two, that I couldn't stand being dependent on the good graces of a boss; three, that I was going to stay poor; four, that I had to get out of New York . . ."

Through ten years as a migratory worker and later as a longshoreman, Eric Hoffer continued to read and to write. He had library cards in a dozen towns along the railroad, and when he was in pocket he took a room near a library for concentrated thinking and writing. In this way he educated himself. And out of these experiences, this reading and thinking and writing, came his first book, THE TRUE BELIEVER.

Of his book

Published just a year ago, THE TRUE BELIEVER got off to a modest start (from a sales standpoint) — in spite of the publisher's claim that it "is one of the boldest ventures in original thinking since Machiavelli's THE PRINCE."

Who is "the true believer"? According to Eric Hoffer . . .

> He's the man who, multiplied by thousands, is shaping the world to his image. He's a guilt-ridden hitch-hiker who thumbs a ride on every cause from Christianity to communism. He's a fanatic, needing a Stalin (or a Christ) to worship and die for. He's the mortal enemy of things-as-they-are, and he insists on sacrificing himself for a dream impossible to attain. *He is today everywhere on the march.*

Reporting on the true believer, Mr. Hoffer examines mass movements from Christianity in its infancy to the national uprisings of our own day. How do they start? How are they kept running? What do they promise? What do they perform? How can vast numbers of men be transformed into fanatics capable of every extreme of cruelty and self-sacrifice? THE TRUE BELIEVER brilliantly provides the answers.

Will THE TRUE BELIEVER be included on lists of "great" books?

During the year since publication, the "extraordinary perception and insight" of this book, its masterly handling of "wry epigram and icy aphorism" have caused it to be recognized throughout America as "a genuine contribution to our social thought," "a harsh and potent mental tonic," "one of the most provocative books of our immediate day," and *"one of those truly basic books which can have historic consequences."* These statements come from *The Christian Science Monitor, The New Yorker,* Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., *The New York Times* and the editor of *This Week.* They help to indicate how importantly Eric Hoffer's book is being taken in important places.

In their enthusiasm, critics have compared Hoffer to a dozen estimable thinkers of the past (such widely differing men as Adam Smith, Benjamin Franklin, Thoreau, Veblen, Nietzsche, Spengler, Ortega y Gasset, La Rochefoucauld, Machiavelli and Matthew Arnold).

Both the book and the author have caught the imagination of reviewers and feature writers from coast to coast. The idea of this longshoreman who is also a full-time thinker and *free of all professional taboos* is exciting.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Today readers are still "discovering" THE TRUE BELIEVER. Only recently *The American Journal of International Law* declared that a reading of Hoffer's book tells one "more about today's world of nations than would protracted study of geography, economics, or, it must be admitted, international law"

That is why THE TRUE BELIEVER is being bought, read, thought about and talked about by people who are not only concerned with our present and future but who are in a position to do something about it. That is why you will want to read it yourself.

THE TRUE BELIEVER

by ERIC HOFFER

$2.50 *at all bookstores*

HARPER & BROTHERS

Dr. Mundel has received since the time of the trial ninety-six letters of acclaim and encouragement. Editorials praising her stand have appeared in such diverse papers as the Des Moines *Register*, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the Charleston (W. Va.) *Daily Mail*, and the Milwaukee *Journal*. . . .

Five faculty members resigned in protest immediately after the abrupt dismissal of Dr. Hand.* On April 23 I was notified of the termination of my services [as Librarian] as of June 30. My request for a fair and open hearing before the board and a statement of charges has not evoked any response.

Mr. Eric Barnitz, Chairman of the Sociology Department (resigned), and I have established the Mundel Support Fund to raise money to meet the expenses of the suit which is to come up for trial again in June. Your readers are invited to contribute. They may send checks to the Mundel Support Fund, 1243 Bryant St., Fairmont, W. Va.

HAROLD D. JONES
Fairmont, W. Va.

Fairmont seems to be generally up in arms about your article on the Mundel case because of:

(2) the great number of adverse

(3) the fact that a magazine with

On May 27, Dr. George H. Hand, dis-

and professor of eco-

—*The Editors*

the cultural standing of *Harper's* would print such material as is found in the article.

Many people, out of natural curiosity, wanted to read the article, but innate perverseness made them go to the library rather than buy a copy. I agree with a fellow reader who said, "When one of our finest magazines stoops to such scandalous reporting, I think I'm ready to take it off my list."

EDNA I. MILLER
Fairmont, W. Va.

To the Editors:

I have just read William Manchester's account of the Mundel case. I have heard of the case and was interested in it, but had been able to obtain little information about it. I am particularly grateful for your policy of reporting on matters which in this day and age are getting "too hot to handle." Mr. Manchester has handled this story in what seems to me to be a very objective manner. . . .

MARGARET L. BRIGHT
Ithaca, N. Y.

Pony Express—

To the Editors:

I noted the fore and aft cuts of the delayed Special Delivery letter in your March issue (just received in Aden, April 18) and can more than tie it with ease. I had occasion to address a letter to our Ambassador in Addis Ababa on December 19, 1951, by registered air mail and learned today that it was delivered to him on April 15, 1952. . . .

Since there are daily, except Sunday, flights between Aden and Addis Ababa, somebody was apparently attracted by the colorful stamps on the cover or by the intricate way in which the name and address were typed on the envelope. I trust that similar aesthetic considerations mitigated your annoyance over the delayed delivery of your letter to Baltimore.

I hope you receive this by the Fourth of July.

RALPH G. CLARK
American Vice Consul
Aden, Arabia

(As a matter of fact, Mr. Clark's letter reached us in six days.—The Editors.)

Uniform America—

To the Editors:

The first article I happened to read in the May *Harper's* was Mr. Drucker's "The Myth of American Uniformity." Immediately afterward I read "The Case of Luella Mundel." Reading these two articles in succession it occurred to me that the "dogma" which, in Mr. Drucker's view, is exploded by the facts about contemporary America is in fact well illustrated by the case of Luella Mundel.

It is not necessary to deny any of Mr. Drucker's examples of diversity in American life to conclude that the incident reported by Mr. Manchester suggests a rather basic uniformity. The "myth" tends to assume an unmythical concreteness in the light of the account of the dismissal of Dr. Mundel because she was "a member of a faculty clique which had become dangerous because of 'certain opinions.'" "Certain opinions" can be "dangerous" only in relation to some prescribed "safe" area of opinion. When a society shows signs of agreeing on a definition of "safe" opinions, diversity is yielding to uniformity. . . .

WILLIAM F. DINSMORE
Philadelphia, Pa.

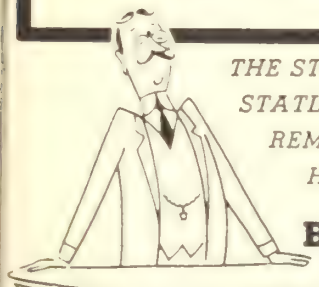
To the Editors:

Although Peter Drucker's "The Myth of American Uniformity" presents a good case for American diversity, he by no means throws off the charge of uniformity entirely. In fact, the charge is indirectly substantiated by another article in your May issue: David Cort's "The All-American Act."

Cort describes the American system as a team operation, and I can't think of anything more conducive to uniformity than the "Let's all act together" spirit of the team. And when he states that the American "is reluctant to assert his personal rights as an individual" but is "quick to defend his rights as a member of a group," we have an essential ingredient of social sameness. It is this peculiarly American respect for group values, group mores, that stands behind the picture of American uniformity. . . .

MICHAEL D. REAGAN
New York, N. Y.

It isn't easy to go from bellhop to millionaire —but it's wonderful fun to read about someone who did



THE STORY OF E. M. STATLER AND HIS REMARKABLE HOTELS

By RUFUS JARMAN

a BED for the NIGHT

Once there was a little bellhop who decided that it would be lots of fun to own a thousand-room hotel in New York City. But, because this is a true story, there wasn't any fairy godmother to give it to him. And so the little bellhop, whose name was Ellsworth Milton Statler, engaged in a series of brilliant gambles on a billiard parlor, a bowling alley, a lunch counter, and a couple of world's fairs, and developed some magically new ideas on how a hotel should be run. And, as everybody knows, he got his wish — in the form of not one, but eight fine, huge hotels. He also did a lot to insure that people would live happily, in hotels, ever after, because most modern hotel techniques were Statler innovations: from the location of keyholes to the best way of easing undesirable young ladies out of the guest rooms.

Take it from us — the lighthearted, all but incredible story of E. M. Statler and his famous inns is one that you must read to believe — and you'll love every word of it.

With twenty-five cartoon chapter heads by TONY BARLOW.

At all bookstores • $3.50

HARPER

LETTERS

Manna in Heaven—

To the Editors:

"On space ships garbage will be periodically ejected through an air lock. With no oxygen or bacteria to decompose it, each consignment will circle the Earth as another satellite, so a little power will have to be used to shoot it out of the ship's orbit," says "The Astronauts Are Serious," in the May *Harper's.*

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Whether a genuine satellite,
Or just some cosmic neophyte
Made of discarded orange skins,
Egg shells, bones, and sardine tins,
Left by a gay celestial bunch
Of picnickers, in space for lunch.

Earth-bound slovens simply flee,
Leaving a mountain of debris,
But basket-parties universal
Suffer a well-deserved reversal;
All of the garbage *they* discard
Will tail them like a bodyguard,
Circling the Earth, a nameless
slattern,
Side by side with Mars and Saturn.

DORIS DE GROFF
New York, N. Y.

Why Retire at 75?

To the Editors:

Hundreds of members of the First National Three-Quarter Century Club (composed of men and women 75 years old or over) voted at a recent meeting for me to write you and thank you for the article which appeared in your magazine by Henry S. Curtis ["Why Retire at 65?", April].

The membership of my organization is made up of retired people from every state in the Union—representing every known profession, trade, business, calling, etc., known to man. This city is a Mecca for oldsters—personally I don't believe there is another city in the United States of our size that has so many hale, hearty, happy, healthy humans —in their nineties!—enjoying life to the fullest. Many of them are fans of *Harper's,* and of course appreciate the attention you allotted to the Curtis statements of essential facts.

With kindest personal regards and best wishes from the club members.

EVELYN B. RITTENHOUSE
St. Petersburg, Fla.

FOR MORE VACATION FUN
Get The GIMLET
THE MAGAZINE OF RESORT-VACATION TRAVEL
24 YEARS TRAVEL-WISE TRAVELER'S GUIDE



CANADA thru FLORIDA, THE SOUTH, and Enroute, Nassau, Bermuda, Cuba, West Indies. 200 PAGES Illus. *Hotels, Restaurants, Prices. Hiway Data, Cruises. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS Silver Springs, Fla. Florida's Underwater Fairyland, Bellingrath Gardens, Charm Spot of Deep South, Mobile, Ala., Monkey Jungle, Goulds, Fla. Price, 50c; Doubledays, Brentanos or send 75c for postpaid copy or $1.25 year's subscription (2 issues) to The Gimlet, Dept. 70, 551 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*

Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

SHERATON PLAZA
MT. WASHINGTON
WENTWORTH-BY-THE-SEA
EASTERN SLOPE INN
RANGELEY LAKES
BARCLAY
SHERATON-BELVEDERE
SHOREHAM
FT. SUMTER HOTEL
GEORGE WASHINGTON
SHERATON PLAZA
GEORGE WASHINGTON
THE COLUMBUS TOWERS
ISLE DE CAPRI
GULF WINDS VILLAS & APTS.
TIDES
FLORIDAN
MYRTLE BANK
TOWER ISLE

Typical Recommended Restaurants

GAME COCK
MADELEINE'S
KING OF THE SEA
LUM FONG
DAVY JONES SEA-FOOD HOUSE
PATRICIA MURPHY'S
GEORGE WASHINGTON RAINBOW ROOM
COLUMBUS HOTEL DINING ROOMS
LAS NOVEDADES

Use American Express Travelers Cheques To Protect Your Travel Funds



The LOOKOUT · OGUNQUIT CLUB
Open June 25 to September 5
Beautifully located delightful seaside resort
Write for reservations or literature.
H. L. and M. H. MERRILL
OGUNQUIT, MAINE



The School—
the College—
the Junior College—

or the Vocational School you seek will probably be found in the "*Schools & Colleges*" Section of this issue.

If you want catalogs of any schools or colleges advertised, or not advertised, in this issue, we'll gladly have them sent for your study and guidance.

If you need authoritative and impartial suggestions about schools or camps, we can assist you as we have thousands of parents, guardians, etc., *for over 50 years.*

Address **Mrs. Lewis D. Bement,**
Director of Educational Guidance
HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., New York 16

« Schools and Colleges »

MASSACHUSETTS

NICHOLS JUNIOR COLLEGE — Business Administration and Executive Training

Opportunity for Military Training with E.R.C. unit on campus.

CUSHING ACADEMY

STONELEIGH-PROSPECT HILL

NEW HAMPSHIRE

HOLDERNESS

RHODE ISLAND

HATCH PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 1. Summer term in Dexter, Maine.

LINCOLN SCHOOL OF PROVIDENCE

Box M, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

NEW JERSEY



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS

INDIVIDUALIZED PLAN—EACH STUDENT A CLASS

For those with educational problems — successful college preparation and general education. **Our tests discover causes of difficulties** and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and the science of study.

Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 46 years' experience

Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster

OXFORD ACADEMY

Box H-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY

Fully accredited college preparatory. Toms River, N. J., St. Petersburg, Fla. Preparation for all colleges, gov't academies. Separate Jr. schools. Accelerated program. Naval training. Guidance. Sports, boats, bands. Specify

ADM. FARRAGUT ACADEMY, BOX HZ, TOMS RIVER, N. J.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY

Fully accredited. College preparatory. Business, general courses. Outstanding record of college entrance. ROTC. Boys taught how to study; small classes; remedial reading. Jr. School. 71st yr. Summer session. Registrar, Box 257, BORDENTOWN, N. J.

DE VITTE MILITARY ACADEMY

$85. monthly. A Big School For Little Boys. 6-14 yrs. Grades 1-8. Est. 34 years. Open year-round. Summer Camp. *Catalog.*

Box H, MORGANVILLE, N. J

PEDDIE

An endowed school. Boys thoroughly prepared for college and for life. Fully accredited. Junior School. Small classes. Public speaking course required. Sports. New gym, playing fields, golf, pool. 240 acres. Summer session. 49 miles New York City. 88th year. Catalog.

DR. CARROL O. MORONG, BOX 7-B, HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST SCHOOL

An Episcopal School for Girls 12-18. In Mendham Hills, 35 miles from N. Y. Est. 1880. Accredited college preparation and general courses with music and art. Small classes. Modern fireproof building. Swimming, riding, tennis. Moderate tuition.

SISTER SUPERIOR, BOX 756, MENDHAM, NEW JERSEY

NEW YORK

EDGEWOOD PARK

OAKWOOD

A Quaker coeducational school. Intercultural. Grades 9-12. Fully accredited. College prep, general courses. Counselling. Work program. Sports. Country location. 70 miles from New York City. Moderate rates. 156th year. Catalog.

WILLIAM M. CLARK, Principal, Oakwood School, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA

CARSON LONG

ELLIS COUNTRY SCHOOL

NEED EDUCATIONAL ADVICE?

Write School Bureau

(see page 102 for coupon

Or Call MU 3-1900

MANUMIT SCHOOL

Boys and girls 6-18 develop individuality in free creative atmosphere. College prep. Dramatics, art, music, mathematics. 50-acre farm in Bucks County. Friendly homelike. Healthful outdoor life. Horses. Summer Camp. Write for catalog.

W. M. and B. G. C. FINCKE, Co-Directors, Box A, R.F.D. #2, BRISTOL, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY COLLEGE

Senior college coordinating academic and military. Defense-minded America needs college men trained in military. Military College R.O.T.C.—earn Commission. Degrees in engineering, arts, sciences, business administration. Write for catalog.

DEAN OF ADMISSIONS, Dept. F, CHESTER, PENNA.

WYOMING SEMINARY

Methodist-related coed school emphasizing accredited college preparation. Business, music, art. Individual help. Scholarships. 109th year. Faculty from 31 colleges. Drama, sports. New and newly furnished fireproof dormitories. Moderate rate. Write for catalog.

RALPH W. DECKER, Ph.D., Pres., Box R, KINGSTON, PA.

Independent Schools and Parents

The modern name for "private school" is "independent school." It's the name that educators prefer today. It expresses more clearly the freedom of the privately run school to decide upon its own special approach to education. College entrance boards and regents set part of the pattern, but independent schools can reach out for special objectives.

This appeals very strongly to parents who have independent ideas of their own about the kind of education they want for their children.

You may find your child needs special handling. You may want more emphasis on religion . . . or less. Perhaps you prefer a smaller school with smaller classes . . . or a larger school with a broader curriculum. The choice may be between city and country . . . between a local neighborhood and a school "world". Or you may like the philosophy of education, character building, or even manners that govern living and learning in some particular school. The point is that you *are* free to choose. You can be progressive or conservative, lean toward the classics or the arts. By a careful study of the independent schools, you can find just what you want.

This freedom of choice is one of the important contributions of the independent schools to the American educational system. They do more than satisfy the aspirations of parents who have independent minds about the proper approach to education. They also make it possible to fit the school to the child, for secure, happy, fruitful years of growing up.

The independent schools also provide a free area of experimentation and growth that is essential to educational progress. Even private schools that make no bones about being "modern" or "progressive" have consistently tried new teaching methods, experimented with new ideas . . . and enriched American education.

Schools and Colleges

THE schools and colleges whose announcements appear in this section all will send catalogs or further information on request. If you wish counsel on an individual problem, Harper's School Bureau will be glad to advise you from an informed and impartial viewpoint. Address Mrs. Lewis D. Bement, Director of Educational Guidance, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, 16.

VIRGINIA

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

★ Our ONE SUBJECT PLAN of Study

★ (Upper School) has increased number of Honor Roll students by 50%. Develops capacity to ★ [illegible] Fully accredited. ROTC. ★ [illegible] acres, 16 modern buildings, 2 beautiful, spacious gyms, pool, ★ splendid environment, excellent health record, separate in- ★ [illegible] Upper school grades 8-12. Junior ★ School 1-7, separate bldgs. and housemothers. All athletics, bands, glee club. ★ For ONE SUBJECT PLAN booklet and catalogue ★ write



★ Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 807, Fork Union, Va.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WASHINGTON, D. C.

LANDON SCHOOL

For boys. Strict college preparation. Small study groups. Limited enrollment. Student gov't and honor system develop initiative, self-reliance. Separate lower school. Sports. 75-acre wooded campus close to Washington. Catalog. PAUL L. BANFIELD, Headmaster.
Box H, Bradley Lane, Bethesda, WASHINGTON 14, D. C.

NORTH CAROLINA

BLUE RIDGE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

In picturesque western North Carolina. Grades 5-12. Fully accredited. Thorough preparation for all colleges and universities. Christian environment. Small classes. Understanding guidance. Excellent health record. 38th year. *Catalog.*
J. R. SANDIFER, Box H, HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

SOUTH CAROLINA

CONVERSE COLLEGE

A [illegible] year Liberal Arts College for Women. Nationally accredited: B.A. and B.Mus. degrees. Small classes—pleasant [illegible]—40 acre campus—convenient railway and plane connections. Reasonable rates. Write for catalogue and view book.
E. M. GWATHMEY, President, SPARTANBURG, S. C.

A MILITARY ACADEMY

The facilities of our School Information Bureau are at your command for any additional assistance you may require in selecting the school best suited to your demands. Address
School Information Bureau, HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

FLORIDA

BARTRAM SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

College preparation of highest standards. Fully accredited; graduates in leading Eastern colleges. Boarding department; Grades 6 thru 12. Extracurricular music, art, dramatics, riding, pool and ocean swimming. Catalogue.
OLGA M. PRATT (Vassar), JACKSONVILLE 7, FLA.

FLORIDA SOUTHERN COLLEGE

Fully accredited. Coeducational. A.B., B.S. degrees. Art, music, business, pre-medical, home economics, languages, sciences, teaching, citrus culture. Creates cosmopolitan understanding. Endowed. Sports. ROTC. Famous Frank Lloyd Wright buildings. 67th year. *Catalog.*
LUDD M. SPIVEY, PRESIDENT, BOX H, LAKELAND, FLA.

RANSOM SCHOOL

ON BISCAYNE BAY. Prepares boys 10-18 for all colleges. Emphasis on scholastic attainment. Sports, dramatics, glee club. Hobbies, guided trips. Sailing. Resident nurse. Est. 1903. Write for Catalog.
D. P. G. CAMERON, Box D, MIAMI 33, FLORIDA.

ILLINOIS

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

Complete development of each boy in invigorating military atmosphere. Fully accredited preparatory. Grades 3-12. Small classes; individual help. ROTC. Sports for all. In suburban Chicago. 80th yr. *Write for catalog.*
Col. C. L. JORDAN,
Box 72, MORGAN PARK, CHICAGO 43, ILL.

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

Fashion Merchandising with Modeling. Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Interior Decoration, Commercial Art, Photography, Window Display. Coeducational. Attractive residence for girls. Entr. Sept. 8. Write Registrar Room 727, RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS, 750 N. Michigan, CHICAGO 11

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

[illegible] accredited [illegible]
Our teachers inspire self-confidence and awaken interest. Prepares for all colleges. Grades 8-12. Senior ROTC. Broad athletic and social program. Riding. Indoor pool. 74th year. Near St. Louis. Catalog.
COL. R. L. JACKSON, Box HM-7, ALTON, ILLINOIS.

INDIANA

ULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

On Lake Maxinkuckee. [illegible] 9th grade. Thorough preparation for leading colleges. High scholastic standards. Develops initiative, courtesy, poise, character. Leadership training. All sports. Exceptional facilities. Senior Basic ROTC. Catalog. 76 Pershing Walk, CULVER, IND.

TRI-STATE COLLEGE

B. S. DEGREE IN 27 MONTHS

Founded 1884 World-Wide Enrollment.

Mech., Civil, Elect., Chem., Aero, Radio (Tele) Engineering; Bus. Admin., Acct. Executive courses. New and modernized buildings . . . up-to-date labs. Low cost. Prep. courses. Personalized instructions. Heavy demand for graduates. Placement service.
Enter Sept., Jan., March, June. Write for Catalog. 3472 College Ave., Angola, Ind.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

PERKINS SCHOOL

A year round special school for the Scientific Study and Education of children of retarded development. Constant, sympathetic supervision. Individual training. Five homelike, attractive buildings. 30 acres of campus and gardens. Summer session in Maine.
FRANKLIN H. PERKINS, M.D., Dir.,
Box 11, LANCASTER, MASS.

HOME STUDY

YOU CAN EDUCATE YOUR CHILD AT HOME

Kindergarten through 9th grade. With Calvert courses mothers can give their children a sound education at home. Calvert-guided instructions. All lessons, books provided. Students transfer successfully. Start any time. Unique Crafts Course. Catalog. Give child's age and grade.

CALVERT SCHOOL 77 Tuscany Rd. Baltimore 10, Md.

WISCONSIN

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

★ Accredited college preparation in the heart of Wisconsin's Land o' Lakes, within easy driving distance of Chicago. Grades ★ 7-12. Balanced program. Excellent faculty. Riding, ★ golf, rifle marksmanship, sailing. Winter sports. Fly- ★ ing. Summer session. 68th year. Write for catalog. ★ 1272 De Koven Hall Delafield, Wisconsin



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MINNESOTA

SHATTUCK SCHOOL

Accredited, grades 9-12. Balanced educational, religious, military program. Preparatory or general. Small classes. ROTC. Sports for all: gym, pool, armory, golf. Many activities. Episcopal. Est. 1858. Summer School-Camp. *Catalog.* Director of Admissions.
529 SHUMWAY HALL, FARIBAULT, MINN.

ARIZONA

BROWNMOOR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Boarding school grades 1-12. College preparatory and general courses. Accredited. Music. Art. All sports, eastern and western riding. Swimming. Catalogue on request to Registrar.
DONALD H. GEISER, Headmaster, PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

SOUTHERN ARIZONA SCHOOL

For boys. Thorough college preparation in warm, dry, sunny Arizona. Grades 6-12. Accredited. CEB Exams. Small classes. A horse for every boy. Polo, pack trips, fishing. Music. Archaeology. 22nd year. Catalog.
RUSSELL B. FAIRGRIEVE, Saveno Canyon, PO Box 1791, TUCSON, ARIZ.

CALIFORNIA

ANNA HEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Est. 1887. College Preparatory. Accredited—East & West. Lower School. Outdoor life. Tennis. Swimming. Hockey. Riding. A home-like school in a college town. Cat. CATHERINE H. DEWEY, B.A.; DANIEL DEWEY, M.A., 2538B Channing Way, BERKELEY, CALIF.

CANADA

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

Residential School for Girls near Toronto. Grade I to Senior Matriculation. Music, Art, Commercial, Dietetics.
DR. S. L. OSBORNE, PRINCIPAL, WHITBY, ONTARIO

« Summer Camps »

Has there been a sudden change in your summer plans? Perhaps a camp, summer school, or student tour would solve your August problems. Write or call Harper's Camp Department.

SUMMER HOLIDAY IN BERMUDA

Worthwhile and different summer vacation for boys up to 13 years. Tours of the Islands and trips to places of historical interest. Sports: swimming, fishing, and sailing. Small group. House supervised by fully qualified English staff and two Registered Nurses. [illegible] healthy. Special tutoring available. For further information write to: MR. R. E. [illegible]
PAGET, BERMUDA.

7,000 more people for dinner tonight!



Every night the *U. S. A.* sits down to dinner, there are 7,000 *more people* reaching for the meat platter. This is like adding a city about the size of Providence, Rhode Island, every *month*, or a state about the size of Indiana every *year*.

With an average population gain that large, every year's meat supply *has* to be larger than that for the year before—or everybody would have to be satisfied with a smaller serving.

But *nobody* wants smaller portions. Nearly everybody wants *more* meat. That means we must grow more meat animals on America's farms and ranches. It means that the meat packing industry must be able to expand its plants and facilities in pace with the country's need for meat.

It means that production must be encouraged. The best way to do this is to let the economic laws of supply and demand operate freely.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

Harper's MAGAZINE

Laws Won't Stop Strikes

Donald B. Straus

The events of the past few months have jolted the nation into a realization that there is no sure-fire protection against harmful strikes. Government seizure of the steel mills averted a strike for a while, but the Supreme Court has now ruled that the President was acting beyond his emergency or constitutional powers in taking this action. Before the ink had dried on this decision the steelworkers again went on strike, and as this issue of *Harper's* goes to press no solution is in sight.

We are accustomed in this country to having wages and working conditions set by collective bargaining, by give and take across a bargaining table on one side of which sit representatives of workers, on the other side representatives of management. If a deadlock in the discussions is reached, it is customary to have an impartial person, usually a government official, enter the conference room and try to mediate the differences. If his efforts fail, and if the company and the union are not willing to submit their differences to another impartial person, an arbitrator, for decision, then a strike results.

Many disputes today, however, hurt the public more than they hurt the parties who are fighting each other. In such cases, when collective bargaining and mediation have failed, the government steps in and tries to avert a strike in order to keep production going. This has seemed especially necessary during the past decade, when continuous full-scale production in our key industries has been considered essential to our national defense. But it has proved bafflingly difficult.

During World War II, the ever-present danger from the foreign enemy, plus the dispute-settling machinery of the War Labor Board, maintained a fairly effective if uneasy peace on the domestic labor front. Since V-J Day, the government has tried out a series of increasingly restrictive devices to prevent strikes during a period when the danger from without, though real, has been less obvious. The list of devices is long, impressive, and varied. The results have been far from reassuring.

On several occasions, Taft-Hartley Law injunctions have run their eighty-day course and terminated with a strike. Presidentially-appointed boards have issued recommendations which have been rejected, sometimes by management, sometimes by unions; result—a strike. Even government seizure did not eliminate railroad strikes. Unions and managements in atomic energy pledged themselves

As a professional in the field of labor mediation, Mr. Straus has served successfully many times as a negotiator in the atomic energy industry and has been vice-chairman of the Review and Appeals Committee of the Wage Stabilization Board.

not to strike or lock out without first resorting to the full course of mediatory procedures, with recommendations of an impartial panel as the result; but there have been strikes in atomic energy. Compulsory arbitration of public-utility disputes has been tried in several states but strikes have not been eliminated. In several states, the laws themselves have been declared unconstitutional. Compulsory arbitration on a national scale has often been considered, but citizens of New Zealand, Australia, and Great Britain tell us that compulsory arbitration is no guarantee against strikes, because they have had many years of experience under this arrangement and have witnessed many work stoppages.

For a period of years, government use of these devices achieved, to be sure, a measure of success. But it now appears that this success may have been due in large part to novelty: the novelty of the devices used and the novelty of the situation which demanded such drastic government action. As the novelty of the drug wears off, so does its effectiveness. A strike in atomic energy today causes far less panic in the minds of the public than it did in the first few years following Hiroshima, even though the consequences are probably every bit as serious. And this spring a steel strike occurred after the President had tried numerous strike-stopping devices—including one which he thought he had but which the courts said he didn't have.

PEOPLE desperately want to believe that they can be protected against a catastrophe. A responsible government must therefore seek to provide such protection. In labor relations, there is an almost prayerful belief that some clear-cut legal or administrative action will solve a dispute when the chips are down, and our present laws and administrative policies are founded on this belief. Although we acknowledge the "consent of the governed" as a basic principle, nevertheless if one segment of the governed won't consent and the resulting conflict is harmful, then we want to feel that there is some final solution, some authoritative way of saying, "But you *shall* not be allowed to imperil the rest of us!"

Various "final" solutions have been tried. Which one is used depends somewhat upon which segment of the economy is affected. In rail and air transportation, the Railway Labor Act governs. For those employers and unions covered by this act, a Presidentially-appointed board of all-public members hears the disputes and issues recommendations. The parties are not legally bound to accept these recommendations, but the framers of the act never seriously thought that they would be disregarded. As a matter of fact, for over a decade they were never disregarded; but today they often are. This "final" solution has therefore been replaced by a "super-final" step—government seizure under an old World War I statute which permits the President to seize the railroads in times of a declared national emergency. The railroads were in government seizure for twenty-one months after August 27, 1950. What would have happened if a strike had been called? What would have been the "jet-propelled final" solution to replace the "super-final" solution of government seizure? A shotgun answer was supplied on April 15 of this year by Judge Emerich B. Freed of Cleveland, who issued an injunction against three railroad unions, forbidding them to strike against the government. The unhappy Judge found that the court "must, in the interests of national safety, exercise its power to prevent irreparable injury" by granting the request of the Justice Department attorneys for the injunction. But at the same time he warned that this injunction was "not the solution to the dispute over wages and working conditions which has existed for a period of three years." John F. Shields, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, warned the country that "this nation is faced with the specter of continuing and expanding involuntary servitude unless present seizure tactics are wiped out on constitutional grounds." Now the Brotherhood of Engineers is seeking to get the issue of government seizure to the Supreme Court. If the law permitting seizure of the railroads in times of national emergency is declared unconstitutional, the search will then be made more for a "super-jet-propelled final" solution to prevent railroad strikes.

The Taft-Hartley Act, which covers virtually all interstate commerce of the nation other than air and rail transportation, contains a much disputed "final" solution to be used "whenever in the opinion of the President of the United States a threatened or actual strike or lockout . . . will imperil the

national health or safety." This solution is an injunction, a legal device to make a strike unlawful. The injunction may last for eighty days only. At the end of that time the law requires that the injunction be lifted, and a strike once again becomes legal.

In the first eight instances when this procedure was used, five disputes went through the entire eighty-day injunction and came out the far end without a settlement. Strikes then became legal again. Clearly, there is nothing "final" in such an arrangement.

There is still another "final" procedure that has been used more frequently by President Truman in recent years than the Taft-Hartley injunction. This is the appointment of fact-finding boards, usually composed of three public men, with the power to issue recommendations.

Appearances before a Truman fact-finding board are voluntary. If this process is to be an effective protection against a strike, both parties to the dispute must agree to withhold their use of a strike or lockout until after the board has issued its findings and recommendations. The recommendations themselves are not binding—either side may reject them. This nonstatutory fact-finding-plus-recommendation procedure is similar to that of the Railway Labor Act, with the sole important exception that there is no legal obstacle to the strike while the Board is hearing the case.

A newer version of this process has been to endow the Wage Stabilization Board—which was set up to rule on wage increases in order to hold inflation in check—with the duty of settling disputes. When this board was first established in November of 1950 it had no dispute-settling powers. Labor walked off the board in February and returned only after this function had been added. The President may now refer to the board disputes which threaten the defense effort. Unlike the fact-finding boards, the membership of the WSB is tripartite: there is an equal number of industry, labor, and public representatives. As in the case of the fact-finding boards, recommendations issued by the Wage Stabilization Board may be rejected by the company or the union.

Of all these many "final" solutions for labor troubles, not one can be counted upon to prevent strikes. That is the first flat fact with which we are confronted today.

II

But that isn't the half of it. For not only do these "final" solutions not work; the fact that both management and labor expect them to be applied gets in the way of any serious attempt to mediate their differences.

Always, when a strike appears to be in the wind, an attempt is made, first of all, to mediate the conflict. Mediation is the intervention of a "neutral" person in a dispute, a person skilled in resolving conflicts. A mediator has no power other than persuasion; the only hope he can offer to the public is his ability to resolve the conflict between the parties and thus get a voluntary agreement. In a dispute of possibly grave consequences to the nation, this process looks far too uncertain to provide adequate protection against a strike. Mediation has therefore often been a *pro-forma* procedure which is regarded by all concerned, including the hapless mediator, as a whistle-stop on the road to somewhere else—to some more final solution. The tougher the dispute appears to be, the more important its impact on the nation, the more casual will be the stop at this way station.

There is, however, a fundamental fallacy in considering mediation as a "whistle-stop" on the road to strike prevention. In every dispute of national importance, there are two separate governmental responsibilities which must not be confused: first, the responsibility to get the dispute settled; and second, the responsibility to prevent a strike while the dispute-settling is going on. Mediation, fact-finding, even recommendations if wisely used, are among the mediator's tools for settling the dispute. Injunctions, seizure, appeals to patriotism are among the tools for strike-stopping. They are two different things. And what is more, *mediation is the final one.* For even if a strike is prevented, we have now learned that an agreed settlement must be obtained before full production can be resumed. *And of all possible government action it is the mediation process alone which leads toward an agreed settlement.* The more coercive, more "final"-sounding solutions of the strike-stopping variety may keep the men at work temporarily, but they are seldom of use in getting an agreement.

Not only have we failed to distinguish be-

[illegible] and strike-stopping; in a [illegible] a third related and necessary function—that of stabilizing [illegible] must be taken into account. All three functions have been placed in the same agency, the Wage Stabilization Board. Board members and the parties appearing before them sometimes have difficulty in knowing which role is being played at any given point in the process. While there are strong arguments for combining these three responsibilities in the same agency, a greater awareness of their separate identities is required or confusion becomes compounded.

III

The conduct of the steel dispute illustrates all too well the results of this confusion. Early in the fall of 1951, it was generally realized that the big labor dispute of the year was going to be in the steel industry. The contract between the United Steelworkers CIO and the major steel producers terminated on December 31, 1951, thus permitting full negotiation on all of the items in the contract for the first time since 1947.

It was also recognized that one element of the dispute would involve wage stabilization, for a large increase in wages would be inflationary. Another element, one which now stands out crystal clear in hindsight, and might have been foreseen with equal clarity by responsible government officials far in advance, was the relationship between wage and price stabilization; the steel industry officials had given notice that if wages went up to any considerable extent, they would expect to raise prices correspondingly. An early recognition that both aspects of the controversy demanded simultaneous mediation might have pointed the way toward a more successful conclusion. Mediation, however, was treated as a mere whistle-stop on the way to strike-prevention. All eyes were focused far down the track toward something more definite.

The bargaining began in November and quickly bogged down. The companies made no counteroffer to the union's initial demands, and there was no narrowing of the gap between the parties from that time until early April, after months of bargaining, mediation, fact-finding, strike deadlines, and WSB recommendations. Only in the few days that elapsed between the issuance of recommendations and government seizure were genuine offers and counteroffers exchanged. But by then the bargaining was too late to be effective. Too many new issues of nation-shaking importance had been injected into the dispute.

As the first deadline approached around Christmastime of 1951, the visible efforts of the mediation service were stepped up. Cy Ching, director and grand old man of the mediation service, got into the act in person and the usually soothing effect of his puffing pipe added only smoke and little else to the already smoke-clogged conference rooms. But even before he began, Ching and his lieutenants never had any real hope that they could achieve success. The mediation tools at their command were too limited—they could only conciliate in the old-fashioned sense of carrying messages back and forth between the negotiators, offering tentative suggestions for compromise, and seeking consent of the union to postpone a strike until "further efforts" could be made to achieve a settlement. Everyone concerned, Ching, the union, and the management negotiators, *knew that this dispute was headed sooner or later for the Wage Stabilization Board,* and this certainly made Ching's task much more difficult. By this stage, too, positions had been taken and frozen, statements had been issued and sent the length and breadth of the land via newspapers, radio, television, and public speeches. Piled on top of all these obstacles was the price issue. The normal procedure under the rules of the stabilization program required that the wage package be settled first; only then, if the resulting costs of production warranted, would the Office of Price Stabilization consider a price adjustment. The steel industry, however, insisted on having prices settled at the same time as wages. Mediation, within the scope of the Federal Mediation Service, couldn't handle this job and was soon brushed aside in the sweep of events.

On the eve of the strike, which was also New Year's Eve, a dramatic exchange of letters between Phil Murray and the President resulted in an eleventh-hour postponement of the strike and certification of the dispute to

the Wage Stabilization Board—a "final" resting place toward which it had been headed for many months.

The star roles were assigned to Harry Schulman and Ralph T. Seward, two veterans in the labor-relations field with an enviable reputation as men who could mediate a settlement if it were humanly possible to do so. To them, as public members, the WSB turned to guide a tripartite panel to fact-finding and reporting of the issues alone. The panel was specifically instructed not to make any recommendations.

By this time neither the panel members nor the WSB itself had much control over the staging of this nationally important production. When the panel was appointed, the paraphernalia of public hearings, argumentative briefs, appearances, and statements for the press had already been arranged. At this stage, the processes of mediation and strike-prevention were hopelessly confused. Bureaucracy had taken over, assignments were handed out, and there was about as much room for Schulman and Seward to exercise experience and initiative as is permitted the third girl from the right in the Rockette chorus line.

It might well be that an all-public panel would have had more success than a tripartite one. Certainly, the fact-finding and mediation role can best be performed by a board consisting wholly of impartial people. Yet this decision was never consciously debated in terms of the ultimate objective—an agreement. Attention was focused instead on the "final solution" of the WSB procedures—a set of recommendations.

It might well be that closed, informal hearings might have been more appropriate than public hearings when the panel first took up its duties. Emotions had already reached a high pitch, the main arguments were already well developed, the issues were well known. Harry Schulman himself believes that he could have made far more progress toward a settlement if he could have begun with small, off-the-record discussions with Phil Murray, Ben Fairless, and a few of their top aides. Certainly a great deal of heat would have been avoided, and further crystallization of positions might have been prevented. But the decision with respect to the conduct of the hearings had been made. Each side, for reasons of its own, was anxious to get on with the main show, with very little disposition to resume negotiations or to undergo mediation.

The events followed the pattern of all such hearings. Full press coverage, plus dope stories concocted by columnists with already developed biases, further fanned the flames. By the time the panel report on the facts had been prepared and was ready for presentation to the WSB, the dispute itself was further than ever from settlement.

Into the full, tripartite Wage Stabilization Board went the dispute. Harry Schulman presented his panel's report, the twelve-man board listened and prepared to issue its recommendations. Both labor and industry representatives on the board were end-men of a pressure system that led into the highest offices of industry and labor in the country. The industry side felt obliged not to go beyond the automatically allowable cost-of-living formula of stabilization rules. The Steelworkers felt compelled by the precedent set by other settlements to go above this formula. The public members believed that a settlement, with respect to wages, should give some recognition to the General Motors type of productivity clause which had already added four cents per hour to the cost-of-living formula for a large segment of American heavy industry.

The labor position was more flexible than that of industry, and as the bargaining within the board progressed, it became evident that if the public members could get agreement with either party, the most promising candidate was labor. Gradually labor reduced its position downward toward the 12½-cent figure which the public members had in mind as a fair settlement. Negotiations continued for several days, and far into the early hours of the morning. Chairman Feinsinger collapsed at the bargaining table at 6:00 A.M. of the second session, but was back with his colleagues before noon of the same day. As the time for decision approached, the public members had this choice: should they issue their own recommendations which neither labor nor industry would sign, or should they move upward slightly toward the labor position to permit a majority recommendation somewhat above the desired level, but nevertheless within the limits which they considered equitable both from the arbitrator's and

the stabilizer's point of view? They decided there might be a majority recommendation. So they inched up toward the labor position and issued a majority recommendation, with industry in vigorous dissent.

Hindsight makes this decision appear to have been unwise, for by making it the public members weakened their position as potential settlers of the dispute. Now, inevitably, they looked like partisans of labor. The nation chose up sides with either labor *and* public, or with industry; *the middle position from which a mediator can be most effective had been eliminated.* If possible, the position of the parties became frozen even tighter. Management was in a position of defiance; labor was placed in the straitjacket of being unable to accept any significant deviation from the majority recommendation. Even so, mediation by the public members appeared to be more effective during this period than at any previous time.

The steel industry negotiators then made a wage offer which came within an ace of the package contained in the majority recommendations and for a few hours there was a flicker of optimism that a settlement could be achieved. But this flicker soon faded and gave way to a realization that the issues in this case had expanded beyond the scope of a single labor dispute. By this time, there were political overtones that carried to the very foundations of government philosophy. The scene was about to change from bargaining table to courtroom.

From that time on, the discussion disintegrated into one of the wildest orgies of public name-calling over the air waves, via television, and in full-page advertisements, that this country has ever witnessed. Even the President jumped into the fight, pitching the might of his office on the public-labor side. Again a strike deadline approached, and the President was faced with having to decide between two "super-final" alternatives: government seizure or Taft-Hartley injunction.

NEITHER alternative had much to recommend it. A Taft-Hartley injunction would make it temporarily illegal for the union to strike. But it was the union which had accepted the terms recommended by the Wage Stabilization Board; to the President and his advisers, this course of action seemed like using restraint against the wrong party. It was also true that the union had already postponed its strike at the request of the government, first on December 31, and on two subsequent occasions. On the other hand, the Taft-Hartley method had the advantages of an available and clearly legal—though by no means certain—method for maintaining production for at least another eighty days. Industry spokesmen and a considerable majority of the public press believed that this was the only method which the President should have tried.

The President decided, however, that in an emergency of this kind he had the right, and in fact the duty, to seize the steel mills in order to keep them in operation. He did so; the strike was momentarily averted; and the issue of the constitutionality of his move went to the courts.

No one was happy with these developments. Industry saw its property seized by the government and threatened with having extra costs loaded upon it against its will. The government found itself with an important segment of the national economy in its possession, with a political storm fanning the flames of labor-industry strife, and with none of the disputed issues settled. Even labor, which at first glance might appear to have won a victory, found the situation an unpromising and disturbing one. A government that can seize the steel mills can also take unilateral action, perhaps in another administration, which might as seriously infringe on the rights of unions as seizure infringes on the rights of property. Even the Truman Administration, known to be friendly to organized labor, had already seized the railroads to enforce a settlement which was unacceptable to the Brotherhoods. By failing to recognize the distinction between coercive strike-stopping and dispute-settling, the government had worked itself into an uncomfortable box.

IV

IF SIMILAR crises are to be avoided in the future, we must have a better understanding of the role of the strike in our economy. *The paradoxical truth of the matter is that under normal conditions there is no deterrent to strikes so effective as the strike itself.* Governmentally created substitutes can

as easily stimulate a strike threat as eliminate one. During World War II, William H. Davis, then Chairman of the War Labor Board, shocked the country by declaring that what the industrial relations of this country needed was a good strike. In mid-war, this seemed to many an irresponsible statement for a highly-placed government official to make, but the deep wisdom of it was evident to all who were in the know. When government decisions replaced the strike, collective bargaining came to a standstill as managements and unions abandoned their responsibility to make decisions and laid their burdens at the doorstep of the War Labor Board. Strikes had all but disappeared, but so had collective bargaining. And today there is little disagreement over the proposition that collective bargaining must be preserved as an inherent part of our economy for the pricing of labor. Without it, our economy would evolve into something else, and the alternatives all appear to be a form of totalitarian state with individual freedoms drastically curtailed.

Under the collective-bargaining system the strike is the action of the free market on the price of labor. The strike is the seller's attempt to get higher prices, and the buyer's reluctance to pay them. If arbitration or government recommendations are substituted for collective bargaining, they become labor price-fixing by fiat—an aspect of a managed economy.

And so those on both sides of the table who prefer a free-enterprise system to a socialized one (and they number as many in ranks of labor as in management) abhor the inroads of government interference—even though the intensity of abhorrence may fluctuate, depending upon whether they think they can do better in the instant case without it than with it. Compulsory arbitration and its accompanying teeth—government seizure, injunctions, and anti-strike legislation—are all injurious to collective bargaining and, as a practical matter, are no positive guarantee against a strike. Of all possible alternatives for government intervention in a labor dispute, mediation alone can be a stimulant to the collective-bargaining process.

As our economy becomes more integrated, as more of us become dependent upon one another for even the most elementary necessities of living, the strike inevitably changes its character. When Mike Quill strikes New York's subways, or when Phil Murray shuts down Ben Fairless's steel mills, you and I will feel the pinch before either Phil, Ben, Mike, or the New York City Board of Transportation begins to suffer. When the nation must have steel for its defense, and wage and price increases will threaten it with inflation, a strike becomes still more damaging to all of us.

Under such circumstances the government may reasonably intervene to stop a strike in the public interest. But it must realize the grave consequences of such action. An injunction is close to a challenge of the constitutional guarantee against slavery. Government seizure invades basic property rights guaranteed by the Constitution. Compulsory arbitration dictates the terms of an agreement —a paradoxical concept if there ever was one. Furthermore, as we have seen, the government's supply of such drastic antistrike measures is not limitless, and every time one of them is used, the supply diminishes. As we have also seen, when the threat of them hangs over the disputants, any attempt to bring them to a real agreement may be vitiated. *And it is on agreement, and agreement only, that a continuation of steady and productive work will be premised.* Even if the ultimate recourse to military force is used, the deciding vote still lies with the employer who manages the plants and with the workers who man them: do they choose to manage and to work under the conditions proposed, or do they prefer jail, fines, or—conceivably—death?

Production is creative, and creation demands co-operative effort. You can kill or jail a man to prevent him from committing a crime; you can't jail or kill him in order to keep him at work. And the notion of terrorizing men into work is deeply repugnant anyhow to all our traditions of personal liberty. The consent of managements and workers is as vital to our economic freedom as is the consent of the governed to our political freedom.

Therefore mediation—the effort to secure mutual consent—is not our first, but our last, line of defense against disastrous stoppages. It is not a whistle-stop on the road to somewhere else. It is the Grand Central Terminal of the dispute-settling process.

An Open Letter to Teachers

Paul Woodring

By this late date it must be obvious to everyone engaged in teaching that a strong ground swell is running against us. Entire issues of popular magazines and of journals of opinion have been devoted to critical examinations of public education, each year more books are published which attack current educational practices, and in meetings of boards of education more and more voices are being raised demanding changes in the schools.

While educators are well aware that these criticisms are being made, most of them have been strangely reluctant to interpret them fairly. They have persisted in believing that *all* these attacks are motivated by malice, by a desire to reduce taxes, or by ignorance of what is actually going on in the schools.

If we will but spend a little time with groups of thoughtful and informed citizens under circumstances in which we are not identified as educators, we will quickly learn that our assumptions as to the source of the criticism have been, in large part, based upon wishful or ostrichlike thinking. We will find that many of the criticisms of contemporary education come from honest and informed citizens who are sincerely concerned about one or more aspects of the current educational trend. While it is true that some of the most vocal critics have been misinformed and that others have ulterior motives, the great public enthusiasm for these criticisms rests upon a long-standing and long-suppressed feeling of vague dissatisfaction on the part of large numbers of parents and other adults.

We can quell this dissatisfaction neither by calling our critics names such as "reactionary" nor by raising suspicions as to their motives. We must try to understand the true nature of the criticism and answer it fairly, conceding our mistakes where we have made mistakes.

The more honest and better informed of the critics are trying to say these things:

(1) That the public schools in a democracy belong, or ought to belong, to the people, but that professional educators have progressively pre-empted the responsibility for policy-making to such an extent that interested citizens, even members of elected boards of education, feel that they no longer have an adequate part in the establishment of basic educational policies.

(2) That the philosophy of pragmatism (or instrumentalism or experimentalism) which has come almost completely to dominate educational thinking in the United States, is unacceptable to a large number of Americans.

It is difficult to understand how any thoughtful educator can deny either of these contentions. Certainly the final control of all policy, including educational policy, under a representative government lies with the peo-

In talking about current criticisms of the public schools, Mr. Woodring reveals his close acquaintance with all parties involved. He started teaching in a country school at nineteen and is now professor at Western Washington College of Education.

ple. A clear distinction needs to be made between basic policy on the one hand, and technique or methodology on the other. Such a distinction is sometimes difficult, but usually not impossible. The public will be wise to delegate problems of methodology to the professional group best able to decide them, but determination of fundamental policy cannot be so delegated. This is true not merely of education but of all professions. In medicine the public is well advised to leave methodological decisions to members of the medical profession. It is the physician who can best decide when an inflamed appendix should be removed and what instruments should be used in its removal; but in deciding whether an incurably ill individual should be put out of his misery the physician must defer to the decision of the people who make such decision through their legislatures, for this is a matter of broad public policy.

The determination of the most effective method of teaching history, for example, is a professional problem best decided by professional teachers; but the public may reasonably decide, as a matter of basic policy, that the child, during the course of his education, should gain a thorough knowledge of American institutions. If the people come to the conclusion that children are completing school with an inadequate understanding of these institutions and of the history of our nation, there is a danger that they will attempt through legislation, as they already have in some states, not only to require that a policy of teaching history be established, but also to specify exactly how it shall be taught.

It is widely believed that educators are dedicated to building a new social order, and several books by leading educators certainly lend credence to this idea, though it is most unlikely that many classroom teachers have ever entertained such a notion. The intelligent citizen believes that the building of a new social order—if a new social order is needed—is a task for all the people and that no one professional group should determine by itself the direction of social change. Educators, as citizens, should surely take part in the planning, but only as members of the total society.

The charge that pragmatism has come to dominate educational thought in American education cannot well be denied. Most educators will gladly admit the charge but will contend that this is as it should be. This admission seems to suggest that pragmatism has become the new dogmatism.

This is certainly not what James and Dewey intended and it is difficult to see how one can be dogmatic and pragmatic at the same time. But the courses in educational philosophy as taught in many teachers' colleges lead students to the conviction that other patterns of thought are obsolete, that pragmatism is the "new way of thinking." Informed people outside the field of education are pointing out that this may be the new way of thinking about philosophical problems in educational circles, but that pragmatism has by no means supplanted other philosophies among contemporary philosophers or among thoughtful people in general.

Subsidiary to the two major criticisms, several minor but still important criticisms are widely heard. These may be summarized as follows:

(1) Public education has extended itself to include many aspects of the child's life not formerly considered the province of the school, and this extension has taken place without full public approval.

(2) The total effect of the new education is to leave the child, particularly the child of average or less than average intelligence, without a set of values.

(3) Education has become anti-intellectual. It has tended to overemphasize large muscle activity and to underemphasize cerebral activity. (It is probably a small minority that is unhappy about this trend but it is an intelligent and vocal minority.)

(4) Education, as represented by textbooks, particularly in the social studies, has intentionally or unintentionally shown a pretty consistent political list to the left. It is felt that the schools have rightly taken a strong stand against fascism but have failed to take an equally strong stand against communism. (This criticism does not seem entirely consistent with numbers 2 and 3 above but of course these criticisms are not all made by the same people and hence inconsistency is to be expected.)

(5) It is widely believed that the children of this generation have failed to learn such skills as reading, oral and written expression,

II

It is obvious that the school of 1952 does not limit itself to the teaching of the three R's. Probably none of our critics thinks that it should. The school has come to concern itself with the child's social and emotional development, his health, his leisure-time activities, and his vocational training. This extension of function, which has, to be sure, increased the cost of education, is consistent with the concept of the "whole child" which has become one of the best known clichés in education. This concept is in need of a good deal of psychological reinterpretation, but that is beyond the scope of this paper. No one questions that the child develops as a whole and that it is difficult and probably unwise to try to separate the various aspects of his development. But whether we like it or not, the child always has learned and always will learn a great deal outside of the school. And it is by no means impossible for him to get his vocational training or to develop his leisure-time activities outside the school if that is what the parents want. And though the school cannot free itself from considerable responsibility for the child's social and emotional development, this does not mean that the school must take exclusive responsibility for such development. It seems likely that if the problem is presented fairly to parents they will decide that the school should continue to do most of the things it now does; their principal objection seems to be that they have not had an adequate part in making the decision.

The question of values is certainly one of the most difficult faced by the schools. In most cultures the schools tend to perpetuate the existing values, but in the United States of today values are clearly in a state of confusion and if the schools were to decide to perpetuate the *status quo* they would find it difficult to decide just what *status quo* to perpetuate. It was certainly not the intention of Dewey to eliminate values from the schools. It was his intention that values should be arrived at operationally, and of course he did hold, as his critics assert, that values are relative. It may well be true that the attempt to establish values pragmatically has been unsuccessful with a great many children. Certainly this operational development of a personal value system is a difficult process and one not clearly understood by a great many teachers. If the children are being allowed to complete their education with no sense of values we had better face up to the situation and try to do something about it.

The charge that there is an anti-intellectual trend in the schools seems to stem from Dewey's much misunderstood "we learn by doing" dictum. Of course Dewey, who in his day made significant contributions to learning theory, was well aware that reading and thinking are forms of doing; it was Dewey himself who said, "Theory is, in the end, the most practical of all things"; but it appears that some of his less able interpreters have assumed that "we learn by doing" means that intellectual or symbolic activity should be largely replaced by large-muscle activity. If this is true it is time that psychologists make a greater effort to straighten out the thinking of these confused misinterpreters of learning theory.

There seems to be no real reason to doubt that teachers as a group are as loyal to their country and its institutions as are any other professional group. Of course a few teachers are members of subversive organizations just as are some lawyers, physicians, accountants, ministers, and electricians. But, except in possibly a very few localities, one can spend his life as a teacher, knowing well hundreds of members of his profession, and meet no more than one or two who are members of subversive groups. Most of our associates are as ready, if necessary, to fight for their country and its institutions as are the members of any other profession. Why then have so many of our critics become convinced that subversive influences control public education?

Perhaps it is in part because teachers were one of the first groups to recognize the dangers of the political systems represented by

Hitler and Mussolini, and because of the unfortunate and confused tendency of a great many Americans to think of political ideologies as being ranged along a straight line, with fascism at the right and communism at the left. To some it seems to follow that in backing away from fascism we had to go to the left; that is, toward communism. It is a curious fact that the way in which many of us think about political ideologies in 1952 is still based upon the seating arrangement in the French National Assembly of 1789. If for the straight-line way of political thinking we could substitute a triangular way—with fascism at one corner of the triangle, communism at another, and liberal democracy at the third corner—much of the difficulty would be avoided. Of course anybody who in 1952, with any knowledge of recent history, still thinks of communism as an extreme form of liberalism is in need of a psychiatrist—and he had better be sure that the psychiatrist does not share his confusion. But in any case this is the sort of critic whom it is difficult for teachers to cope with unassisted by citizens outside the school system, men and women known in the community for their stability and common sense.

Are today's children less skilled in the three R's than were their parents at the same age? This question is impossible to answer with any certainty. Some of us seem to recall that we and our classmates sometimes misspelled simple words (we still do), split infinitives, and made errors in simple computation, and are a little skeptical when today's parents maintain that in their time adolescents had much greater proficiency in the three R's than those of today. But if it is true, as it may well be, that the average high-school graduate of today is less able in these respects than were those of 1920—to say nothing of those of 1900—we must bear in mind that in those days the high-school students were a selected group who presumably averaged higher in ability and in literacy of background than the more inclusive group of today; and that if a high-school diploma is to represent superior ability and accomplishment, the community will be faced with the problem of what to do with the large number of adolescents who will then have to be rejected. In any case, we teachers would do well to make it plain that we are as concerned as are the parents with the need for effective reading and writing and for elementary skills in computation, and that we are trying to improve these skills—and then let us really do something about it.

III

If we are to stem this rising tide of criticism, we must, first of all, make it clear to everyone interested that we fully understand that basic policy in all our institutions is, in the final analysis, to be determined by all the people through their elected representatives. Let us try to make clear the difference between professional problems and matters of policy which have broader import. Let us insist on our right as citizens to take our full part in the establishment of policy, but not upon a right to be the sole determiners of such policy. We must invite and encourage our critics and all other interested people to sit down with us to discuss the policies of the schools, and then listen carefully to what they have to say, without predetermined judgments on our part.

Let us present our own philosophies and listen to theirs and then try to arrive at a common understanding. It will not be easy.

In the teachers' colleges let us present educational philosophy as philosophy rather than indoctrination—making an honest effort to examine all points of view instead of presenting pragmatism as the only legitimate philosophy.

Let us re-examine with our critics the question of determining the proper range of experiences to be dealt with in public education. Let us discuss with them the problem of the extent to which the school is responsible for vocational training, for training for leisure-time activities, for moral training; and let them help us to decide which of these are the proper functions of the school, the home, the church, or the shop. Let us quit using the argument that the school must do all these things because other agencies have failed. The same argument can be used as well by any other agency.

Let us discuss with our critics the problem of values in education in its relation to the confused status of values throughout our society. If they can suggest solutions acceptable to the majority we should listen eagerly.

Widely representative of all the people in the country for textbooks for political bias. The selection of textbooks ought to be a professional matter to be determined by professionals, but if we have erred to the extent that widespread criticisms have developed it is best that we discuss the problem frankly with our critics. Let us make it clear that we do not, as a profession, assume that we have the right to determine a policy of social change unacceptable to the majority.

Some of the criticisms we shall confront will doubtless be unreasonable, prejudiced, unenlightened. If so, the proper way to deal with them will not be to slight them, or run away from them, or make countercharges against our critics, but rather to turn for guidance and assistance to the more reasonable and representative members of the community, and work with them to improve the schools. We should make it clear that as educators we do not wish to put an end to criticism, but rather to profit by it. If we work with the more thoughtful of our critics, those with motives other than those of improving the schools will gradually lose their effectiveness. Perhaps, in the long run, better education will result from the present acrimony.

The Hypothetical Snub

PEGGY BENNETT

A RENEGADE English butler
Of a pudgy pelican
Is standing flatfooted,
Nightshirted,
In Central Park pond,
Which laps his skinny wizened knees.
He does not sneeze,

But twists his neck around
And faces his own sumptuous rump,
A talent human beings have
Only mentally.
He is no Romeo, Victor Mature,
Or Paris,
But more closely resembles Andy Gump.

Seed black eyes enhance
The tiny chinless face
On his teacup head,
And peer somberly over the long beak
Parted like scissors
With which he awkwardly
Rummages his breast
As if sewing with too short a thread.

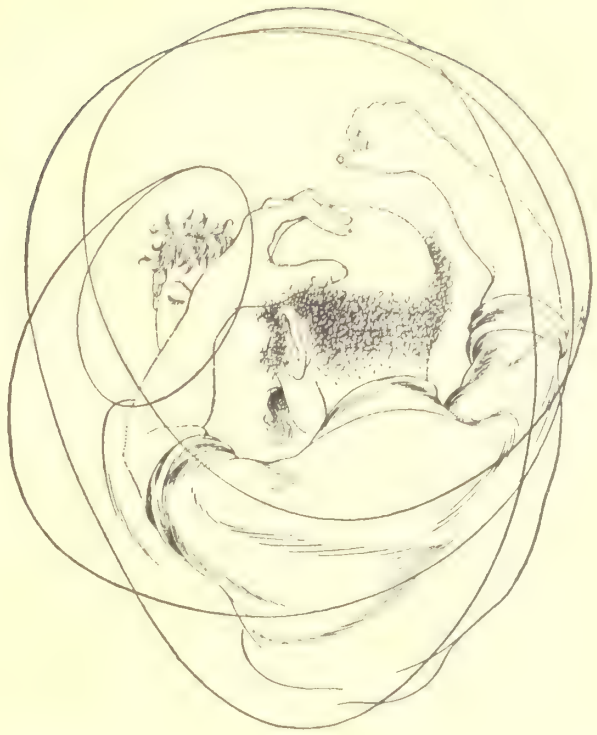
It is best not to speak to him,
Us not knowing to what ideology his loyalty
Might or might not belong,
Nor what dimensions his prejudice
Against human beings may have attained.
It is better to pretend he is not there
Than risk being disdained.

The Sailor

A Story

by Walter Macken

Drawings by Orel Zell Tucker



I FIRST met the Sailor the morning after the night we celebrated Jingo getting his second Medical. Jingo and I had started medicine seven years ago. I was doing my final next year. It took Jingo the seven years to reach the second. Jingo didn't mind. The first seven years are the hardest, Jingo said. His father, a farmer in Roscommon, swore his oath that he would make a doctor out of Jingo if it killed him or Jingo or his bank manager.

Everyone liked Jingo. The examiners would have been only too happy to pass Jingo. Everyone was for him. Everyone said if only he could get his exams he would make a great doctor. When the news spread that Jingo had got his second, everyone nearly broke out flags. Great news, everyone said; now if he can do the next four years in eight, it will be all right. He was everybody's friend.

Except mine. I hated Jingo at this moment as we walked home in the cold dawn. Jingo was humming. All the singing was in my head. I wanted to be sick. Jingo's freckles stood out on his pale face. His eyes were as clear as if he had had twelve hours' sleep. He shoved out his chest. He banged it. "It's a great morning," Jingo said. "Doesn't it make you feel good to be alive on a morning like this?" He sucked the cold ozone into his lungs. He didn't even cough.

"The curse of the God of drunkards on you, Jingo," I said.

"What's wrong, Mac?" he asked, clapping me vigorously on the back. "Pain in the craw, boy? What you want is a cure."

"Please, Jingo," I said, "don't strike me. Don't talk about cures. I want to go home and be sick and go to bed."

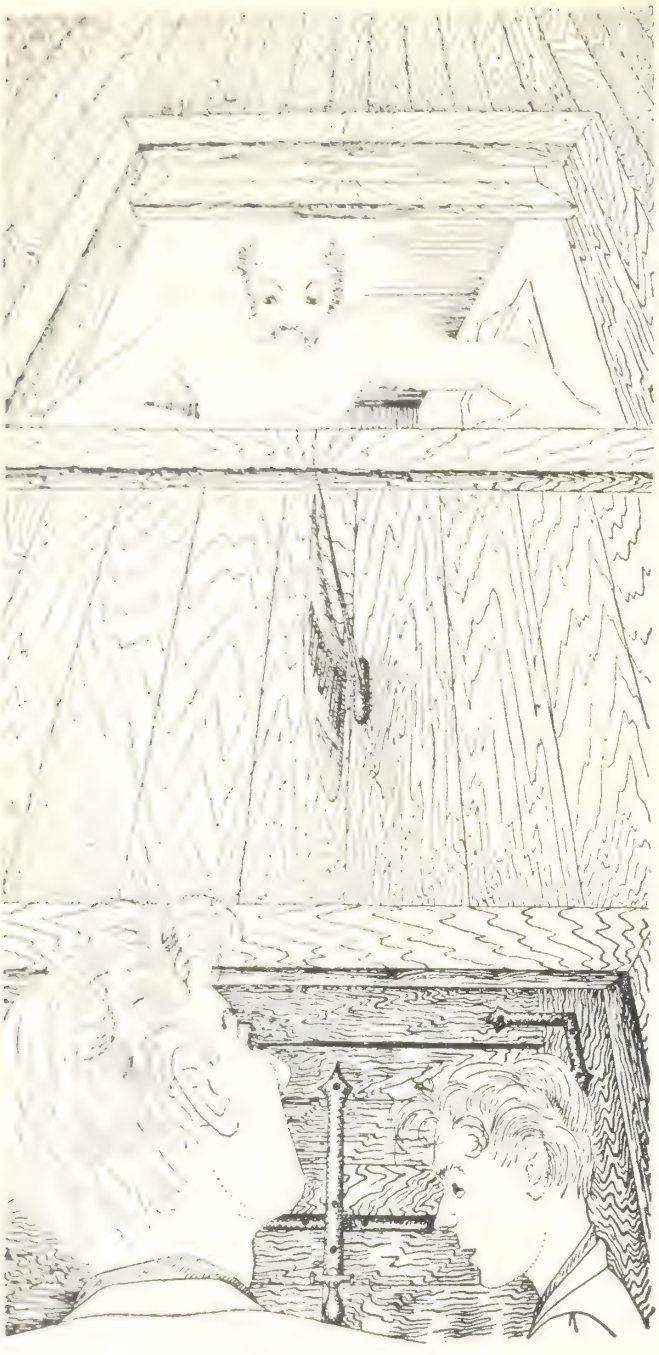
"Bags," said Jingo. "Have to have a cure."

"Where do we get a cure," I asked, "at five-thirty in the morning? Aren't we after being forcibly ejected from three pubs since midnight? I just want to go home, Jingo. I'm sorry I ever met you. I'm sorry you ever got your second Med. I hope you never get another exam or if you do that I am in China when you get it."

"My God, you are bad," said Jingo. "Never mind. We'll rattle up the Sailor. The Sailor is a good sport. The Sailor'll give us a cure."

He turned away from the promenade beside the sea where we walked in toward the cluster of the town. The dawn was looking at us from over the sea with a cold steely eye. Every time I put my feet on the pavement somebody hit me on the head with a mallet.

Into the town we went and over the way and down by a row of shops facing the river.



He stopped at a door there. He raised a knocker and banged loudly.

"S-sh, for God's sake!" I said. The knocker reverberated again.

"The Sailor won't mind," said Jingo. "The Sailor is a good sport."

I wondered why Jingo had lived so long. That was his way. The direct approach. You either murdered him or gave in to him.

A window shot up. A large bald head with ruffled gray hair around the fringes all tossed. A red face with a heavy gray mustache. Two red eyes glaring down at us.

"Ah, Sailor, me oul pal," said Jingo up to him. "Let us in for the love of God and give us a cure. We're corpsed."

"Where the hell do ye think this is?" the Sailor asked in a rich booming voice. "D'ye think this is Lourdes?"

"Ha, ha, ha," said Jingo, heartily. "'At's a boy."

The eyes looked at me. "That thing looks dying anyhow," said the Sailor. "All right, Jingo, I'll let ye in when I get into me drawers." The window banged down.

"THERE you are," said Jingo. "Didn't I tell you?" I was too far gone to rejoin. I leaned against the wall. Jingo had to shake me out of a sleep to get me in the door. It was a small pub, one of these nice unfashionable ones where you sat on a barrel or stood on your legs and felt at home. The Sailor was a vast man. The ceiling wasn't low but he wasn't very far away from it. His bulk was huge, emphasized by the stripes in his shirt shoved into his pants.

"A nice bloody hour of the mornin'," he was grumbling as he pulled the corks, "to get a fella out of his bed. Somebody'll slaughter you someday, Jingo."

"More power to them," said Jingo. "Did you hear I got me exam, Sailor?"

"I did," said the Sailor. "A bloody miracle, I said, when I heard it. You must have somebody prayin' for you."

"It's brain," said Jingo, "pure brain. Here's to all the sailors that go down on the vasty deep." He swallowed his beer.

A small boy with fair curly hair came out of the inside door then. He had a bucket of hot ashes. It was heavy for him.

"Will I throw them into the river for you now, Grandfather?" he asked.

"No, no, Paddo," said the Sailor lifting the flap and coming out. "I'll do that meself. You'd be frizzled."

"Hello, Paddo," said Jingo.

"Hello, Jingo," said Paddo. "What ye doin' in at this hour?"

"We came to see the doctor," said Jingo. "He's the medicine man. Giving us medicine he is."

"That's not medicine," said Paddo. "That's beer."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," said Jingo.

"Don't mind him, Paddo," said the Sailor going out with the bucket. I watched him cross the road and empty it over the low wall

into the river. The light ashes rose in a cloud. Then he came back. He was a very big man, moving ponderously. Jingo had Paddo up on the counter. He was a nice little boy, about five years old. Jingo was drawing faces for him in the spilled beer on the counter. Jingo had a way with kids too.

The Sailor came back and closed the door.

"That fella," he said to me, "will get his last exam the day I put ass or tip in the Atlantic Ocean." He went in behind the counter. This remark interested me.

"Do you like the sea?" I asked.

He looked closely at me. Then he relaxed and came over.

"Why do you think they call me the Sailor?" he asked.

"Presumably," I said, "because you were."

"No," he said. "That's what they are like around here. They always name you the opposite of what you are. I never put a foot in the sea in me life and I never will."

"Why?" I asked.

"It's easy," he said. "I was born way out beyant where they live by boats. I saw me father come back one time on two planks and a belly of sea water in him. I had one brother that never came back at all, and an uncle." He paused then. I could see that picture clearly. "I said I would never let the sea get me. So I came into this town. I worked in a shop. Then I started this place of me own. Where could you get farther from the sea than here?"

"I see what you mean," I said. He rubbed the counter with a cloth.

"I have three sons," he said then. "One of them is Paddo's father, the eldest one. What do you think they went and did?"

"They went to sea," I said.

"That's right," he said. "They did. One of them into your men's navy, and the other two fish the bay out there in their boats. So you see, I warned them. I told them. But they wouldn't listen. They are safe so far. But it won't get me. You understand that. You get my point, mister."

"I do," I said. I did. He is a nice man, the Sailor. Why does or how does Jingo get to know only the real nice people? I felt I had known the Sailor for years. The Sailor was Biblical. In a few sentences he told you the story of his life and it was all there in a clear honest face.

"So long, Paddo," Jingo was saying. "If I had a bob I'd give it to you but I have no money and my friend there has to pay for the medicine and he has no money left."

"Yes I have," I said. "I have ninepence. Here, Paddo, here's ninepence and don't go buying boats with it. Right?" I inquired of the Sailor.

"Right, mister," said the Sailor. He smiled a big smile at me. I felt that we were friends. I felt I had really had a cure. We went home to bed.

I was going out of the hospital getting into my coat. I had a date. I was late for my date. She was redheaded and punctual. "Doctor," said the Sister stopping me. "An emergency. Down near the boats. They are putting oxygen into the ambulance."

I said a bad word.

"Tut, tut," she said. "Only six months qualified and he talks like a doctor already."

I ran for the ambulance. I was fuming. I was thinking about the temper of my redhead and how she could scorch you with silence or speech.

We went through the town fast. We went down to the fishing boat quays. I was still thinking of myself. There was a crowd down there. They looked around as the ambulance stopped. I went through them. Jingo was bending over the body of the boy on the ground. He looked up at me. His eyes were very sad.

"It's Paddo," he said. "Poor oul Paddo."

The fair hair was clinging to the narrow face. All the water was out of him. He was wearing a red jersey that was dark in color from the water. Short pants and his legs and feet bare and brown.

"We'll try the oxygen on him," I said.

"It's no use," said Jingo, bending and taking the light body up into his arms. "I was coming home from college. I've been at him ever since. They were playing in the boats. He fell over. They didn't miss him until it was too late."

The tide was in. It was a high tide. It was bearing the black boats high. It was calm sea and clear, the top of it littered with things it picked up as it came in.

"He was the nicest little fella I ever met," said Jingo moving toward the ambulance.

He stopped there as the Sailor came



through the crowd. He looked into Jingo's eyes. Jingo was too late hiding the look in them. The Sailor came over. He looked down into the hanging face of the dead boy. He put out an enormous hand and laid it gently on the smooth skin of the boy's face.

"Oh, Paddo, Paddo," said the Sailor, and great gobs of tears poured out of his eyes like rainwater on a pane of glass.

"Get him in, Jingo," I said becoming official.

Jingo brought him in and placed him on the stretcher. "You can come," I said to the Sailor. That broke a lot of rules.

We went away.

Jingo and he sat on the other side as I put the oxygen mask on the boy's face. I heard the Sailor sobbing.

"Shush! Shush!" said Jingo.

He quieted down. I pumped oxygen into the small frame. I knew it was no good. He was too dead.

"Ye don't know why I cry," said the Sailor. "I don't cry for the reason ye think. I cry because I am a selfish man. I love my Paddo, better than my own sons, and here I look at him now and ye know the thought that comes to me. It is a terrible thought. Always I have been afraid of the sea. Someday, I say, the sea will get you. I say it will never get me, but deep inside here I am afraid of this. The jinx is on me. And now the sea gets Paddo and I think, well that's what it is. The sea takes Paddo and it will not take you. Christ forgive me for a sinful man."

"Shush man, you're wild, you're wild," said Jingo.

"I think I must tell his mother. I must tell his father. I see their faces falling to pieces like limestone under a sledge. I think of me empty life without that fair laughing boy in it, and at the end of my thinking there is the other thought. You have paid off the sea with Paddo."

"For God's sake, Sailor!" Jingo shouted.

The oxygen ruffled the fair drying hair of the boy.

It was six o'clock in the morning. It was a cold bitter morning. I couldn't look the morning in the face unless I half closed my eyes. We were walking home, Jingo and I.

Jingo was as sober as a judge. (Has this wise saw ever been physically tested?) The reason Jingo was as sober as a judge was that he was drinking orange crushes.

"Here, Mac," said Jingo, "gimme your hand." I didn't, he took it. He rubbed the palm of my hand against his coat. "You have now the honor," he said, "to be rubbing Doctor Jingo."

"Oh, God," I said, "my head."

"Do you remember, Mac, the time I got my second Med, we walked along this promemade, you and I, after celebrating?"

"How can I remember that far back?" I asked. "That must be eight years ago. All I remember about that morning is hoping that I'd be in China if ever the day came that you got your final."

The odd part of this was that I was in China. I had been a doctor on a boat for two

years. I was in China until two months ago. I come home to the home town for a brief holiday, and what happens? I walk into Jingo's final.

"What you want is a cure," said Jingo, "and I know the very man who will give us a cure."

"The Sailor," I said.

"The very man," said Jingo.

"How is the Sailor?" I asked.

"The Sailor is not the man you knew," said Jingo. "I say the Sailor, and you remember a huge man who would shake floorboards."

"No," I said, "I remember a big man crying over the body of a boy."

"So you hadn't forgotten," he said.

"There are some things, Jingo," I said, "that you never forget."

"Well," he said, "I see the Sailor very often ever since. How many years ago is that? Say four. Every year that passes the Sailor has become four times smaller. Wait until you see him."

"I think I'd like to not see him," I said. "I think I'd prefer to remember him as he was."

"You know the fixation he had," said Jingo. "About the sea. About Paddo taking the curse from him. He was always such an honest man. There isn't a sinner in the town now who hasn't been told what a scoundrel he is. Over several balls of malt. The Sailor has taken to the drink."

"Let's go home another way, Jingo," I said. "Let's not pass by the Sailor's."

"No," said Jingo. "I promised him. The day I got the final I was to go to him until he rubbed my coat."

We turned the corner. I was thinking out of the past of the Sailor emptying the ashes in the river and coming back and saying something about Jingo getting his final exams the day he dipped ass or tip in the sea.

"There he is," said Jingo pointing.

THE light was in the sky. Away in the distance we saw the figure of the man leaving his door and going over to the wall with the bucket in his hand. Even from here the change in him shocked me. He was a small man. He didn't walk ponderously with weight, but slowly with bowed age.

We walked faster.

We saw him raise the bucket and swing it and the cloud of ashes leaving, and then the bucket didn't come back but went on and the little man's legs went over the low stone wall and he followed the bucket into the river.

Jingo ran. I ran. I had to close my eyes. The pounding of my feet was exploding in my head. It was a very swift river and very deep. It turned left at the bridge and joined the sea. We ran toward the junction. Jingo was far ahead of me. I saw him flinging his coat away and leaping over the wall. I shouted, "Jingo, for God's sake, come back!"

I ran on. My heart was bursting. Inside the bridge there was a round where the wall of the river met the wall of the sea. It was grass covered. I threw myself full length on it. I saw Jingo to my left in the water. He breathed deep and dived. I saw his taut wet trousers as he went under. He came up again.

"I have him," he said pulling at something.

I held out my hand.

"Catch, catch, Jingo," I shouted, "for the love of God!" I didn't look to the right. Here the sea and the stream of the main river were meeting and clashing. It was a maelstrom there. Every time the sea came in it was like that. A terrible lashing of white foam. If Jingo gets into that he will have been a doctor for a day. His wet hand caught mine as he was being swept past. I held it with my hand. I held it with my two hands.

"He's slipping, slipping, slipping," Jingo shouted. "Let me go. Let me go, Mac."

I didn't let him go. I held on with my two hands. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a mass of white and black that rose to the surface of the thrashing water and then sank as it swept into the stream. Jingo was like a big fish on the end of a weak line. If I let him go he would never come back. He shouted up at me, his teeth bare, gripping. He tried to strike up at my face with his free hand. I held on to him with my eyes closed. After a time he became quiet. He reached his free hand for the top of the quay wall. I rose to my knees. He came free. The water dripped from him. His freckles stood out on his pale face. He walked past me. He ran to the middle of the bridge. He looked where the river had been conquered by the sea.

The sea was retreating after its ephemeral victory. It was carrying booty with it.

"How right he was," said Jingo. "How right he was."

He rested his head on his clenched hands.

The Anatomy of Graft

Joseph F. Dinneen

Victor Martin was in grammar and high school during the confident years before 1914. His father had done well as a city contractor and Victor went on to college, taking a sort of common denominator course and specializing in nothing because he had no idea of what kind of career he wanted. But World War I, a year in the Army, a commission as second lieutenant of infantry, and a chance afterward to help organize a local post of the American Legion, bent him toward politics.

What he knew about it then he had learned chiefly from observation. His father, he was well aware, had paid graft to city councilors, state representatives, and senators: had contributed to mayors' campaign funds and had delivered the votes of those who worked for him. Victor knew this was wrong. He felt he had ideals and principles. He had seen some politicians who didn't seem to work that way, and he was determined that he wouldn't.

Victor's father, interested in his ambition, spoke to a state senator. Victor was appointed executive secretary to a joint recess committee investigating electric light and power rates. When the hearings ended, he could hardly recognize his report after members tore it apart, amended, rewrote, and distorted it; but as he was Mike Martin's boy, the committee praised his work elaborately and he was taken over by the Public Utilities Commission as an assistant secretary. During the next three years he became an active member of every fraternal, service, and civic organization open to him, and managed to stand before the news camera at outings, clambakes, and celebrations. So when he became a candidate for the City Council his name was fairly well known.

This candidacy of his was a carefully planned move. He had thought it out, talked it over with his father. He got heavy assists from the political friends to whom his father had paid graft for contracts, and the fact that he was engaged to Jean Tarbi, daughter of another contractor, did not hurt in a ward with a heavy Italian vote. In a nonpartisan election he won handily.

Thus Victor Martin, at the age of twenty-five, took the first step up the political spiral stairs. He was loyal, dependable, a good campaigner, a hard worker for the party; he went down the line regularly at every primary and election. And he was ambitious. Victor Martin does not, of course, exist under that name, but almost every political reporter knows a dozen or more Victor Martins; they are to be found in every rank of government.

Soon after his first election to the Council, Victor faced a decision he had long contemplated and never quite resolved. He had resigned his $4,500-a-year job in the Public Utilities Commission because the law forbade elected officials to hold appointive office. As

Behind the multiple varieties of graft in politics which have been exposed to the public eye in recent months there may be a common pattern of human frailty much like the story constructed here by the well known columnist of the Boston Globe.

a councilor he would receive $2,500 a year, hardly enough to support himself, let alone a wife and possible family. He had four choices of means to amplify that salary.

He could get a job with a public utility, always eager to hire a councilor and thus control his vote. If he did so he would be forever hamstrung politically as a "tool of the vested interests."

He could take a job with a private employer or corporation remote from politics; but such jobs were not easy to find.

He could make a profession of politics in the same manner as some of his associates, milking all comers who needed his vote and trading with other councilors and the mayors for salable legal privileges.

Or he could accept the apparently genuine, harmless kudos that came his way merely because of his political position, and hope that this would somehow augment his income in time. He wanted no financial help from his father or Jean's father. He wanted to be independent.

JOE BARRON, owner of the Gamecock Café, posed the question first. He stopped in at Victor's house soon after dinner one night. "Vic," he began, "I want a swinging overhead sign outside my place." It was a simple request. Vic was surprised.

"What's stopping you from getting it?" Vic asked. "All you have to do is drop in at the street department at City Hall, fill out an application, pay $25 for a permit, and put up your sign."

Joe Barron shook his head, threw six fifty-dollar bills on the table beside Victor, and said: "Not me! You do it, Vic."

"Don't be silly, Joe," Vic said. "You're entitled to that permit. Nobody can stop you from getting it. Put that money back in your pocket. You don't need me for that."

Joe shook his head. "You get it," he insisted. "If $300 isn't enough, say so. I've paid a lot more than that for less; and when it comes time for me to renew my liquor license, I'll want you to look after that, too."

Vic shook his head. "Don't be childish. Anybody can get a permit for a swinging sign in your neighborhood. It's zoned for business. Go into City Hall tomorrow, ask for it, pay for it, and get it."

"Suppose they refuse me?" Joe said.

"They won't. If they do, I'll go in there and raise hell and you'll still get your permit for $25."

Joe shook his head. "I don't want any trouble. You get it."

Victor tossed the money back. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Joe," he said. "I'll be your errand boy. I'll drop in at City Hall, pick up the application, and deliver it to you. You fill it out and I'll file it. It will cost $25 and that's all."

"No dice, Vic," he said. "If I go to a doctor —a specialist—and his charge is $500, I pay it. If I go to a lawyer, I pay his fee, and lawyers don't work cheap. Same way with anybody. If I pay I get my money's worth."

Vic was losing patience. "I don't charge money to do for a friend a thing he can do for himself for nothing." He leaned over and stuffed the money in Joe's breast pocket.

Joe picked it up and put it on the table beside Victor. "Look, Victor," he said. "You've just been elected. You don't know your way around very well yet. You've taken Tom Drennan's place in the Council. He goes upstairs to the House of Representatives where the picking is better maybe. I've always paid Tom. I like it that way and he liked it that way."

Vic shook his head. "But I'm not Tom Drennan," he said. "I don't take bribes and I don't take graft—and I don't take money for doing a favor."

Joe bristled, "Am I bribing you?" His eyes snapped. "Do you call that three hundred bucks graft? I'm not trying to buy you for three hundred smackers. Show me how I'm breaking any law—or how you are, either, by taking that dough."

Vic was momentarily frustrated. "Why do you want to pay money like that? You're entitled to the permit."

"Right," Joe agreed. "The only trouble is: if I go in and get an application and file it with the clerk, he'll tell me to come back in five days after it is investigated. The precinct police lieutenant will come by and decide that the sign is an obstruction. The traffic commission inspector will rule that it blocks a signal light that nobody can see from that angle, anyway. A sidewalk inspector will rule that it's an accident hazard. I may even find that the abutters are organized against me and they may ask for a hearing. Before I'm

Victor's eyes narrowed. "Have you tried to get a sign before? Are any of these things true? Is it an obstruction? Will it block off a

The answer is no to everything," Joe said. "If I ask for it they'll all wonder why I didn't ask you to get it for me. They'll figure either you're sore at me: that I can't ask you: or that you're not interested, and they'll all collect. It isn't worth that to me. It's worth $300—no more."

"You go in and get that application," Victor directed. "If the city clerk holds up the permit or holds you up for dough, let me know, and maybe we'll have a new city clerk; if a sergeant or cop or anybody else puts the bite on you, tell me and there'll be a showdown on that too."

Joe held up his hand for silence. "Wait a minute, Vic. That's courageous talk but you're not going to make a hero of yourself by making a stool pigeon out of me. I've got a good business and I don't want any trouble. If you don't take the money, I'd rather pay a higher price to somebody else. I'll have plenty of trouble for you to iron out during the next two years—with the licensing board, the Alcoholic Beverages Commission, the cops, the Board of Health, and people like that. If you're being paid for it you'll do a good job. I never deal with people who work for nothing. The way I figure it, a guy gets what he pays for."

Joe got up to leave. "I'm not going to take that dough back, Vic," he said. "Think it over. Talk it over with your old man. He's paid plenty to politicians over the years; so has Jean's father. You know that as well as I do. They got what they paid for; and they'd be the first to tell you so. You're a politician now. Be one. If you're going to be a reformer, you'll be just a flash in the pan, good for one term.

He left. Vic looked at the money for a long time; finally put it in his pocket. He decided to talk it over with his father and Jean.

He had an uncomfortable feeling that he had surrendered something that he could retrieve only by giving the money back, even though it meant in the end making a cold friend or outright enemy of Joe Barron and in any case sacrificing his political support. He knew without even discussing it with him how his father felt about it, but he brought it up just the same.

"Why not?" his father said. "You're not in the business for your health. You can't live on a councilor's salary. If I hadn't been paying politicians ever since I've been in business I wouldn't have been making money enough to own a nice house and send you through college."

"What do you think of it?" he asked Jean after giving her a full account. "Shall I keep the money or give it back?"

The pattern was not unfamiliar to her. She knew how her father operated.

"Precisely what is wrong about it, Victor?" she asked. "Is it a bribe? Is he paying you money to influence your vote or to persuade you to act illegally in his favor?"

Victor shook his head. "He's paying me to be an errand boy."

"Why?"

"Because he feels sure that a political errand boy can do for him a job he can't do for himself."

"You didn't solicit money from him. He is making you a voluntary gift. Isn't that so?" Victor nodded. "Is there any fraud involved? Does it require you to do anything dishonest or illegal?"

"Not at all," he said. "I'm merely acting as his agent."

"The city is not deprived of any money it is entitled to?"

"Right," he agreed.

"Then, who loses?" she asked.

"As Joe Barron sees it," he said, "the only persons who lose are officials who would put the bite on him like the police sergeant, a sidewalk inspector, or a traffic commission agent."

"But," she protested, "they're losing dishonest money. They have no right to ask it. You're really preventing them from breaking the law."

He nodded again. "Their function is to investigate honestly and recommend for or against. If the prestige of a councilor is behind the application, these investigations are perfunctory. They wouldn't want to tangle with the councilor. Otherwise they can victimize the applicant."

"If they were honest," she went on, "and

discovered any reason why he should not have a simple unimportant thing like a swinging sign, any one of them still could recommend against it in spite of the councilor?"

"That's right," he agreed.

"Do you think that Joe Barron wants to put you under an obligation to him, so that you would have to take orders from him in the future?"

"Not at all," Victor answered. "Actually he is under an obligation to me. The shoe is on the other foot. Even if he asks me to do something for him again—and there is no doubt that he will—I still can refuse if his proposal is dishonest or I don't like it for any other reason."

"Let's face it, Victor," she said. "Is this $300 graft?"

He shook his head. "Not within the meaning of the term as it is commonly understood. Graft is a politician's participation in the profit he has made possible for any person or partnership or corporation doing business with or working for any government. There's no profit involved in displaying a sign."

"Then if it isn't dishonest, and it isn't graft, and you're not selling out to him, I can't see anything wrong about taking it. Why are you so reluctant?"

"I can't define the reason, except to say that it doesn't seem quite right to me. I wasn't elected to accept gratuities; and that's what it comes down to."

"Aren't you being a little too stuffy and scrupulous about it, Vic?" she asked.

It was not a pleasant subject. They were anxious to decide it and dispose of it forever, and they had explored it enough now to know what was in each other's mind. Victor was still inwardly uncomfortable, but he decided not to return Joe Barron's money.

"I won't sell jobs or promotions or cut myself in on any political melons," he said. "I won't take graft as such. But if this is the way to play the game, I'll play it according to the rules."

He told Joe Barron much the same thing. It did not take Joe long to publish it throughout the ward to all and sundry who wanted to do business with the new councilor.

What Victor Martin, with his talk of graft "as such" did not realize was that although he had indeed done nothing illegal, and nothing which he would define as dishonest, he had nevertheless taken the first step on a very long path. For by accepting money from an interested party in even so small a matter as permission to erect a swinging sign—a permission which pretty surely should have been granted anyhow—he was undercutting the principle of fair play before the law, a basic principle of democratic government. He was giving to one man an advantage to which others might not have access. How about the next man who wanted a sign and was entitled to one and might not have $300? How would this other man make out with the inspectors? Furthermore, in taking Joe's word that the sign would not be a menace, he was circumventing the judgment of the officials who were called upon by the law to determine these matters disinterestedly after impartial investigation. How carefully would the next inspector, when asked whether or not a sign should be put up, use his best judgment to protect the public safety?

If there are degrees of graft, Victor had been engaged in a very minor and apparently innocent sort. Yet his inability to detect the fine distinctions which separate one sort of favor from another was destined to affect his future in ways which he could not then foresee.

II

DURING his first term Victor did a better than average business with petitioners for legal rights, licenses, and privilege. His traffic with city employees, police, firemen, skilled and unskilled workers looking for jobs, promotions, or changes in civil-service ratings was phenomenal. Usually they offered him money either before or after they got what they wanted. He always refused it. They would pay off in votes, support, and campaign work in the future.

He was given $500 on three occasions for negotiating permits for tank storage of gasoline; $1,000 twice for filling-station licenses. Liquor and alcohol licenses accounted for $5,000; permits to open streets for various private purposes, chiefly among apartment house owners for central heating plants, $3,000. His total income during his first year was $11,000—of which $2,500 was salary. Halfway through the term he and Jean were married.

Soon after that his brand of political ethics came into conflict with those of his fellow councilors and he emerged an accidental reform hero. An order had been introduced into the council to authorize the purchase of thirty thousand dollars' worth of first-grade, standard-brand, heavy-duty tires for the fire department. Victor examined the price list. The figure quoted was the lowest bid, far less than retail price and scarcely above list price to dealers. Profit to the supplier seemed to be ridiculously low. He assumed that the councilor introducing the order had a stake in it and would be paid off, but he could find nothing wrong with the proposal. He voted for it. The order passed. The mayor signed it. A purchase order was issued and the tires were delivered.

A deputy fire chief living in Vic's ward dropped around to see him at his house one night. "What's on your mind, Chief?" Victor asked.

"Those tires," he said. "Can I talk freely? You won't quote me or put me in the middle, will you?"

Vic closed the living-room door to assure him. "Of course not," he said. "What's wrong with the tires?"

"They're not first-grade, heavy-duty tires, Vic," he said. "They're recaps; second-hand, used tires with new rubber treads. The fabric on most of them is cut or broken. They're treacherous things to put on fire apparatus."

"I'd like to see them," Vic said.

"I've got a couple in the back of my car at the door," the deputy chief went on.

"Put your car in my driveway," Vic said, "and bring the tires into the garage. I'll be right out."

In the garage, the deputy chief held a heavy tire casing open expertly with foot and hand and traced with his finger a stone bruise that had broken the fabric. He turned the tire slowly and picked out places where fabric cords had separated.

"It's a good job of recapping," the Chief observed, "but I'd hate to be on a piece of apparatus when one of these blows. How'd you like to be a driver with one of these on front—or how'd you like to be a tiller-man on an aerial ladder with one on back? A blowout could wreck a truck, kill the whole crew, not to mention any crowd of pedestrians."

"Throw these into my car, Chief," Vic said. "There are some things a guy just can't stomach. Don't let anybody put one of these on a piece of apparatus."

"I wouldn't anyway," the chief said. "That's why I came to see you. I've been in the department twenty-eight years. I'm looking forward to a pension; so I want you to protect me. Don't let anybody know I put the finger on this. I'm no stool pigeon and I don't want any trouble."

Vic brought it up in the Council next day in the best speech he ever would make. He apologized to his constituents and to the public at large for being too trusting—too stupid to see through it. He apologized to the firemen for his vote in favor of the order. He demanded that all of the tires be returned to the seller, that the $30,000 be returned to the City Treasury, and that a new contract be awarded to an honest reliable bidder. Newspapers banner-headlined his exposé. Editorials flattered him as "fearless, courageous—an honest public servant."

Councilors who had voted against the original proposal cheered and congratulated him. Those who had voted for it glared, held their tongues, and voted for his order.

In the days that followed the attitude of politicians toward him was mixed. Some applauded him. "There are some things a guy can do in this political business," they told him, "and there are some things that are too raw. You were right. Incidentally, you didn't do so badly for yourself, either. You got the kind of favorable publicity that every politician yearns for."

But it was not unanimous. "Whenever a politician blows a whistle on another and calls a cop, he'd better be sure of his past and thereafter walk a chalk line," an older officeholder warned him. "Few of us are lily white, and most of us are vulnerable. A politician who has been hurt has a long memory."

The episode paid other dividends. More than fifteen hundred firemen would be his friends forever, a useful cadre in any city-wide election; rank-and-file voters in his own ward were favorably impressed. Their reaction was a curious one, summed up perhaps this way: "Vic Martin is a right guy. He's on the level. He never puts the bite on anyone for dough. Vic wouldn't take a wrong dollar from anyone." This implied that there was such a

thing in politics as a right dollar, which Vic would take.

Victor Martin paid the first penalty after a real-estate promoter in his ward asked him to submit a proposal for a parking lot. There seemed to be nothing wrong with it, and Victor submitted it to the Council—only to see the very members he had humiliated pounce upon it, maneuver it out of his hands, and turn it over to a competitive promoter as a complete and authorized legal package. It was his first bitter experience in going back to a powerful constituent to report: "Sorry! I couldn't put it over. They ganged up on me."

Never again did Victor Martin emerge as a stout little David attacking a political Goliath. The record of his sole successful encounter became part of his personal political capital; this fight was held up always as a guarantee that as he had done it once, he certainly would do it again if circumstances warranted it. Circumstances never again appeared to warrant it.

III

Victor went on in time from the Council to the Legislature, where he put in four two-year terms in the House and five two-year terms in the Senate. Throughout the years he worked hard for the party, building an organization behind him, demonstrating his ability as a vote-getter. Lobbyists characterized him as a sensible, practical politician. From the point of view of labor his record was perfect. From the point of view of party leaders he had everything: he was a good speaker, had an engaging personality, an attractive wife, and an ideal home life.

He wanted very much to be Governor, and by the time he reached forty-four he felt that the moment was ripe. His son was almost ready to enter college. His two daughters were in high school. Politics had been good to him and he could afford the best.

He was champing at the bit when the chairman of the State Committee suggested that he help clear the deck in a complex city political situation by taking an appointment as Collector of Internal Revenue. The only hing which appealed to him about the job vas a $10,500 salary. He assumed that there vould be unsolicited kudos or that in some legislative manner the salary would be amplified. He would far rather be Governor. But at least the office of Collector would be a handy shelf where he might rest indefinitely waiting for a draft to a higher elective office. He accepted the appointment.

When newspapers and newscasts announced his appointment as Collector, people he had never met, whose names he knew, and people he had never heard of, wired, telephoned, and mailed congratulations. His friends arranged a testimonial banquet, and said hail to the new Tax Collector and farewell to the Senator with flowers, music, entertainment, speeches, distinguished guests, an expensive automobile, luggage for a trip, and a sizable purse. Neither Victor nor Jean considered this a mass bribe. As they saw it, he was being honored for eighteen years' service to the people of his city. Newspapers said nothing about the impropriety of such a testimonial either editorially or in news columns. And yet in that audience were all of the grafters, charlatans, schemers, and phonies in the city.

Victor looked down from the head table upon every politician he had ever known; Joe Barron at a table for ten (all unfamiliar faces who would be introduced to him later), night-club owners, gamblers, horse-track men, a number-pool operator, a parolee who had given him some trouble. When they got home that night Vic and Jean estimated the value of automobile and gifts at $9,000. An alphabetical list of donors accompanied them. Vic decided to drive the new car and to give the old one to Vic, Jr. There were more newspaper stories and pictures when he took office. His desk was banked high with flowers. He held a day-long reception, a parade of many of the same persons he saw at the banquet; and he shook hands with more than two hundred employees of the office.

World War II was well under way; it was early autumn. The March fifteenth peak was six months away. Next day he was briefed by deputies in procedures that were new, strange, and bewildering. His new secretary, the first he had ever had, gray-haired Mrs. Marshall, was timorous at first and he put her at her ease.

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Twenty years," she told him.

He grinned. "That's longer than I've been

in politics. You ought to know all about income taxes."

She shook her head. "Nobody ever knows all about income taxes, I guess," she said. "There's so much to learn and Congress changes the law now and then. I'm familiar with the code. Everybody has to learn that."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I know almost nothing about income taxes," he acknowledged, "and I won't pretend to. How long have you been secretary to the Collector?"

"Eight years."

"Then keep your eyes on me. Don't let anybody put anything over; and if you ever see that I'm about to make a mistake, straighten me out."

"I'll try," she said. "You'll have plenty of advisers."

"Can I trust them?" He watched her closely.

She was silent for seconds, contemplating. "I think," she said, "you'll have to decide that for yourself."

For weeks he felt like a crab in a birdcage. He had assumed that the office would run itself, but it did not work out that way. He was always being asked to make decisions concerning things he knew nothing about. He was shown $4,500,000 in revenue stamps in a vault and privately and fervently hoped they were all there and accounted for.

Each deputy, auditor, and field worker who talked to him seemed to be trying desperately to ingratiate himself. He could not blame them. When changes in ratings and promotions were due, it would not harm them to have a friend in the Collector. His most continuing headache, though, was a constant file of visitors, political friends, and associates, and a never-ending stream of the tax-troubled with letters of introduction and notes from politicians everywhere. Telephone calls drove him frantic.

He came to depend upon three deputies and never could be sure that Mrs. Marshall approved. "See what you can do for this guy," was his usual instruction when he turned a supplicant over to a deputy. "Give him all the breaks you can, but keep it within the bounds of legality." Vic did not want to lose any friends or make any enemies. He still was a potential candidate for public office. He took special pains with special visitors, like Joe Barron. If they still cried in agony after deputies got through with them, he sent them back to try again. Usually they were well satisfied the second time.

Political tax lawyers were another awkward problem. They appeared to know more about the law, its peculiarities and loopholes, than his own staff. They had all the answers and inevitably represented clients with powerful political connections. They could make outrageous proposals for settlements of tax debts sound plausible and strictly legal. As a Collector his sympathy went out to the careless, thoughtless, sometimes absent-minded, and always inexperienced low- and middle-income delinquents, invariably the most inaccurate mathematicians, bewildered by tax forms and either too suspicious or too short financially to hire experts. In the background was an always alert detective force, T-men, who gave his force the jitters. He worried about them himself, tried to get on better than friendly terms with the head of the local Treasury Agent's office, but could not work it out.

After two years, he felt that he knew less about income taxes than when he first took the job. He met with other Collectors in Washington, attended conferences called by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, listened to technical discussions that remained stubbornly unintelligible to him, and got little help in private seminars with other Collectors after such meetings. They did not seem to understand too well either. He traveled around the country, made friends of fellow Collectors, and found that as political appointees they were much the same as himself.

He had thought that he and Jean would have more time together, but his calendar was usually crowded with speaking dates. A combination press relations director and ghost writer prepared his scripts until Vic choked over them. He read a succession of analytical tax theses to chambers of commerce, boards of trade, fumbled and blundered through sentences that meant nothing to him, often put the accent on the wrong word and the emphasis in the wrong place, and was sometimes disconcerted when they laughed. But gifts, gratuities, lecture fees, and other compensations supplemented his $10,500 salary very handsomely. The

family supply of wartime ration stamps never seemed to be of great importance; shortages did not affect them.

"How are you fixed for sugar, Vic?" a wholesale grocer was likely to call up and ask. "Suppose I send out fifty pounds."

He had a deep freeze, a gift from a distributor. He traded his electric refrigerator at a surprisingly liberal allowance. He had no trouble getting tires for his own car and Junior's. Vic had a C-card for gasoline. Jean and his two daughters had extensive wardrobes including fur coats—not mink, but sable.

None of this escaped the neighbors. Victor's popularity was high throughout the city but at low ebb on his own street, where people talked. One day Junior came home with his face cut and a mark over his eye. He told his mother that he got into an argument.

"Aren't you a bit old for that sort of childishness?" she asked. He did not explain that the dispute was a result of a flippant observation by a classmate concerning the prosperity and patriotism of the Collector and his family.

IV

Junior was in medical school and the two girls were in college early in 1951 when Victor, like most politicians, became interested in the work of the Kefauver Crime Committee and its efforts to trace a country-wide crime syndicate pattern. At first the objective seemed remote. Like all tax collectors, city and state, he had in his district his quota of gamblers, number-pool operators, pin-ball machine concessionaires, gambling and horse rooms here and there, and in addition he had two important race tracks. Up to now he had thought nothing of dropping around to a race track himself to spend an afternoon and place a few bets.

After eighteen years in politics and seven as Collector, it followed that Victor knew personally almost every gambler and racketeer in his district. So did almost every other Collector. He knew that number pools in his district alone, for example, did a gross business of better than $18,000,000 annually. Gamblers and racketeers were among Uncle Sam's best customers; but he was reasonably certain that they were all in the clear in his district. As a matter of fact, he had less trouble with them than with any other class of taxpayers, although they were more responsible for that than he was.

When the hearings went on television, Victor looked on fascinated. He did not go near the office from beginning to end. Each day his consternation grew.

Presently gamblers and racketeers in his own district were named before the committee. He recalled them and their appearances before him with their lawyers. As Collector he was allowed some discretion. He had exercised it. He was not sure now that he had been right.

Treasury men moved into his office. They removed files. He became more worried. They would tell him nothing. He could learn nothing.

"I can't figure it out," he told Jean. "I don't know whether I'm involved in this thing or not. I've never known too much about the tax laws. I depended on these guys around me. I told them to stay within the law, but they probably took liberties to please me and a long list of my friends. I'd probably have done the same thing if I were in their shoes; but I'm responsible. They're not."

Treasury Agents began looking into his background, estimating the value of his house, grounds, improvements, checking on his new car; how much he paid for it and the trade-in allowance; Junior's car, the fur coats, the freezer, the refrigerator, and gifts he had received in money and checks. Vic hired a good lawyer. He knew by now that he was certain to be indicted, and warned Jean and his son and daughters to brace themselves against it.

Tension grew in his office. Employees watched him out of the corners of their eyes. Deputies whose expressions hung between serious and sad dropped in to whisper encouragement and did so covertly as though they did not want to be seen. The telephone stopped ringing. His friends were sure it was tapped.

Political and personal associates fell away or greeted him hastily for a few words and went on their way. Telephone calls to Washington got him nowhere. Friends who promised to call back never did. His lawyer was temporarily stymied. He had to wait for something to happen.

"MARTIN INDICTED." He read the black headlines and the dispatches beneath it. He went home and into complete seclusion. Among the thousands of friends he once counted, he now found himself with none.

"Whatever happened to Vic Martin?" his friends said to one another. "He must have blown his top or something. Nobody ever could make a deal with Vic. He never took a wrong dime. I went to his testimonial banquet. I gave him a break when he traded his car because he was such a nice guy. Anybody would give Vic the shirt off his back. You always could talk to him."

Joe Barron shook his head and told various tables of Vic's friends in his café, "I can't figure it out. Vic was always a right guy. You never could buy Vic. He'd throw you out of his house or his office. Like anybody else I always gave him presents. If he needed some dough, he didn't have to take it from Uncle Sam. I would have been glad to let him have all he wanted—and he knew it. I can't believe he's guilty."

Joe was a sincere friend. He meant every word of it. He could not realize that Victor Martin had now come to the end of the path on which he, Joe Barron, had started him.

Tigers Tell a Story

(From a Chinese Painting)

MARTHA BACON

THE tiger people have been bred
Specifically to stripes. He said,
Whoever made them, "Let them be
Strangers to all obscurity."
Innocent in their folly they
Are not attired for Judgment Day.
Gaudy as carnivals they rove
Forever dressed for making love.
The character in black and yellow
Makes a fine figure of a fellow
But seldom finds the difference strong
Separating right from wrong,
Or wracks his brains or frets all night
Concerning what is wrong or right,
But moves with inexpressive grace
In fear or fun from place to place,
Devouring antelope or kine
Or lonely people herding swine.
Epistolary as Saint Paul
Or urchins writing on a wall,
The tiger in the dust conveys
The wonder of his works and ways:
Salutes his spouse according to
His calligraphic pattern, who
In turn with exquisite precision
Indites the substance of her mission.

"One female tiger, great with young
Went this way to cool her tongue
In the river, killed a buck
By the tamarack tree. Good luck!"

He scratches on the jungle floor
Lines like these and many more.
The gossip of the field and court,
Tidings of courage, lust, and sport,
Iliads never to be read,
Hymns to his hornet-coated dead,
Praises of consummate kings,
Myths of tigers wearing wings,
Scriptures of high Himalay
Where the jungle drifts away,
And slant-eyed priests upon the height
Observe the tigers of the night.
Burning in their own flame they go
And leave their legends in the snow.

The Easy Chair

Transcontinental Flight

Bernard DeVoto

Small, accidental conjunctions of circumstance create patterns which thereafter repeat themselves, fixed in the original design by the same forces that hold the planets to their orbits. Because it chanced to be raining the first time I left Washington by air, immutable laws based on the economy of energy have made sure that every time I have flown from Washington since then rain has been falling. It was raining now, in late April, which meant that departures were delayed while homing planes felt their way in. That meant in turn the restless, frustrated strolling that is the lot of passengers at an airport. The airlines have taken little thought of their patrons on the ground. Once in the air, you are surrounded with luxury above your station and treated with a deference elsewhere reserved for movie actors. Until you are airborne, however, you are just an annoyance, to be chivied by announcers, ignored by everyone else, and given as little information as possible. Some day an original mind—certainly not in the public relations branch—will take thought of the earthbound, but at present you are out of luck unless there is a bar, and I have been much saddened by the infrequency of bars at airports.

(Memo to all travelers: let none of us ever mention airports in public without putting a curse on the one at Willow Run.)

Starting half an hour late, the DC-6 soon climbed above the overcast and the public address system unleashed its welcome. The squawk box is a great convenience to travelers but it is a sharp pain too, most of all in these orations of welcome and rapture, from which there appears to be no reprieve on any large plane or any self-respecting railroad train. Does not management know that most of us wince at them as at an aching tooth? It seems not to and the captive audience will have to listen to them till advertising agencies evolve to an IQ of 90 or 100, which is to say when the world turns honest some eons hence. I am prepared to believe that a common carrier is glad to have my fare; it is in business to get it and will go out of business if it doesn't. But that two pilots, a flight engineer, and two stewardesses—or an engineer, fireman, conductor, brakeman, and dining-car steward—that these laborers in the vineyard are overjoyed to see me come aboard (ah, wonder! B. DeVoto travels with us this day), are amorously eager to serve my slightest whim between stops, and at my departure are preserved from heartbreak only by the hope that heaven will grant them the boon of soon seeing me again, this I find myself somewhat hesitant to believe. If I did believe it, I would take fright and would seek out some mode of travel less like a holiday-cruise ship.

Cruise ship plus high-rating radio program. The greeters have been commanded to talk like emcees, and they stumble and stutter through some of the ripest, most upholstered prose that the dervishes of advertising have ever compounded. The stewardesses recite them better than the men, no doubt having been drilled in elocution, but I notice that the color in their cheeks deepens. The blush attests what all the spouters **feel**, not self-

consciousness but embarrassment at being forced to commit absurdities in public. They have jobs to do and would like to be about them, not addressing the ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience as a preface to selling a new detergent. Lately statistics and Chamber of Commerce data have been adding another horror to the set pieces, on what lunatic theorem of the agencies I cannot make out. And, God help us, history too, of a kind. On a C., M. & St. P. streamliner last summer an agonized voice informed us as we reached Milwaukee that the first white folks who ever saw the place were Marquette and Juliet. That is not, as I remember it, true.

All the way to Illinois we flew "above the weather." There is always a sharp delight in seeing again those peaks and prairies of white cloud but it soon lapses, and an overcast one cannot see through makes flying the dullest mode of travel. I would go everywhere by automobile if that were possible: I have never had a moment of boredom in a car. But it is the slowest way, and there is no answer to the speed of a plane. I grant too that a plane, at least a big one, provides the smoothest and most relaxing travel. My trade supplies an apt test: I can correct galleys and I can read the notes I write, neither of which is possible on a train. And it is quieter; the muffled sound of the engines is far less wearing than the badly orchestrated tone poem of groans, creaks, squeals, and kettledrum pounding of any train. But you must be in touch with geography, you must be able to see the earth, or boredom will come upon you. The first half of the paradox of time grips you fast; you seem stuck in endlessness and immobility; at three hundred miles an hour you are not moving and will never reach your destination. You thank providence (who rather than publishers invented it) for the twenty-five-cent book and you read three or four of them in as many hours. You try, and fail, to think of the piece you must write next week, conceivably this Easy Chair, and are startled when the stewardess taps your shoulder and bids you wake up enough to fasten the seat-belt for a landing.

Happily, the passengers refuse to co-operate with the copywriter and a long flight never develops a cruise-ship jollity. There is a muted murmur of conversation perhaps but there are no club-car exhibitionists, and nearly everyone reads his two-bit book until he falls asleep. If the plane is bound for Los Angeles, as this one wasn't, there are likely to be some Hollywood types aboard, producers or realtors trying to pass themselves off as producers, or a couple of impossibly lovely gals in alert expectation of flash-bulbs, and they must act their well-rehearsed roles till the apathy of the audience makes them subside. There were none on Flight 647. An overpretty, over-chic young woman in a yellow hat and yellow jacket, very smart, looked suspicious but it was an optical illusion. She was indifferent to the audience and I walked up the aisle to see what she was reading. Colette.

Holes in the clouds blew past and presently we were in the clear. It was unmistakably Illinois—Kansas is the other state you instantly identify—but I could not tell where. This plane, unlike most, had a set of maps which showed the airline's charted flights, interesting and informative but not very useful to me at the moment. I wished that under such circumstances the squawk box could tell us where we are. That we are flying at 11,000 feet with the cabin pressurized at 3,000 feet and that our ground speed is 310 miles an hour I find tolerably interesting but most people would join me in preferring to be told what that town is a couple of points south of west.

As a professed geographer, I am especially irked and mortified by ignorance of the terrain and lack of orientation with it. A muddy river came in sight and the soldier beside me asked me if it was the Mississippi. Calculating by wrist-watch and a guess at our speed, I thought we must be a little short of there, and several times I have mistaken the Rock River for the Mississippi. So I said, not quite yet, I think. Two or three minutes later, with the river well behind us, the emcee said it was the Mississippi. The ideal of service should be quicker on the draw.

South of Wisconsin the Middle West is a monotonous landscape, though even at 11,000 feet the brown plowed fields of Iowa manifest their vast fecundity. There is little for the mind to focus on and it sinks into reverie. How open, how uncluttered, how all but unsettled the United States is! A town is a finger-length of streets and a handful of mixed substance, a metropolis is a moment more, and

vacancy swallows it. Why is one suddenly thinking of Thomas Jefferson—why, especially, am I who some time back put him out of my life forever with great rejoicing, on the day when the returning Meriwether Lewis wrote to him from St. Louis? Because of the checkerboard of the fields, it turns out. That formal design had brought up Congress under the Confederation. It sank toward a sick entropy in its last years but Jefferson put through his two great Ordinances about the public lands, and the checkerboard derives from them.

The squares are marked off by roads along the section lines. They are a mile square, each of them is 640 acres, and a later Congress decided that a quarter-section would contain the sum of human happiness and was the birthright of every American who wanted to grow corn. A more earnest mind than mine would try to appraise the society of Iowa by observing how many quarter-sections have been merged by note-shavers or corporations, or would diagnose the health of tenancy from the appearance of the fields. But shreds of my lost mathematics quivered in me and I found myself timing the passage of the miles across the corner of my window and undertook to compute our speed. The voice told us what it was and I had missed it by only ten miles an hour. Much encouraged, I aspired to celestial navigation. The roads are by the compass, due north and south, east and west, and surely the lost mathematician could plot the direction of our flight. I knew enough to point the hour hand of my watch at the sun but not enough to correct for the confusion of times, so celestial navigation found only that we were not flying straight west.

The emcee said we were approaching Omaha and this proved to be true, though Council Bluffs came first, a saddening amount of it under water. The levees which my friends the Army Engineers showed me two years ago were invisible. The river which the Engineers had tamed forever in this stretch was deep over them, and a furious activity of bulldozers was going on above and below the town. My mathematics was not sufficient to calculate the appropriation the boys would get to channel the next flood across Council Bluffs. No one need identify the Missouri for me; I could tell it by sight or sound or smell at any point along its course, but I had never seen it so wide as it was a few miles to the north of where we crossed. My corner window said it was twenty miles wide there but I doubted the computation, wondering how astronomers corrected for parallax. The squawk box said nothing.

Following the Missouri, the landscape is fearfully dull again till, halfway across Nebraska, a vast forefinger curves down from the north to give it relief and character. The forefinger is the sand hills, curiously leaf-like, conical, hollow topped. They were buffalo country and Indian country once, they are stock-growing country now. The big red barns and little white houses are much farther apart but the landscape has acquired shape and pattern; it engages the eye and wakes the mind from reverie. And now I did not need a corrected hour hand to know that we were flying many degrees south of west, for the plains sun burned through my window.

A scroll of blue mist crossed with white lines rose in the west and the pulse of the mountain-born answered to it. I saw Pike's Peak to the south and Long's Peak to the north and we landed at Denver twenty minutes ahead of schedule, though we had left Washington half an hour late. One has always forgotten how vertiginous the thrust of the Front Range is, and how the air of the high plains is perfume and energy. The airport was new since my last visit and my strolling here was not restless; I would have been content to stay for hours watching the blue mountains darken toward night. And now the second half of the paradox of time seized hold of me. My watch said 7:45 and so it was in Washington, though the airport clock said 5:45. We had reached Denver in a little less than five hours; it is always inconceivable and there it is. I had lunched with friends in the building which the Department of Agriculture has named for a great Secretary; before I went to bed I would drink with friends in Palo Alto. Logic dissolves away when you summon up the other schedules: five or six months by ox team, seven or eight weeks by steamboat and stage coach, forty-two hours by streamliner and the East's lesser trains. I hope they never compress it further with jets.

The airlines will hear no complaint from me if they go back to the box lunch they used to serve, and served well. They ran an

excellent lunch counter in those days; they run a poor restaurant now. I have seldom had even a mediocre meal at it; most are definitely bad. The American knowhow we read about breaks down on the problem of keeping food hot, and though I hear of flights that serve fine trout or steak, my lot always turns out to be antique chicken or dismayed veal just off the ice, and I have insufficient knowhow to keep the coffee from splashing across the tray. Besides, who wants a full meal on a plane? Chair-bound for hours, I would trade the counterfeit banquet for a sandwich and a cocktail but there are never cocktails west of the Atlantic.

Our course from Denver was due north; the planes seek the same gaps through the mountains that the wagon trails and the railroads had to find. A pumpkin-colored sky faded to leaf-green; a ring of lights to the eastward was, I think, Cheyenne. Then dark came quickly; I could not make out the Wind River Mountains or the Uintas, as I had hoped to, but rejoiced to see a faint silver ribbon that was unmistakably the Green River. I had hoped to see the Wasatch too but the only token of our crossing was their snow. City lights made the western slope visible and this was my own country, but there can be no sense of coming home at 11,000 feet.

Above Nevada the black hiatuses are longer, the occasional clusters of lights smaller and swiftly left behind, and another paradox sets in. An airliner at night is one of the most beautiful, most peaceful, most comforting of places. Only the focused cones of reading lights break the darkness; one sinks deep into oneself. The dark has brought a sense of the plane's speed and power that cannot be felt by daylight; it is a sense too of serenity, and the enclosed snugness is a subtle assuagement of some longing never quite conscious. Nevertheless an equally subtle melancholy lies along the margins of the heart, for all journeys are alone and, one remembers, all journeys are toward the West. Outside the window is the vast loneliness of sky and earth. One wonders if people in the occasional ranch house whose light glimmers for a second have lain awake to hear the plane pass, as in the high plains they wait to hear the whistle of the night train, then turn out the light, secure and warm because of that momentary contact with other lives.

A shining meadow of white and yellow and rose-red light was unquestionably Reno, far more beautiful by night than it ever is by day. All cities are; from the air Boston is the field of the cloth of gold and Butte, surely the most hideous of all inhabited places, looks like Jacob's ladder reared for the angels to descend. Now an overcast closed in and the plane bored into a rainstorm. The Sierra was underneath us, Donner Pass no doubt, which was one of the objectives of my trip. No doubt we flew over Sacramento and other names that were suddenly impatient in my mind, for the paradox of time was operating both its halves at once. It was impossible to be so near our destination and impossible that the time required to get there would reach an end. Time was a tangle of unfinished, unfinishable arcs.

The wing swung and dipped, the red and blue stripes on the propellers made rainbows in the running lights, a girl who had an earache wailed softly. We came out to Orion's belt and all the wheeling systems, and there was water underneath us. San Francisco Bay. Friends who had computed smaller arcs of space and time would be converging on the field whose runways rose from the water. The landing wheels thrust out from their carapace, the flaps opened, and a stewardess asked me if I wanted a piece of chewing gum. I was grateful for the symbol; it did away with the ineffable and brought reality back. Eleven hours and ten minutes, I made it, out of Washington. This should have been Rock Creek Park, the Falls of the Potomac, or in the swift modern age the crest of the Alleghanies. But it wasn't, it was San Francisco.

Perspective on South Africa

Bart J. Bok

My family and I came to South Africa in March 1950 for a visit of eighteen months to Harvard Observatory's Boyden Station. A Guggenheim Fellowship plus friendly sacrifices by my colleagues at Harvard Observatory and by the administration of Harvard University gave me the rare opportunity to devote myself almost full-time to astronomical research in my chosen area—the glorious Southern Milky Way. I did *not* come to South Africa to study the social and political scene. But the astronomer of today cannot always live with his thoughts thousands of light years away and my wife and I did take advantage of our unique opportunity to look at South Africa. We made brief trips to most parts of the country and we consistently read the daily papers, Afrikaans as well as English, and the weeklies of all shades of opinion. Somewhat to our surprise we found upon our return home that we had learned much about South Africa which is unknown to our friends in America.

Until this spring, the Union of South Africa did not figure often in the news, and then only when criticism was forthcoming. Unfavorable attention was drawn to the Union through the debates in the United Nations on the issues of South-West Africa and on the position of the Indians in the Union. South African citizens were rightly annoyed at the exaggerated descriptions of crime conditions in Johannesburg that appeared in the American press and at photographs of Native children behind barbed wire that were printed in such a way as to imply that South Africa's Natives live in concentration camps. The recent ruling by the South African Appeal Court against the constitutionality of last year's act to place the Coloured voters on a separate roll, and the ensuing Parliamentary curb on the Court, have focused attention on the Union. While the on-the-spot reporting has on the whole been good, most correspondents are showing little understanding of the historical background of South Africa's problems. They look upon the present crisis as one caused wholly by the excessive zeal of one small political group, rather than as a manifestation of a racial situation, so difficult as to be almost beyond the power of any one nation to solve. In presenting my own observations of the country, I should like to stress certain aspects of conditions, past and present, that seem to me to have been wholly or partially ignored, and to touch only lightly on political and social problems that have received adequate attention abroad.

My thesis is not that upon close examination we shall find little to criticize, but rather that through greater insight we shall be in a position to analyze South Africa's problems with increased understanding and thus create an atmosphere in which we of America can make acceptable and effective contributions toward helping South Africa adjust herself internally.

To begin with, I should confess that we liked South Africa, the country and its people. The country itself is beautiful and varied. First there is the Cape Peninsula and Cape Town, the old "Tavern of the Seas." In this charming city the British naturally feel at home because, though its climate is warmer and infinitely more pleasant than that of London, it still has its share of the rains,

Professor Bok, Associate Director of Harvard Observatory, says that in writing this firsthand account of South Africa today he "profited by numerous discussions with my son, John Fairfield Bok, who checked many of the facts given here."

fogs and winds of the British Isles. Looking north from Cape Town one can see the forbidding mountain ranges towering over Paarl and Stellenbosch, the mountains beyond which lie the deserts of the Great and the Little Karroo, the wide-open sunburnt spaces of the Orange Free State, the flowing hills and the Gold Fields of the Transvaal. Along the West Coast from Cape Town northward is the empty, barren country of South-West Africa with its sand dunes and Skeleton Coast, but along the East Coast the deep blue waters of the Indian Ocean wash against a green and beautiful shore with a string of fine, modern, industrial ports, like Port Elizabeth and East London of the Cape Province, and Durban of Natal Province, already close to the tropics and the East.

When I think of South Africa, I think of sunshine, of flowers, of wide-open spaces. I think of glorious skies by day, by evening, by night, and during the silent hours before sunrise. I think also of a quiet, determined, and courageous people divided by race, color, and language, struggling with problems, racial and otherwise, of almost inconceivable magnitude.

II

One cannot appreciate South Africa's problems without a clear understanding of its population structure. The Union of South Africa, the only part of Africa that I really know well, lists its total population as close to twelve and a half million, of which two and a half million are whites or "Europeans." The remainder is classified as "Non-European." Sixty per cent of the whites are of Afrikaans origin, that is originally Dutch, German, or French Huguenot; the rest are of British stock. The Non-European population is composed of three main groups: Indians, Cape Coloureds, and Bantu. The Indians, some 350,000 altogether, are found mostly in Natal, especially around Durban. The slightly more than a million Cape Coloureds live mainly in Cape Town and on the Cape Peninsula. Then there are the Bantu, referred to in earlier days as the Kaffirs and later as the Natives or the Africans, who today number about eight and a half million people.

As these figures show, in South Africa the Non-European element of the population out-numbers the European by four to one. To place South Africa's native problem in its proper perspective, one should imagine the United States with its present white population and a Negro population of about five hundred million.

The story of the settling of South Africa is a fascinating and colorful one. For the whites it begins really with the settlement of the Cape Peninsula in 1652 by Jan van Riebeeck and his associates, who were sent there by the Dutch East India Company to grow fresh fruit and vegetables for the Company ships that stopped at the Cape on their way to the Indies. The original Dutch Colony was strengthened by the arrival of about two hundred evicted French Huguenots, a group that has since been thoroughly amalgamated with the Dutch into the proud and compact Afrikanerdom of today, the "Boer" population.

At the start there was relatively little British influence in the Cape, but when the Dutch East India Company collapsed during the Napoleonic era, the British decided it was in their best interests to take over the management of the Cape. Relations between the Boers and the British were not good, and in the early eighteen-thirties the Boers decided to "trek" northward toward the present Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal. The Great Trek began in 1836 and it led to the settlement by the whites of the whole of the present area of the Union of South Africa.

The country into which the "Voortrekkers" moved was not an altogether empty one. It is true that the original inhabitants, the Bushmen and the Hottentots, had already been largely eliminated from the scene, but the Bantu tribes of the north, the Zulu, the Xosa, the Basuto, were on the move. These nomadic tribes had come southward in search of new grazing lands and, while they had settled down in a few spots, notably in the mountain strongholds, they mostly ranged over the open Veld. Clashes between Bantu and Boer were inevitable. The story of the battles of the Great Trek is one of courage and intrigue on both sides, and equally of blood and murder. The Boers were badly outnumbered, but they won because they had guns while the Bantu fought with spears and shields.

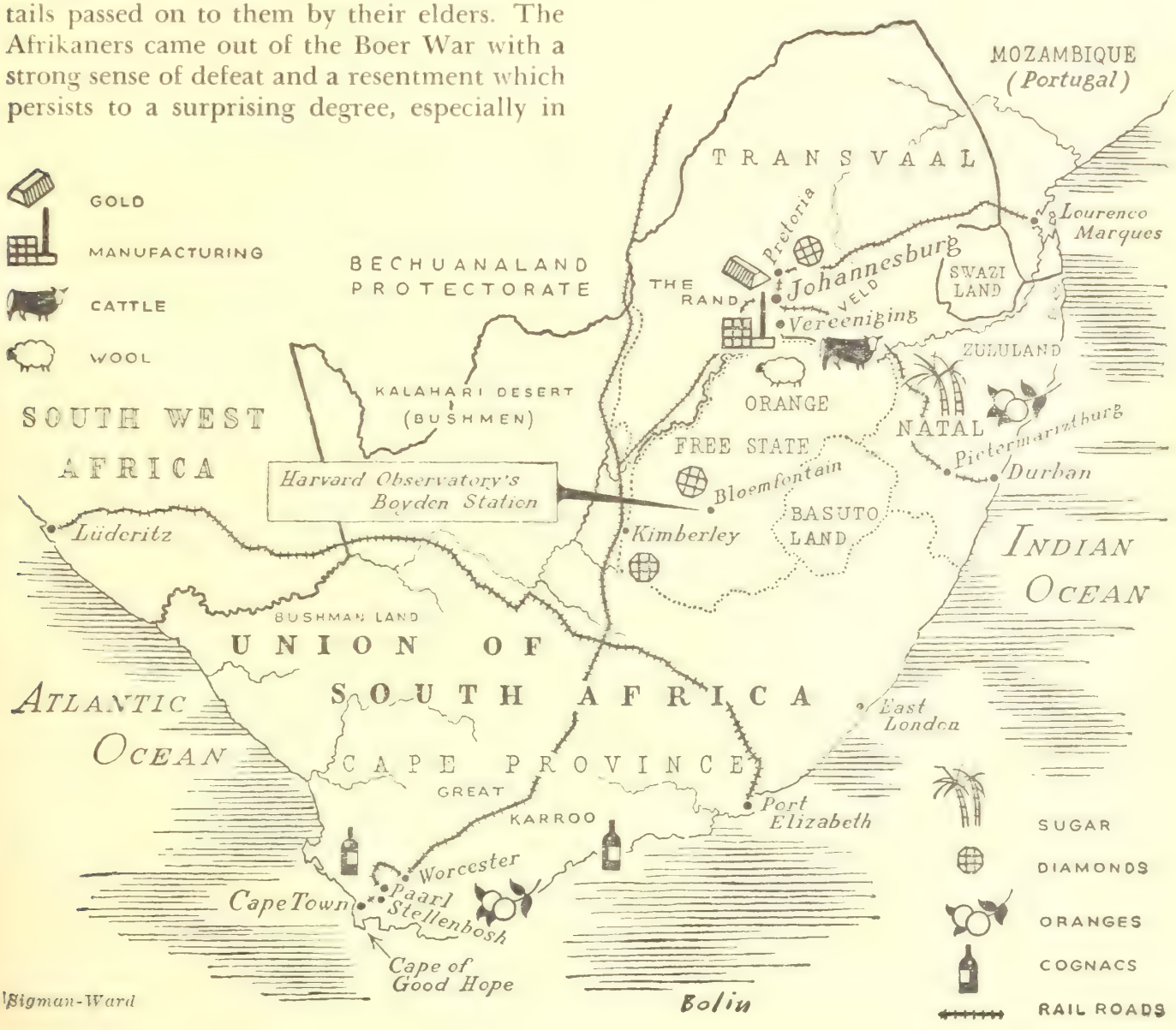
South Africa might have developed peace-

fully from here on had it not been for the discovery of diamonds and gold toward the end of the nineteenth century. British interests, personified in the Empire-building giant Cecil Rhodes, wished to explore and exploit the new-found wealth and, in attempting to do so, they ran head-on into the stubborn Boer resistance, personified by their President Oom Paul Kruger. A new clash was inevitable and the twentieth century opened with the Boer War. Through this war Great Britain established dominance over South Africa; but it is not a war upon which the British can look back with pride.

The bitterness created by the Boer War has by no means disappeared. The concentration camps, in which more than 25,000 Boer women and children died, have not been forgotten. There are many Afrikaners now in their sixties who survived the horror of these camps and the younger ones remember details passed on to them by their elders. The Afrikaners came out of the Boer War with a strong sense of defeat and a resentment which persists to a surprising degree, especially in an inland province like the Orange Free State.

Hope came to South Africa in 1910, when the British conqueror with remarkable magnanimity and foresight permitted the formation of the present Union of South Africa. Over the past forty years South Africa has managed its own affairs and it is significant to note that its principal political leaders—Generals Botha, Hertzog, and Smuts and, recently, Dr. Malan—have all been Afrikaners. The Union of South Africa is a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations and will probably remain so for a good many years to come, but it is a proud and independent sovereign nation that insists on solving its affairs without outside interference.

Living in South Africa is, on the whole, pleasant and inexpensive and the country seems to be relatively prosperous. Mining



and farming are the mainstays of the South African economy. Coal is found in considerable abundance close by some of the richest iron ore and gold deposits. The country's mineral wealth is great and gold and diamonds alone by no means exhaust the possibilities. There is much manganese and chrome, and enough uranium in the slag heaps of the Johannesburg gold mines to make its extraction worth while. Directly to the north and west of the Union lie other vast areas of mineral wealth still only partly explored, and the development of these will depend in no small measure upon operations directed from Johannesburg.

The Union government is doing all it can to encourage industrial developments other than mining and has financed several new major industries. The steel works near Pretoria and at Van der Bijl Industrial Park near Vereeniging, as well as the great electrical works of the Witwatersrand, were all government-initiated, and the government is the principal financier of the new oil-out-of-coal project in the northern Orange Free State.

Farming is of great importance throughout South Africa. The desert-like karroo and the dry high veld of the Orange Free State are excellent sheep country and, with the price of wool as high as it is today, the wool farmers are doing very well indeed. There is considerable cattle grazing in the areas where the annual rainfall is twenty inches or more, and in these same areas South African white and native farmers raise their corn, the "mealies" about which one hears in songs like "Sarie Marais." From the humid Cape Peninsula come the grapes which produce the excellent South African wines and brandies, and oranges. Semi-tropical Natal produces sugar and oranges.

South African farmers are faced with two serious problems—lack of water and soil erosion. There are no obvious large untapped supplies of water in the country and the farmer is at all times subject to disaster through droughts; one of the worst droughts of all time hit the Union during the summer (December to March) of 1951-1952. The second major problem, soil erosion, is intensified by the fact that the Bantu have been traditionally even more careless in the use of the land than the whites.

III

THROUGH the centuries the Afrikaners, the original Boers, have remained closest to the soil. The typical Afrikaner is a sturdy, sunburned farmer with a little ring beard, a quiet, hospitable, and friendly man, but one who speaks bluntly when the occasion demands. He is a man consciously proud of his background and tradition, of Afrikaans culture and of the Afrikaans language and its literature. The church plays an important part in his life, and he is certain to be a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, which still preaches a fundamentalist brand of Calvinism that has long since lost its power in the country of its origin, Holland. Today in addition to farming, Afrikaners are doing well in business and the professions, principally law and medicine, and in a town like Bloemfontein, the largest and most elegant department store is entirely Afrikaans-owned and -operated. But the Afrikaner is acutely aware of the fact that the key industrial and business positions in cities like Johannesburg are held by English-speaking South Africans and that most financial policies of the giant mining and industrial corporations are directed from London.

The Afrikaans language was derived originally from the Dutch and I was brought up to think of it as a sort of pidgin-Dutch. After I learned to understand and speak it, I discovered that it was instead a truly simplified form of Dutch that permits free and accurate expression of one's thoughts and that possesses unusually fine and beautiful tonal qualities. There is, for the size of the population, an amazingly large literature in the language and I have enjoyed reading the novels of such leading Afrikaans writers as Malherbe and Jonker and especially the fine poetry that has been written in recent years. The Afrikaners have long been aware of the fact that their numbers are small and that their language is always in danger of dying out. According to law, the bilingualism of the country is officially recognized and Afrikaans and English are treated on the same level in all official documents and debates. The older Afrikaner generally speaks both Afrikaans and English well, but the pride in Afrikaans has gone so far that children of many Afrikaans families now speak prac-

tically only Afrikaans, and regard English as a foreign language. In many ways this extreme chauvinism toward the native language is regrettable, but it is understandable in a country where the British element has been loath to accept the challenge of bilingualism.

In recent years the trend has been toward permitting the Afrikaner youth to go only to "Afrikaans-medium" schools, *i.e.* schools where Afrikaans is the principal language and where English is taught only a few hours each week—and often badly taught. Children from families in which English is the home language are in turn urged—or sometimes forced—to attend "English-medium" schools, where Afrikaans is as poorly taught. I should, however, point out that there are many on both sides who protest against this forced emphasis on the home-language, an emphasis that, if carried to extremes, can only widen rather than bridge the gap between the separate elements of the white population.

THE Cape Coloureds and the Indians are the two important minority groups in the Non-European population of South Africa. In the South African social scale they are rated above the large mass of the Bantu, but below the whites.

The history of the Cape Coloureds dates back to the early days of the Cape Colony when miscegenation was not frowned upon. Cape Town in those days was a free and easy city in which the white man was permitted to cast his eyes upon the beautiful Malay women who came there as slaves and upon the not-so-beautiful Bushman and Hottentot women. More slaves were brought to the Cape from Central Africa and out of this melting pot came the Cape Coloureds. In South Africa the term "coloured" is reserved entirely for them and one never hears a Bantu, or African, called a "coloured" person. The Cape Coloureds hold themselves aloof from the Native population and live in separate districts of Cape Town, where they make up almost half of the total population. Outside Cape Town, too, they keep themselves apart from both whites and Natives.

The Cape Coloureds long held the privileged political position of being permitted to vote in elections along with the whites even though this right to vote was restricted to qualified males at the Cape. General Hertzog, who took the Bantu of the Cape off the common voters' roll, respected the right of the Cape Coloured population to vote with the whites, but this right was abrogated a year ago when Dr. Malan's Government succeeded in having Parliament accept a law placing the Cape Coloureds on a separate voters' roll. Strong objections were raised from many sides and, in the fight against this bill, the United Party of the late General Smuts had the support of the liberal "Torch Commandos," composed in large measure of veterans of the second world war, notably those who fought in North Africa and Italy, who consider themselves defenders of the constitution.

Late in March of this year, the South African Appeal Court—a highly respected group of distinguished South African jurists, the equivalent of our Supreme Court—ruled against the constitutionality of "The Separate Representation of Voters Act." The Act has been declared unconstitutional because it had been passed by a simple majority of Parliament and not by the two-thirds majority which, according to the Appeal Court, is demanded by the South African constitution.

It is difficult to foresee the outcome of the present critical battle between Dr. Malan's government and the Appeal Court, but while it seems unlikely that the conflict will lead to civil war or Native uprisings—as has been widely predicted in the American press—there is no doubt that the Appeal Court's ruling has brought about a real crisis.

The passage by the Nationalist-dominated Parliament of an act creating a "Parliamentary Court" to rule on constitutional issues is not being accepted by the opposition as a conclusive defeat. Further constitutional tests will undoubtedly follow and the action by the Appeal Court has done more than any other single event toward creating a close alliance between the principal factions of the opposition.

THE Indians are relatively recent arrivals in South Africa. They came to the country about 1860 when the sugar planters in Natal found that the Zulus were not cut out for work on their plantations; but many of them headed for the city, where they became traders and small business men and where, through perseverance and work, they have succeeded in establishing themselves.

At present there is a ban on further Indian immigration into South Africa, but the Indians who have settled there like the country and have resisted all attempts by the present and earlier governments to repatriate them. By law the Indians are forbidden to cross provincial borders; there are only very limited numbers of them in the Transvaal, hardly any in the Orange Free State. Greater Bloemfontein counts only four Indians in its entire population!

I think it is no exaggeration to say that most elements of the South African population fear the presence of the Indians. The Europeans are afraid of their industriousness and fecundity and wish at all costs to prevent them from getting greater privileges and greater freedom to settle. The Native population is also fearful of Indian influence and it may be worth noting again that the Durban riots of 1949, the first open outburst of racial warfare in South Africa, were riots in which Zulus fought against the Indians; in other words, riots in which the European element of the population was not directly involved.

The millions of Natives—or, as they are sometimes called, Africans, or Bantu—outnumber the whites more than three to one. The three British Protectorates within the borders of the Union, Basutoland, Swaziland, and Bechuanaland, as well as the Native Reserves under jurisdiction of the Union government, are their homes by right. They live in great numbers near the big cities, like Johannesburg; they are found as servants all over the country, where no farm could operate without them; and they represent more than three-quarters of the total number of people employed in the mines.

Much has been written and said about their lack of political representation, their appalling living conditions, their high death rate from tuberculosis, their crime rate, and about the pass system and police checks which make it difficult for them to move about freely. No one in South Africa will deny that the lot of the Native is not a happy one and that some solution must be found if peace is to come to South Africa. Someone like myself, who is a believer in the United Nations and in the Human Rights Declaration, finds much in South Africa that is not to his liking, but at the same time I feel it my duty to bring to public attention in America the fact that much of the current criticism of South Africa is biased.

I have, for example, had to revise some of my preconceived notions about Natives working in the gold mines of the Witwatersrand. Working conditions underground are difficult, but they are by no means impossibly bad. The Natives I have seen working in the mines seem generally healthy, well-fed, and cheerful. The salaries of Natives working in the mines are only one-tenth of the salaries of the white workers, but the whites have to clothe and feed themselves and find their own housing, whereas the Natives are provided free of charge with plentiful good food and health supervision, and they are permitted a large measure of self-government in their Compounds. During my visit to the Native Compound at Grootvlei Mine near Johannesburg I was struck by the apparent absence of white supervisors. The principal objections that I have to conditions for the Natives at the mines are that they live there for from eight to fifteen months without their families and in crowded rooms and that they are not permitted to go freely outside the Compound. The mining companies themselves are aware of the unfavorable aspects of these conditions and at some of the new gold mines in the Orange Free State attempts are being made to provide housing for a certain number of Natives with their families and to decrease the number of Natives sharing a room in the Compound.

The wages of the Natives working in and around Bloemfontein are low, mostly not higher than $4 to $5 per week, they go poorly clothed, and many of them are without shoes. The quality of housing is highly variable, from the sturdy brick houses of the Location, which are quite livable, to shacks with holes in the roofs that are quite simply unfit for human habitation. Perhaps the most depressing thing about being a Native in South Africa is the lack of opportunity to advance. While there is no rigid "color bar" in skilled employment, it is, for example, legally impossible for a Native to become a house painter or a plumber in the cities unless he is to work in his Location.

But there are certain items on the credit side of the ledger that seem thus far to have gone largely unnoticed. While illiteracy pre-

vails among the Native population, approximately half of the Native children at present actually do go to school. I took great pleasure every morning in seeing the Native children from the simple huts on the farms near the Observatory going to school, dressed up in their uniforms. They were attending the government-supported school in the small Location near Mazelspoort. Health supervision is another matter which should be considered. Free medical care is provided by the government office of the District Surgeon. Whenever one of the Natives at the Observatory was really sick, I simply had to take up the telephone and call the office of the District Surgeon and a doctor would come out.

The smartest urbanized Africans live in and around Johannesburg and much has been written in recent months about the Native crime conditions in the "City of Gold." A scare story that received wide circulation through one of our national magazines had everyone in Johannesburg sleeping with a gun under his pillow and not daring to go out at night. That is just plain not so. I do not deny that conditions in Johannesburg are bad; one is more careful there than one would be in New York and I for one would not be so foolish as to walk alone at night through one of the Native districts. However, during my two weeks' stay in Johannesburg I walked much around the city during the day and at night and at no time did I encounter evidence of violence or crime.

I should note here too that in spite of all reputed bad conditions in South Africa, the Natives from the North, from the Protectorates, from Mozambique, flock to the Union in such large numbers that the government has had to institute special preventive measures against excessive illegal immigration.

IV

South African politics are vigorous and emotional and it takes a while before the newcomer to South Africa finds himself at home in the field. If, in the beginning, I had taken my favorite Afrikaans paper, *Die Volksblad,* literally, I should have reported to the folks back home at least twice in the course of my first month that the United party was dead as a duck!

There are two major political parties in South Africa: the United party of the late General Smuts and the Nationalist party of Dr. Malan. The United party was in power until the 1948 elections and the Nationalists have ruled the country since then. The question I have been asked most frequently since my return to America has been what the chances are that Dr. Malan's government will be overthrown by the United party at the next election. My opinion is only that of an unqualified observer, but for what it is worth, I opine herewith that I see little chance of a United party victory over the Nationalists in the near future. Nationalist strength was certainly growing during the year and a half that we spent in South Africa, and I doubt that the current difficulties between the Malan government and the Appeal Court will bring about a return to United party rule in the general election scheduled for 1953.

There are several factors worth noticing. First, the elections in South-West Africa, which were held for the first time a year ago, provided the Nationalists with six new and safe seats in Parliament. Second, although until a year ago the balance of power in Parliament was held by Finance Minister Havenga and his Afrikaner party, the amalgamation of this small party with the Nationalists has further increased the strength of Dr. Malan's party. Third, the local elections that were in doubt seem generally to have gone against the United party. And, finally, if the new law for the separate representation of Coloured voters should become effective, it will lead to a net increase in the number of Nationalist seats in Parliament. More and more the Afrikaners are flocking to the Nationalist party. However, to the best of my knowledge, there are very few Britishers voting Nationalist, whereas there still is a sizable and distinguished representation of Afrikaners in the United party, and for that matter in the Torch Commandos.

"Apartheid" is the key word of the Nationalist racial policy. It is an Afrikaans word that can best be translated into English by "separateness" or "segregation". In the words of its own platform the Nationalist party's Non-European policy is based on the fundamental principles of separation and of guardianship, which does not mean "supression of the Non-European, but actually the elimination of racial friction." The platform goes on

to say that "the right of the Non-European to exist and to develop is acknowledged, but apart from and under the guidance of the European."

A year ago "*Apartheid*" was the key slogan of the Nationalist party during the election campaign and "*Apartheid*" has been the basis of the party's legislative program over the past few years. This program is centered upon three specific acts that have been passed: first, the act prohibiting mixed marriages and intercourse between Europeans and Non-Europeans; second, the act permitting the government to proclaim "Group Areas," that is, areas reserved for exclusive habitation by white, by Coloured, by Indian, or by Bantu; and, third, the act placing the Coloured voters on a separate registration roll. There are other supplementary acts, but these three have been central. A Nationalist friend of mine, high in the party, declared that he felt that the Group Areas Act was the most important piece of legislation that has become law under the Nationalist rule.

It is easy to dismiss the entire Nationalist program as a fascist-inspired move toward racial oppression; this is the point of view many of the leading news organs in America and Britain have taken. Personally, if I were a citizen of the Union of South Africa, I would oppose the program. But I nevertheless feel that I should make clear to my friends in America that the Nationalist program is a sincere attempt to find a solution to the Native problem, which will make it possible for white and black to live in peace within the borders of the Union.

To understand why the Afrikaners vote Nationalist in such large numbers, one must probe into the motivating forces that are back of the whole program of "*Apartheid.*" The principal ones are a fear of numbers and the desire to preserve the country as a "*Witmansland*," that is, a white man's country. While the average Afrikaner wants to see Non-Europeans develop, and while within the limits of his abilities, he helps them achieve a higher standard of living and of culture through state-supported educational and health programs, he explicitly wishes to prevent the Non-European population of his country from ever attaining enough voting strength to outvote the white man. The basic intent of the recent act providing for a separate representation of Coloured voters was to assure that the Coloured voters, however large their numbers may become, will not in the future have a representation in Parliament in excess of the four seats now assigned to them. An educational test for voting, which has been advocated by some of the more liberal elements of the United party, and which naturally suggests itself to anyone from America, is unthinkable to the average Nationalist, since this principle, once established, would in the end open the door to a Non-European vote far in excess of the European vote.

Limitation of the vote on a racial basis and racial segregation are not popular concepts with Americans, though we should be careful not to condemn our distant neighbor too quickly when our own house is not quite in order. We would certainly be in a position to criticize more constructively if we were to take the time first to get acquainted with all the facts in the case. It is, for example, easy for us to sit back and denounce the Group Areas Act as the "Ghetto Act," but before we do so we should recognize that some of the most liberal plans that have been advanced for finding a solution to the race problem have been in terms of a division of the Union into separate provinces, each of which would have a high degree of racial and national homogeneity.

If one talks to the Afrikaners who are the backbone of the Nationalist party, one finds that they support their government's program because they feel that only through this type of program can they make their country a safe place to live for their children and their children's children for generations to come. In a sense the tragedy of South Africa is that its program for solving the country's problems seeks, perhaps understandably, to solve the white man's problem before the Coloureds' and the Natives'. In this South Africa is running counter to the program which the United Nations as a whole and the member nations separately are following, however imperfectly, which envisages moving gradually toward a solution where white and black will advance together, with, uppermost in our minds at all times, the thought of preserving human dignity irrespective of color.

I hope with all my heart that South Africa will arrive at a satisfactory solution of its

problems, but I must say candidly that I am not optimistic about the prospects for the next fifty years. My own attitude toward the country I can best express by telling how my visit changed my reaction to one of the finest books of our times, Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country*. When I first read the book I was, of course, struck by the beauty and clarity of its presentation of a tragic situation, but I was frankly annoyed that it did not seem to point toward a solution. Now that I have been in South Africa and I am back in America, I find that I have no ready-made plans to offer. All I can do is to describe a situation which, historically and probably through no fault of any single group, has become one of the most complex of all time.

V

The Union of South Africa is the key nation for all of Central Equatorial Africa and southward, and what happens in South Africa today is the concern of thinking people the world over. It is obviously to our mutual advantage that South Africa and the United States should get to know each other better. Already there is effective economic co-operation between our two countries and both room and a desire for more. Many American industries already have branches operating within the borders of the Union of South Africa, and there are great opportunities for increased American investments and imports. We in America need South Africa's raw materials; South Africa needs and appreciates our advice and assistance in matters relating to agriculture and soil conservation. There is also a great demand in South Africa for technicians at all levels—a need that the United States can help to satisfy at least in part.

The area of cultural co-operation between South Africa and the United States has until now been quite neglected. For their advanced studies, South African students have traditionally gone to Great Britain, and to a smaller extent to Western Europe; the flow of students from South Africa to America has been exceedingly small. I think I am not unfair in adding that the flow in the opposite direction has been practically non-existent. This is highly regrettable, for it means that the future leaders of South Africa are only rarely well informed about the United States, and on the other hand that few of our future leaders have more than a vague notion about South Africa and its problems.

The first Fulbright Act funds for American students to go to South Africa will be available for 1953-54, but there has been so far no easy means for the exchange of the students, teachers, professors, artists, and others who benefit by this act. Our United States Embassy in Pretoria is doing excellent work within the limited means at its disposal, especially through the funds provided under the Smith-Mundt Act, and it is supported in this work by a distinguished group of Americans and leading South Africans who are interested in promoting exchanges. But the truth of the matter is that at the moment only wealthy students find it relatively easy to come to America. The financial implications frighten away South African students of average means, who naturally turn toward Great Britain or Western Europe, areas which have long had exchange programs with South Africa. The absence of American students in South Africa is also probably largely due to financial considerations. It is in the interest of both countries that we should promote an adequate program of travel fellowships.

An effective exchange program should by no means stop at the academic level. Visits back and forth from political and civic leaders should be encouraged. Newspapermen, who both in South Africa and in America do so much toward shaping public opinion, should be urged to visit the other country—and not to make their visit there too brief and too hurried. Similar visits by business and professional men, agricultural, soil, and engineering experts would also yield mutual benefits.

Increased cultural and economic co-operation between the United States and South Africa will serve a multiple purpose. First, there would be direct benefits to the economic and cultural life of both countries. Second, South Africans would see how, on a small scale, we share with them some of the same racial problems and how we are progressing toward finding a solution. And, finally, we in America would obtain an insight into South African problems and with that insight an understanding of South Africa's approach toward their solution.

Going Broke on $10,000 a Year

Jay Taylor

I EARNED $10,400 in the year ending October 31, 1951. I spent $10,456 and I went an additional $150 further into debt. I own two suits, one pair of shoes, and I cannot afford an automobile. This year, things will be worse. Yet you won't hear the farmer, the labor leader, the congressman, the economist, or even the capitalist raise a single, pleading voice in my behalf. Mention me to any of them, and they will singly or collectively shrug a shoulder and say, "After all, he makes $10,000 a year."

Aside from myself, my threadbare wife, my two children, who think new clothing always comes second-hand from the Thrift Shop at the school, and my creditors, I don't suppose anybody gives a whoop whether or not I personally go broke. Just the same, I'm a symbol —and a simpleton. I'm a symbol of the group from which business leaders used to be drawn, a group now being liquidated, and in large part by the very men whose cause we serve. I'm a simpleton for continuing to try to play along with a system which imposes on me obligations I cannot meet, starves me with kind words, and insults me every Sunday morning by running advertisements in the financial pages of the newspapers headlined, "To the $10,000-a-year man who wants to invest his extra money. . . ."

I happen to be a sales administrator in the textile field. I could just as well be the comptroller in a chemical firm, a quality control man in an underwear mill, an assistant account executive in an advertising agency, a junior partner in a law office, or a buyer in a department store. In every case, I'd be in the $10,000 bracket, providing I worked in any of the metropolitan areas where most of the country's business is done. And I would be forced to live by standards which I did not set, cannot afford, and must adhere to under a code as rigid as that of Moses.

Whoever writes that financial page ad automatically disqualifies himself as a competent financial expert in the year 1952. He is the victim of the long-cherished legend that the phrase "$10,000-a-year man" separates the savers from those with nothing to save, the home owners from the home renters. Like most legends, it is founded on actual facts—but they are long since outdated.

As one small symbol of a class, I'm going to undress in public so you can see how all of us in the class look when stark naked. Let's examine my family income and expenses over the full year's period from November 1, 1950, through October 31, 1951. Those dates are chosen because on November 1, 1951, new taxes went into effect that are bound to make the picture much worse.

My gross income for that year was $10,400, out of which I paid a federal income tax of $1,222 and a state income tax of $200. This means that my "Effective Buying Income," or money left after taxes, as it would be

"Jay Taylor" here describes the $10,000-a-year paradise he inhabits. Whether the "Average American" (who, according to the most recent official census, has an annual income of around $3,000) should necessarily envy him is open to question.

figured by *Sales Management,* one of the outstanding magazines of marketing, was $8,978 —and not $10,000 as my boss and other followers of the legend like to believe. The *Sales Management* estimated average of Effective Buying Income for the community in which I live was $9,406, so I am a little under the average of my neighbors.

My neighbors and my neighborhood are important, because as an executive I'm not supposed to live just anywhere. I have to have a reasonably good address. That means I can expect to pay $25,000 to $30,000 to buy a house, and make a large down payment to start with, or I can expect to pay rents comparably high. I am expected to entertain, so food and liquor charges run on the steep side. Our house furnishings are supposed to be better than average because we have business entertaining to do. I'm not supposed to wear the same shirt or tie two days in a row. When I ask my wife to come into the city to help entertain customers, she's expected to dress the part of the helpmate of an executive of the company.

The doctor and the dentist check my home address and my title, and decide I can pay enough to help carry the load of their charity patients. When the Red Cross or Community Chest or church solicitor comes around, I'm expected to donate generously, because "after all, you know, you can deduct it from your income tax."

II

ANYWAY, the first thing that comes out of that net income of $8,978 is rent. I had a "voluntary" rent increase, which means that I pay $138 per month for a three-story "attached house" in a ten-house unit. It is comfortable, but it was built a quarter of a century ago and is cracking at the seams. My annual rent payments during the twelve months under discussion totaled $1,656.

Is there anything I could do to escape part of that, such as moving to a less expensive neighborhood? Back we go to the code. As an executive, I would lose caste fast, and endanger chances of future promotion, if I moved into too cheap a location. My wife and I, as parents of a boy and girl, feel that we need a minimum of three bedrooms, a kitchen, a living room, a dining room or dining alcove, and a bath. The cheapest thing we've heard of, compatible with our requirements and with the code, rented for $125 per month. It would cost us at least $200 for moving expenses, so for the first fifteen months what we saved on rent would be charged against the costs of moving. After that, we'd be saving at the princely rate of $156 per year—providing we didn't have a "voluntary" increase there.

Utilities, like the common cold, are with us always and are just as inescapable. I appreciate the miracles of telephone service, low-cost electricity, the gas stove, the hot water heater, and the pure water that is piped into our house. I not only appreciate them—I paid $296 for them in the year in question. I have a two-party telephone, which represents the cheapest type of service I can buy. We watch the lights and gas carefully. About the only way we could save on utilities would be to revert to Grandpappy's habit of bathing once a week. Even under this gamy expedient, I doubt that the savings would amount to much.

During the same twelve-month period, I turned over to my wife total cash allowances of $2,049, or roughly $40 per week. Out of this she purchased food for a family of four, bought cigarettes for ourselves and guests, and paid approximately $1 per week for the laundering of my shirts. She was supposed to spend what was left over on sundries for herself. At the beginning of the year, we had an occasional steak, and she bought an occasional sundry. At the year's end, we were eating mighty low on the hog, and she never had a penny left over to spend on herself. Stew, spaghetti, and hamburger had become stand-bys.

I go with her every Saturday to shop at the supermarket. She buys staples for the full week ahead, and perishables to carry her through Monday. The average expenditure every Saturday last year was $25, or $1,300 for the full period. Tuesday she goes back to buy the perishables that will take her through to Saturday. The mid-week trip costs between $5 and $10, or between $260 and $520 on an annual basis. With food prices increasing, the end is not in sight. Back in 1949-50, the average family in my state spent around $1,000 in food stores, and that average includes hundreds of thousands of farm families who went

[illegible] infrequently. Considering that, and the inflation that has since occurred, our figures are in line.

This food figure doesn't include milk, of which you need plenty when you are holding a boy of eleven and girl of six as hostages to fortune. When I add up the twelve checks I wrote to the dairy, I get a total of $121. But that figure, too, is now higher. In a smooth Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance deal, the milk drivers struck, the dairy gave them $10 more a week, and Uncle Sam okayed a price increase of 1½ cents per quart. My milkman didn't even thank me for the raise.

In 1949-50, the average family in my state spent $218 for furniture, household equipment, and radio appliances. I spent $274 in my 1950-51 year. That included the purchase of a second-hand rug for our living room, a factory demonstrator vacuum cleaner reduced in price, final payments on a television-radio combination set, and a television service contract. The rug and vacuum were absolute necessities. The television set came under that heading, too, because it is now the only form of inexpensive entertainment left to us, and besides, the code virtually decrees that a man with my job shall have one.

Life insurance, fire and theft insurance, social security, and payments on hospital and medical and surgical protection set me back $471. There's less water in that figure than you'd find in a camel after a seven-day trip across the Sahara. I never see the social-security dough, because it's deducted from my pay. Hospital and medical and surgical protection is a must for our family, because without it I'd have gone $89 deeper into the hole than I did when my daughter broke both bones in her left ankle. The fire and theft insurance was contracted for several years ago. Considering the way in which clothing, rugs, furniture, and other items have soared in price since then, we should double our coverage today to get adequate protection—if we could afford it. As for life insurance, both the cost of living and of dying have gone up. The program I worked out before inflation was intended to provide me a modest funeral, and to give my wife an income that might have to be supplemented by some outside work on her part. That was less than ten years ago. In order to provide the same minimum protection today, that program should also be doubled—if only we could afford it.

I spent $15 per month, or $180 for the year, on commutation tickets. Four years ago, the tariff was around $10 per month. After a heart-rending plea by the railroad, that was raised first to $12 and then to $15. Now, because its "cost of living has gone up," the dear old railway company is asking for 30 per cent more, which, if allowed, will raise my contribution to around $240 annually. I either pay it or walk thirty miles round-trip to and from work every day.

In the 365 days covered by this record, I paid the druggist $183. This included some very high bills that were inevitable when my wife and later my daughter had serious illnesses requiring the use of much needed but nevertheless expensive wonder drugs, which would have been provided free at a clinic to a poorer man. When the doctor says penicillin or aureomycin are required pronto, you don't argue with him or with the druggist. It also included toothpaste, shaving cream, deodorants, proprietary drugs, and other items considered inescapable in the class in which we are supposed to move.

I forked out $264 to doctors and dentists. However, this is strictly a bookkeeping figure, as I owed approximately that much when the year began, and still owed around $425 when the year was over. This was in spite of the hospital and medical and surgical insurance referred to above, which would have paid my entire bill for little sister's leg had I been in a lower income bracket. But I make $10,000 a year—so only a stipulated amount is paid toward each liability incurred. The doctor consulted the table and found I was going to be allowed $125 for the leg fracture. He billed me for $150. I still owe him $25.

I'm supposed to be well informed. Thanks to my position, I get an adequate supply of magazines gratis from publishers who hope my firm will buy advertising space in their publications. However, I have to read the morning and evening papers, and three papers on Sunday. That cost me $56. Also, of course, my trousers cannot be baggy nor my coats and hats unkempt, so the dry cleaner calls once a week. At the end of the year he had not only picked up our clothing a number of times, but had also picked up $87 for himself.

Our children cost us $241. This included clothing (usually bought second-hand at the Thrift Shop), a few months of nursery school (at $19 per month) for my daughter before she reached kindergarten age, the rental of a musical instrument for my son, a nominal charge of $4.50 weekly to send him to day camp for two months during summer vacation, sundry charges for books, milk, and other supplies at school, and the general odds and ends that cannot be escaped when there are children around.

My wife and I spent $173 on clothing for ourselves, a ridiculously low figure that cannot be duplicated in the current year. We simply wore out everything we had instead of making necessary replacements, and it's catching up with us now. I do not dress expensively, but I have to look well—and so does my wife. With "popular-priced" suits retailing for around $65, and shoe-store salesmen not blinking an eye when they show a man a pair of $20 shoes, that $173 won't cover even my requirements this year. As part of my job, each day I meet customers who run clothing and furnishings stores. I'm expected to dress accordingly.

We always thought holidays were supposed to be family festivals that the kids could remember just as we recall those from our own childhood. We've made much of our own birthdays and those of close relatives. Apparently this bowing to sentiment has no place in our world. It is a controllable expense and can be eliminated. On extra expenses connected with Christmas, my wife's birthday, our wedding anniversary, my birthday, the children's birthdays, Easter, Fourth of July, Halloween, Thanksgiving, and the assorted birthdays of cousins, uncles, aunts, and grandparents we spent $319. And at Christmas, particularly, we had the least we've ever had to show, in spite of spending approximately $200.

We have a "Miscellaneous" account which is carefully itemized. It includes money spent by my wife from November to April, when she had a cleaning woman come in every other week to help keep a large house in order. Of course, we had to give her up. It also includes a cord of wood for the fireplace to take off the chill in the spring and fall when the house isn't heated; a few rose bushes and bulbs for the yard; some garden tools; contributions to church and charities; and a used typewriter I bought because I have to work at home a lot. The grand total for "Miscellaneous" was $364.

Like all families, we have a certain sum for which we have no records. We know we spent the money, but we don't know where it went. All we have to show for it is canceled checks to "cash." It amounted to $133, or less than 1.3 per cent of the $10,400 under discussion.

I contributed $185 to the support of my mother. Owing to unavoidable circumstances this became necessary beginning in late summer, and from now on it seems certain I shall have to contribute at least $600 annually.

Two more items remain. I spent $1,098 for the year on my own personal expenses, and we spent $884 on an item listed as "Entertainment and Recreation." Offhand, there would seem to be opportunities for saving on both accounts.

But here is the catch—I'm a "five-figure" executive. My company has a reserved table at the same restaurant every noon. I could eat more cheaply, but I'm expected to lunch with the group. That costs me $2 per day, or $500 per year. And that's not all. Our crowd has one cocktail before lunch, and we take turns buying. That, plus the occasional drinks I buy for somebody after work, runs to $250 per year. In the city, I commute between station and office by bus, and also have to get around town by bus and cab. That cost me $125 last year. A hair trim, with tip, every two weeks—plus the inevitable shoe shine—adds up to another $50 annually. That's $925 of my $1,098, and with a little digging in the memory chambers I could itemize the rest, though I can't reduce it.

The $884 for recreation and entertainment averages out at less than $75 per month, but you cannot figure it on a monthly basis because it includes vacation expenses amounting to about $200 and $50 spent on a trip to visit my wife's parents. Early in the year we went to the theater several times, until we realized that by the time we had paid an experienced sitter one dollar per hour, bought dinner in the city, and paid for our tickets, the evening cost us $25. Under social and business pressure we made two trips to the race track which cost us a total of $50 that we couldn't afford. Several times we had to go

into the city to entertain good friends we used to know in other times and other places who had come to our town to visit. We also had friends and relatives come to the house to spend anywhere from twenty-four hours to one week as our guests.

And we spent several hundred dollars for alcoholic beverages, even though we drink very, very moderately when we are alone. It goes back once more to the code. When we go to see people, they serve us drinks. When business or social friends come to call, we are expected to serve drinks to them. I'm sure you know what half a dozen people can do to a fifth of liquor in an evening. If they drink up only a bottle a week, you can spend close to $250 in a year. And our average was closer to a bottle and a half.

So there is the complete summary for one year. My effective buying income was $8,978; I spent $9,034. I went $56 in the hole on my cash accounts, and lost another $150 in the race against doctor and dentist bills. What can I do about it? Assuming that I continue to work in my present job, the answer is "Nothing."

Under present conditions, I can see no change for the better in what we spend for rent, insurance, utilities, dry cleaning, newspapers, miscellaneous, "unaccounted for," and my own personal expenses. If there is any change, they will all go up. I am just assuming that, with a little luck and a lot of chiseling, we can hold them steady.

Making rough estimates, during the year from November 1, 1951, through October 31, 1952, I expect that we will be forced to spend, at an absolute minimum, $170 more for food, $15 more for milk, $36 more for commutation, $125 more for federal income taxes, $25 more for state income taxes, $25 more for drugs, $200 more for doctors and dentists, $125 more for clothing for my wife and myself, $50 more on the children, and $400 for my mother. This adds up to a minimum increase of $1,171 which we cannot escape. In fact, the total minimum increase in drugs, doctors, and dentists had already taken place in the first month of the year owing to emergencies that occurred to my daughter and myself, so instead of a $225 increase on these accounts the final sum by October 31, 1952, may be much higher.

Of course, we could effect savings. We could give up smoking entirely and save around $200. We could eliminate all forms of recreation and entertainment—not only the theater and the race track, but also vacations, trips to visit relatives, all drinks for ourselves and friends, and playing host to out-of-town visitors—and save $884. We could strike Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, birthdays, and anniversaries from the calendar, and be $319 better off. We would then save $1,403, which, balanced against a minimum expected increase of $1,171 in uncontrollable expenses, might leave us with $232 left over at the end of the current year. This would have to be applied against the $425 we owed the doctors and dentists when the year began, leaving us only $193 in debt at the year's end. That's still a long, long cry from the copywriter's dream world in which $10,000-a-year men have extra money to invest.

Observe the "five-figure" man by these lights, and what do you see? He, his wife, and his children are sitting in a rented house, dressed and fed adequately but inelegantly, poorly insured against the future, possessing no funds to draw upon to meet emergencies, entertaining nobody, celebrating no holidays, taking no vacations, neither taking nor offering drinks, relying on television and radio as the sole means of entertainment, ending the year in debt, and deprived even of the pleasure of a single cigarette to soothe jangled nerves.

In my case, you'll note, there isn't even an automobile. I moved halfway across the country to take my present job, and our car was too worn out to make the trip with us. We haven't bought a new one because we don't have the lump sum required for the down payment, nor the necessary monies for time payments and upkeep.

As I have said, in all businesses—in the sales, manufacturing, or financial ends—you'll find many thousands of guys similar to me. We're the ones the Big Boss looks at when he says, "Those of us who are running this business aren't getting any younger. You fellows will have to carry on when we're gone." Most of us are not yet completely in a position to formulate officially the policies we administer, but our advice is sought when these policies are being

decided upon, and in many cases the way in which we handle our jobs from day to day actually does determine the policies of our companies.

What do we want out of life? Deep down inside we are motivated by a genuine desire to administer, nourish, and carry on the American free-enterprise system of business and government in which we deeply believe. Physically, we want nothing too unusual, considering our responsibilities and our presumed future prospects. We want to own our own homes, our own cars, and enough life insurance to take care of our families when the seemingly inevitable coronary occlusion comes along. We want to send our children to college, take an annual vacation with our families, look and dress well, and save some money to invest, just as the advertisements suggest.

So, today, behind the drawn Venetian blinds of our homes with good addresses there are long sessions of poring over the bills and readjusting budgets. Mental energy that should be spent on helping our employers, planning next year's sales or production or financial programs, or trying to figure out where our individual companies fit into today's puzzling world-wide economic picture, has to be spent in worrying over how much longer we can let that bad molar go unattended, whether or not we'll be liable if the old sofa finally collapses and injures some visitor's pelvis, whether our wives can turn our shirt collars to make the shirts last longer, and whether or not the neighbors have noticed the wolf pawing at our front doors.

And when we take our problems to the Big Boss, he tells us what a bright future we have, and adds, "After all, you're making $10,000 a year."

The trouble is, he's thinking of $10,000 a year in terms of when he was making that much many years ago. He's not alone in his thinking; as I have said, it's part of an outmoded American legend that $200 a week is the open sesame to all the good things of life. The Big Boss either forgets, or doesn't know, that the man with a wife and two children who made $5,000 a year in 1940 had to make $9,400 in 1950 to maintain the same standard of living, and that the man who made $10,000 in 1940 had to make $19,000 in 1950 just to stand still. The comparative earnings would have to be even higher for 1952.

When I read the financial pages, I see that dividends are whopping, and I know capital has been doing okay. In spite of alleged freezes, I know that the milkman, the bus driver, the steelworker, the railroad employee, and other wage earners have come a long way up the economic ladder in the past few years. My group has been going down it. The people in our plant may envy me, but they forget that they are not held to the pattern of living that my job holds me to.

So I speak as one small symbol of a class. I look at the broken down occasional chair which should have been replaced a year ago. I postpone my trip to the dentist for another six months in hopes that the pediatrician's bill can be paid in the interval. And I realize that I belong to a new class of forgotten men in whom no labor leaders, politicians, farmers, corporation presidents, or commencement speakers take any vested interest—the $10,000-a-year men, Vanquished Americans.

The Spirit of the Times

Frederick Lewis Allen

The late President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard was an extempore speaker so brilliant that he could go to a public dinner quite without notes, listen to three preliminary speakers, and then, rising to speak himself, comment aptly on the remarks of those who had preceded him and lead easily into an eloquent peroration of his own. His favorite peroration dealt with the difference between two ancient civilizations, each of them rich and flourishing—Greece and Carthage. One of these, he would say, lives on in men's memories, influences all of us today; the other left no imprint on the ages to follow it. For Carthage, by contrast with Greece, had a purely commercial civilization in which there was little respect for learning, philosophy, or the arts. "Is America in danger of becoming a Carthage?" Lowell would ask—and then he would launch into an exposition of the enduring importance of universities.

There are a great many people today, there have been a great many people throughout American history, who have in effect called the United States a Carthage. There are those who argue that during the past half-century, despite the spread of good living among its people, it has been headed in the Carthaginian direction; has been producing a mass culture in which religion and philosophy languish, the arts are smothered by the barbarian demands of mass entertainment, freedom is constricted by the dead weight of mass opinion, and the life of the spirit wanes. There are millions in Europe, for instance, to whom contemporary American culture, as they understand it, is no culture at all; to whom the typical American is a man of money, a crude, loud fellow who knows no values but mechanical and commercial ones. And there are Americans aplenty, old and young, who say that achievement in the realm of the mind and spirit has become ominously more difficult in recent years, and that our technological and economic triumphs are barren because they have brought us no inner peace.

Some of the charges against contemporary American culture one may perhaps be permitted to discount in advance. Thus one may discount the laments, by people with twenty thousand a year, that other people whose incomes have risen from two thousand to four are becoming demoralized by material success; or the nostalgia of those who, when they compare past with present, are obviously matching their own youth in pleasantly sheltered circumstances with the conditions and behavior of a much more inclusive group today. One may also point out a persistently recurring error in European appraisals of the American people: many Europeans, being accustomed to thinking of men and women who travel freely and spend amply as members of an elite, have a tendency to compare certain undeniably crude, harsh, and unimaginative visitors from the States with fellow-countrymen of theirs whose social discipline has been quite different—who belong, in European terms, to another class entirely.

In this article, the second of two dealing with the changes in American life since the turn of the century, Frederick Lewis Allen, editor in chief of Harper's, *takes up the charge that we are in the midst of a widespread ethical and cultural decay.*

It is extraordinarily hard for many people, both here and abroad, to adjust themselves to the fact that the prime characteristic of the American scene is a broadening of opportunity, and that the first fruits of a broadening of opportunity may not be a lowered voice and a suitable deference toward unfamiliar customs.

So let us begin by giving the floor to a man who may be relied upon not to slip into these pitfalls, yet who nevertheless takes a hard view of what the past half-century has done to his country.

In his introduction to the book *Twentieth Century Unlimited* Bruce Bliven says that in his opinion "the most significant fact about the changes in the past half-century" has been "the alteration in the moral climate from one of overwhelming optimism to one which comes pretty close to despair.

"Half a century ago," continues Mr. Bliven, "mankind, and especially the American section of mankind, was firmly entrenched in the theory that this is the best of all possible worlds and getting better by the minute. . . . There was a kindly God in the heavens, whose chief concern was the welfare, happiness, and continuous improvement of mankind, though his ways were often inscrutable."

Today, says Mr. Bliven, we have lost faith and are "frightened to death"—of war, atom bombs, and the looming prospect of a general brutalization and deterioration of the human species.

Have we, then, become since 1900 a comparatively irreligious and rudderless people?

Church statistics do not help us far toward an answer to this question. They show steady gains in membership for most church groups, roughly comparable to the gain in population; but they are suspect because of a very human tendency to keep on the rolls people who never go to church any more except for weddings and funerals, and there is no way of knowing whether the compilers of church statistics have become more or less scrupulous in the past few decades. My own definite impression is that during the first thirty or forty years of the half-century there was a pretty steady drift away from church attendance and from a feeling of identification with the church and its creed and institutions, at least on the part of well-to-do Americans (except perhaps among the Roman Catholics, who were under an exceptionally rigid discipline). It became customary among larger and larger numbers of the solid citizenry of the land to sleep late on Sunday morning and then grapple with the increasing poundage of the Sunday paper, or have a 10:30 appointment at the first tee, or drive over to the Joneses' for midday cocktails, or pack the family into the car for a jaunt to the shore or the hills. I myself, making many weekend visits every year over several decades, noted that as time went on it was less and less likely that my host would ask on Saturday evening what guests were planning to go to church the next morning; that by the nineteen-twenties or -thirties it was generally assumed that none would be. And although the households in which I visited may not have been representative, they at least were of more or less the same types throughout this whole period. Today I should imagine that in the heavy out-of-town traffic on a Friday afternoon there are not many people who will be inside a church on Sunday morning.

It has been my further observation that during at least the first thirty and perhaps the first forty years of the century there was an equally steady drift away from a sense of identification with the faiths for which the churches stood. Among some people there was a feeling that science, and in particular the doctrine of evolution, left no room for the old-time God, and that it was exceedingly hard to imagine any sort of God who was reconcilable with what science was demonstrating and would at the same time be at home in the local church. Among others there was a rising moral impatience with an institution which seemed to pay too much attention to the necessity of being unspotted by such alleged vices as drinking, smoking, card-playing, and Sunday golfing, and too little to human brotherhood; the churches, or many of them, made a resolute effort to meet this criticism by becoming complex institutions dedicated to social service and the social gospel, with schools, classes, women's auxiliaries, young people's groups, sports, and theatricals, but not many of them held their whole congregation—at least on Sunday morning. Still others felt that the clergy were too deferential to wealthy parishioners of dubious civic virtue, or too isolated from the main cur-

rents of life. Among many there was a vague sense that the churches represented an old-fashioned way of living and thinking and that modern-minded people were outgrowing their influence. And as the feeling of compulsion to be among the churchgoers and church-workers weakened, there were naturally many to whom the automobile or the country club or the beach or an eleven o'clock breakfast was simply too agreeable to pass up.

Whether or not this drift away from formal religion is still the prevailing tide, there was manifest during the nineteen-forties a counter-movement. In many men and women it took no more definite form than an uneasy conviction that in times of stress and anxiety there was something missing from their lives: they wished they had something to tie to, some faith that would give them a measure of inner peace and security. The appearance on the best-seller lists in recent years of such books as *The Robe*, *The Cardinal*, *Peace of Mind*, and *The Seven Storey Mountain* has indicated a widespread hunger and curiosity. Some have returned to the churches—or entered them for the first time. In families here and there one has noted a curious reversal: parents who had abandoned the church in a mood of rebellion against outworn ecclesiastical customs have found their children in turn rebelling against what seemed to them the parents' outworn pagan customs. The Catholic Church in particular has made many converts, some of them counterrebels of this sort, and has spectacularly served as a haven for ex-Communists who have swung all the way from one set of disciplinary bonds to another. Whether the incoming tide is yet stronger than the outgoing one, or what the later drift may be, is still anybody's guess; but at least there is a confusion in the flow of religious feeling and habit.

Meanwhile, in quantities of families, the abandonment of church allegiance has deprived the children of an occasionally effective teacher of decent behavior. Some parents have been able to fill the vacuum themselves; others have not, and have become dismayed that their young not only do not recognize Bible quotations but have somehow missed out on acquiring a clear-cut moral code. There are other parents whose conscientious study of psychological principles, including the Freudian, and whose somewhat imperfect digestion of the ideas of progressive educators have so filled them with uncertainty as to what moral teachings to deliver and whether any sort of discipline might not damage young spirits that these young spirits have become—at least for the time being—brats of a singular offensiveness. And even if there have always been brats in the world, it has been easy for observers of such families to conclude that moral behavior is indeed deteriorating, and that basketball scandals and football scandals and teen-age holdup gangs and official corruption in Washington are all signs of a widespread ethical decay.

This conclusion is of doubtful validity, I am convinced. There has probably never been a generation some members of which did not wonder whether the next generation was not bound for hell in a handcar. It may be argued that at the mid-century the *manners* of many teen-agers have suffered from their mothers' and fathers' disbelief in stern measures; but that their *ethical standards* are inferior to those of their predecessors seems to me doubtful indeed. As for today's adults, there are undoubtedly many whose lack of connection with organized religion has left them without any secure principles; but as I think of the people I have actually known over a long period of time, I detect no general deterioration of the conscience: those I see today do a good many things that their grandparents would have considered improper, but few things that they would have regarded as paltry or mean. And there has been taking place among these people, and in the country at large, a change of attitude that I am convinced is of great importance. During the half-century the ancient question, "Who is my neighbor?" has been receiving a broader and broader answer.

There are still ladies and gentlemen who feel that they are of the elect, and that the masses of their fellow-countrymen are of negligible importance; but their snobbery is today less complacently assured, more defiant, than in the days when Society was a word to conjure with. The insect on the leaf is less often found "proclaiming on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust." There are still business executives with an inflated sense of their own value in the scheme of things, but the "studied insolence" which

Mark Sullivan noted among the coal operators of 1902 when confronted by the union representatives and the President of the United States, and which magnates often displayed on the witness stand in those days, is no longer to be seen (except perhaps among such underworld gentry as Mr. Frank Costello). People who today look at what were originally the servants' quarters in an old mansion, or even in a swank apartment of the 1920 vintage, are shocked at their meagerness: is it possible, they ask themselves, that decent men and women could have had such disregard for the human needs of men and women living cheek by jowl with them?

The concept of the national income, the idea of measuring the distribution of this income, the idea of the national economy as an entity affected by the economic behavior of every one of us, the very widespread interest in surveying sociologically the status of this and that group of Americans the country over, in the conviction that their fortunes are interdependent with ours: all these have developed during this half-century. The ideal of equality of educational opportunity never before commanded such general acceptance. In recent years there has been a marked shift of attitudes toward our most disadvantaged group, the Negroes, and no less noticeably in the South than elsewhere. One notes a widespread gain in group tact, as when the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled is renamed the Hospital for Special Surgery, and the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor becomes the Community Service Society. The concept of responsibility to the general public has become more and more widespread among the managers of pivotal businesses. The amount of time which individual men and women give to good works in the broadest sense—including church work, volunteer hospital work, parent-teacher associations, the Boy Scouts, the Red Cross, the League of Women Voters, local symphony orchestras, the World Federalists, the American Legion, the service activities of Rotary, and so on endlessly—is in its total incalculable. (There are communities, I am told, where the number of people who engage in money-raising for the churches is larger than the number of churchgoers.) In sum, our sense of public obligation has expanded.

The change has had its amusing aspects. There comes to one's mind Anne Cleveland's cartoon of a Vassar girl dining with her parents and exclaiming, "How can I explain the position of organized labor to Father when you keep passing me chocolate sauce?" One thinks of a banker's daughter of one's acquaintance, who in her first job was much more deeply interested in the plight of the file clerk whom she regarded as underpaid, than in helping the company make money. And of the receipt by Dr. Ralph Bunche in June 1951 of no less than thirteen honorary degrees in rapid succession, the singular unanimity of his choice by so many institutions undoubtedly reflecting in part a delight at finding an unexceptionable opportunity to pay tribute to a Negro.

That the change should meet, here and there, with heated resistance, is likewise natural. The democratic ideal imposes a great strain upon the tolerance and understanding of humankind. So we find a conscious and active anti-Semitism invading many a suburban community which once took satisfaction in its homogeneity and now finds it can no longer live to itself; or a savage anti-Negro feeling rising in an industrial town in which Negroes were formerly few and far between. And here one should add a footnote about the behavior of our armed forces abroad. For a variety of not easily defined reasons—including undoubtedly the traditionally proletarian position of the foreign-language-speaking immigrant in the United States—there is an obscure feeling among a great many Americans that the acceptance of the principle of human dignity stops at the water's edge: that a man who would be fiercely concerned over an apparent injustice to a fellow-private in the American Army may be rude to Arabs, manhandle Koreans, and cheat Germans, and not lose status thereby—and this, perhaps, at the very moment when his representatives in Congress are appropriating billions for the aid of the very sorts of people of whom he is so scornful.

Yet in spite of these adverse facts there has been, I am convinced, an increasing over-all acceptance in America of what Dr. Frank Tannenbaum has called "the commitment to equality . . . spiritual equality." Whether, as Walter H. Wheeler, Jr., has suggested, we may be "depleting and living off inherited

spiritual capital" is far from certain. Yet at any rate this may be said: If we as a people do not obey the first and great commandment as numerously and fervently as we used to, at least we have been doing fairly well with the second.

II

We come now to another question to which the answer must be even more two-sided and uncertain. Does the spread of American prosperity threaten quality? Are we achieving a mass of second-rate education, second-rate culture, second-rate thinking, and squeezing out the first-rate?

The charge that we are indeed doing this comes in deafening volume. To quote no less a sage than T. S. Eliot: "We can assert with some confidence that our own period is one of decline: that the standards of culture are lower than they were fifty years ago; and that the evidences of this decline are visible in every department of human activity." And if this seems a rather general indictment, without special reference to the United States, it may be added that Mr. Eliot has given abundant evidence that he is out of sympathy with the American trend, preferring as he does a "graded society" in which "the lower class still exists."

One could pile up a mountain of quotations by critics of the American drift, playing the changes upon the two notions that, according to C. Hartley Grattan's article in the November 1951 number of *Harper's*, account for the *Katzenjammer* of American writers today: "(1) a feeling . . . that the values by which men have lived these many years are today in an advanced state of decomposition, with no replacements in sight; and (2) that whatever a man's private values may be, he cannot expect in any case consistently to act on them successfully because the individual is, in the present-day world, at the mercy of ever more oppressive and arbitrary institutions." In other words, that the man of original bent—the writer, painter, musician, architect, philosopher, or intellectual or spiritual pioneer or maverick of any sort—not only faces what Eugene O'Neill called the "sickness of today," which in Lloyd Morris's phrasing has "resulted from the death of the old God and the failure of science and materialism to give any satisfactory new one," but must also confront a world in which the biggest rewards for literary creation go to manufacturers of sexy costume romances; in which the Broadway theater, after a glorious period of fresh creation in the nineteen-twenties, is almost in the discard, having succumbed to the high cost of featherbedding labor and the competition of the movies; in which the movies in their turn, after a generation of richly recompensing those who could attract audiences by the millions and stifling those whose productions had doubtful box-office value, are succumbing to television; in which the highest television acclaim goes to Milton Berle rather than to Burr Tillstrom; and in which the poet finds his market well-nigh gone. One might sum up the charge in another way by saying that the dynamic logic of mass production, while serving admirably to bring us good automobiles and good nylons, enforces mediocrity on the market for intellectual wares.

This is a very severe charge. But there are a number of matters to be considered and weighed before one is ready for judgment upon it.

One is the fact that those who have most eloquently lamented the hard plight of the man or woman of creative talent have chiefly been writers, and more especially *avant-garde* writers and their more appreciative critics, and that the position occupied by these people has been a somewhat special one.

During the years immediately preceding World War I the inventors and innovators in American literature were in no such prevailing mood of dismay. On the contrary, they were having a high old time. In Chicago, such men as Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Sherwood Anderson, Ring Lardner, and Carl Sandburg were experimenting with gusto and confidence. In New York, the young Bohemians of Greenwich Village were hotly and rambunctiously enamored of a great variety of unorthodoxies, ranging from free verse, imagism, postimpressionism, cubism, and the realism of the "Ash-can School" of art to woman's suffrage, socialism, and communism (of an innocently idealistic variety compared with what later developed in Moscow). When Alfred Stieg-

litz preached modern art at "291," when the Armory Show was staged in 1913, when Max Eastman and John Reed crusaded for labor, when Floyd Dell talked about the liberation of literature, they saw before them a bright new world in which progress would in due course bring triumph to their wild notions.

But the war brought an immense disillusionment. And the prevailing mood shifted.

The novelists of the Lost Generation concentrated their attention upon the meannesses and cruelties of contemporary life, and often their keynote was one of despair. Mencken led a chorus of scoffers at American vulgarity and sentimentality, not indignantly but cynically; when asked why he continued to live in a land in which he found so little to revere, he asked, "Why do men go to zoos?" Sinclair Lewis lampooned Main Street and George F. Babbitt; Scott Fitzgerald underscored the baseness of respectable folk who went to Jay Gatsby's lavish parties and then deserted him in his hour of need. And many of the *avant-garde* and their admirers and imitators went to Paris, where Gertrude Stein said that "the future is not important any more," and Hemingway's characters in *The Sun Also Rises* acted as if it were not. But in a world without hope one could still cherish art, the one thing left that was worth while, keeping it aloof from politics and business; and one could particularly cherish that art which it was most difficult for the vulgarians of politics and business to comprehend. To these refugees from twentieth-century America, "difficulty itself became a primary virtue," as Van Wyck Brooks has remarked: they paid special homage to the aristocratic elaborations of Henry James, the subtleties of the recluse Marcel Proust, the scholarly allusiveness of Eliot, and the linguistic puzzles of Joyce. And a pattern was set, quite different from the pattern of 1910. To have a literary conscience was to take a bleak view of American life, human life in general, and the way the world was going; and also of the ability of any readers but a few to understand and appreciate true literary excellence.

This credo was to prove astonishingly durable. During the nineteen-thirties it had to contend with another emotional force. The economy had broken down, revolution was in the wind (or so it seemed to many at the time); and many writers felt a generous urge to condemn the cruelty of capitalism to "one-third of a nation" and to espouse the cause of embattled labor. Thus they abandoned hopelessness for militancy. There was an outpouring of proletarian novels by writers whose firsthand knowledge of factory workers was highly limited. Yet even among many of the writers and critics who were most valiant in support of the common man there remained a conviction that the man of sensibility and integrity must inevitably write in terms intelligible only to the very uncommon man; and we beheld the diverting spectacle of authors and students of advanced composition returning from mass meetings held on behalf of sharecroppers and Okies to pore over the sacred texts of Henry James, who would have been oblivious to sharecroppers, and Eliot, who was certainly out of tune with the Okies.

During the war the impulse to defend labor turned into an impulse to defend the GI against the military brass. The older impulse to depict the world as a dismal place turned into an impulse to show how brutal men at war could be (including, often, the very GI who was supposed to engage the reader's sympathy); and the belief that quality was bound to go unappreciated by all but a very few turned into a general pessimism over the future of culture that seemed almost to welcome defeat for any sort of excellence.

"It is a source of continual astonishment to me," wrote W. H. Auden in this magazine in 1948, "that the nation which has the world-wide reputation of being the most optimistic, the most gregarious, and the freest on earth should see itself through the eyes of its most sensitive members as a society of helpless victims, shady characters, and displaced persons. . . . In novel after novel one encounters heroes without honor or history; heroes who succumb so monotonously to temptation that they cannot truly be said to be tempted at all; heroes who, even if they are successful in a worldly sense, remain nevertheless but the passive recipients of good fortune; heroes whose sole moral virtue is a stoic endurance of pain and disaster."

Could it be that such novelists have been following a fashion set longer ago than they realize? That the reason why sales of novels in very recent years have been disappointing

is that, as Mr. Grattan has suggested, "contemporary writers appear to have given up before contemporary readers are ready to do so," and that perhaps the readers are today ahead of the writers? That the continuing notion among many advanced writers that only difficult writing is good writing has led them to pay too little attention to the art of communication? And that a sort of contagion of defeatism among literary folk today should lead one to accept with a certain reserve their unhappy conclusions concerning the state of American culture?

Let us note their laments and look a little further.

III

One who has worked for a great many years for a magazine which nowadays can pay its authors no more than it did a decade ago, because it has to pay its typographers and shipping men so much more, is not likely to be complacent about the lot of the man of letters today. Nor is one who has felt he was waging a steady uphill fight on behalf of what he perhaps fondly considered distinguished journalism—uphill because there were constantly appearing new magazines aimed at readers by the millions, and because advertisers tended to want to reach those millions—likely to be complacent about the conditions of literary institutions. It seems to me undeniable that the great success of the mass-circulation magazines and the rise of the staff-written magazines have between them made life harder for the free-lance author who lacks the popular touch and who will not do pot-boiling, or cannot do it successfully, and who has no other assured source of income. But then he almost never has had things very easy financially. And there is this to be said: one reason why magazines with severely high standards find the going difficult is that they have no monopoly on material of high quality, for during the past few decades an increasing amount of such material has been finding a place in the mass periodicals. (For a couple of random examples, let me cite Winston Churchill's memoirs, appearing in *Life*, and Faulkner's short stories, coming out in the *Saturday Evening Post*.) Furthermore, the number of writers of talent who make good incomes by writing for the mass magazines without the sacrifice of an iota of their integrity is much larger than one might assume from the talk of the *avant-gardists*. The picture is a mixed one.

So too with regard to books. The market for the output of the "original" publishers, meaning those who sell newly-written books at standard prices, chiefly through the bookstores, is somewhat larger than before the war, but it is manifest that price increases, reflecting high labor costs, have been deterring buyers. The share of a few very successful writers in the total revenue of authors increases; and it becomes more difficult than it used to be for those whose books are not likely to sell more than a few thousand copies (these include nearly all poets) to get their work accepted. Yet here again the situation is not as black as it has been painted. I agree with Bernard DeVoto that no book really worth publishing fails of publication by some unit of a very diversified industry; and I would add that while there is trash on the best-seller lists, most of the books which reach those lofty positions, with very pleasant results for their authors' pocketbooks, are among the best of their time.

And there is more to it than this. For there are also numerous book clubs, at least two of which—the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Literary Guild—sell books by the hundreds of thousands each month. There are the quarterly Condensed Books brought out by the *Reader's Digest*—four or five novels or non-fiction books condensed in one volume—which, launched in 1950, were selling by early 1952 at the rate of more than a million apiece. And there are the paper-bound reprint houses, whose volumes, priced at 25 or 35 cents for the newsstand and drugstore trade, are bought in phenomenal lots. In the year 1950 the total was no less than 214 million; in 1951 the figure had jumped to 231 million.

Two-thirds or more of these paper-bound books, to be sure, were novels or mysteries—thus falling into classifications too inclusive to be reassuring as to the public taste—and some were rubbish by any tolerable standard (the publishers of such wares having learned, as one cynic has put it, that you can sell almost anything adorned on the cover with a picture connoting sex or violence, or pref-

erably both, as in a picture of a luscious girl getting her dress ripped off by a gunman). But consider these sales figures (as of January 1952) for a few paper-bound books: Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire,* over half a million; George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four,* over three-quarters of a million; Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture,* 400,000; and—to cite an incontrovertibly classical example—a translation of *The Odyssey* (with an abstract cover design), 350,000. And remember that these sales, which are above and beyond book-club sales and regular bookstore sales, have been achieved in a nation of avid magazine readers. It is true that the financial returns to the author from such low-priced books are meager: he gets less revenue from a million of them than from 20,000 sold at standard prices. Nevertheless there is an interesting phenomenon here. There is a big American market for good writing if it and the price are within easy reach.

Let us look at the market for art. The painter of today faces two great difficulties. The first is that his work is offered to the public at high prices (if he can get any price at all) because he can sell only his original work, to one collector or institution, and cannot dispose of thousands at a time; and collectors with money are scarce. The second is that the abler young painters of the day have mostly swung all the way to the abstract, which to most potential buyers is pretty incomprehensible. Yet the signs of interest among the public are striking. Forbes Watson is authority for the statement that there were more sales of paintings in the nineteen-forties than in all the previous history of the United States; that in the year 1948 there were a hundred exhibitions of American art in American museums; and that the total attendance at art exhibitions that year was over 50 million. One should also take note of the greatly enlarged number of local museums; of the lively promotion of an interest in art by many universities and colleges; the rising sale of reproductions, in book form and otherwise; and the recent sharp increase in the number of Sunday amateur dabblers with a paintbrush. Sales of artists' materials had a tenfold increase between 1939 and 1949. The suspicion comes over one that there is something stirring here, too, and that the plight of the contemporary artist, like the plight of the contemporary writer, may be partly due to the fact that the market for his output may not yet be geared to the potential demand.

We turn to music—and confront an astonishing spectacle.

In 1900 there were only a handful of symphony orchestras in the country; by May 1951 there were 659 "symphonic groups"—including 52 professional, 343 community, 231 college, and a scattering of miscellaneous amateur groups. Fifteen hundred American cities and towns now support annual series of concerts. Summer music festivals attract audiences which would have been unimaginable even thirty years ago. To quote Cecil Smith in *Twentieth Century Unlimited,* "The dollar-hungry countries of Europe are setting up music festivals by the dozen, not to give American tourists the music they would not hear at home, but to make sure they do not stay at home because of the lack of music in Europe. The programs at Edinburgh, Strasbourg, Amsterdam, Florence, and Aix-en-Provence are designed as competition for Tanglewood, Bethlehem, Ravinia, the Cincinnati Zoo, and the Hollywood Bowl." Mr. Smith cites further facts of interest: that the Austin, Texas, symphony recently took over a drive-in movie for outdoor summer concerts; that Kentucky hill people come in their bare feet when the Louisville Orchestra plays in Berea; and that "an all-Stravinsky program, conducted by the composer, strikes Urbana, Illinois, as a perfectly normal attraction."

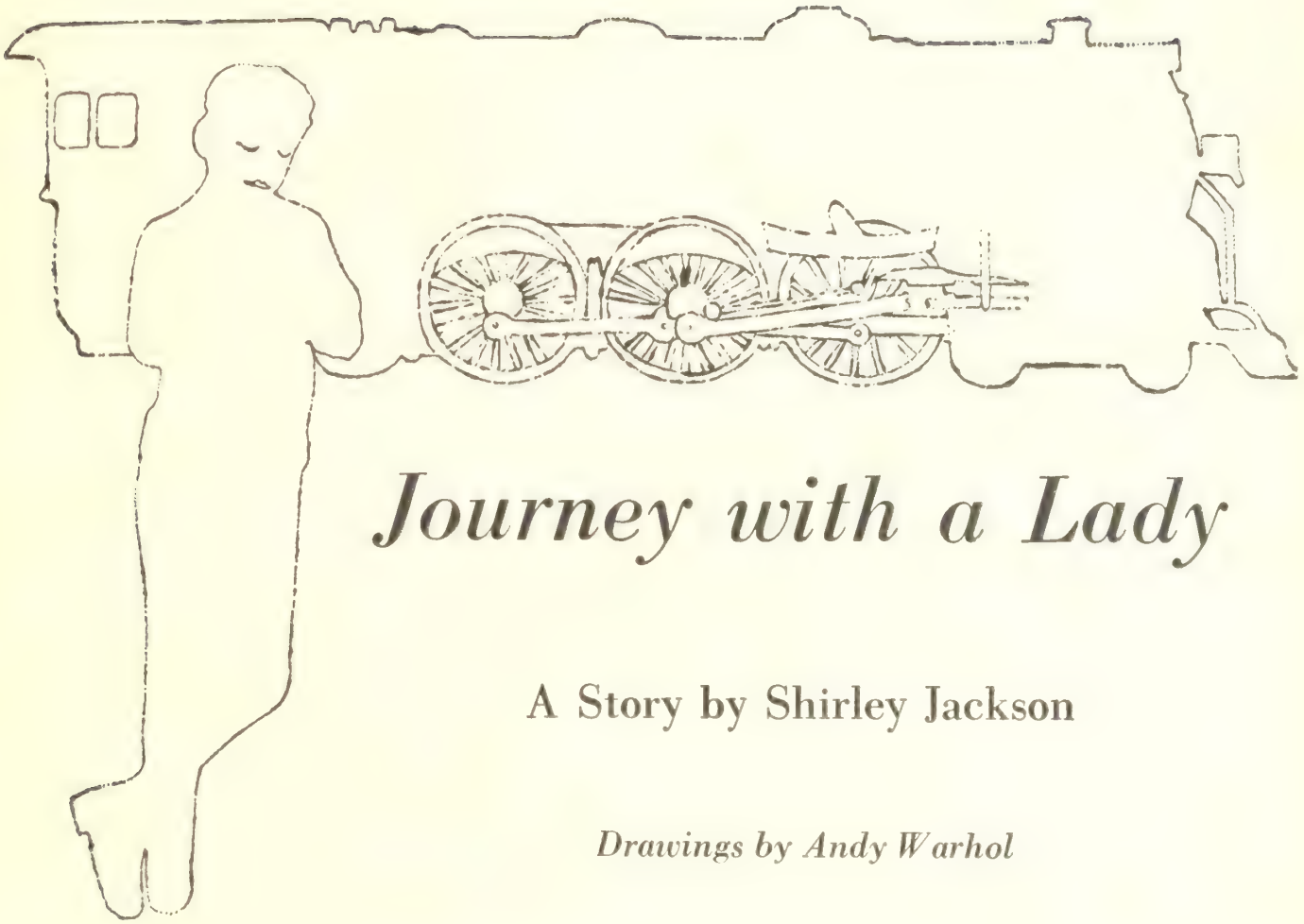
During the nineteen-twenties the phonograph record business was threatened with virtual extinction by the rise of radio. But presently radio began giving millions upon millions of Americans such a variety of music—popular, jazz, and classical—in such quantity, year after year, that a good many of these people began to want to hear music on their own terms, and the record business went into a prolonged and phenomenal boom. The expansion was accelerated by the wild vogue of jazz, whose more serious votaries soon learned that if you were to become a really serious student of what Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington were producing, you must collect old recordings and become a connoisseur of Handy, Beiderbecke, and Armstrong. By the middle and late nineteen-forties,

young people who in earlier years would have gone off dancing of an evening were finding that it was very agreeable to sit on the floor and listen to a record-player, with a few bottles of beer to wash the music down. Many people whose taste in books and in art was very limited were not only becoming able to identify the most famous symphonies by their first few notes, but were developing a pride in their acquaintance with the works of Bach's obscure contemporaries, and in their connoisseurship of the comparative merits of recordings by various orchestras. A very rough estimate of the sales of records during the year 1951, made by *Billboard* magazine, put the grand total at some 190 million—more than one for every man, woman, and child in the United States—and the total sale of records in the "classical" category at perhaps 10 to 15 per cent of that 190 million: let us say something like twenty to thirty million classical records. To give a single example: as many as 20,000 sets of Wanda Landowska's harpsichord recordings of the Goldberg Variations were sold in the first three months after they were issued. And a shrewd student of American culture tells me that as he goes about the United States he keeps being told, in place after place, "Our town is sort of unusual. I suppose the most exciting thing, to us, that's going on here isn't anything in business but the way we've put over our symphony orchestra (or our string quartet, or our community chorus)."

VERILY, as one looks about the field of the arts, the picture is confused. Here is an incredible boom in public interest in music, along with expanding audiences for the ballet, old-style and new-style. Here is the Broadway theater almost ready for the Pulmotor—and local civic theaters and college theaters in what looks like a promising adolescence. Here are the movies, beloved by millions (and berated by highbrow critics) for decades, losing audiences little by little to television, which has not yet outgrown a preposterous crudity. Here is architecture, which has outgrown its earlier imitation of old European styles and is producing superb industrial buildings along with highly experimental and sometimes absurd modern residences—while the peripheries of our great cities, whether New York or Chicago or St. Louis or Los Angeles, display to the bus traveler from airport to town almost no trace of the handiwork of any architects at all. Here are lovely (if monotonous) motor parkways—and along the other main highways a succession of roadtown eyesores—garages, tourist courts, filling stations, billboards, junk dealers, and more billboards—which make the motor parkways seem, by contrast, like avenues for escapists.

Is not the truth of the situation perhaps something like this: Here is a great nation which is conducting an unprecedented experiment. It has made an incredible number of people, previously quite unsophisticated and alien to art or contemptuous of it, prosperous by any previous standard known to man. These multitudes offer a huge market for him who would sell them equipment or entertainment that they can understand and enjoy. Let us say it in italics: *This is something new: there has never been anything like it before.*

The job before those Americans who would like to see the United States a Greece rather than a Carthage is to try to develop, alongside the media of entertainment and equipment which satisfy these people's present needs, others which will satisfy more exacting tastes and will be on hand for them when they are ready for more rewarding fare. The problem is an economic one as well as an artistic one. Whether it can be solved is still anybody's guess. But in a day when, despite the discouragement of many literati, much of the best writing in the world is being done in the United States; when the impoverishment of foreign institutions of learning has made American universities no mere followers on the road of learning, but leaders despite themselves, attracting students from many continents; and when, willy nilly, a burden of responsibility for the cultural condition of the world rests heavily upon America, it should do us good to look at the army of music-lovers that we have produced. For if this is what auspicious economic conditions can bring in the area of one of the great arts, possibly the miracle may be effected elsewhere too, and the all-American culture may prove to have been, not the enemy of excellence, but its seed-bed.



Journey with a Lady

A Story by Shirley Jackson

Drawings by Andy Warhol

"HONEY," Mrs. Wilson said uneasily, "are you *sure* you'll be all *right?*" "Sure," said Joseph. He backed away quickly as she bent to kiss him again. "Listen, *Mother,*" he said. "Everybody's *looking.*"

"I'm still not sure but what someone ought to go with him," said his mother. "Are you *sure* he'll be all right?" she said to her husband.

"Who, Joe?" said Mr. Wilson. "He'll be fine, won't you, son?"

"Sure," said Joseph.

"A boy nine years old ought to be able to travel by himself," said Mr. Wilson, in the patient tone of one who has been saying these same words over and over for several days to a nervous mother.

Mrs. Wilson looked up at the train, as one who estimates the probable strength of an enemy. "But suppose something should *happen?*" she asked.

"Look, Helen," her husband said, "the train's going to leave in about four minutes. His bag is already on the train, Helen. It's on the seat where he's going to be sitting from now until he gets to Merrytown. I have spoken to the porter and I have given the porter a couple of dollars, and the porter has promised to keep an eye on him and see that he gets off the train with his bag when the train stops at Merrytown. He is nine years old, Helen, and he knows his name and where he's going and where he's supposed to get off, and Grandpop is going to meet him and will telephone you the minute they get to Grandpop's house, and the porter—"

"I know," said Mrs. Wilson, "but are you sure he'll be all *right?*"

Mr. Wilson and Joseph looked at one another briefly and then away.

Mrs. Wilson took advantage of Joseph's momentary lapse of awareness to put her arm around his shoulders and kiss him again, although he managed to move almost in time and her kiss landed somewhere on the top of

his head. "*Mother!*" Joseph said ominously.

"Don't want anything to happen to my little boy," Mrs. Wilson said, with a brave smile.

"Mother, for heaven's *sake*," said Joseph. "I better get on the train," he said to his father.

"Good idea," said his father.

"By, Mother," Joseph said, backing toward the train door; he took a swift look up and down the platform, and then reached up to his mother and gave her a rapid kiss on the cheek. "Take care of yourself," he said.

"Don't forget to telephone the minute you get there," his mother said. "Write me every day, and tell Grandma you're supposed to brush your teeth every night and if the weather turns cool—"

"Sure," Joseph said. "Sure, Mother."

"So long, son," said his father.

"So long, Dad," Joseph said; solemnly they shook hands. "Take care of yourself," Joseph said.

"Have a good time," his father said.

As Joseph climbed up the steps to the train he could hear his mother saying, "And telephone us when you get there and be careful—"

"Good-by, good-by," he said, and went into the train. He had been located by his father in a double seat at the end of the car and, once settled, he turned as a matter of duty to the window. His father, with an unmanly look of concern, waved to him and nodded violently, as though to indicate that everything was going to be all right, that they had pulled it off beautifully, but his mother, twisting her fingers nervously, came close to the window of the train, and, fortunately unheard by the people within, but probably clearly audible to everyone for miles without, gave him at what appeared to be some length an account of how she had changed her mind and was probably going to come with him after all. Joseph nodded and smiled and waved and shrugged his shoulders to indicate that he could not hear, but his mother went on talking, now and then glancing nervously at the front of the train, as though afraid that the engine might start and take Joseph away before she had made herself absolutely sure that he was going to be all right. Joseph, who felt with some justice that in the past few days his mother had told him every conceivable pertinent fact about his traveling alone to his grandfather's and her worries about same, was able to make out such statements as, "Be careful," and, "Telephone us the minute you get there," and, "Don't forget to write." Then the train stirred, and hesitated, and moved slightly again, and Joseph backed away from the window, still waving and smiling. He was positive that what his mother was saying as the train pulled out was, "Are you *sure* you'll be all right?" She blew a kiss to him as the train started, and he ducked.

Surveying his prospects as the train took him slowly away from his mother and father, he was pleased. The journey should take only a little over three hours, and he knew the name of the station and had his ticket safely in his jacket pocket; although he had been reluctant to yield in any fashion to his mother's misgivings, he had checked several times, secretly, to make sure the ticket was safe. He had half a dozen comic books—a luxury he was not ordinarily allowed—and a chocolate bar; he had his suitcase and his cap, and he had seen personally to the packing of his first baseman's mitt. He had a dollar bill in the pocket of his pants, because his mother thought he should have some money in case—possibilities which had concretely occurred to her—of a train wreck (although his father had pointed out that in the case of a major disaster the victims were not expected to pay their own expenses, at least not before their families had been notified) or perhaps in the case of some vital expense to which his grandfather's income would not be adequate. His father had thought that Joe ought to have a little money by him in case he wanted to buy anything, and because a man ought not to travel unless he had money in his pocket. "Might pick up a girl on the train and want to buy her lunch," his father had said jovially and his mother, regarding her husband thoughtfully, had remarked, "Let's hope *Joseph* doesn't do things like that," and Joe and his father had winked at one another. So, regarding his comic books and his suitcase and his ticket and his chocolate bar, and feeling the imperceptible but emphatic presence of the dollar bill in his pocket, Joe leaned back against the soft seat, looked briefly out the window at the houses now moving steadily past, and said to himself, "This is the life, boy."

Before indulging in the several glories of comic books and chocolate bar he spent a moment or so watching the houses of his home town disappear beyond the train; ahead of him, at his grandfather's farm, lay a summer of cows and horses and probable wrestling matches in the grass; behind him lay school and its infinite irritations, and his mother and father. He wondered briefly if his mother were still looking after the train and telling him to write, and then largely he forgot her. With a sigh of pure pleasure he leaned back and selected a comic book, one which dealt with the completely realistic adventures of a powerful magician among hostile African tribes. This *is* the life, boy, he told himself again, and glanced again out the window to see a boy about his own age sitting on a fence watching the train go by. For a minute Joseph thought of waving down to the boy, but decided that it was beneath his dignity as a traveler; moreover, the boy on the fence was wearing a dirty sweatshirt which made Joe move uneasily under his stiff collar and suit jacket, and he thought longingly of the comfortable old shirt with the insignia "Brooklyn Dodgers" which was in his suitcase. Then, just as the traitorous idea of changing on the train occurred to him, and of arriving at his grandfather's not in his good suit became a possibility, all sensible thought was driven from his mind by a cruel and unnecessary blow. Someone sat down next to him, breathing heavily, and from the quick flash of perfume and the movement of cloth which could only be a dress rustling Joe realized with a strong sense of injustice that his paradise had been invaded by some woman.

"Is this seat taken?" she asked.

Joe refused to recognize her existence by turning his head to look at her, but he told her sullenly, "No, it's not." Not taken, he was thinking, what did she think *I* was sitting here for? Aren't there enough old seats in the train she could go and sit in without taking mine?



He seemed to lose himself in contemplation of the scenery beyond the train window, but secretly he was wishing direly that the woman would suddenly discover she had forgotten her suitcase or find out she had no ticket or remember that she had left the bathtub running at home—anything, to get her off the train at the first station, and out of Joe's way.

"You going far?"

Talking, too, Joe thought, she has to take my seat and then she goes and talks my ear off, darn old pest. "Yeah," he said. "Merrytown."

"What's your name?"

Joe, from long experience, could have answered all her questions in one sentence, he was so familiar with the series—I'm nine years old, he could have told her, and I'm in the fifth grade, and, no, I don't like school, and if you want to know what I learn in school it's nothing because I don't like school and I do like movies, and I'm going to my grandfather's house, and more than anything else I hate women who come and sit beside me and ask me silly questions and if my mother didn't keep after me all the time about my manners I would probably gather my things together and move to another seat and if you don't stop asking me—

"What's your name, little boy?"

Little boy, Joe told himself bitterly, on top of everything else, little boy.

"Joe," he said.

"How old are you?"

He lifted his eyes wearily and regarded the conductor entering the car; it was surely too much to hope that this female plague had forgotten her ticket, but could it be remotely possible that she was on the wrong train?

"Got your ticket, Joe?" the woman asked.

"Sure," said Joe. "Have you?"

She laughed and said—apparently addressing the conductor, since her voice was not at this moment the voice women use in addressing a little boy, but the voice which goes with speaking to conductors and taxi drivers and sales clerks, "I'm afraid I haven't got a ticket. I had no time to get one."

"Where you going?" said the conductor.

Would they put her off the train? For the first time, Joe turned and looked at her, eagerly and with hope. Would they possibly, hopefully, desperately, put her off the train? "I'm going to Merrytown," she said, and Joe's convictions about the generally weak-minded attitudes of the adult world were all confirmed; the conductor tore a slip from a pad he carried, punched a hole in it, and told the woman, "Two seventy-three." While she was searching her pocketbook for her money—if she knew she was going to have to buy a ticket, Joe thought disgustedly, whyn't she have her money ready?—the conductor took Joe's ticket and grinned at him. "Your boy got *his* ticket all right," he pointed out.

The woman smiled. "He got to the station ahead of me," she said.

The conductor gave her her change, and went on down the car. "That was funny,



when he thought you were my little boy," the woman said.

"Yeah," said Joe.

"What're you reading?"

Wearily, Joe put his comic book down.

"Comic," he said.

"Interesting?"

"Yeah," said Joe.

"Say, look at the policeman," the woman said.

Joe looked where she was pointing and saw—he would not have believed this, since he knew perfectly well that most women cannot tell the difference between a policeman and a mailman—that it was undeniably a policeman, and that he was regarding the occupants of the car very much as though there might be a murderer or an international jewel thief riding calmly along on the train. Then, after surveying the car for a moment, he came a few steps forward to the last seat, where Joe and the woman were sitting.

"Name?" he said sternly to the woman.

"Mrs. John Aldridge, officer," said the woman promptly. "And this is my little boy Joseph."

"Hi, Joe," said the policeman.

Joe, speechless, stared at the policeman and nodded dumbly.

"Where'd you get on?" the policeman asked the woman.

"Ashville," she said.

"See anything of a woman about your height and build, wearing a fur jacket, getting on the train at Ashville?"

"I don't think so," said the woman. "Why?"

"Wanted," said the policeman tersely.

"Keep your eyes open," he told Joe. "Might get a reward."

He passed on down the car, and stopped occasionally to speak to women who seemed to be alone. Then the door at the far end of the car closed behind him and Joe turned and took a deep look at the woman sitting beside him. "What'd you do?" he asked.

"Stole some money," said the woman, and grinned.

Joe grinned back. If he had been sorely pressed, he might in all his experience until now have been able to identify only his mother as a woman both pretty and lovable; in this case, however—and perhaps it was enhanced by a sort of outlaw glory—he found the woman sitting next to him much more attractive than he had before supposed. She looked nice, she had soft hair, she had a pleasant smile and not a lot of lipstick and stuff on, and her fur jacket was rich and soft against Joe's hand. Moreover, Joe knew absolutely when she grinned at him that there were not going to be any more questions about nonsense like people's ages and whether

they liked school, and he found himself grinning back at her in quite a friendly manner.

"They gonna catch you?" he asked.

"Sure," said the woman. "Pretty soon now. But it was worth it."

"Why?" Joe asked; crime, he well knew, did not pay.

"See," said the woman, "I wanted to spend about two weeks having a good time there in Ashville. I wanted this coat, see? And I wanted just to buy a lot of clothes and things."

"So?" said Joe.

"So I took the money from the old tightwad I worked for and I went off to Ashville and bought some clothes and went to a lot of movies and things and had a fine time."

"Sort of a vacation," Joe said.

"Sure," the woman said. "Knew all the time they'd catch me, of course. For one thing, I always knew I had to come home again. But it was worth it!"

"How much?" said Joe.

"Two thousand dollars," said the woman.

"Boy!" said Joe.

They settled back comfortably. Joe, without more than a moment's pause to think, offered the woman his comic book about the African head-hunters, and when the policeman came back through the car, eyeing them sharply, they were leaning back shoulder to shoulder, the woman apparently deep in African adventure, Joe engrossed in the adventures of a flying newspaper reporter who solved vicious gang murders.

"How is your book, Ma?" Joe said loudly as the policeman passed, and the woman laughed and said, "Fine, fine."

As the door closed behind the policeman the woman said softly, "You know, I like to see how long I can keep out of their way."

"Can't keep it up forever," Joe pointed out.

"No," said the woman, "but I'd like to go back by myself and just give them what's left of the money. I had my good time."

"Seems to me," Joe said, "that if it's the first time you did anything like this they probably wouldn't punish you so much."

"I'm not ever going to do it again," the woman said. "I mean, you sort of build up all your life for one real good time like this, and then you can take your punishment and not mind it so much."

"I don't know," Joe said reluctantly, various small sins of his own with regard to matches and his father's cigars and other people's lunch boxes crossing his mind; "seems to me that even if you do think *now* that you'll never do it again, sometimes—well, sometimes, you do it anyway." He thought. "I always *say* I'll never do it again, though."

"Well, if you do it again," the woman pointed out, "you get punished twice as bad the next time."

Joe grinned. "I took a dime out of my mother's pocketbook once," he said. "But I'll never do *that* again."

"Same thing I did," said the woman.

Joe shook his head. "If the policemen plan to spank you the way my father spanked me . . .," he said.

THEY were companionably silent for a while, and then the woman said, "Say, Joe, you hungry? Let's go into the dining car."

"I'm supposed to stay here," Joe said.

"But I can't go without you," the woman said. "They think I'm all right because the woman they want wouldn't be traveling with her little boy."

"Stop calling me your little boy," Joe said.

"Why?"

"Call me your son or something," Joe said. "No more little boy stuff."

"Right," said the woman. "Anyway, I'm sure your mother wouldn't mind if you went into the dining car with *me*."

"I bet," Joe said, but he got up and followed the woman out of the car and down through the next car; people glanced up at them as they passed and then away again, and Joe thought triumphantly that they would sure stare harder if they knew that this innocent-looking woman and her son were outsmarting the cops every step they took.

They found a table in the dining car, and sat down. The woman took up the menu and said, "What'll you have, Joe?"

Blissfully, Joe regarded the woman, the waiters moving quickly back and forth, the shining silverware, the white tablecloth and napkins. "Hard to say right off," he said.

"Hamburger?" said the woman. "Spaghetti? Or would you rather just have two or three desserts?"

Joe stared. "You mean, like, just blueberry pie with ice cream and a hot fudge sundae?" he asked. "Like that?"

"Sure," said the woman. "Might as well celebrate one last time."

"When I took that dime out of my mother's pocketbook," Joe told her, "I spent a nickel on gum and a nickel on candy."

"Tell me," said the woman, leaning forward earnestly, "the candy and gum—was it all right? I mean, the same as usual?"

Joe shook his head. "I was so afraid someone would see me," he said, "I ate all the candy in two mouthfuls standing on the street and I was scared to open the gum at all."

The woman nodded. "That's why I'm going back so soon, I guess," she said, and sighed.

"Well," said Joe practically, "might as well have blueberry pie first, anyway."

They ate their lunch peacefully, discussing baseball and television and what Joe wanted to be when he grew up; once the policeman passed through the car and nodded to them cheerfully, and the waiter opened his eyes wide and laughed when Joe decided to polish off his lunch with a piece of watermelon. When they had finished and the woman had paid the check, they found that they were due in Merrytown in fifteen minutes, and they hurried back to their seat to gather together Joe's comic books and suitcase.

"Thank you very much for the nice lunch," Joe said to the woman as they sat down again, and congratulated himself upon remembering to say it.

"Nothing at all," the woman said. "Aren't you my little boy?"

"Watch that little boy stuff," Joe said warningly, and she said, "I mean, aren't you my son?"

The porter who had been delegated to keep an eye on Joe opened the car door and put his head in. He smiled reassuringly at Joe and said, "Five minutes to your station, boy."

"Thanks," said Joe. He turned to the woman. "Maybe," he said urgently, "if you tell them you're *really* sorry—"

"Wouldn't do at all," said the woman. "I really had a fine time."

"I guess so," Joe said. "But you won't do it again."

"Well, I knew when I started I'd be punished sooner or later," the woman said.

"Yeah," Joe said. "Can't get out of it now."

The train pulled slowly to a stop and Joe leaned toward the window to see if his grandfather were waiting.

"We better not get off together," the woman said; "might worry your grandpa to see you with a stranger."

"Guess so," said Joe. He stood up, and took hold of his suitcase. "Good-by, then," he said reluctantly.

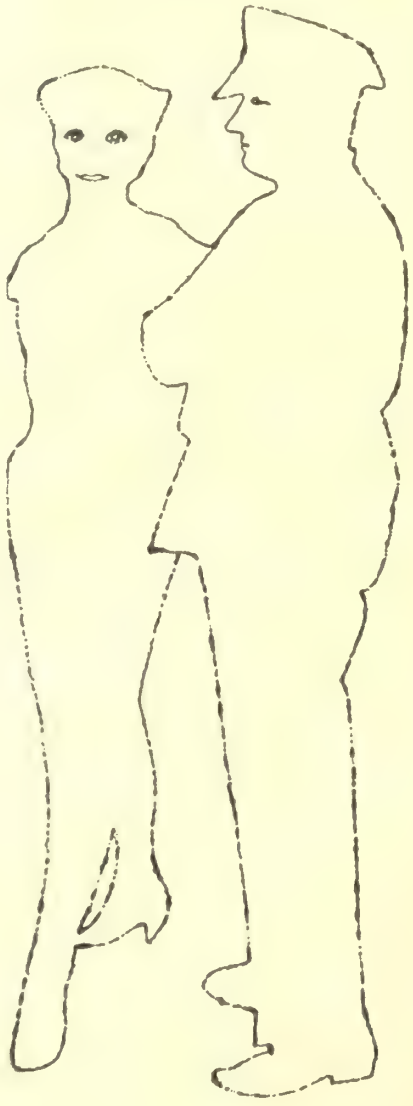
"Good-by, Joe," said the woman. "Thanks."

"RIGHT," said Joe, and as the train stopped he opened the door and went out onto the steps. The porter helped him to get down with his suitcase and Joe turned to see his grandfather coming down the platform.

"Hello, fellow," said his grandfather. "So you made it."

"Sure," said Joe. "No trick at all."

"Never thought you wouldn't," said his



grandfather. "Your mother wants you to—"

"Telephone as soon as I get here," Joe said. "I know."

"Come along, then," his grandfather said. "Grandma's waiting at home."

He led Joe to the parking lot and helped him and his suitcase into the car. As his grandfather got into the front seat beside him Joe turned and looked back at the train and saw the woman walking down the platform with the policeman holding her arm. Joe leaned out of the car and waved violently. "So long," he called.

"So long, Joe," the woman called back, waving.

"It's a shame the cops had to get her after all," Joe remarked to his grandfather.

His grandfather laughed. "You read too many comic books, fellow," he said. "Everyone with a policeman isn't being arrested—he's probably her brother or something."

"Yeah," said Joe.

"Have a good trip?" his grandfather asked. "Anything happen?"

Joe thought. "Saw a boy sitting on a fence," he said. "I didn't wave to him, though."

The Coming Class War—Old vs. *Young*

THE enormous growth in the number of old people in America, and their increasing demands for pensions, may lead us to expect a new sort of class war—between our older and younger citizens. This will manifest itself in several ways.

First, there will be heavy pension taxes that may eventually absorb more than a quarter of the income of both workers and employers. This new class war may proceed so far that we will see workers and employers, despite their natural respect for age, standing shoulder to shoulder against the hard-driven politicians who promise our senior citizens impossible pensions. Point out the fallacies of the arguments for pensions all you like, but remember that the basic change in the population pattern is new and the resulting mass movement has not yet matured. Townsendism —which looked so foolish in the nineteen-thirties—may be as important in the next fifty years as were the doctrines of Karl Marx in earlier years. Since 1900 the percentage of eligible voters over 49 years of age has jumped from 24 to over 35.

Second, the common bond between employer and worker will grow stronger; as it does, the influence of the labor leader will diminish and the old class struggle will gradually subside.

Third, the pensionnaires, even retired union men, will tend to oppose higher wages because they cannot profit from them. If you doubt this, just sit on the green benches of St. Petersburg, Florida, and talk with pensioned union men. Citizens retired from all walks of life will tend to be against any measure which tends to raise prices and reduce their buying power. They will strongly oppose inflation.

Our tremendously increased life expectancy at birth—from forty-seven years in 1900 to sixty-eight now—constitutes a major cultural and social revolution. I believe that this revolution is the basis for the "cradle-to-the-grave" movement, which would permit those close to the grave to fasten themselves on the backs of younger people, and ride piggy-back (or piggy-bank) to the grave.

—Frank G. Dickinson, economist and statistician of the American Medical Association, speaking (for himself and not necessarily for the AMA) before the Southern Conference on Gerontology. Condensed from *Problems of America's Aging Population,* University of Florida Press, 1951.

Radio and the Richards Case

Edmund Lawrence

ON NOVEMBER 28, 1951, the Federal Communications Commission ended the most revealing examination ever conducted in the use of American radio as a medium of personal propaganda. In a historic decision, the FCC renewed the licenses of three 50,000-watt stations belonging to the estate of the late G. A. Richards, and approved the transfer of control to Richards' widow, despite sworn testimony that Richards over a period of years misused his radio stations to further his personal political and economic beliefs.

The verdict officially closed the longest and most expensive series of investigations and hearings in radio history. Beginning in March of 1948, the case had dragged on for nearly four years. It put on record the most thoroughly documented picture of bias and misrepresentation in the handling of the news which has been seen in America in a long time.

The Commission's findings disappointed many because it failed to assess any penalties for the use of these three powerful radio stations by Richards to attack his racial, political, and personal antagonists, in flagrant disregard of the rulings of the FCC and the provisions of the licenses under which he operated. Probably the Commission could have taken no other action, however, for Richards died over a year ago, two weeks after the final reports were submitted by the FCC general counsel. Since the charges of news slanting were aimed at Richards as an individual, the commissioners held they could not penalize his heirs by refusing to renew the station licenses. But before transferring control to Mrs. Frances Richards, the Commission demanded, and got, assurances from her that her husband's broadcasting policies would not be perpetuated. And two of the commissioners, concurring with the majority decision, formally expressed their disapproval of the alleged news distortion and bias, and said they voted to renew the licenses only upon Mrs. Richards' outright repudiation of those policies.

Thus the FCC, probably with deep relief, avoided an outright decision on the real issue in the case. The Commission, of course, has neither the right nor the responsibility to censor specific radio programs. But it does have the responsibility for determining the fitness of a licensee to operate a radio station. And if Richards had lived, it would have been forced to rule on this fundamental question: can a radio broadcaster, using channels granted to him by the federal government as a virtual monopoly, use those facilities to broadcast false, misleading, and partisan programs with the intent to influence elections, inflame race prejudice, and destroy the reputations of individuals?

The record of the case goes back to early 1948, when the Radio News Club of Southern California filed a complaint with the Commission, alleging that over a period of years Richards had issued instructions to slant and distort the news in order to promote his

The author of this pseudonymous article is an experienced radio newsman who belongs to the Radio News Club of Southern California. He took no active part in the Richards case, but followed closely the proceedings he describes here.

private views. The complaint was aimed at KMPC in Los Angeles, but the Commission later broadened the investigation to include Richards' other stations, WGAR in Cleveland and WJR in Detroit.

Working conditions in the KMPC newsroom had long been a subject for gossip in Los Angeles radio. Strange stories were told about Richards' personal interference with his news staff. A succession of able newsmen had quit in disgust or had been discharged. What brought the situation into the open was the firing of Clete Roberts, a highly competent news broadcaster and commentator who had worked during and after the war for CBS and ABC, before he was appointed head of the KMPC newsroom in January 1947.

At the time, Roberts was president of the News Club, an organization of newscasters, commentators, writers, and news executives in and around Los Angeles. Organized two years previously, the club had jogged along without doing much in a constructive way, aside from drawing up a code of newscasting ethics which it sent to station and network executives with the pious hope that it would be heeded. It is not a labor organization, and includes individuals of all shades of political and economic thinking.

Club members listened to Roberts' story of his experiences at KMPC with interest and even some skepticism. Up to that time the KMPC staff had kept fairly mum about conditions there, but now Roberts and two other newsmen discharged with him not only talked, they presented written evidence, some of it in Richards' handwriting. The club was convinced, and remembering its recently adopted code of ethics, interviewed other former KMPC employees, prepared a formal complaint, complete with documents and affidavits, and sent it to the FCC.

Most of the members were surprised, and many of them somewhat appalled, at what they had got themselves into. Newsmen as a class, being observers and reporters of what other people do, are unaccustomed to direct action themselves. When the FCC authorized an immediate investigation, and sent representatives to Los Angeles to collect documentary and oral testimony, members felt like pointing to themselves and saying in amazement: "Did *we* do this?"

Truly they had opened Pandora's box, for the investigators collected evidence indicating such obvious violations of radio regulations and ethics that the Commission in August of 1948 furnished Richards with a copy of the complaint and asked for a sworn statement from him in reply.

This inaugurated a long series of interchanges, charges, countercharges, and generally evasive legal action. At first, Richards denied that the complaint was based on fact, but after the Commission ordered public hearings before an FCC examiner, he filed a petition asking for a hearing *"en banc."* Significantly, he admitted "wrongdoing" in connection with the allegations made by the News Club. Soon after, Richards' attorneys filed affidavits holding that their client's health was too precarious to permit his appearance and examination at a formal hearing. They also requested a delay on the ground that Richards was preparing to transfer control of the three stations to a group of trustees. The Commission then postponed the hearings to await developments.

During the dickering over the transfer, which by the way never took place, the licenses of all three Richards stations expired. The Commission then set the date for a public hearing in Los Angeles on Richards' application for license renewals. Finally, in March of 1950, the hearings began with Examiner J. Fred Johnson presiding; but during an adjournment, after the general counsel had completed his case against Richards, Johnson died. The defense demanded, and got, permission to start the entire proceedings over again. James D. Cunningham was designated as the examiner to succeed Johnson, and the case resumed on June 14. It continued through December 21, 1950, piling up a total of 113 hearing days.

When the hearings ended, approximately 280 witnesses had been heard, the transcript comprised 18,265 pages, and more than 1,200 exhibits had been introduced. The record is contained in a 340-page document entitled "Proposed Findings of Fact and Conclusions of Law of the General Counsel of the Federal Communications Commission," submitted by Benedict Cottone, general counsel, and Frederick W. Ford and Thomas H. Donahue, counsel. It summarizes the lengthy sworn statements of scores of newsmen and other

employees of Richards' three stations. The quotations, direct and indirect, cited below are taken from this report.

II

THAT Richards recognized the danger, and the political implications, of violating the ethics and the regulations of the radio industry, is indicated in a policy statement he once wrote to one of his station managers. In this he said frankly: "The CIO blitz is as serious as is the whole New Deal setup. They must be licked or we are washed up. . . . Let's pour it on. Haven't had a chance for twelve years. The FCC can't ruin us with Dewey in."

Some of his memoranda to his station managers and newscasters showed a frank disregard of radio's responsibility for impartiality in political campaigns. In a letter to the treasurer of WJR, he indicated a willingness to fire his station managers if they refused to go along with him despite FCC regulations. In another note, addressed to Leo Fitzpatrick, manager of WJR, Richards spoke of getting CBS commentators to join his campaign to push industry's side of certain controversial questions. He went on to say: "Paley [William Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System] will say that's not in radio's province, but he's wrong. . . . He could do this unbeknown to anyone."

In October 1944, Richards wrote Fitzpatrick: ". . . all of our efforts and news from now until election should be in a confident vein and pointing out that Democrats and all other voters are turning to Dewey and Bricker every day." In 1947, Richards wrote to Clete Roberts: "We should learn to beat the New Dealers with their attacks on business and other issues. We can expect this and that in the next few months. Beat them to the punch. Accuse them of everything under the sun."

To those who believe that a democracy cannot exist without a flow of honest, accurate information on public affairs, the revelations were disturbing. For under private ownership and public license, these three powerful radio stations practiced the very sort of propaganda techniques that have been developed by totalitarian governments. Richards applied these techniques by direct pressure upon his news staffs. Hardly a day passed without his calling one or more of his stations with specific instructions on how stories were to be handled; newsmen who did not obey were forced to resign or were discharged.

It is a tribute to the news profession that in scores of instances newsmen ignored his directives, or toned them down, even though they risked their livelihood by standing up for some measure of integrity in broadcasting the news. Clete Roberts was fired because he reported, after a personal visit to General MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo, that the General evidenced a definite tremor in his hands, which Roberts interpreted as a sign of age. Richards had ordered no unfavorable mention of the general. Ted Grace said he was forced to resign from WJR because he commented on the courage of Mrs. Truman, the president's ninety-four-year-old mother, in rising from her sickbed after a near-fatal illness. Duncan Moore, who broadcast a farm program over WJR, was discharged for including information on the activities of federal agricultural agencies, which Richards thought might create a favorable reaction to the Administration.

RICHARDS missed few bets in forcing the stations to reflect his personal beliefs. His pet hates included the New Deal, Democrats, labor, Jews, Negroes, and scores of assorted individuals. If the wire services carried news favorable to the objects of his dislike, he ordered these stories played down or eliminated. If unfavorable stories were carried, these were given generous play.

Sometimes he carried his antagonisms to amazing lengths. When Richards heard a KMPC broadcast mention that Harry Hopkins had died, he called the newsroom to order that future broadcasts ignore the story. He instructed his newscasters to cut down the wordage in stories concerning President Truman, unless they were critical. Unfavorable stories were to be carried in full, and repeated as often as possible. Clarence Dykstra, the respected provost of the University of California at Los Angeles, was another target. On one occasion, Richards instructed the KMPC news staff to "get this man Dykstra who has our fine young American girls sleeping with Jews and Negroes on the campus at UCLA."

For a time after President Roosevelt died, Richards banned the Roosevelt name from

any newscast, unless the story was unfavorable. He told newscaster Arch Hall, referring to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, to "give her hell." Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas, the former congresswoman from Los Angeles, was to be smeared because she was "married to a Jew." Richards told George Lewin, one of those fired with Roberts, to "always give David Lilienthal hell. He is a Jew and a Communist."

Richards was equally careful to protect his friends. When a plane of the Eastern Air Lines, which is headed by Eddie Rickenbacker, whom Richards happened to like, crashed with heavy loss of life, he ordered the name of the air line left out of all stories about the accident. Testimony was given that stories reflecting on Gerald L. K. Smith and the Ku Klux Klan were not to be broadcast. A tape recording which contained an adverse reference to J. Parnell Thomas, the former chairman of the Un-American Affairs Committee, who went to jail for accepting kickbacks, was edited on Richards' orders to eliminate unfavorable facts.

Another tactic employed by Richards was to order his newscasters to clip columns, news stories, and editorials from newspapers and read them on the air without identifying their origin. Former KMPC employees testified that it was common for Richards to order the use of columns by Westbrook Pegler, and editorials from Hearst's Los Angeles *Examiner,* as if they were straight news. A special box was kept in the KMPC newsroom for Pegler columns.

News stories, too, unfavorable to the Administration or to labor, were used under his direction even though they had not appeared on the wire services and their timeliness or news value by no means warranted broadcast.

One of Richards' more subtle practices was to put unrelated items next to each other in a broadcast to give a false impression without making an outright misstatement. News writers and newscasters told of his instructions to "tie it in" or "tie it together," meaning to link stories together by implication. Frequently he ordered such unnatural alliances between stories concerning the Administration and stories of Communistic activities. He also ordered the same association of stories dealing with the new state of Israel and communism. (He once stated that all Jews are Communists and most Communists are Jews.)

The general counsel's final report cited one specific instance of this tactic in the script of a Sunday newscast on November 23, 1947. "In this newscast," the report says, "deliberate linkage of Jews with criminal activities and communism was accomplished by the juxtaposition of three separate news items dealing with these subject matters, and by deliberate and pointed identification as Jews of the individuals involved in the criminal activities, all for the purpose of creating in the minds of listeners an unfavorable impression of Jews from the fact that the three items involved Jews in Los Angeles, Washington, and Palestine, all of whom were involved in criminal, alleged criminal, or otherwise nefarious activities, including, in the case of the Palestine Jews mentioned, Communistic activities. Emphasis of these stories designed to discredit Jews was ordered by Mr. Richards by having each newscaster pass these items on to the next newscaster for repetition in each newscast of the day."

Derogatory words were also part of the Richards arsenal. He ordered the use of particular descriptive phrases in referring to President Truman during the campaign of 1948. "Pip-squeak" was his favorite. He also urged his newscasters to editorialize in their broadcasts by the use of voice inflections, and instructed them to listen to Fulton Lewis, Jr., to learn how to convey a meaning without using words which would risk a libel suit.

Richards frequently ignored news values and timeliness in order to overplay certain stories of his choice. On one occasion, he telephoned the KMPC newscaster on duty, shortly before air time, and told him to include in his coming program specific stories clipped from a Los Angeles newspaper, all derogatory to the Administration. The newscaster protested that this would consume the entire fifteen minutes allotted to the show. Richards told him to use them anyway, and this was done. Richards also demanded frequent repetition of the same story, when it was one which pleased him. A regular procedure was set up in the KMPC newsroom for handing on these policy stories from newscast to newscast, to be read without change. Many

of these were produced in evidence, marked "a must on every newscast" and initialed "G.A.R."

In 1946, when Mrs. Roosevelt was involved in an automobile accident, Richards suggested to Robert Horn, of KMPC, that he make it appear that Mrs. Roosevelt was drunk at the time of the crash. Horn rebelled and said there was no way to do that, and Richards for once yielded. Maurie Starrels, one of those discharged from KMPC, testified that Richards once asked a staff meeting how rumors could be started which would help the Republicans win the coming election. Larry Thor, who soon afterward quit the station in disgust, recalled that at another staff session, Richards told newsmen to report that Mrs. Roosevelt and Henry Wallace would run on the same ticket. Richards was quoted as adding that the station could later deny it.

Richards' attorneys, however, brought out that there were few instances in which the newscasts included actual false material. A number of witnesses pointed out that the news was falsified by overemphasis of certain items, elimination of others, unnatural connection of unrelated stories, and outright distortion, but that the stories themselves could not be designated as untrue. Starrels stated that news broadcasts at KMPC were false in the sense that they were distorted and gave an untrue impression of many subjects, and were slanted for that purpose. Arch Hall said that using Pegler's columns on straight newscasts was in his opinion deceitful, since the source of the material was not announced. Charles Teas, John Dehner, and other witnesses took the same attitude, that while the slanted material could not be called flatly untruthful it was, at the best, misleading. As an example, Teas said that Richards instructed him personally, after the OPA was abolished, to show that the general trend of prices was down, even while they actually were going up. The method used was to pick out isolated, insignificant reports of specific items, and to ignore the national trend.

How did the newsmen themselves feel about the pressure to distort the news? Most of them resented it bitterly. Many of them refused to obey orders and were fired, or resigned. Perhaps the best expression of their attitude came from David Anderson, a veteran NBC overseas correspondent, who worked for a few months at KMPC as a news writer and newscaster. Questioned on the stand, Anderson said:

"Well, I have worked in newsrooms in many parts of the world, in Sweden, in Germany, in Italy, in London, in Belgium, in Holland, and I have worked under both political and military censorship. I have never in all my radio experience encountered an atmosphere as depressing, as morally depressing, as professionally depressing, as was the newsroom at KMPC.

"In Italy, we had both military and political censorship. We knew what we could and what we couldn't carry. We always, as American correspondents trying to do an effective job, overstepped our so-called limitations. In Berlin we had both political and military censorship, and the boys were at least given an opportunity to argue their case with the censors.

"In the KMPC newsroom there was little, if any, opportunity to argue your case. It was a take it or leave it basis, and the influence on the individuals concerned was, I believe, in direct proportion to their financial standing. . . . I was not, I decided, going to be influenced or impressed by the directives coming down from Mr. Richards, inasmuch as I, a newsman with a certain professional responsibility, certainly would not lend my name to an attempt to corrupt what I considered to be straight newscasting. . . . I repeat that I have never in ten years of experience as a foreign and domestic news correspondent, encountered the depression, the moral depression, which I felt at KMPC."

III

In the light of the evidence, what was the responsibility of the FCC? Contrary to the contention of Richards' attorneys, there was, and could be, no purpose to judge Richards by his personal beliefs and opinions. In one of the early exchanges on the case, the Commission covered that point in these words:

"Petitioner's argument that we should delete the hearing issues concerning past operation centers largely on contentions with respect to censorship and freedom of speech; but in our opinion the lengthy argument

along these lines is not in point. It seems clear that the question presented by the petition is not one of Richards' private views and his right to express them, but rather whether Richards, whatever his own views and his right to express them, has and will adequately discharge the responsibility of a licensee."

The nature of that responsibility is on record in many previous findings and reports. Some time ago the Commission put it this way:

"The basis for any fair consideration of public issues, and particularly those of controversial nature, is the presentation of news and information concerning the basic facts of the controversy in as complete and impartial a manner as possible. A licensee would be abusing his position as public trustee of these important means of mass communication were he to withhold from expression over his facilities relevant news or facts concerning a controversy, or to slant or distort the presentation of such news. No discussion of the issues involved in any controversy can be fair or in the public interest where such discussion must take place in a climate of false or misleading information concerning the basic facts of the controversy."

One commissioner added: "Thus, it is clearly within the scope of the Commission's authority to refuse to grant a renewal of license to one whose operation is extensively conducted in his personal interest rather than the public interest. . . . I do believe that the Commission has the power to require segregation of objective news from comment and editorialization by commentators and licensees. If fairness to the public is to be the test, then certainly the public is entitled to know what is news and what is opinion from both licensees and commentators."

Thus the Commission is clearly on record as frowning strongly on the kind of activities Richards indulged in. As General Counsel Cottone put it, he had violated a cardinal principle of the public interest: "That it is the right of the public to receive, by radio, all shades of opinion, as well as undistorted facts of the issue of the day."

On that ground, Cottone recommended that Richards' three licenses should not be renewed.

If Richards had lived, the Commission would have been in a tough spot. For the very fact that the direction of Richards' bias was against—among other things—the Administration of which the FCC was a part would have invited attack; the temptation to charge that the Administration was muzzling its critics would have been much too strong for many politicians and commentators to resist. The members of the Commission must from time to time have wished that the most flagrant case of news distortion to come before them had involved pro-Administration slanting. Richards' death released them from their predicament; under such circumstances, with the future operation of the stations in other hands, they could reasonably decide that the man's heirs should not be penalized for his acts.

Yet it is a pity that the issue thus dissolved. For if the airways which belong to the people are not to be cynically misused for the twisting of the information to which the people are entitled, the power of the government to discipline offenders must be secure. It will always be difficult to draw a precise legal line between the sort of legitimate comment which the First Amendment should guarantee, and the sort of distortion which constitutes misuse of a public convenience; and it will be virtually impossible to draw this line so that a decision will not be subject to political attack. Yet the line exists, however blurred it may be. Newsmen trained in the high traditions of responsible newscasting respect it. And it must be policed against those who do not respect it, whatever their bias may be. A clear decision by the FCC that acts such as Richards' were not permissible would have been a salutary guide for the radio industry.

How to Prevent Floods

The Lesson of the Muskingum Watershed

Lee Templeton

Nineteen fifty-two has seen the worst Missouri River flood in anybody's memory, coming within a year of last summer's spectacular and costly inundation of large parts of Kansas City. It has seen an Ohio River flood which drove thousands of people from their homes, and severe damage and heavy loss of life following winter rains in California. Despite dams and levees and floodwalls and dikes, despite a generation of supposed progress in the mastery of water runoff, despite the evidence of the Tennessee Valley that rivers can be kept within bounds, the old pattern of destruction has been repeating itself—*and on a magnified scale.* It is about time we paid attention to plain lessons spread before our eyes these many years, such as the lesson offered by the Muskingum Conservancy District in Ohio.

This is not really a new story. And some of the things that have been done in the Muskingum District have been done successfully in other places too. But it is a story worth summarizing right now in its entirety, because for a generation, the people of this District have been giving the soundest demonstration of successful land and water management this continent has ever seen.

Twenty-five years ago much of the Muskingum watershed was the sort of place the Department of Agriculture thinks of when it wants to send out a photographer to show how tough things can get. In many of the counties in this, the largest river system within Ohio, half the tillable land had eroded into uselessness. Floods in the spring and droughts in the summer made farming the rest precarious. Industry was leaving for healthier, happier regions. One fifth of the state of Ohio—an area as large as Massachusetts—was choking to death in silt stripped from its own hillsides.

Today floods have been banished—and droughts too, for that matter, which is at least equally important. Farms and forests are prospering; more industry than ever is moving back; tourists bring millions of dollars to the small towns. And when there are floods on the Ohio River, and the Mississippi, the Muskingum River system does *not* contribute to their ferocity.

How was it done? Not by building a big dam downstream to cope with floods already formidable, but by adopting a method which many other communities have now been finding much more effective: building a network of many small headwater dams to catch the accumulating waters far upstream. In the Muskingum District there are fourteen separate dams. The whole project has been accomplished without direct cost to the taxpayer. Money advanced by the state and federal governments is earning itself back in flood-control savings and related benefits. And today the Conservancy District—that's what they call the organization that runs the enterprise—is entirely under the control of the people who live there and brought it into being.

The question of who gets the blame when a river goes on a destructive rampage is complex and often futile. More constructive, Mr. Templeton implies here, is to give credit where it is due when a flood-control project is a huge success.

This achievement can be traced back largely to the energy of one remarkable man, and the provisions of one remarkable law. The man is Bryce Browning. In 1927 he was secretary of the Zanesville Chamber of Commerce, Zanesville being the metropolis of the Lower Muskingum. That winter he embarked on a five-year campaign to arouse and unite the people throughout the 8,000-square-mile Muskingum Basin. He succeeded—with the aid of the remarkable law.

After the flood of 1913, the worst catastrophe Ohio had ever had to endure, the General Assembly passed what is today known as the Conservancy Act. Recognizing that floods are not local things, and that they do not conform to political boundaries, it provided for a new instrument of government, the Conservancy District. This would be a public corporation organized along natural geographic lines, and including all of a given drainage area. It was empowered to construct and maintain works for the control of floods and conservation of land and water. It was to be governed by a Conservancy Court, composed of the Common Pleas judges of participating counties. The Court, in turn, was expected to delegate much authority to an appointed board of private citizens.

The rich, populous Miami Valley organized a Conservancy District with somewhat limited aims shortly after the enabling act was passed. But otherwise it lay forgotten until Browning and his supporters, in 1933, found in the act the tool they needed to save the Muskingum Basin.

"We felt from the beginning that what we did must make economic sense," explains Browning, who is now the Conservancy District's secretary-treasurer. "That is, it must be able to justify what was spent on it—provide a reasonable return on the investment.

"Our first job was to stop floods. That is worth money because it saves money, and there are methods of calculating just how much. We applied those methods, under the powers of the Conservancy Act, and levied an assessment against 7,500 property owners in the watershed who stood to benefit directly. That came to some $12,000,000, payable in installments every six months. We collected the first installment, about $46,000, and that was what got us started." (It is worth noting that the District has never collected another payment; the Board always waives them, on the grounds that current income is enough to operate on.)

But the people who live in a river basin aren't the only ones to benefit when a river is tamed. Thousands of other taxpayers have a direct, if lesser, stake in the achievement. The State of Ohio, for instance, agreed that it was worth $6,500,000 to be free from the damage to roads and bridges which another 1913 flood would cause.

And the same reasoning applied when the District decided to ask for federal help. "If we stopped floods on the Muskingum," says Browning, "it would save money then being spent for flood control on the Ohio and, to a small extent, on the Mississippi. We asked for the money we would save over the years, it was calculated, and we got it."

There was another reason for federal interest in the Muskingum project. It was an experiment which might pay economic dividends of another sort entirely.

The surveys which Watershed people had supported during their five years of organization had indicated clearly that conventional ideas about flood control would have to be thrown out the window to give the area the protection it needed. The standard practice, twenty years ago, was to build one big dam, impounding one large lake, on the biggest stream in the watershed. This, in fact, is what the Army Engineers originally proposed to do on the Muskingum. But this scheme had two serious disadvantages.

It failed to give protection far up on the headwaters; a dam protects only the areas below it. The more water you can catch farther up, the more protection you will provide. And besides, a dam on the main channel of the Muskingum would have created a pool some fourteen miles long, flooding out much of the most valuable land remaining in the watershed. It would have completed the job of nailing a Sheriff's Sale sign on the whole region.

Five years of planning had convinced the watershed leaders that what they needed was a series of small dams on the headwater streams. They felt that as long as the water was called Wills Creek, Standingstone Fork, or Indian Trail Creek they could control it and use it. But when it became the Tusca-



Streams, Dams, and Reservoirs in the Muskingum Watershed

rawas, the Walhonding, or the Muskingum, control became progressively more difficult. When it became the Ohio, control was impossible. Kind fate was all you could hope for then.

And here was where the extra economic dividend came in. Those headwater dams would be built in narrow, winding valleys of little commercial or agricultural value. Fourteen such dam sites were selected. Further study showed that, on ten of them, the expenditure of a little extra money would raise the contemplated earthen dams high enough so that they could impound permanent pools, and still have enough storage capacity for effective flood-control use. Those pools interested the National Park Service no end. For the Service had learned that growing communities seldom have the foresight to set aside land for future recreational purposes until it is too late, and the land can be acquired only at ruinous expense. Here was a chance to show how land acquired for the sake of flood control could also serve as a future playground for millions of people.

"The pools turned out to be long, twisting lakes back through the hills," Browning reminds you. "In time, we were going to put those hills in woods, and they would be beautiful. We would have a whole chain of lakes from central Ohio through southeastern Ohio. The Park Service people thought they could put a price tag on the recreational value the lakes would provide, and said it was worth $807,000 a year."

The upshot was that the District received an initial federal grant of $22,000,000 on the basis of savings and services of national interest it would provide. Additional grants were made later; the total cost of fourteen dams and 65,000 acres of land came to $47,000,000. By way of comparison, according to one estimate a single large reservoir on the Muskingum would have cost almost twice as much: $80,000,000.

II

THE District promised a lot to the people of the Muskingum Watershed. Now look at this box score of what it has delivered:

(1) By preventing floods in the Muskingum watershed, it has brought benefits estimated

by the Army Engineers at $17,000,000: the figure increases every spring.

(2) It operates entirely on its own income, has received no tax revenue since 1939, and in addition pays taxes on the 65,000 acres of land it owns.

(3) In line with a policy laid down years ago, it does not duplicate the work of any other governmental body, a practice which adds greatly to its own economy of operation. It has co-operated with some twenty agencies ranging from the Corps of Engineers to the Ohio Division of Wildlife without losing sight of its objectives or surrendering its identity.

(4) More than 2,500,000 people a year visit the recreation area it has created, to camp, fish, sail, hunt in season, or swim. They come regularly for the weekend or for vacations from Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and Cincinnati; parties have come from as far as Ontario. The above estimate is deliberately conservative; it can't hope to include all of the Sunday throngs who arrive unrecorded by a lakeside to fry a hamburger, fish from the bank, or sun-bathe. There is plenty of room both for those who like company and those who prefer solitude: one fourteen-mile lake, Clendening, is wholly surrounded by woods; it will be forever forest, and, except for a road to a boat dock, accessible only by water. Spontaneous colonies of beaver at Atwood and otter at Leesville have been reported. The visitors not only enjoy themselves; they spend money, to the benefit of the District's people. Farm land which once went begging at $35 an acre now sells for $800 the forty-foot lot, if it's near a Conservancy lake. Little hill towns, five miles from the nearest paved road, but close to a lake, now show freshly painted houses, and the easy sparkle of ready coin is everywhere.

(5) The value of new industrial construction, attracted by freedom from floods and the assurance of a steady water supply, is already nearly twice the cost of the whole Muskingum project. The hill counties can put the tax money to excellent use.

(6) The District itself controls 20,000 acres of farm land. Farm Manager Harry Curtis manages it so that he makes money where many have slowly starved. As a result, his modern, conservation-conscious methods are widely watched and imitated. Furthermore, one of the lessons the project has been driving home is that the best crop many a farmer can grow is trees. The District itself now includes 18,000 acres of woodland, and adds nearly a thousand acres of new planting a year, and the whole tract serves as a laboratory on the economics of lumbering. Every time Forester Herb Garritt finds a better planting technique or a way to cut hauling costs or improve his mill operations, he is speeding the day when the economy of this one-fifth of the state of Ohio will be at peace with itself and the countryside.

That is the day that will mark the final success of the Muskingum Conservancy District, for that was its chief, and most difficult, goal in the beginning. "Sometimes we talk about preventing floods," says Browning. "Sometimes we talk about drought, and sometimes about erosion. But they're all really the same thing. They're uncontrolled water runoff. That's what we have to stop. We will stop it when we've learned to use the land in the best possible way."

In the language of the conservationists the Muskingum is a "smaller watershed." There are some two hundred of these in the country, and most of them need help. They are not going to get it if they wait for action from Washington or for some big interstate authority to be set up to include them in a plan embracing a quarter of the continent. Flood-control appropriations go into bigger valleys where the floods win bigger headlines. Some of these local watersheds may be too small, too remote, or too thinly populated to provide the economic potential which is basic to all Conservancy District planning; but J. S. Gena, the District's engineer for twenty years, estimates that three-quarters of them can use the Muskingum's formula of combining national resources with local control.

Here is a job to be done which should appeal to that local pride and resourcefulness which flourishes in American communities. They have a chance to help themselves, on their own terms. And what is more, when they do this they will be helping others too, by the millions. For here is the fact we must not lose sight of: *Big floods begin in little rivers.*

After Hours

"Of Thee I Sing" I Sing

Lois Moran never knew it, but she did me a great favor once a long while ago when she was the leading lady in the original cast of "Of Thee I Sing." She and a friend of mine (she was a friend of *his*) and I went tea-dancing at the Biltmore in New York and as I was whirling her around (my heart in my mouth) I spied another girl I knew, a girl to whom I felt pretty attached at that moment, but who didn't seem to be very attached to me. In those days everybody knew who Lois Moran was, and being seen with her in public was something of a sensation. Anyway some of Miss Moran's glamor rubbed off on me and my stock went up considerably with the girl I was attached to. It didn't last.

But I got to see the original production of "Of Thee I Sing" through the back door, or I should say the stage door, and I have never quite got over it. The minute it came to New York again in May I was on hand and very nervous lest I not think it what I had once thought it.

I needn't have worried. I thought it was wonderful all over again, not as wonderful, to be sure, but I had a very good time. In retrospect it had grown in my mind into something much more elaborate than it turned out to be.

The opening scene, which was, and is, a torch-light parade, had scores more paraders in it in my memory than could have been got on any stage. But the "Wintergreen for President" song is as stirring as it ever was and the electioneering signs are far funnier than I had remembered them. In fact a number of things are funnier than I could have believed they could be after twenty-one years, notably the scene in which the Vice President is one of a crowd of sight-seers being shown through the White House.

And some things are not as funny, notably the Vice President himself. In the original cast, as anyone who saw it will never forget, the V-P was played by Victor Moore, a great man and the high priest of the art of the frustrated gesture. Paul Hartman, this year's Veep, is also a funny man, and he quite sensibly does not attempt to do a Victor Moore. Though his performance occasionally hits pretty high peaks of hilarity, my choice for his spot would have been Jimmy Savo. Probably somebody thought of that. I have always considered it rather unfair to draw comparisons of this sort, and I hope that Mr. Hartman will not take it in bad part. I am, I realize, not attempting to evaluate Mr. Hartman's performance at all. I am putting him at the distinct disadvantage of pitting him against my own nostalgia. No fair.

But what else can one do? Nothing is more subjective than nostalgia, and my reaction to "Of Thee I Sing" is scarcely objective for that reason. I resented various attempts to try to bring in by the heels topical references to current politics. No matter how hard you stretch a twenty-one-year-old political satire you can't make it fit the entirely different temper of politics today. The mink-coat joke has been done to death for example. But the remarkable thing about the show is that while politics change, the American attitude toward them changes very little. It would have been better, it seems to me, to have skipped the artificiality of the topical jokes, and let the basic satire stand.

This, however, is a mild complaint. Gershwin's score, which has a bounce one infrequently encounters in these more refined days of the musical comedy, is as fresh as ever. There is a delicious absence of the pseudo-artistical ballet that tries to heighten our cultural level in most musicals these days. The costumes by Irene Sharaff are as pretty and nonsensical and the plot is as silly and rambunctious as you could ask.

For me it was 90-proof Fountain of Youth. I drank it straight.*

Dare

I NOTICED in the travel section of the Sunday paper the other day that Dare County, North Carolina, is making a big bid for the "vacation trade" this summer. I hope they get it, but I'm also glad my wife and I went in April. Dare was pretty isolated then, and I think we got a feel for the region that we might have missed if there'd been a full complement of other outlanders around.

Dare (named, of course, for Virginia Dare, who was born on Roanoke Island in 1587) is about the size of Rhode Island, but a good proportion of it is either sand or water. You can catch almost any kind of fresh- or salt-water fish you can name in Dare if you proceed from the lakes in the north to the ocean front in the south where the Gulf Stream is only twelve miles offshore; and you can shoot practically anything from bears to Canadian geese if you pick the right season.

Roughly the county divides into three sections. First there's a long, narrow spit of land, broken once by Oregon Inlet, running down almost 100 miles between a series of sounds on one side and the Atlantic Ocean on the other—from Duck Village (a fishing settlement of 75 souls which is reached only by driving five miles over a single sand track through a thick and apparently untouched dogwood forest) to Hatteras Village, population 700, currently reached by land only by driving (preferably in a jeep) over some pretty primitive roads and, eventually, several miles of unmarked beach; then an irregular chunk of mainland reaching out into Albemarle, Croatan, and Pamlico Sounds, where the largest community is Stumpy Point, a shrimp and commercial fish center with close to 400 inhabitants; and finally Collington and Roanoke Islands. And that's it. Manteo, the county seat, is on Roanoke Island and has the only jail, courthouse, bank, and newspaper in Dare; also a movie house, a pool room, the telegraph office that wired the first news of the Wright brothers' flight at Kitty Hawk on the spit, and not quite 1,500 people.

Water and sand are the two main transportation problems. The first has been magnificently met by some of the longest bridges I have ever seen, connecting islands to mainland and spanning sounds and inlets. The bridge across Currituck Sound, I am told, is actually only three miles long, but when we first drove across it, at night and unwarned, I would have sworn it was easily four times that and for one disturbing minute even suffered from the unhappy conviction that I had somehow taken a wrong turn and was driving across the Atlantic.

The sand hazard is being attacked by a number of new, hard-surfaced highways, including one to Hatteras now almost finished; and the Sahara-like dune of Kill Devil Hills, where the Wrights took off, has been kept from blowing out of shape or changing its position, as many of its neighbors have, by a determined and extensive shrub- and grass-planting job. It stands out, green and firm with a singularly graceless monument perched on top, in the midst of what seems to be a shifting desert. But just beyond, as if a line had been drawn, the country changes: sand and stunted trees give way to swamps, streams, and almost tropically lush vegetation. Kitty Hawk Village, only a few miles from Kill Devil Hills, is a thriving farm community where every house has its own flower and vegetable gardens.

Most of the families in Dare have been there for several hundred years, and most of their present-day representatives still speak a flat, faintly Cockney-sounding Elizabethan English that contrasts strangely with their highly technical information about how to

---

* As this column goes to press a highly unconfirmed rumor says that "Of Thee I Sing" may be a casualty by the time this appears. This fact, if it should unhappily be a fact, does not alter my enthusiasm. It merely makes me sorry that so many who would have enjoyed the revival did not have the chance that I had.

handle a car that is stuck in a sand drift. Almost all the men, except those who work for the Coast Guard, fish for a living; and almost all the women, who do virtually all of the work except fishing, wear home-made, old-fashioned sunbonnets when they spade up their gardens.

On the Atlantic coast side, the population grew mainly from shipwrecks. The region quaintly boasts of itself as "the graveyard of the Atlantic," and you can't walk far on the beach in any direction without passing the remains of a wreck, some of them years old, sticking through the waves. Treacherous offshore shoals accounted for most of these, amply helped along, according to persistent rumor, by the seaside inhabitants who early adopted the ingratiating custom of tethering horses with lanterns tied around their necks along the shore at night. As the horses grazed, the lanterns bobbed and gave ships at sea the comforting illusion of small boats in safe harbor. The ships headed in the same direction, the shoals did the rest, and the people on the shore rushed out to make off with what they could. They also brought to land the survivors who, having nowhere else to go, remained—and doubtless bought their own horses and lanterns as soon as possible. It was from this now-obsolete practice, I was repeatedly told, that the present summer resort of Nags Head got its name.

Nags Head has done well with the "vacation trade" for some years now. So has Roanoke Island where Paul Green's historic pageant, "The Lost Colony," is presented *in situ* every July and August in an outdoor amphitheater built in Fort Raleigh National Park. But when we were there, Nags Head was down to its permanent population of 100; there was nobody but a bored caretaker and three workmen, taking down the log chapel which had rotted over the winter, at Fort Raleigh; and the newest and most modern hotel in the area, the Sea Ranch at Kitty Hawk, was empty except for ourselves and the owners, an agreeable couple from Virginia named Sykes, who had just arrived to get the place in shape for a new season.

As a matter of fact, we went to Kitty Hawk primarily because friends of ours had recommended the Sea Ranch so highly, and we'd both back up their endorsement now. Set on the dunes directly above a breath-taking sweep of beach, with a string of porpoises that passes by every morning, it's as attractive an example of a California cabana as you could find, built only one suite wide so that each bedroom-study faces on the ocean, and entirely finished in juniper wood, which gives the rooms the pleasant, clean smell of clothes that have hung in a cedar closet. I'm sure that "in season" it's a gay and social place. In April it was a splendid vantage point to pick up local items as various county representatives dropped in from Manteo to check on the Sykes' plans and to fill them in on what had been happening. From them we absorbed some of Dare's mixed feelings about tourists. The people want the money and prestige that visitors will bring them. At the same time they're reluctant to see the price of ocean-front lots skyrocketing. And they aren't at all sure that what's going to happen to Hatteras, say, when the present road is completed, will be nearly as much to their liking as what they have now when it takes real gumption to get there.

I was surprised to find how sympathetic I became to this point of view. When we left, the Sykes urged us to come back in the summer and see what the place was "really" like. But I'd already made a mental note about October. That, they told us, is the month most of the guests leave because the hurricanes begin. I'll bet they have superb hurricanes.

The Harmony Boys

Something will have to be done about conferences, those ponderous discussions of public affairs that take place around round tables. (Any table will do, but they are always called roundtables.) Sooner or later anyone who has ever expressed an opinion in a lecture or in print is bound to find himself, assembled with two dozen others, sounding off in public on the Crisis of Our Times. The group will be a balanced one, "representing the various disciplines" and "seeking a cross-fertilization of diverse points of view." Nonetheless the conference will "hope to achieve some measure of agreement." If it didn't seek agreement it wouldn't be a conference, it would be something else. It might even be something we conference-goers call "a forward step in human relations."

Let me introduce you to my colleagues around the table. We are the conference bums. We are "amateurs" of conference-going only in the sense that tennis players are amateurs who tour from one resort to the next, lolling around the swimming pool in the morning and playing the same game, across the net from the same familiar faces, in the afternoons. In each instance expenses are paid. It is not a bad life. At the last conference I went to, several—what, "conferees"?—had been the week before to a conference in New England and were going on next week to another in the Midwest. We came, we performed, and we departed.

Sometimes a conference attracts attention, or makes possible a press release, but more often it does not. The value of conferences to the federations, companies, councils, and societies that give them is therefore, as we say, "problematical." Conferences enable those present to refer to one another as "distinguished," which is very gratifying but hardly worth it to the sponsors. These agreeable ceremonies—and I know of one that cost a quarter of a million dollars—must therefore respond to a deeper impulse, perhaps an "underlying trend" or a "shift in the climate of opinion." We seem actually to want to reach some measure of agreement—around a table, for the record.

You would never guess it from the way we act when the conference starts. Each of us is likely to know what the others think, or we would not have been invited, but during the first day it is conventional for everyone to make absolutely sure of this by fully expounding his views. It makes for a dull first day. Most conferences warm up on the second, when the fights begin. I have seldom been to a conference where it was not afterward agreed that the best moment was a free-for-all, when masks were dropped, knives were drawn, and someone ran up the black flag and started slitting throats (in Mr. Mencken's phrase).

Where fights will not take place of their own accord, they have to be encouraged. The moderator, for example—personal evidence, I've seen it happen—will instruct the speakers "not to pull their punches, to say what they really think" (the logic is that what they *really* think is bound to insult somebody). Another device is to encourage ringers, or tame lowbrows, in the form of "laymen." Since most conferences now are "interdisciplinary," they deal with subjects outside each expert's private pasture (he calls it "area of competence"). But experts insist on respecting each other's *expertise*. Only the layman can be brash enough to wade in, indifferent to a possible loss of tenure or a snide review of his next book in the quarterlies, and ignore the ground rules. He may not be invited twice, but he serves his purpose.

Couldn't the same purpose be differently achieved? Conferences pursue a spurious conformity. It deadens the proceedings and dampens the spirit, as one lady anthropologist (a veteran conference bum) observes, of otherwise lively people. Why not pursue a spurious antagonism? Why not go back to the old-fashioned debate? It had much to be said for it. Theoretically the two sides were interchangeable but the illusion of disagreement was useful. It allowed free play; in sociologists' jargon it "structured the situation," permitting a frivolous discussion of serious subjects and serious talk about light ones. The value of the debate, a form within which extemporizers could widely range, lay in admitting what conferences contrive to deny: that talk is more stimulating and productive if it is framed in terms of argument and civilized by decent observances.

A venerable teacher of debating techniques assures me that the present tendency is toward "informality," which means toward the conference, but I hope the tide can be reversed. The value of a formal way of doing things resides precisely in its formality. As the manners and customs of conferences seek to become more "relaxed" (which frequently means more alcoholic), they increasingly defeat themselves. How can you relax if you have nothing to relax from? If work is too sociable, play becomes onerous. If anyone is interested in denying this phenomenon, which I call the "socialization of non-work activity," we might make it the subject, not of a conference, but a debate. Black tie. No holds barred.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Lady, They All Represent America

Charles Poore

A BRILLIANT Frenchwoman, the serene equal of that witty Frenchman who has made so many imperishable mots, asked me last spring what new books best represent America. The question left me moody. I'd much rather have told her about the spectacular success of those small, inexpensive paper-covered books that are tremendously popular because they are cheap but also, perhaps, when they are "cheap"—enabling us to enjoy thoroughly and publicly something we blandly explain we "just picked up to read on the train." An amiable hypocrisy.

The lady would have none of it. She stuck to her question, one that all sorts of people like to fire at a professional critic. The asker may be in charge of a cultural relations (what an activity!) program, or planning a packet for friends in Worcestershire. In any case, the search is naturally for a clutch of volumes that at least show us off fairly well. With that aim I sympathize profoundly. Yet now in high summer I am as convinced as I was in the springtime that it is perilous to handpick books to give a favorable view of any nation.

It is essentially a form of censorship, and therefore unfair and unwise. Would you give a traveler just three representative views of France and tell him he'd truly seen the country? In the same way, there is a strong element of thought control in trying to persuade the neighbors that we live by Thoreau and Willa Cather and Robert Frost alone. For we also have those books on unhallowed crime and immensely informal fertility rites. The people overseas will understand us all the better when they know we maintain the freedom to write and print and read balderdash, along with the other freedoms.

That's all very well, said the lady from France. But it would be idle to ask them to plow through a thousand new books to reach that foregone conclusion, however felicitous, wouldn't it? All right then, I said, let us begin by recognizing the stubborn fact that every American book, like every American, is in some degree truly representative of America, whether we cherish that representativeness or not. Then let's choose some books that illustrate various sides, various attitudes of the country. We'll do this primarily for our own entertainment and enlightenment. Afterward, if you like, we can send them voyaging.

The Hand of Learned Justice

THE America that we should most like to see set before the world is embodied in the tolerance, wisdom, and humanity of Learned Hand, whose papers and addresses have been collected by Irving Dilliard in ***The Spirit of Liberty*** (Knopf, $3.50). Judge Hand is a jurist in the tradition of Holmes and Cardozo. His words have the savor of wit, the substance of greatness.

All the splendor and the squalor of the world is in his province. He is urbanely ex-

asperated by "those who live in chronic moral exaltation" and "who cannot while away an hour in aimless talk, or find distraction for the eye, or feel agitation in the presence of fair women." He wonders "whether we do not rest our hopes too much upon constitutions, upon laws, and upon courts." These, he suggests, are false hopes, for "liberty lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it." With a flawless sense of benign equity he speaks as memorably at Harvard's Tercentenary as he does at the thirtieth anniversary of Yale's illustrious Elizabethan Club. "Right knows no boundaries," Judge Hand says, "and justice no frontiers; the brotherhood of man is not a domestic institution."

Thurber's Buckeye Yesterdays

The Thurber Album (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) is James Thurber's hallowed and hilarious memory book of fabulous Ohioans, himself not least in the gallery. It is as American as the expression "as American as," and may be taken for Mr. Thurber's spirited reply to Mr. Truman's *Mr. President.* Most of these sketches of friends and relatives and freaks and fools and men of destiny appeared first in the *New Yorker.* They have been changed, a little or a lot, Thurber tells us; in any event, they sound better than ever as one relives his cheerful Buckeye yesterdays. In place of drawings there is a picture section in the Presidential manner. This includes the lithograph of the Duke of Westminster's droop-eared hunting dogs that remained in Thurber's memory when he began to sketch, no doubt along with some pages from the early books of Clarence Day, Jr.

There is no lack of alasing in *The Thurber Album;* the good old days are over, and we'll to the woods no more. Which brings up a point that must concern literary criticism increasingly in the next few years as the proudly battered veterans of the celebrated Younger Generation pour out their memoirs of the nineteen-twenties. Other generations have been young; others will be; but that one generation holds the cup and title. Was there ever a generation that maintained its certified youth so lengthily—or grew venerable so fast, once it finally embraced its long-delayed antiquity?

Laughter in the Nineteen-Thirties

ANOTHER gifted and entertaining Ohioan, Ruth McKenney, has once more assembled and expanded her reminiscences in ***All About Eileen*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). By the time Miss McKenney got to Ohio State University, which Mr. Thurber had attended with such zest a decade or so earlier, the Thurber legend there was powerful enough to be lumped disapprovingly in her father's estimate with Dick Whittington, Cardinal Wolsey, and Rabelais among the "adventurers (seedy, excitable, gross, passionate, high principled, or otherwise) who abandoned the quiet dust of home for the noisier lures, the tinsel gauds of London, Paris, and New York City." Like Mr. Thurber, Miss McKenney and her enchanting sister Eileen chose New York and the peculiarly loamy remodeled-country-place Connecticut terraces of the literati. Her jubilant pages are still the gayest memoirs of the nineteen-thirties we have. Though it be treason to say so, quite a lot of people seem to have had quite a lot of fun in those desperate and forlorn years.

Unbottled Monongahela

WHAT must be the most rambunctious volume in the Rivers of America Series is ***The Monongahela*** (Rinehart, $3.50), by Richard Bissell, who is well remembered for his lively novel, *A Stretch on the River.* A deck hand in the Mark Twain tradition, Mr. Bissell has made quite a saga of the story of this sooty, Carnegie-haunted, Pittsburgh-dominated stream. In a slightly qualified tribute to Monongahela whiskey he quotes reverently the Chevalier DeVoto's historic words from *Harper's*: "The American people achieved nationality and Old Monongahely in the same generation, which should surprise no one, since nations flower swiftly once their genius has budded."

Now I think I'll go back to my own long-pondered plan to write a history of Minetta Brook for the Rivers of America series, since it runs under Washington Square or thereabouts, I'm told, and so can certainly be linked with our richest literary history. A lot of it, anyway.

An island of violent uprisings and make-shift peace... An up-to-the-minute

Report from Formosa

BY H. MACLEAR BATE

FORMOSA — hot-spot of the world! Here is a completely detailed, fascinating account of a little island that looms large in importance: its past, present and future, and the part it plays in the world shaking duel between Chiang Kai-Shek and Mao-Tse Tung, its role in the present Korean war, its relations with the U. S. — all are clearly and fearlessly delineated. A vital report for all those who are concerned with the course of world history.

$3.50 at all bookstores

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc.
300 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK 10

A GAY AND HIGHLY PERSONALIZED TRAVEL BOOK

Skoal Scandinavia

BY EDWARD STREETER

"Must" reading, of course, for anyone planning a Scandinavian trip, SKOAL SCANDINAVIA is, however, far from a conventional guide book. It is not so much about places as about people and things, and it will delight not only Scandinavian enthusiasts, but will be welcomed by everyone who likes to laugh.

Appendix of travel information. 24 pages of halftones, 3 full-page maps and endpapers.

At all bookstores • $3.50

HARPER & BROTHERS



FDR Carried the Ball

"THE more I think about it, the more I think I could lick myself," Franklin D. Roosevelt once told Judge Samuel Rosenman, a close confidant of many years, who has at last written one of the best books in the whole vast Presidential range, ***Working with Roosevelt*** (Harper, $6). Then, in an exuberant mood, FDR outlined the charges he'd use to batter down his own administration, concentrating on inefficiency with a force his shuffling opponents never managed to command. Indeed, it is an irony of history that they wasted their energies presenting their charges of waste ineffectively. Their theme song reminds us of Ethel Merman's "Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better." But they couldn't. So he won—"again" (Second Term) "and again" (Third Term) "and again" (Fourth Term).

How did he win? He won with words, with arrangements of the twenty-six atomic letters of the alphabet. Why did his opponents lose? Because they arranged and delivered the words that carried their convictions less effectively. The great interest of Judge Rosenman's book lies in showing how his speeches were written, how the heavy guns and bombs and flame-throwers were assembled for the arsenal of the Democrats. A great deal of pernicious nonsense has been uttered about the ghost writers who helped put FDR's speeches together. Does anyone doubt that Landon and Willkie and Dewey also had paragraph troopers? Essentially, no doubt, they worked very much the way Rosenman, Sherwood, MacLeish, Hopkins & Co. worked for FDR—assembling the best ideas from civilians and military authorities on the problem to be attacked, for use when and if needed. The players on the speech-writing teams were apt to change frequently. The fundamental convictions remained as goals. And only FDR carried the ball.

In the course of his book Judge Rosenman tells a thousand and one good stories about the man who came to symbolize, more than any in our time, America, to the world at large. Naturally, some of them illustrate his gift for relieving the immeasurable weight of his responsibilities with a moment of laughter.

ON ONE particularly serious afternoon the Attorney General, Francis Biddle, was announced, and the President told the writers working with him in the Cabinet Room to keep their faces solemn while he baited Biddle for a moment about his beloved civil liberties.

"Francis," the President said sternly to his Attorney General, "I'm glad you came. All of us have just been discussing here the question of civil liberties in the war, and I have finally come to a decision to issue a proclamation—which I am going to ask you to draft—abrogating so far as possible all freedom of discussion and information during the war. It's a tough thing to do, but I'm convinced that it's absolutely necessary and I want to announce it in the speech we are working on now."

Well, says Judge Rosenman, "Biddle looked at us all, quite thunderstruck. Seeing that we all seemed to be in dead earnest, he immediately launched into a fervent argument against it. It was unprepared, but it was certainly vehement and, I must say, very persuasive. He stood up for greater emphasis and, pacing up and down, declaimed and declaimed against the idea. It went on for fully five minutes before the President and all of us burst out laughing. Francis took it in good spirit, but stayed around anyway for the balance of that afternoon speech-writing session. Maybe he thought there might be a germ of truth in it after all."

There are germs of truth in much that can be said against Franklin D. Roosevelt; Judge Rosenman speaks, in appropriate context, about his vanity and other mercurial qualities. But there is nothing that can detract much, at the end, when all is said, from the grand stature of the man.

One Afternoon of Death

SUSPENSE—which in storytelling is the art of withholding essential information from your audience without making it so mad that it will walk out—is used brilliantly in Barnaby Conrad's new novel about a bullfighter, ***Matador*** (Houghton

Mifflin, $2.75). This is the story of the great Pacote's last fight in the plaza at Seville and the suspense mounts and swoops and soars right up to the last cornada. I don't know what Spaniards are going to make of Mr. Conrad's threnody on victory. But I am mortally certain that Americans are going to take to it with a fearful joy.

Matador has two important points to make about Americans today. First, it shows that we still live in the Age of Hemingway, whose shadow lies across its pages as it does across the pages of so many books of our time. In fact, I suspect that *Matador* might serve as a *banderilla* to remind us that a new Hemingway book is coming along at the end of the summer, at which time all the sad sacks who have announced so often that the maestro is finished will have a chance to revise their opinions again. Second, it uncovers our odd interest in bullfighting, which seems to be more pronounced, on the whole, than any secret passion we may harbor for thrilling novels on the British sport of cricket.

Mr. Conrad knows what he's talking about. He was born in San Francisco in 1922, about the time Hemingway was starting to write about retail death in a world that was to make it such a cruelly wholesale operation as an extension of politics. Having seen bullfighting in Mexico and the heeling system at Yale, he entered the diplomatic service and was stationed in Spain during the war. There he studied the barbarous and beautiful art under the great Belmonte, and once fought in the same ring, where, according to Blasco Ibáñez, the only beast in the Plaza de Toros is the crowd.

There is a melancholy echo of Hemingway before Pacote's fight when a beat-up character called Cayetano Montoya, "Niño de Ronda," once a great matador, comes on to join the *cuadrilla*. Looking at his reminder of glory's tarnishability, Pacote remembers "the book by the American where Cayetano—only the author called him Pedro Romero—went off with the English lady." If it seems surprising that a Spanish bullfighter would remember a passage in a book by an American just before his last encounter with death in the afternoon, at least there is no gainsaying the lasting impression it made.

Literature in Our Time

THE American influence turns up in unexpected places, and copiously. As Alistair Cooke observed in *One Man's America*, the conquering American's expression "is a little bloodshot these days from being told so often that he has come to his first high peak of world power."

In ***An Assessment of Twentieth Century Literature*** (British Book Center, $2), by J. Isaacs, a brilliantly penetrating British critic, American writing comes off pretty well, though it's not alone on any peak, in Darien or elsewhere. As a matter of fact, it is sometimes difficult to determine whether Mr. Isaacs considers T. S. Eliot a reincarnation of, or merely a native of, St. Louis. But he recognizes the stature of Faulkner (whose books are "the nearest to genius this century has seen") and Hemingway ("so lamentably misjudged").

"The task of the literary historian," Mr. Isaacs notes, "is not to impose a philosophical pattern of history on his material, but to elicit, from what to contemporaries is chiefly exciting reading matter, the pattern into which the most durable productions fall of themselves in retrospect." His book is based on a series of BBC lectures and it contains some of the most stimulating ideas I have encountered since Edmund Wilson began his works of exasperation and enlightenment. "It is a sad thing," he says, "that among the enemies of literature there are so many people who imagine themselves lovers of literature, and are lovers of literature, but who will not permit literature to advance beyond the stage at which they themselves discovered it. Their own modernity remains the frontier line." How often have we had to cope with people who emancipated themselves from the groves and grooves of Academe with *Jurgen* and have refused to budge another step?

Like Ford Madox Ford in the old days, though, Mr. Isaacs sometimes seems to welcome modernity so hospitably that the critical line is lost in all the geniality. I wish, for example, he had been less cordial to the contemporary British Obses-



the Donkey Shoe

by G. B. STERN

The author of such rewarding successes as THE MATRIARCH and THE UGLY DACHSHUND is again at her delightful best in this novel of a far from conventional mother. This is the story of a brilliant, successful actress of the London stage, and her awkward but desperately loving daughter.

At all bookstores, $3.50

The Macmillan Company

Sea-deep in adventure

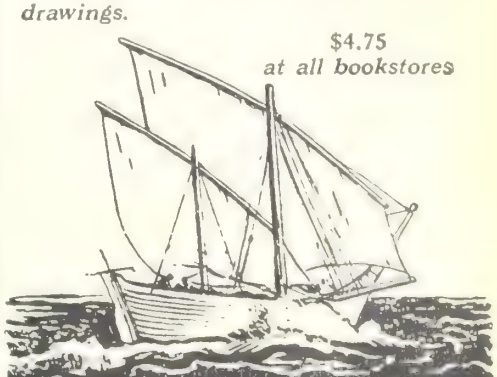
Monsoon Seas THE STORY OF THE INDIAN OCEAN

By ALAN VILLIERS

author of THE CORAL SEA

■ The man who has sailed the Indian Ocean in everything from Arab dhows to L.S.T.'s invests every page with the tang of salt spray, as he combines his own adventures with the panoramic history of the great spice seaway. *Illustrated with maps, halftones and line drawings.*

$4.75
at all bookstores



McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO. N. Y. 36

the new book

almanac

Literally hundreds of books are published . . . In this flood of print that sums up so much learning and so much wit, many a fine book goes unreviewed . . . almost unannounced. Some are privately printed, others too special for the literary column. Many more are missed simply because there are so many new books that critics can find time and space for only a few with broad appeal. The New Book Almanac is planned as a reference place where publishers can call to the attention of Harper's readers, who are bookhounds of a specially eager breed, good books, reviewed or unreviewed, which they may have missed.

POLITICS

SIDE PORCH DEMOCRACY. By Wilbur Clarke . . . A refreshingly political, yet humorous . . . DORRANCE. $2.50

HISTORY

LIVING IDEAS IN AMERICA edited by Henry . . . historian edits a treasury of expressions of American . . . Harper & Brothers. $6.00

TRAVEL

YOUR HOLIDAY IN CUBA by Lyman Judson and . . . Judson. Whether you are planning your first trip, or getting ready for a return visit, you won't . . . illustrated with 52 photographs, 31 maps. . . . $4.00

ORDER ANY OF THESE BOOKS FROM YOUR OWN BOOKSELLER

Parents

School Directors

Guidance Counselors

Remember, *August* is our big educational issue. Be sure to look over those school and college pages! For, many schools which otherwise do not advertise will be represented in this **most important issue.**

sional School, whose authors write better and better about less and less. Who is going to take the place of George Orwell?

Presenting George Jean Nathan

I ALWAYS used to think of George Jean Nathan as the man who probably wore the first collapsible opera hat in Fort Wayne, Indiana, where he was born, on St. Valentine's Day. No American is a more perfect example of grass-roots sophistication; a delighted Hoosier looking elaborately bored at the dazzling follies of the universe. With Mencken he shares the great gift of being able to make each reader feel exempted from his unkindest cuts; like Mencken he has fought always for fresh and vigorous new talents.

In all his writing on the theater, the drama, the girls, he has had the wisdom to be foolish at times and the folly to be wise. ***The World of George Jean Nathan*** (Knopf, $5), edited by Charles Angoff, a colleague of the green-covered *American Mercury* days, is a wonderful cornucopia full of Nathan at his halest and his heartiest, always aware, as Judge Learned Hand once said in a slightly different connection at Harvard, that "life is a dicer's throw; and reason, a smoky torch. We move by what light we have; but some light we need to move at all."

Envoi

Now I conclude my guest appearance in this corner. It was originally intended to be for one year here; it has stretched to an eternity of almost two. In September my distinguished friend Gilbert Highet will take over, joining one of the most agreeable editorial groups you can find anywhere. It has been a pleasure to work for the editors of *Harper's Magazine:* they neither urged upon me a book to review nor brought a review I wrote to book. The choices, and the fielding errors, were all mine. But I could not possibly have got the galleys, the page proofs, the books on time—or ever—without the indispensable help of this department's guide and conscience, Katherine Gauss Jackson.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The Bogman, by Walter Macken. When we studied the Old Testament at college there was one reiterated theme we were taught to recognize so often that we had initials for it: S.B.P.—Sin Brings Punishment. In a wise and compassionate and violently Irish way, that is what this book is about. A boy whose husbandless mother had been driven from home by her father, goes back, after years of schooling, to work for the tyrannical grandfather in the little Irish farm village of Caherlo. At first he is so happy to be free of the prison-like school that he makes many friends and many songs which the whole village sings. Gradually, because of an unhappy marriage thrust upon him by his grandfather, and because of his own natural wildness, the village—which knows everything—draws away from him and one after another he mortally offends each of his friends with dreadful inevitability. Everything comes to a head the day the neighbors don't show up to help with the threshing—something unprecedented in Caherlo. No one, that is, except the girl he really loves who has had sinful troubles of her own, and an old man. From there on the story races to an end it wouldn't be fair to reveal and all sins are punished, but in a satisfyingly romantic way. An absorbing story by the author of *Rain on the Wind.*

Macmillan, $3.50

The Village, by Marghanita Laski. Miss Laski, like most intelligent people in her country, is fascinated by the social changes that the war has brought to England, and equally impressed by the things that stand fast. Whether she uses satire to make her points, as in *Toasted English* or turns instead to making them through credible people and very human situations as she does here the results are always delightful. . . This story starts on the night World War II ends. In the little village of Priory Dean, Mrs. Trevor from

the Hill, and Mrs. Wilson, her char from the town, go on duty together at the Red Cross Post for the last time. They have done it every Friday since the war began. They talk all night, both with an indefinable sense that things are never going to be the same again. As the story progresses the changes they had intuitively felt begin to show themselves. The arrival of an American as wife of one of the rich newcomers to the village presents one new attitude; a simple and moving story of love between two young people who have no "right" even to be seeing one another presents a second; the arrival of the "squatters," displaced people who simply take over one of the deserted old houses, presents still a third. If the end is rather flamboyant for the rest of it, perhaps the resolution of old and new calls for something flamboyant. In any case it's a highly readable and entertaining book with a great deal of wisdom between the lines.

Houghton Mifflin, $3

The Closest Kin There Is, by Clara Winston.

It may be a blindness in me that I find it difficult to be persuaded of the temptations and joys of incest and so find most novels on the subject rather trying. Great books have been written about it; it is obviously a human problem and as such should be a fair subject. But unless it is treated with the highest literary skill as real and credible tragedy, it must fail, it seems to me, for the average reader. Here the bleak atmosphere of an isolated Vermont farm is admirably painted and the situation is made clear if not convincing. After six years away at college and teaching a young girl returns to the farm where her mother, father, and brother are now sorrowing over the recent death of a younger sister. She takes a job in the local school, the war comes, the father goes mad, the mother is determined that the farm shall prosper and that the son shall not be drafted. Eventually the boy and girl are left alone at the farm. Everyone in the story keeps acquiescing in the most painful roles whose necessity—in character or situation—never seems compelling. The author has taken on a most difficult assignment for a first novel and handled it with such intensity that one looks forward to seeing her take on an easier one.

Harcourt, $3

Windom's Way, by James Ramsey Ullman.

A small tropical village identified only as Papaan, in Southeast Asia, is the background for all the troubles, personal and political, which bedevil this high-minded but rather tortured novel. Dr. Windom has abandoned a rich Park Avenue practice and a rich wife to return, after World War II, to the part of the world where he knows he is needed. When the book opens, his wife, determined to make a success of the marriage, has just arrived in the village after two years of separation. By this time Dr. Windom is thoroughly involved in the violent local affairs—plantation owners *vs.* "Gooks" (a word he hates, of course) —American troops *vs.* suspected Communists in the hills. Everybody means so well and is so ineffectual—except when doctoring—that the reader keeps wanting someone to take the characters aside and whisper a few facts of life. The wife, particularly, appears spineless, undiscerning, and unappealing for all her supposed beauty. Unquestionably the ideological problems of that unhappy part of the world are so confusing that no one is sure how to align himself with the forces of absolute Good *vs.* absolute Evil (hard enough anywhere?) and that part of the dilemma carries conviction. In the end, when the doctor is abandoned by both sides, imperialist and Communist, and retreats to his hospital to wait for the outbreak of the inevitable war, one feels that he is lucky. As a doctor, he at least can call a plague on both their houses and still have the moral satisfaction of having his plague and curing it too. And Mr. Ullman always keeps a story moving. Literary Guild choice for June.

Lippincott, $3

NON-FICTION

The Many Lives of Modern Woman, by Sidonie M. Gruenberg and Hilda Sidney Krech.

After such books as *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex* this constructive study



OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS
supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices.
(We also supply all current books at retail store prices —Postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of Harper's Magazine.)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 36, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines.

HELP WANTED
Publication of THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER was discontinued several years ago, and circulation combined with another publication. Rights and title have since been assigned and are available to publisher or individual interested in and capable of re-establishing and maintaining the publication. Anyone interested? Correspondence confidential. Address
4210 Wickford Road, Baltimore 10, Md.

UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE
Literary Agent, established 35 years. Manuscripts criticized, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.
AGNES M. REEVE,
Dept. B, FRANKLIN, O.

Stories, Articles, Novels, Books
Fiction, Non-fiction, Sold, Highly recommended for publication. Successes include Best-Seller, Literary "Discovery," Book-of-the Month Recommendation! Recognized sales, editorial aid for new authors. Unestablished authors assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts.
LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT
35 West 42d St., NEW YORK 18.

ATHEIST BOOKS
32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO.
38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?
Whether you are changing your address for a few months or permanently, you will want to receive every issue of Harper's promptly. When advising us of a change of address please indicate both the old and new address. Please allow four weeks for effecting this change. Address all correspondence to:
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd St. New York 16, N. Y.

advice on SCHOOL *and* COLLEGE *problems*

If you want catalogs of one or more schools or colleges advertised in this issue, HARPER'S will have them sent to you, and save your making a number of individual inquiries.

If you want catalogs of any schools not advertised in this issue but have heard about otherwise, we'll gladly have them sent also for your study and guidance.

If you need authoritative and impartial suggestions about schools or colleges, we can assist you as we have thousands of parents, guardians, etc., *for over 50 years.*

The coupon below is for your convenience. There are no fees involved.

Address **Mrs. Lewis D. Bement,**
Director of Educational Guidance

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N.Y.

Please send me catalogs of the following schools and colleges:

.....

.....

.....

I would be glad to have you suggest schools or colleges. (Check)

Boys ☐ *Girls* ☐ *Coed* ☐

Age ☐

Location preferred .....

Other requirements .....

Name .....

Address .....

BOOKS IN BRIEF

comes like the proverbial breath of fresh air. It recognizes clearly some long-lost fundamental truths, among them the fact that being a mother or wife is a relationship and not, therefore, in an either-or category with a job. And since each person's capacity for relationships—and jobs—differs, it is a different decision for each woman as to how she wishes to arrange her life. At the same time there are certain patterns into which the decisions fall, and the authors have not only outlined the patterns but suggested some answers. Modern woman's frustration they feel "has been described at length, but no one has given a realistic picture of her life from day to day, and from year to year. She has been told that to rid herself of frustration she should enjoy her role of woman, wife, and mother. But only the sparsest suggestions have been made as to how she might do this." There is nothing sparse about this intelligent, warm-hearted, knowledgeable book. Mrs. Gruenberg, who was for twenty-five years Director of the Child Study Association, is a grandmother ten times over, and her daughter, Mrs. Krech, author of many articles and stories, has a small son. They have drawn on wide personal experience and careful and thorough research and the book shows it. Doubleday, $3

We Adopted Three, by Ernest Cady. This is a book for those who enjoy such cheerful family sagas, full of laughter-through-tears anecdotes, as *Cheaper by the Dozen* and *Room for One More.* It is the story of a newspaperman and his wife who, when they discovered after the birth of their son that they could have no more children, adopted three small girls over a period of years. The book is particularly interesting because it is written not by the mother but by the father, who surely proves by it that some fathers (like some mothers described in the book above) have a greater capacity than others for combining parent-child relationships with a demanding job. He has been able to put great stores of energy and enthusiasm into both parts of his life and to reap a corresponding amount of joy. There is also a very careful and workmanlike chapter on the process of adoption—necessary steps, pitfalls to avoid, what seems to work, and what does not.

William Sloan Assoc., $3.50

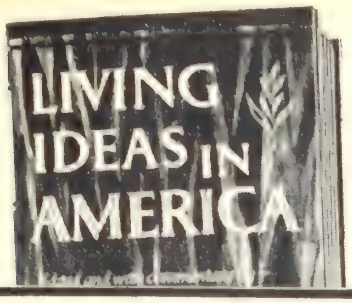
Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl, translated by B. M. Mooyaart-Doubleday. Introduction by Eleanor Roosevelt.

This is the record of two years in the life of a young German-Jewish girl (thirteen to fifteen) during which she and her parents and another family were hidden from the Nazis in complete isolation in the secret annex of a business office in Amsterdam. She is wise and articulate beyond her years and records with revealing artlessness the painful story of how close and enforced confinement embitters and reduces even the sunniest dispositions. It is not otherwise profound or literate. How could it be? But the circumstances under which these heartfelt day-to-day entries were written are so tragic that it seems churlish to belittle them in any way. One reads with humble admiration and an especial sadness that, as the Germans discovered the hideout in 1944, all the inmates were sent to a concentration camp from which Anne and her mother never emerged. The diary was left behind and found by her father at the end of the war. An unusual record dignified also by Mrs. Roosevelt's perceptive introduction. Doubleday, $3

The Kings of the Road, by Ken W. Purdy.

Perhaps I am more-than-averagely susceptible to the magic of great cars because I am married to a man who will lose interest in everything, including me, if a Rolls moves quietly down the street. Indeed I spent more than a year competing with a beautiful, if ancient, one in our own garage. Here is a book for all who care about the sight, sound, feel, and performance of all types of aristocratic motor cars and the intrepid men who race them. The chapter titles alone give you a sense of how the author feels about them: "The Fabulous Bugatti," "The Mighty Mercer," "The Flying Mantuan" (Tazio Nuvolari), "With Body by Zagato," "D is for Dusenberg," "Hisso and Isotta, Isotta and Hisso." The writing is pitched in high gear

"A splendid book of treasures"*



Edited and with commentary by
HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

■ "No man can peruse this collection without acquiring a clearer vision and a firmer faith in the central ideas which have gone into the making of this nation and by which it will continue to survive and grow . . . Mr. Commager has done the great American public a service by bringing into one convenient volume the best of these ideas in their best expression. Out of his own wide and rich scholarship he has made an admirable selection." — *HARLAN HATCHER, *Cleveland News*

Living Ideas in America

At all bookstores • $6.00
HARPER & BROTHERS
49 East 33rd Street, New York 16

Polio Pointers

FOR 1952

DON'T get chilled nor bathe too long in cold water.

DON'T become fatigued from overwork or play.

DON'T mix with new groups.

DON'T take children out of camp or playground where there is good health supervision.

Recommended by
THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

BOOKS IN BRIEF

and carries one along at headlong speed through rich pages of fact and story. The illustrations—long pleasing lines covering the power of these "kings of the road"—evoke a sensuous nostalgia and a decent awe.
Little, Brown, $5

FORECAST

Midsummer Selections

The Book-of-the-Month Club is offering for midsummer ***Governor Thomas E. Dewey's*** report of his recent trip, *Journey to the Far East,* which Doubleday will publish in July. As everyone suspects every public figure of having a ghost writer, it is only fair to say that Mr. Dewey has written every word of this himself, right down to the last comma. . . . The alternate selection which Knopf will publish on July 21 is a novel, *Catherine Carter,* by ***Pamela Hansford Johnson.*** . . . The Literary Guild's August selection, to be published July 25 by Doubleday, is *The Silver Chalice,* by ***Thomas B. Costain.*** . . . Our own summer selection, sight unseen, is a book which Pellegrini and Cudahy will publish on August 18. It is called *Don Camillo and His Flock* by ***Giovanni Guareschi,*** whose *Little World of Don Camillo* entertained so many of us two summers ago.

Fall Headliners

September alone boasts so many books by well-known authors that one feels the fall is full of promise. For instance: Mr. Poore mentions a new novel by ***Ernest Hemingway*** scheduled for this fall. It is called *The Old Man and the Sea,* is to be of (approximately) novella length, and Scribner will publish it on September 8. . . . On September 19 Viking will present the new novel that ***John Steinbeck*** has been working on for several years—anything but novella length, indeed about 250,000 words—*East of Eden.* . . . On Harper's list for September 29 is *Tallulah: My Autobiography.* Is there more than one ***Tallulah?*** . . . *Forever Amber* fans can also look forward to some still unspecified date in September when ***Kathleen Winsor's*** newest, *The Lovers,* will appear. . . . And if these are hors d'oeuvres for the fall season, how shall we manage dessert?

Let these MILTON CROSS Records show you how to talk your way to SUCCESS!

The Famous Dr. Robinson Course in EFFECTIVE SPEAKING

Narrated by MILTON CROSS

Five double-side, non-breakable standard speed records in a beautifully bound, sturdy album

Now, you can improve your voice and speaking ability this quick, easy way — merely by listening to Milton Cross on these self-teaching records for a few minutes a day. You gain poise, a rich speaking voice, and the knack of expressing your ideas clearly and naturally without stepping outside your own home. At last, here is your golden opportunity to acquire the secrets of successful speaking at an extraordinary low cost and with minimum effort.

10 Powerful Lessons

Ten dynamic lessons explain and illustrate every aspect of speaking effectively. You discover how to banish forever the fear of talking on your feet—how to make your voice more resonant, richer in tone, and more capable of holding the interest of listeners—how to achieve complete relaxation of voice, manner and body—and how to speak without the slightest trace of nervousness, timidity, or self-consciousness.

Let Milton Cross show you how . . .

On these records, Milton Cross, in the voice that is familiar to millions of admirers, brings you the methods which helped him become one of America's finest speakers. You hear him pronouncing words with his flawless diction. You get easy-to-follow drills and specific exercises. You learn to speak fluent, effortless, powerful English — the easy way — by listening and imitating.

In his Carnegie Hall studios, Dr. Walter O. Robinson has helped thousands of men and women whose careers were being handicapped by their inability to talk well. Now, that his famous course is available on records — he can do the same for you right in your own home.

Ten Days' Free Examination

HARPER & BROTHERS
51 E. 33rd St., N. Y. 16

Gentlemen: Please send me Dr. Robinson's Course in EFFECTIVE SPEAKING for 10 days' free examination. Within that time I will remit $8.95, plus a few cents mailing charges, or return it postpaid.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone.... State.....

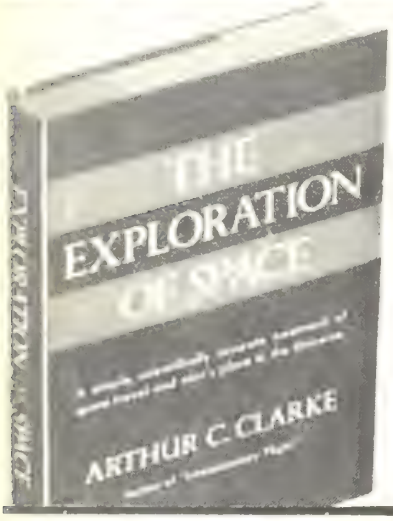
SAVE! If you enclose payment publisher will pay mailing charges. Same return privilege. 1523 W4



The Houses in Between

By HOWARD SPRING

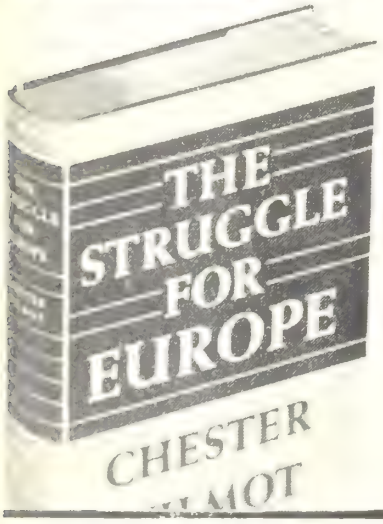
"An engrossing novel large in scope and teeming with characters drawn from all classes of English society . . . the best of Mr. Spring's fine novels."—FRANCES WINWAR. "Rich, full, satisfying, mature fiction."—DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER. $3.95



THE EXPLORATION OF Space

By ARTHUR C. CLARKE
author of *Interplanetary Flight*

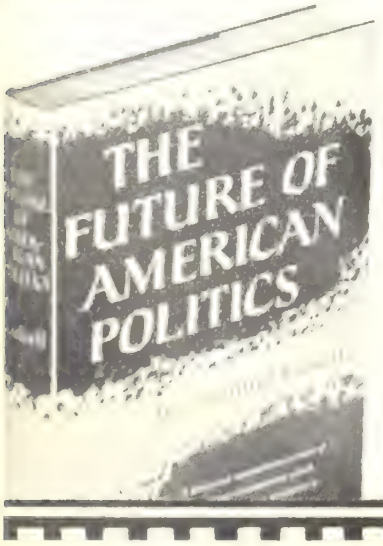
A fascinating report on the possibilities of interplanetary travel and a simple, scientifically accurate, thoroughly absorbing introduction to astronautics for the layman. *16 halftones, 4 in full color.* $3.50



The Struggle for Europe

By CHESTER WILMOT

"The best single-volume work on the war in Europe."—*Life.* "Wonderful reading as an epic of great battles in the field and around the green baize tables."
—CHARLES POORE, *Harper's Magazine*
49 maps, 769 pages. $5.00



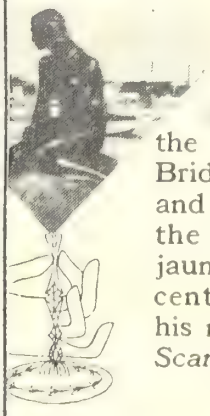
THE FUTURE OF American Politics

By SAMUEL LUBELL

"The most suggestive and challenging book about the American party system which has appeared in some time . . . particularly enlightening reading in an election year."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*
$3.50

All Hits All Harper's

To know the real Eisenhower, be sure to read **JOHN GUNTHER'S** *Eisenhower.* $2.50



Follow **ED STREETER,** the "Father of The Bride," for chuckles and laughs on one of the most amusing jaunts since "Innocents Abroad," in his new book *Skoal Scandinavia.* $3.50

"Funny and nice . . . and more than anything, young and gay!"—that's how the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* describes **EMILY KIMBROUGH'S** *Through Charley's Door* — her recollections of the years she spent at Marshall Field's. $3.00





JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS has written, in *Strange Lands and Friendly People,* "a rich narrative of travel and adventure . . . north and east of Suez . . . one of the liveliest and most unusual travel chronicles of the year."—*N. Y. Times. Illustrated.* $4.00

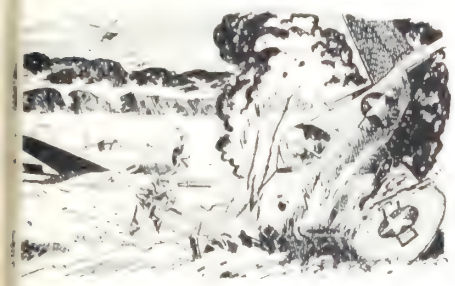


The essential book for everyone with a sense of humor is **THE NEW YORKER 25th ANNIVERSARY ALBUM.** Nearly 1000 drawings and cartoons. $5.00

At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS

T WAS A BRIGHT EARLY DECEMER DAY and Lieutenant Hudner as flying a Korean combat mission ongside another plane piloted by nsign Jesse Brown. A burst of flak



aught the ensign's plane and he ent spinning down, aflame. Lieuenant Hudner then deliberately rash landed near his flame-trapped hipmate. He radioed for help, after which he fought to keep the fire away from the fatally injured ensign until a rescue helicopter arrived. Today Lieutenant Hudner says:

"Maybe if America had been strong enough to discourage aggression two years ago, my friend, Jesse Brown, might be alive right now. So might thousands more of our Korea dead.

"For it's only too sadly true—today, in our world, weakness invites attack. And *peace is only for the strong.*

"Our present armed forces *are* strong—and growing stronger. But don't turn back the clock! Do your part toward *keeping* America's guard up by buying more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense Bonds *now!* Back us up. And *together* we'll build the strong peace that all Americans desire!"

★ ★ ★

Remember that when you're buying bonds for defense, you're also building a personal reserve of savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan or the Bond-A-Month Plan. Buy United States Defense Bonds now!

Peace is for the strong...
Buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!



t.(jg) Thomas Hudner, Jr. U. S. N.

Medal of Honor

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council, the [illegible] of Commerce.

BRINGING YOU THE *Gayest* OF VACATION PLEASURES . .



REGULAR 38-DAY CRUISE
SAILINGS FORTNIGHTLY
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Good Neighbor Liners sail from New York on All-Day Cruise Schedules throughout the year; every voyage offers a full program of gay holiday features.

FALL AND WINTER CRUISES

S. S. ARGENTINA
Aug. 21, Oct. 2, Nov. 15, Dec. 26

S. S. BRAZIL
Sept. 4, Oct. 15, Nov. 29

S. S. URUGUAY
Sept. 18, Nov. 1, Dec. 11

Also Cruises to Rio Carnival in 1953

SPECIAL CRUISES TO *South America*

S. S. ARGENTINA July 10 • **S. S. BRAZIL** July 24 • **S. S. URUGUAY** August 7

38 Days of relaxing fun afloat and ashore providing visits to

TRINIDAD • BARBADOS • BAHIA • RIO DE JANEIRO
SANTOS • SAO PAULO • MONTEVIDEO • BUENOS AIRES

Everything you've dreamed a holiday should be . . . a joyous round of parties, entertainment, sports . . . long, relaxing days on shipboard . . . every comfort, superb food . . . enlivened by visits to enchanted tropic isles and the glamorous wonder-cities of South America at the height of their social seasons. Big, comfortable ships . . . outdoor tiled swimming pools; broad sun decks; every facility for rest and play.

Consult Your Travel Agent or

MOORE-McCORMACK *Lines*

Five Broadway, New York 4

GIFT

Harper's MAGAZINE

AUGUST
FIFTY CENTS



What Shall I Tell My Children? . . . . . Priscilla Robertson

The Long, Slow Battle with Cancer . . . . . Leonard Engel

Graham Greene, Pleasure-Hater . . . . . Douglas Jerrold

How Bad Is Inflation? . . . . Sumner H. Slichter

The Duchess and the Smugs . . . .

A long story by Pamela Frankau

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"

The Medal **SCOTCH** *of the World*



No prouder tradition in Scottish history than the story of the Clans... their colorful tartans worn in glory through the years. Traditional, too, is Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

for distinguished service

White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years

Victoria Vat
"None Finer"



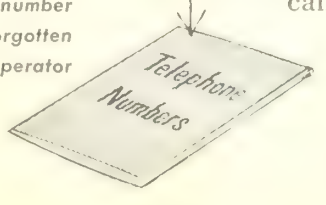
Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky



"Do you know the Number?"

Long Distance calls go through faster when you Call by Number

A HELPFUL HINT—Start today to build up a list of out-of-town telephone numbers. Write down those you already know. If there's a new number you don't have—or an old one you've forgotten—be sure to add it to the list when the operator gives it to you.

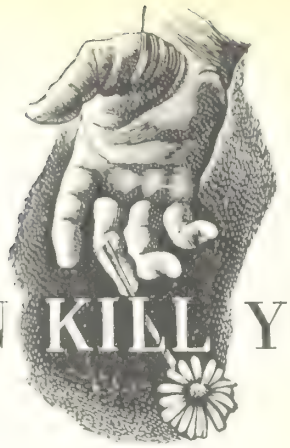


"You'll save time if you give me the out-of-town number you're calling.

"That way I can put your call through without first calling 'Information' in the distant city.

"Your own call goes through faster. And you help speed the service for everyone. That's especially important now, when so many urgent defense calls are on the Long Distance lines."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



THE DARK CAN KILL YOU

Who is the real villain in America's terrible tragedy of traffic deaths — a tragedy that featured its millionth victim last year?

Reckless youth? Lax laws? Drunken driving? Speed-

There is some evidence that darkness — just plain darkness — is more to blame than any of these. In a Connecticut area, for instance, where 182 pedestrians were killed at night in two years, *179 were killed on poorly lighted*

Cities across the country have already been doing something about it — lighting their killer corners, illuminating their death-trap streets.

What happened?

Salt Lake City cut night deaths 92% in one area; Grand Rapids 78%; Bridgeport 93%; Houston 80%; Los An-

Hartford relit 10 miles of poorly lighted streets and dropped the ratio of night deaths to day deaths from 9 to 1, to 0.2 to 1.

Detroit attacked a dangerous area with better lighting and reduced the ratio from 7 to 1, to 1.6 to 1.

In Syracuse one test area showed 28 less accidents in three months.

The savings in property and man hours more than paid for the lighting costs. It is estimated that good street lighting could save the nation $1,450,000,000 a year — and the savings in human happiness are incalculable!

"When will they do this night-lighting job on a big scale, and not in just a few wide-awake towns?" asks the man who drives a car.

That old taxpayers' devil — cost — has been the big hurdle, as local municipal officials can tell you.

Realizing this, General Electric has thrown research and engineering talent against that problem — and has made some encouraging discoveries in lamp and light-fixture efficiency.

Take the case of Kansas City. In cooperation with their local power and light company, they decided to fight traffic deaths with light. Now they have before-and-after cost figures.

Read this one slowly. Their annual lighting bill was $640,000 in 1940. Now, with four times the light, the bill is $615,000. And the night-to-day death ratio dropped from 9 to 1, to less than 2 to 1.

When that news gets around properly, you'll see more action in American cities.

It isn't only in street lighting that General Electric engineers put their heads together with city officials to make things better for taxpayers. It's happening in problems of water shortage, waste disposal, traffic control, factory and home modernization, and in all the ways electricity can add to productivity.

It's hard to write a definition of the American way. It's easy to find examples.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
Editor in Chief

RUSSELL LYNES
KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON
ERIC LARRABEE
CATHARINE MEYER
ANNE G. FREEDGOOD
Editors

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN
JOHN FISCHER
RICHARD H. ROVERE
Contributing Editors

JOHN JAY HUGHES
Assistant to the Publisher, Circulation Director

WALDO W. SELLEW
Advertising Director

HARPER & BROTHERS
PUBLISHERS

CASS CANFIELD
Chairman of the Board

FRANK S. MACGREGOR
President

RAYMOND C. HARWOOD
Executive Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
WILLIAM H. ROSE, JR.
EDWARD J. TYLER, JR.
Vice Presidents

arper's Magazine, issue for August
52. Vol. 205. Serial No. 1227. Copy-
ght 1952 in the United States and Great
itain by Harper & Brothers. All rights,
cluding translation into other languages,
served by Publisher in the United
ates, Great Britain, Mexico, and all
untries participating in the Interna-
onal Copyright Convention and the Pan-
nerican Copyright Convention.
ublished monthly by Harper & Brothers,
East 33d Street, New York 16, New
rk.
mposed and printed in the U.S.A. by
ion labor at the Williams Press, 99-129
orth Broadway, Albany, New York. En-
red as second-class matter at the post
ice at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of
arch 3, 1879.
ubscription Rates: 50¢ per copy; $5.00
e year; $8.00 two years; $10 three years.
reign postage—except Canada and Pan
nerica—$1.50 per year additional.
hange of Address: Four weeks' ad-
nce notice, and old address as well as
w, are necessary. Address all corre-
ondence relating to subscriptions to:
bscription Dept., 49 E. 33d St., New
rk 16, N. Y.

Harper's MAGAZINE

Vol. 205 AUGUST 1952 No. 1227

PERSONAL & OTHERWISE 4

LETTERS 14

WHAT SHALL I TELL MY CHILDREN?
Priscilla Robertson 21

THE DUCHESS AND THE SMUGS—*A Story*
Pamela Frankau 26

GRAHAM GREENE, PLEASURE-HATER
Douglas Jerrold 50

HOW BAD IS INFLATION?
Sumner H. Slichter 53

POLITICS AND BIRDSONGS 57

THE EASY CHAIR—*Flood in the Desert*
Bernard DeVoto 58

PORTUGAL UNDER DR. SALAZAR
Edmund Stevens 62

PEOPLE ARE GETTING TALLER
Laurence Farmer, M.D. 69

TALES OF THE GILBERT ISLANDS
Sir Arthur Grimble 73

LAST MEETING OF THE HAPPY VALLEY HUNT—*A Poem*
E. A. Muir 81

THE LONG, SLOW BATTLE WITH CANCER
Leonard Engel 82

THE CHILD AT THE DOOR—*A Poem*
Kathleen Raine 86

ON BEING SENT A JOINT OF BEEF
Enid Bagnold 87

THE FENCE-ME-IN LAWS
Ruth B. Doyle 89

AFTER HOURS
Mr. Harper 92

BEGINNING NEXT MONTH 96

NEW BOOKS
C. Hartley Grattan 97

BOOKS IN BRIEF
Katherine Gauss Jackson 102

Cover by Arthur Marokvia

Personal & Otherwise

In Spite of Interruptions

"THE book has somehow to be adapted to the body," said Virginia Woolf in *A Room of One's Own,* "and at a venture one would say that women's books should be shorter, more concentrated, than those of men, and framed so that they do not need long hours of steady and uninterrupted work. For interruptions there will always be."

Like all the wonderfully suggestive observations in this long essay by the author of *Mrs. Dalloway* and other novels, this one is open to doubt and ridicule. One has only to look at the plump and sprawling historical romances which women contribute to the best-seller lists to find that popular taste disagrees. And any man who fights for moments of quiet concentration during the days and nights of his cluttered existence will say the lady presumes in taking interruption as the female's special cross. Indeed, the basic argument of *A Room of One's Own* that the important needs of the writer are time, money, and idleness is forever under fire, in one guise or another, from that half of humanity who seem to think that, necessity being the mother of invention, art thrives best in a garret.

But neither these objections nor the practices of popular writers entirely invalidate Mrs. Woolf's view. It may be quite unacceptable to you that, as she said, "It is necessary to have five hundred a year and a room with a lock on the door if you are to write fiction and poetry."* Yet she will get you somehow, for you cannot argue her down when she steams along: "It is fatal for anyone who writes to think of their sex. It is fatal to be a man or woman pure and simple; one must be woman-manly or man-womanly. It is fatal for a woman to lay the least stress on any grievance; to plead even with justice any cause; in any way to speak consciously as a woman. And fatal is no figure of speech; for anything written with that conscious bias is doomed to death."

These meditations are induced by the fact that women wrote very nearly half of the pages of this number of *Harper's,* and by the additional fact that this is an unusual situation. In *Harper's* which should be woman-manly or man-womanly in its speech, there ought to be no occasion for exclamation over the appearance of women in our midst as writers. Yet you find the proportions are not balanced if you watch over a period of time: the women are in arrears, numerically speaking, month after month. That this imbalance reflects editorial bias or a preponderance of males among *Harper's* readers is possible, of course, but hard to demonstrate, for, speaking numerically again, the editors on the office staff are three-to-three, and the readership is so far uncounted as to sex. P & O has gone scouting through the tables of contents of a number of other current magazines and has found that in them, as in Harper's—leaving the so-called "women's magazines" aside—the ratio of women to men as writers is small, hardly one to three or four. Our general impression from our general reading is that while women do indeed contribute nearly their share of the short stories and the poetry, they fall down in producing articles which editors want to publish. And the articles which frequently bring them the most attention are likely to be pieces about the plight

* Mrs. Woolf's five hundred pounds, in the year 1928, meant a sum which would provide a small living.

What's your score on these questions about JAMES JOYCE

considered by many to be the most influential writer of our time

Question 1: When was Joyce's "Ulysses" made legally available to the reading public in this country?

Question 2: What one single passage in "Finnegans Wake" took Joyce 1600 working hours to write?

Question 3: How did Joyce capitalize on his early psychic and intellectual struggles over religion, sex, and art?

Question 4: Which of all his stories was Joyce's favorite?

Question 5: How did Joyce express his deep feeling about his wife's unwavering loyalty?

Question 6: What one (and only one) volume contains *all* these Joyce writings complete: "The Dubliners," "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," "Exiles," "Collected Poems," and selected passages from "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake?"

Answer 1: Not until 1933, eleven years after it was first published in Paris. (Judge John H. Woolsey ruled "Ulysses" not obscene.)

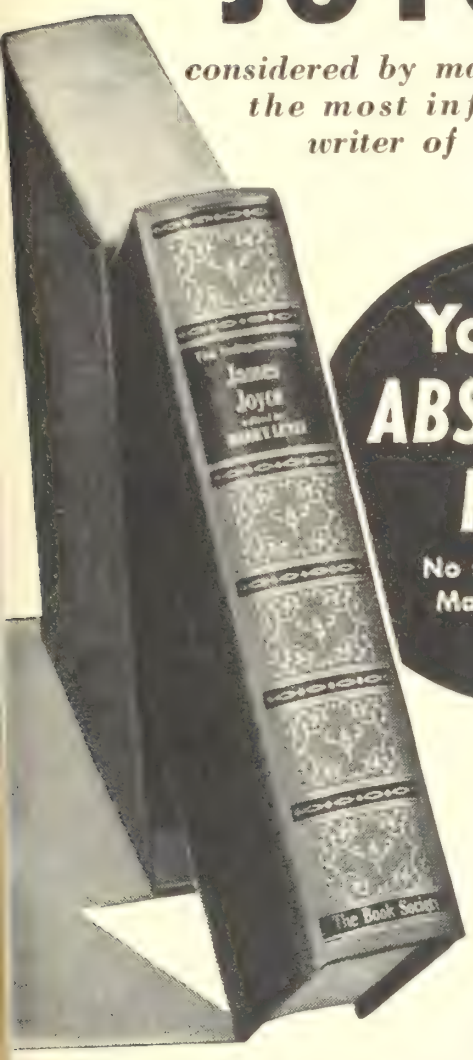
Answer 2: The famous and oft-quoted "Anna Livia Plurabelle" incident.

Answer 3: By writing his brilliant autobiographical novel, "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

Answer 4: "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," from "The Dubliners," a collection of Joyce stories.

Answer 5: By writing "The Exiles," a powerful 3-act play, and his only play.

Answer 6: The 768-page edition of James Joyce — yours free — when you mail coupon below.



Yours... ABSOLUTELY FREE!

No strings attached! Mail coupon below today!

BEAUTIFUL EDITIONS INDIVIDUALLY SLIP-CASED

Books you will be proud to keep in a prominent place in your library.

IF YOU ANSWERED the first five questions correctly, you're a Joyce "expert." If you answered but three, you're still pretty good. But regardless of how many or how few you knew, there's a *unique new way* for you to get to know all the answers about the really important writers of all time.

How? *The Book Society way!* Book Society's editions are especially designed to give you a comprehensive, 4-dimensional picture of an author — and not just in "samplings." You get *complete* works, plus representative cross-sections of his (or her) writing efforts, *plus*, often, intimate letters, personal notes, and so forth. And, to help you understand the author as a human being — so you may know the physiological and psychological factors that made him write as he did — a famous "scholar" of that author always introduces him to you. (Professor Harry Levin of Harvard "introduces" James Joyce to you.)

and here's why you are being given this 768-page edition of James Joyce FREE

The answer is simple. We're so sure you're going to like The Book Society idea that we will send you free this volume of James Joyce. You *keep* the Joyce, whether you like the Book Society or not.

Now, The Book Society is *not* "just another book club." You're *not* required to take any set number of books per year. You can cancel your membership at any time, and for any reason.

Your first selection, the 704-page D. H. Lawrence, for only $2.39 (the Society's regular low price), will be sent along with your copy of James Joyce. Send no money! And remember, you are under no obligation whatsoever.

any other superb Book Society editions soon available . . . including *Joseph Conrad, Ring Lardner, Sherwood nderson, Walt Whitman, Dorothy Parker, Plato, Edgar llen Poe, Oscar Wilde, John Steinbeck, Rabelais* — all great ooks you'll read and reread. All Book Society editions av-age about 700 pages (two to four times as much text as ost standard-size books). Handsomely bound and slip-cased.

The International Book Society

2 COLUMBUS CIRCLE, NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK

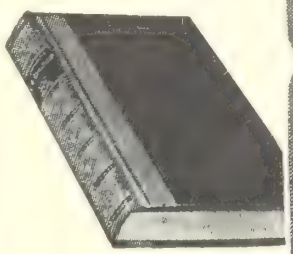
SEND NO MONEY! MAIL COUPON!

Also YOURS for 7-day FREE Examination

Your first Book Society selection . . .

The 704-page D. H. LAWRENCE

In this one superbly edited volume you get complete versions or substantial selections of such much-discussed Lawrence masterpieces as "The Rainbow", "Women In Love" and "The Fox." In addition you get seven other complete novelettes or stories, poetry, essays, intimate letters to friends, critical writing and notes on travel. Edited by famed critic Diana Trilling, who also provides a brilliant introduction to Lawrence and his compulsive preoccupation with sex, nature and "maleness". All this for only $2.39 with your FREE copy of James Joyce.



***Yours* ABSOLUTELY FREE**

The 768-page JAMES JOYCE

The International Book Society, Dept. 203 2 Columbus Circle, N. Y. 19

I want to take advantage of your introductory offer to send me FREE the 768-page JAMES JOYCE along with my first Book Society selection, the 704-page D. H. LAWRENCE for only $2.39 (plus shipping). At the same time and also free, enroll me as fully privileged member of The Book Society which permits me to receive other Society books at only $2.39.

With each purchase of 4 selections, I will receive a FREE selection as a bonus book. However, I understand that I am in no way obligated to take any specific number of books at any time. Every two months I will be offered 2 new Book Society volumes. These I may accept or reject as I choose. And I must be completely delighted with my first two books or I may return the 704-page LAWRENCE within 7 days and owe you nothing ...keeping the 768-page JAMES JOYCE as an absolutely free gift.

NAME .....
Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE H-8

Don't you remember—to cite only [illegible] this magazine—Zelda [illegible] and the Perilous Years" or Agnes Rogers' "The Humble Female" or Nancy Barr Mavity's "The Two-Income Family"? But, but—there was Mary Heaton Vorse's "The Pirates' Nest of New York" about the New York waterfront, a pretty masculine place, just last spring, wasn't it?

Be all that as it may, this month *Harper's* has not only ***Priscilla Robertson's*** article, "What Shall I Tell My Children?" (p. 21), which talks without special feminine pleading on a subject that should concern fathers as much as mothers, but also a long story by ***Pamela Frankau,*** "The Duchess and the Smugs" (p. 26), which might in itself be the short book, more concentrated than books by men, that Virginia Woolf was talking about. And, we think, it is not written as if consciously by a woman, though it comes through the eyes of a very young girl. In addition, this issue has a crisp, detached report by a woman legislator, ***Ruth B. Doyle,*** "The Fence-Me-In Laws" (p. 89) and a brief letter "On Being Sent a Joint of Beef" (p. 87) by the English novelist, ***Enid Bagnold.*** We are not exclaiming, or crowing; just mentioning the lineup.

The Parent As Believer

PRISCILLA ROBERTSON'S personal testimony on the question of religious belief in "What Shall I Tell My Children?" gives an answer not often heard these days. As Frederick Lewis Allen observed in his article last month, "The Spirit of the Times," there was in this country during the first thirty to forty years of this century a steady drift away from the faiths for which the churches stood, but in the nineteen-forties there has been a countermovement back toward religion. Many of us drift indifferently with these shifting tides until the time comes to try out our private convictions on our own children. Most parents will find a different answer from Mrs. Robertson's, but none will be more honest.

Last year a conscientious Protestant Episcopal minister in Richmond, Virginia, got to thinking that a pastor makes a "hit and miss business" of instructing his congregation in the Christian religion unless he knows more than the average minister knows about what his flock really believes. As the Religious News Service reported at the time, the Reverend W. Leigh Ribble made up a questionnaire and sent it to his 550 parishioners to find out their views about God, Christ, the Bible, immortality, and other matters of faith. Just 307 church members sent him their replies (some signed, some not). From the answers to the question about the belief in God, Mr. Ribble learned that 272 of the communicants believed in a personal God, twenty-one said God is not personal, but "force and power," twelve were undecided, one neither believed nor disbelieved, and one disavowed any belief. Of the 243 who kept their counsel, who knows? At any rate, though Mr. Ribble was quoted as finding in the survey "a startling and unhappy picture" of "the blighted harvest of modern liberalism" among some Christian believers, the evidence must have given him some basis for deciding what he should try to teach. In a different way, Mrs. Robertson's analysis of her beliefs gives all of us something to work on.

Mrs. Robertson has three children (currently aged eleven, seven, and five). After graduating from Vassar, she came to Kentucky to teach school, and married and stayed. She lives on a farm in Anchorage (population 800 or thereabouts) and takes an active part in community affairs. She is now chairman of the Children's Theater, "one of the organizations that make Anchorage an ideal town in which to bring up a family." During the war years she used to work hard helping to get in the hay crop (four or five alfalfa cuttings a year); now she doesn't drive the truck or tractor much but still makes all the family's butter by hand.

These activities (we feel sure Mrs. Woolf would have agreed) would seem to constitute enough interruptions to prevent Mrs. Robertson from being a writer. But she has had the determination to keep at it. Her book, *Revolutions of 1848: A Social History,* which was published by the Princeton University Press last month, grew out of the decision of five minutes and the work of ten years. "One May evening in 1942," she wrote us, "I came across a reference to 1848 in an article in the *Saturday Review of Literature*—and I asked myself what happened in 1848. I realized that



He's a baby sitter for barrels

Up and down the great stacks of whiskey barrels that stretch for miles through the warehouse, trouble-shooters make their rounds.

They are the special teams that constantly patrol every foot of Schenley's vast warehouses, making certain that all is well. Barrels all tight and sound. Surroundings spotless and dry. "Climate" just right for slow, aging of the sleeping whiskey.

Their hunt doesn't often turn up trouble. You see, the barrels are sturdy and solid, because Schenley makes its own to insure their quality. And the warehouse air is kept warm, clean and fresh, the way whiskey likes it.

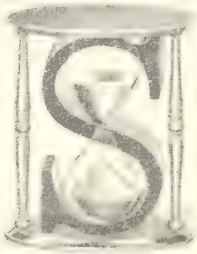
Still, the trouble-shooters keep a constant watch, "just in case." Babying barrels is extra effort, maybe, but an important part of the complete network of quality controls which guard Schenley whiskies from the time the grain is grown until—years later—the whiskey is in your glass.

This is Schenley's way of making certain that you get the utmost enjoyment in every drop of every drink. *Schenley Distillers, Inc., New York, N. Y.*



Nature's unhurried goodness

\+ S =



The best-tasting whiskies in ages

SCHENLEY

though the year sounded famous I could not name one single event in it. Then and there I decided to write my book. . . . Before that I would not have said I could have written a book about anything; five minutes later I was as sure it would be written as I am now that I can hold it in my hand."

The birth of her second and third babies almost wrecked the book project, but when her husband, Cary Robertson, Sunday editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* won a Nieman fellowship to Harvard in 1945-46, she was able to use the facilities of Widener Library at Harvard, and so get on with the book.

For three years since she finished reading about 1848, she has been studying in the fields of psychology and anthropology, with results which show in her article this month.

The Story Teller

PAMELA FRANKAU was a young girl when Virginia Woolf delivered the lectures at Newnham and Girton Colleges which were published in 1929 as *A Room of One's Own,* but she was already seriously at work as a novelist. Her first book was published in London when she was eighteen, and by the time World War II interrupted her writing and editing, she had produced a score of novels. She went into the ATS (the British WAC) as a private and reached the rank of major; when the war was over, she felt she had lost the writer's peculiar stamina so that it took her nearly two years to relearn the craft. But she succeeded by struggling for it, and has written several novels since then, the latest (published in 1949) being *The Willow Cabin.* Harper & Brothers will bring out a new novel next winter.

Miss Frankau is married to Marshall Dill, Jr., and has lived in the United States since 1945, but she makes regular visits to Europe and continues to contribute articles to English papers and to broadcast over the BBC when she is in England. Before the war she used to spend her holidays mostly in France and there she stored up impressions for "The Duchess and the Smugs."

Her attitude toward writing she expressed in an article once as follows: "I write because I can't help



Pamela Frankau

it; but not to write makes me feel unhappy and guilty. I have a mortal terror of unfinished work. I never begin a novel believing that I can finish it and I go on mistrusting my power to finish until I reach the page where I can—and always do—write THE END in capitals. Every time I finish a novel, I know that I will never be able to write another.'

Miss Frankau's approach is more solemn than one would expect in an author whose product is as airy and as easy-sounding as "The Duchess and the Smugs," and we expect you to forget all about the striving when you read the story.

The Lawmaker

IT WAS in the course of her work as a member of Wisconsin's state assembly, in which she has served since 1949, that ***Ruth B. Doyle*** got interested in the problems of licensing discussed in "The Fence-Me-In Laws." She is married to James E. Doyle, a Madison attorney and state chairman of the Democratic party of Wisconsin, and she identifies herself first as housewife and mother of three children.

On the principle of making out somehow in spite of interruptions Mrs. Doyle has served for her two sessions in the Assembly on the Education Committee and, during the interims, on the Legislative Council Committees on Education and the Revision of School Laws. She is the author of a resolution which started a Legislative Council study of licens



MEXICO

Pulsing with life and progress, abreast of the times in the arts, social services, and sciences... Mexico! Thrill to the surging-forward new world, from the newest and best in hotels to gayest of seasons at beaches, spas, and resorts. You'll never forget Mexico because its ancient culture is framed in a modern life full of attractions.

MEXICO

Where life is different!

DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO

Av. Juarez 89 Mexico, D. F.

- New York, 630 Fifth Avenue
- Chicago 333 N. Michigan Blvd.
- Los Angeles, 511 W. 6th St.
- San Antonio, 518 W. Houston
- New Orleans, Whitney Bldg.
- Miami, 40 Columbus Arcade
- Houston, Pan American World Airways Bldg.

ng laws last year, and this fall she s running for State Treasurer on he Democratic ticket.

Mrs. Doyle was born in Milwau- ee, went to school in Wisconsin, nd was graduated from the Uni- ersity of Wisconsin. After taking n M.A. degree from Teachers Col- ege at Columbia University in 1939, he taught in the public schools of ier home state until her marriage nd, during the war, worked in the Office of Alien Property Custodian, he Library of Congress, and the OPA.

The Householder

ONE would expect ***Enid Bagnold,*** who is the author of *Serena Blandish, National Velvet,* and other ery successful novels—as well as the ife of Sir Roderick Jones (Principal roprietor of Reuters from 1919 to 941)—not to have to concern herself ith the British food situation and er reactions "On Being Sent a Joint f Beef." Yet, as she points out, it is hen you are short of a thing (as ritain is short of food) that you get ever (though it helps, of course, to e endowed with a piece of garden nd). Lady Jones not only wrote all hose novels and a number of plays; ie also has three sons and a daugh- r; she also served in a hospital and s a front-line driver in the first orld war and as a busy householder n World War II. She is these days ill obliged to think seriously about ie uses of fish oil and the laying ower of ducks, but the books con- nue to come along. Last year Dou- leday brought out *The Loved and nvied,* a novel, and *Theater,* two lays.

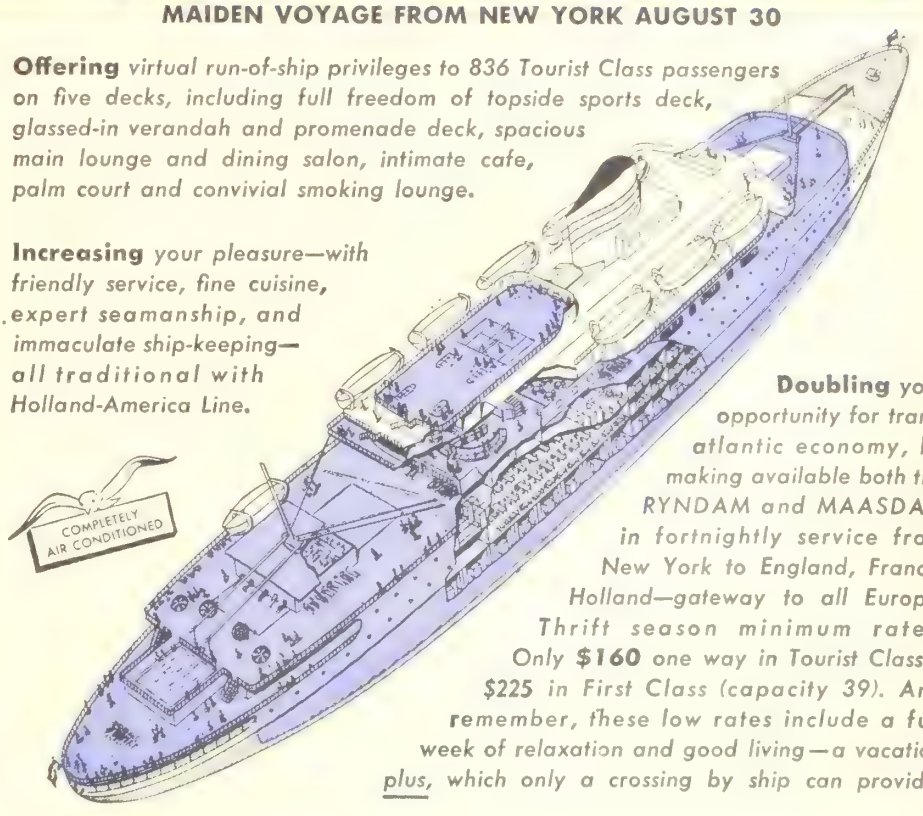
We should like modestly to sug- st you consider one striking simi- rity about these four women of gor and imagination who have con- ibuted so much to *Harper's* this onth. It may be that part of the cret of what makes a writer, male female, is parentage. We don't now enough about the mothers of ese writers to study them, a cir- mstance which Virginia Woolf ight relish. However, we do know ough about their fathers to say at all were men of notable accom- ishment: Priscilla Robertson is the ughter of the late Preserved Smith, e American historian; Pamela



MAIDEN VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK AUGUST 30

Offering *virtual run-of-ship privileges to 836 Tourist Class passengers on five decks, including full freedom of topside sports deck, glassed-in verandah and promenade deck, spacious main lounge and dining salon, intimate cafe, palm court and convivial smoking lounge.*

Increasing *your pleasure—with friendly service, fine cuisine, expert seamanship, and immaculate ship-keeping—all traditional with Holland-America Line.*



Doubling *your opportunity for trans-atlantic economy, by making available both the RYNDAM and MAASDAM in fortnightly service from New York to England, France, Holland—gateway to all Europe. Thrift season minimum rates: Only* **$160** *one way in Tourist Class—$225 in First Class (capacity 39). And remember, these low rates include a full week of relaxation and good living—a vacation plus, which only a crossing by ship can provide.*

BLUE AREAS indicate tourist class accommodations for 836 passengers on 5 decks.

Book early *with your travel agent—it costs you no more.*

Holland-America Line

29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, NEW YORK • OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Frequent sailings to England, France and Holland for all Europe on the luxurious flagship NIEUW AMSTERDAM the one-(first)-class-only motortwins WESTERDAM & NOORDAM; and on the twin thriftliners RYNDAM & MAASDAM

"IT'S GOOD TO BE ON A WELL-RUN SHIP"

How much can $10,000 buy?

Well, a number of dollars in all of course.

For instance, here are some of the ways you might invest it . . . some of the things your $10,000 can buy.

$10,000 Invested in:	Yields annual Income of about
Short-term tax-exempt Municipal Bonds	$ 110-130
Long-term taxable Government Bonds	$ 270
Savings Banks and Building & Loan Assns	$ 250-350
High Grade Corporate Bonds (New Offerings)	$ 315-325
High Grade Preferred Stocks (New Offerings)	$ 410-430
Good Common Stocks	$ 550-650

We circled the last item because it looks like an obvious choice for most people. By "good common stocks" we mean the 200 stocks used to make up the Moody averages . . . the kind that currently return about 5.5% on your money.

And there are plenty of such stocks to choose from. Of the 1,054 common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange last year, for example, 9 out of 10 paid dividends. (dividends averaged 6.8%)

Of course, some stocks paid more, some less. That's why we'll gladly help you select the most suitable securities currently available . . . review your present holdings . . . give you all the facts we can on any industry, company, or stock.

There's no charge for these services, either, whether you're a customer or not. So if you'd like current details on just what $10,000, or $1,000, or $100,000 can buy—if you'd like us to set up an investment program to fit your needs and objectives, simply write us.

Investment Securities

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 101 Cities

Frankau is the daughter of Gilbert Frankau, the novelist; Ruth Doyle's great-grandfather, grandfather, and father, all served as members of the Wisconsin legislature; and Enid Bagnold's father was a British Army colonel, who served in many lands and returned from retirement to be chief experimental officer of the Signals Experiment Establishment during the first world war. And Virginia Woolf, to return to the challenger herself, was, you recall, the daughter of that formidable mountaineer, critic, biographer, and agnostic, Sir Leslie Stephen.

August Presences and Absences

As you will see by the announcement on page 96, ***Gilbert Highet*** will be a regular writer for *Harper's*, beginning next month. ***Charles Poore,*** who has ably survived the "New Books" since December 1950, signed his column last month with an "Envoi" to the staff and especially to ***Katherine Gauss Jackson,*** who, as he said, remains "guide and conscience" of the book review department.

In the August interlude, ***C. Hartley Grattan*** contributes a roundup of recent economic books—a job which he has done brilliantly for *Harper's* a number of times. Mr. Grattan is the author of several books on the economic and social scene, foreign and domestic, and he has written many articles in those fields. Though he is now working on a lengthy research and writing task for the Fund for Adult Education, established by the Ford Foundation, he has continued to contribute occasional articles—for example, his remarkable study of "Beardsley Ruml and His Ideas" in the May issue.

One regular, though inconspicuous, contributor to *Harper's* is absent this month, and we take the chance to mention him. ***John A. Kouwenhoven,*** professor of English at Barnard College, who has written the anonymous lion's share of Personal & Otherwise for many years, without vacation, is taking a month off, but he will return in the September number. You may have seen announcements of plans for the publication of a pictorial history of New York City, which Mr. Kouwenhoven will edit for Columbia University and which Doubleday & Company will publish in October 1953. The big book, containing 500 to 600 pages and some 1,000 illustrations, is one of several ambitious projects to celebrate the bicentennial of Columbia University in 1954.

Mr. Kouwenhoven was a full-time editor of this magazine for several years before he went to Barnard in 1946 and has continued as a contributing editor. He is the author of *Adventures in America,* a pictorial history, and of *Made in America,* a study in American culture. The picture section of the centennial issue of *Harper's* (October 1950), which was certainly one of the liveliest spots in that distinguished volume, was Mr. Kouwenhoven's work.

Some of you may have noticed in studying the new makeup of the contents page of *Harper's,* that the name of Anne L. Goodman among the list of editors was replaced in June by that of ***Anne G. Freedgood.*** It's the same person, though now she is married to Seymour Freedgood, a *Harper's* contributor and a member of the State Department. During the current session of the Economic and Social Council of the UN, Mr. Freedgood is serving as an adviser to the U. S. Delegation. Mrs. Freedgood came to the magazine in 1949 after working for the Office of War Information and for *Vogue,* the magazine *'48,* and the New York *Star* where she was book editor. She wrote "Mrs. Mac of Barnard," which *Harper's* published in May 1951, and has contributed articles and stories to other magazines.

The Other Half

•••***Douglas Jerrold,*** who contributes "Graham Greene, Pleasure Hater" (p. 50), belies a somewhat popular myth that publishers are really disappointed authors. He is not only the Chairman of Eyre & Spottiswoode, one of London's most venerable publishing houses, and one-time editor of the *English Review,* he is also the author of some nine books of non-fiction and two novels. Next year Houghton Mifflin will bring out his *Introduction to the History of England.* Mr. Je

old's study of Graham Greene appeared in the *Picture Post* in London this spring.

••It is a little surprising to find a reputable economist arguing that moderate inflation may bring with more advantages than disadvantages; it is genuinely surprising to find this argument coming from such a common-sensical, middle-of-the-road man as ***Sumner H. Slichter,*** Lamont University Professor at Harvard. Yet this is his theme in "How Bad Is Inflation?" (p. 53). It should be explained to the uninitiate that at Harvard the title of "university professor" is bestowed upon a few men of exceptional stature whose range of interests is too wide to be confined within the limits of any particular department (some would say they are men too big for any one department). For example, you will find on consulting the official Harvard documents that Professor Slichter gives courses in the Economics Department, and also is a member of the faculty of the Business School, and also is listed among the professors of the Graduate School of Public Administration.

This would seem to suggest a considerable range of operations, and the impression is borne out by Dr. Slichter's writings and other activities. As something of a specialist in labor relations, he has written books about *The Turnover of Factory Labor,* about *Trade Union Policy and Industrial Management,* and about *The Challenge of Industrial Relations,* but his more recent books, such as *The American Economy, Its Problems and Prospects* (1948), and *What's Ahead for American Business* (1951), have been unconfined to any one aspect of the economic scene. During the past few years he has, as he tells us, "been especially interested in studying the conditions of economic growth and the distinctive characteristics of the American economy"; there's nothing cabined about those topics. And that he is at home in the company of men of business substance is indicated by the fact that he is a member of the Research Advisory Board of the Committee for Economic Development, whose studies of economic policy are seldom, to our knowledge, accused of being over-fanciful.



Starred Again!



"WE APPEAR IN SCENE AFTER SCENE, WHITEY!"



"THAT'S RIGHT, BLACKIE! YOU'LL FIND BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY WHENEVER THE PART CALLS FOR A SCOTCH WITH QUALITY AND CHARACTER THAT NEVER CHANGE."



"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

Key to Happy Holidays in IRELAND

Before you leave, be sure [illegible] complete Irish travel requirements. That way [illegible] and enjoy pleasant travel "every mile through the Emerald Isle".

TRANSPORTATION — By rail or road... Reservations on express trains.

STEAMER SERVICES between Ireland and Britain... Cabin reservations.

SCENIC TOURS BY MOTOR COACH—six, nine and eleven day tours, all-inclusive and remarkably low priced.

HOTEL RESERVATIONS at 6 C.I.E. Hotels.

Typical travel bargain
A 6-Day motor tour of the Irish Republic, including meals, hotels, even tips, for only $47.60!

YOUR TRAVEL AGENT will help plan your visit to Ireland, and supply your transportation and reservations.

Further information and literature may also be obtained by writing Dept. J-23 at any Irish Railways office—

NEW YORK 20, N. Y. ..... 9 Rockefeller Plaza
CHICAGO 3, ILL. ..... 39 So. La Salle Street
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL. ..... 510 W. 6th Street
TORONTO, ONT. ..... 69 Tonge Street

CORAS IOMPAIR EIREANN Ireland's Transport Company

FOR MORE VACATION FUN
Get The GIMLET
THE MAGAZINE OF RESORT-VACATION TRAVEL
24 YEARS TRAVEL-WISE TRAVELER'S GUIDE



CANADA thru FLORIDA, THE SOUTH, and Enroute, Nassau, Bermuda, Cuba West Indies. 200 PAGES Illus. *Hotels, Restaurants, Prices. Hiway Data, Cruises. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS: Silver Springs, Fla. Florida's Underwater Fairyland, Bellingrath Gardens, Charm Spot of Deep South, Mobile, Ala., Monkey Jungle, Goulds, Fla. Price, 50¢; Doubledays, Brentanos or send 75¢ for postpaid copy or $1.25 year's subscription (2 issues) to The Gimlet, Dept. 70, 551 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*

Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Daytona Beach, Fla.
SHERATON PLAZA
West Palm Beach, Fla.
GEORGE WASHINGTON
Miami, Fla.
THE COLUMBUS
Miami Beach, Fla.
ISLE DE CAPRI
St. Petersburg, Fla.
GULF WINDS
VILLAS & APTS.
TIDES
Jamaica, B. W. I.
MYRTLE BANK
TOWER ISLE

Typical Recommended Restaurants

MADELEINE'S
PATRICIA MURPHY'S
GEORGE WASHINGTON RAINBOW ROOM
COLUMBUS HOTEL DINING ROOMS
LAS NOVEDADES

[illegible] To Protect Your Travel Funds

When, not long ago, we received a clipping about a conference at the University of Minnesota on "Savings, Inflation, and Economic Progress" at which H. Christian Sonne spoke up for a stable price level and Dr. Slichter said unterrified things about a rising price level, we found ourselves wondering how Dr. Slichter arrived at such unusual conclusions—and were delighted, a few days later, to receive from him a manuscript outlining and expanding his views. We decided forthwith to share it with our readers.

Dr. Slichter would probably be among the first to warn us that a rising price level, like alcohol, is something to be enjoyed in strict moderation. It is noteworthy that he says that "today the federal government is pursuing an inexcusably lax policy toward the danger of inflation." Yet we can take a certain satisfaction in the fact that a man of such breadth of view feels that the danger is not as immediate and overwhelming as many of us have believed it to be; and that what Robert L. Heilbroner called "the uncomfortable paradise of full employment" (in an article which he wrote for *Harper's* in 1947) has its definite advantages along with the discomforts.

•••The relentlessly sunny nature of the common travelers' guidebooks would make it hard for us to recognize ***Edmund Stevens'*** somber analysis in "Portugal under Salazar" (p. 62), were it not that the Spanish civil war awoke the world to some basic political realities. No doubt there is still plenty of the picturesque in that tiny, dictator-ridden republic, but the human situation is more interesting than the monuments and can bear more scrutiny than it usually gets. And so can the political relations between Portugal and the Western world.

Mr. Stevens, who is chief of the Mediterranean News Bureau of the *Christian Science Monitor,* went to Lisbon last February primarily to cover the NATO conference, but he devoted all his extra time to learning about local conditions. He met and talked to persons of all possible political shades, both for and against the government, and after the conference took a brief trip to the north. Since he left Moscow, where he was correspondent for the *Monitor* from 1946 to 1949, Mr. Stevens has had his base in Rome, with an elastic assignment that sometimes stretches as far as Iran, the Iberian Peninsula, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, and the Arab fringe. He won the Pulitzer Prize for international reporting in 1950.

•••It is a comfort to realize, in reading ***Dr. Laurence Farmer's*** "People Are Getting Taller" (p. 69), that we are not being asked to do anything at all about the phenomenon he discusses. If the human race is destined to stretch itself out to extinction, there is, as far as man knows, no alternative. With so many matters of prior importance on the human agenda, it is pleasant to find one threat (if it is a threat) which is of purely academic interest.

Dr. Farmer's zest for the problem comes partly, as he suggests in his article, from feeling the eyes of his son looking down on him. Dr. Farmer lives in Great Neck on Long Island and practices medicine in New York City. He holds senior appointments in his specialties (internal medicine and allergy) at Bellevue and Lenox Hill Hospitals. He has written a good many research papers for medical journals and some popular articles for general magazines. His last article for *Harper's* was "The Old People" (December 1951).

•••P & O had the pleasure—perhaps pleasure is not precisely the word—of sitting with ***Sir Arthur Grimble*** the author of "Tales of the Gilbert Islands" (p. 73), over a drink in a pub near *Harper's* while he told us what it is like to be "octopus bait." When he was District Officer in the Gilberts, some years ago, he was walking along a jetty by the sea and saw two boys amusing themselves by catching octopuses, not baby ones but big ugly creatures. He stopped and asked them how they did it, and they retorted by asking him if he wouldn't like to be the bait. He made it quite clear to us that to have refused or to have appeared timid would have meant a great loss of face not only to himself but to the British Empire, so he said he would. Briefly the bait behaves like this. He dives into the water and comes

up slowly facing the stones of the jetty in which the octopus lurks. He holds his hands over his eyes as he surfaces, and the octopus grabs him and wraps his tentacles around his body. When the bait and the beast arrive at the surface the boy on the shore grabs the head of the octopus, which is plastered against the bait's chest, pulls it back, and bites it between the eyes. The octopus is stunned by this, relaxes his hold, and the bait clambers up on the jetty. Nothing to it really.

The stories we publish in this issue will appear in Sir Arthur's book, *We Chose the Islands,* to be published by Morrow next month. Sir Arthur, who retired from the Colonial Service of Great Britain in 1948, is a Knight of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He was born in Hong Kong, and was in the Colonial Service for thirty-four years. Since his retirement he has been writing, lecturing for the British Broadcasting Company, and traveling. We caught him on his first trip to America this past spring.

•••No one can say that cancer is any longer a hush-hush disease, for the campaigns of the various organizations which are trying to fight it have certainly made their purposes known and enlisted the help of the general public in a triumphant way. Yet the fight can still be aptly described by the title of ***Leonard Engel's*** article, "The Long Slow Battle with Cancer" (p. 82).

A measure of that struggle [Mr. Engel told us] is the fact that I first prepared a draft of this article more than a year and a half ago, yet when I finally got around to revising it, there was very little I had to do to bring it up to date. A good deal has been accomplished in the way of fundamental scientific observation of cancer tissues, many new elegant biochemical and biophysical techniques have been devised or sharpened, but these developments have not yet brought us to the point where one can say, "This is the real nature of cancer, and here's a new way to try treating it that really seems as though it might be a substantial improvement over present methods." All this points up the fact I tried to emphasize in the article, namely, that early detection is the important measure for the present.

•••Hardly anyone will overlook the cover of *Harper's* this month. For the first time in many years, we are using a picture—a drawing inspired by Pamela Frankau's "The Duchess and the Smugs." The artist, ***Arthur Marokvia,*** is a painter who studied and practiced his art in several European countries before coming to the United States in 1949. He has also been a student of music and of the ballet, and has had exhibitions of paintings in Paris, where he lived for more than fifteen years.

W. T. Mars, illustrator of "Portugal under Salazar," is a Polish-born artist. He studied in Warsaw and France before the war, served in the Polish army under British command, and painted murals in London before coming to this country last December.

Joseph Forte, a native of Brooklyn, who made the drawings of the Gilbert Islands, has been illustrating for magazines and books while teaching himself almost all forms of drawing. He served with the U. S. Army in the European theater during the last war and studied art at the Art Students League and at Pratt Institute.

The decorations for Enid Bagnold's "On Being Sent a Joint of Beef" are the work of ***Richard E. Davis.*** Mr. Davis, Boston-born, was trained as an architect but moved into the field of art as an art director for publications. He has had an exhibit of drawings and paintings in New York and has done fashion work and California assignments.

•••"Last Meeting of the Happy Valley Hunt" (p. 81) is by a young poet, ***E. A. Muir,*** who is a veteran of the war (naval aviation), of college teaching, and of life in Chicago. He is now in New England as field representative of the Great Books Foundation.

Kathleen Raine, who wrote "The Child at the Door" (p. 86), is an English poet, new to this magazine. Her childhood years in Northumberland gave her a love of that wild and noble country which perhaps inspired the feeling of this poem. She took a degree in natural science at Cambridge and now lives in London with her two children, spending much time in the North Country and Scotland.

Who writes best about travel?

There's a type of literature called "travel writing," done by that rather dashing fellow, the "travel writer." It's pleasing when well done, sometimes useful to have along on a trip. But we don't go for it for HOLIDAY.

We don't believe that "travel writing" is or should be an isolated segment of *belles lettres.* Good writing comes first in our ledger, and we long ago vowed not to let the tag "travel writing" become an excuse for careless reporting and addiction to the superlative and the cliché.

Consider the novelists who have turned to regional reporting in the pages of HOLIDAY. Good novelists have the gift and the experience to see with uncanny clearness. They describe places and set scenes beautifully. They can penetrate into the souls of areas and people.

Among those whose work has appeared, and is appearing in HOLIDAY, are Ludwig Bemelmans, Ernest Hemingway, Phil Stong, Jerome Weidman, Hamilton Basso, Budd Schulberg, John O'Hara, Christopher La Farge, James Michener, Irwin Shaw, James Thurber, E. B. White, Roger Angell, Carl Biemiller. We think our notion has worked out very well indeed, and so, apparently, do several other million readers of HOLIDAY.

LETTERS

The American System—

To the Editors:

The Unsystematic American System [illegible] Frederick Lewis Allen's "Underneath there is a substantial agreement among the vast majority of Americans that the United States is not evolving toward socialism but past socialism."

For about ten years I have had the idea that Henry Ford started a revolution in this country when he began paying $5 a day minimum wage. His reason for doing this, about forty years ago, was to enable wage workers to buy Fords so he could build a great many and thus build them cheaper.

The unique feature of the American system is mass production and this requires mass consumption. . . . This is the basis of our high standard of living which, in turn, gives the vast majority of Americans a stake in the national welfare and an incentive to produce which obtains in no other country. . . .

ALBERT S. WALKER
Yorba Linda, Calif.

To the Editors:

Frederick Lewis Allen's splendid article, "The Unsystematic American System," contains one statement which is misleading: ". . . Britain under Socialist leadership had to come to us for financial aid." Britain's present economic crisis is far more fundamental than mere political party differences. . . .

Historically the roots of Britain's financial ills lie in the growth of the industrial system. From the last quarter of the eighteenth century on, Britain was gradually transformed from a self-sufficient, agrarian nation into an industrialized island depending for its economic health on a free flow of trade. . . . After about 1870 trade ceased to flow freely, tariff barriers were everywhere erected, and Britain had to depend to an ever-increasing extent on the income from foreign investments. . . . After two world wars these credits have dried up and Britain is left with a dollar gap and little to plug it with except courage and austerity. . . . It is not surprising that the Labor party was not able to iron out in five years the ills it had taken the British industrial establishment almost two centuries to accumulate. . . .

ROBERT E. NEIL
Findlay, Ohio

To the Editors:

Mr. Neil has caught me in an over-simplification. I was well aware that the major ills of the British economy were old and deep-seated. I was thinking, when I wrote, in broader terms, of the fact that Socialist economies generally have been less dynamic than ours; and when I mentioned Britain I had in mind my feeling that the Socialist regime there had not succeeded in contributing the needed dynamism, without which a redistribution of wealth is likely to result in robbing Peter to pay Paul without producing a multiplication of wealth.

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

In Mr. Allen's article on "The Unsystematic American System" he mentions (somewhat casually) various dangers which confront the American economy. But he is so bemused by the current boom that he fails to realize how very largely it is based upon a prodigious program of military spending. If the fifty or sixty billion dollars' worth of pump-priming that the government is now doing were cut to, say, ten billion, does he think that the economy would go on booming? We may have a fine system, but it has yet to prove that it can run full speed on a truly peacetime basis. What has sustained it ever since 1940 has been, to all intents and purposes, war spending. During the nineteen-thirties, when there was no such spending, it didn't look so healthy.

I wish I could share Mr. Allen's apparent optimism.

HAWLEY JONES
New York, N. Y.

Driving a Car—

To the Editors:

I want another treatise by Lincoln Dryden on "How to Drive a Car." This would supplement his June *Harper's* article, giving a projection of his unexplained handling of the irksome situation which he claims he conquers:

"I am a good driver because I almost never get hung up in average traffic. Time after time, I have come over a hill or around a curve, and my passengers, looking ahead at a line of cars and trucks, have groaned. . . . In the majority of cases I can get by . . . usually it requires only a minute or two. . . ."

Now the only conclusion I can arrive at is that Mr. Dryden, who otherwise displays some sensible motoring ideas, is one of those line-hopping drivers when he is confronted with a slow-moving traffic line. . . . How else does he get by except by dodging in and out in front of cars ahead of him, forcing each driver ahead of him to make way for him to avoid collision . . . ?

WILBUR H. BALDINGER
Washington, D. C.

To the Editors:

As a geology student at Bryn Mawr College, I have often had the pleasure of being chauffeured by Dr. Lincoln Dryden, self-styled the world's best driver. My personal opinion is that his claim is by no means extravagant. Dr. Dryden's abilities are especially remarkable in view of his profession; though geologists rarely fall into the detestable category of "follow-travelers" (they maneuver their cars over terrain most people

would consider unnavigable), they are seldom expert drivers because they are too busy observing and commenting on lithified portions of the scenery to notice cars ahead and behind, if indeed the road. . . .

NANCY JANE WULLSCHLEGER
New Paltz, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Three cheers and a medal for timely intelligence to Lincoln Dryden! . . . Of course the good professor is right when he says that *I* am the best driver on the road. . . . Most important, though, is that I learned a lot from the *second best* driver and enjoyed myself thoroughly in doing it.

ABRAHAM DOBKIN
Washington, D. C.

To the Editors:

I quote from "How To Drive a Car" in the June number: "Did you ever see a woman driver who knew where the right side of her car was?"

The answer is "Yes." I am one. I have driven every year for the past thirty-seven, an average of 25,000 miles or over each year. If I don't know where the right side of my car is, I should be in a padded cell. . . .

BEATRICE Y. HOUGHTON
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Cats for Stevenson—

To the Editors:

Congratulations on publishing Governor Stevenson's inspired veto message of the Illinois "Cat Bill" and for illustrating it so charmingly [June].

Governor Stevenson earned *Cats* Magazine's 1949 Citation of the Year for this outstanding activity in behalf of cats.

RAYMOND D. SMITH
Editor *Cats* Magazine
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dostoevsky's Status—

To the Editors:

In your June issue Letters column Mr. Leonid S. Polevoy made some comments on Michel Gordey's "What You Can Read in Russia," and took exception to a statement that Dostoevsky's novels had not been reprinted during the last fifteen or twenty years. He then mentioned that he owns a 1946 edition of Dostoevsky's "Works" published by OGIZ.

I think I can clarify to some extent the seeming contradictions in this matter.

The list of writings printed by OGIZ contains, with the exception of *Crime and Punishment,* nothing but minor works of Dostoevsky and *none of his writings which deal with questions of good and evil, God, conscience, the coming revolution, or politics.* . . . These "omissions" include *The Idiot, The Brothers Karamazov, Notes from the Underground,* and, of course, *The Possessed,* a novel which prophesied pretty accurately the type of revolution which was coming. A young Soviet citizen now reading the "Works" published by OGIZ will certainly get a limited and lopsided idea of the great Russian writer. . . .

In 1946, being more than ever hungry for good Russian books, I went to the local Soviet consul and asked him to tell me how I could order some Russian books. In the course of a nice long talk . . . I mentioned that I was particularly interested in Dostoevsky. He blushed, then stammered, "You won't be able to get him. We don't publish him. He is not good for our youth." . . . Last year I took a chance and wrote to a relative in Poland asking her to try and get some Dostoevsky in Russian. Her reply was brief and indicative: "I can't get anything of his for you; he is on the index.". . .

What seems to me closest to the actual facts about the fate of Dostoevsky's writings in the USSR is that until 1946 they simply confiscated wherever possible those major and "dangerous" works; then issued the emasculated volume as a kind of answer to possible demands or criticism.

Dostoevsky of all the great Russian writers personifies most the things that tormented their souls: the search for true morality, for God, for goodness. Long before Freud, Jung, and Kunkel he was a true depth-psychologist; he understood above all the psychology of all crime, including political crime. No wonder the Kremlin fears him.

LOLA KINEL
Hollywood, Calif.



SELLS FOUR ARTICLES at BEGINNING of COURSE

"Before I had finished the third assignment, I sold four articles that have brought in over twice the cost of the complete course. Had anyone told me when I began the N.I.A. Course, that I could do that, I would have considered him crazy." — Walter F. Roper. 95 Benedict Terrace, Longmeadow, Mass.

HOW do *you* KNOW *you can't WRITE?*

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is of your choosing, you probably *never* will write. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. We all know that, in our time, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized by thoroughly experienced, practical writers. Under such sympathetic guidance you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy someone else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it.

Many people who *should* be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, homemaking, travels, books, hobbies, local club and church activities, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

A chance to test yourself FREE!

Our FREE unique Writing Aptitude Test tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. It's FREE. Just mail the coupon today and see what our editors say. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

(Founded 1925)

Free — Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N.Y.
Send me, without cost or obligation, your Free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit as promised in Harper's Magazine, Aug.

Mr. }
Mrs. } .....
Miss }
Address.....
City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....
(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 17-M-362

Copyright 1951, Newspaper Institute of America

« Schools and Colleges »

MAINE

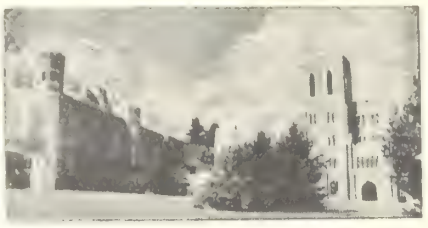


OAK GROVE

A Friends School for Girls

Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Speech. Grades 7-12. Recent graduates in all major Colleges for Women and leading Universities. Strong P.G. for H.S. Graduates needing intensive Review before College. Riding included. Joyous outdoor life. Beautiful new fireproof buildings.

Mr. & Mrs. Robert Owen, Box 120, Vassalboro, Me.



MASSACHUSETTS

NICHOLS JUNIOR COLLEGE FOR MEN

Business Administration and Executive Training

Degree granting. International [illegible] school location. 200-acre campus. Modern dormitories. All sports.

Opportunity for Military Training with E.R.C. unit on campus.

Dudley, Mass.

James L. Conrad, Pres

CUSHING ACADEMY

[illegible] Moderate rates. Excellent equipment. Small [illegible] art, dramatics, pre-nursing, journalism. Coeduca-

CLARENCE M. QUIMBY, *Headmaster*, [illegible] MASS.

ENDICOTT JUNIOR COLLEGE

[illegible] Art, Drama, Int. Decor., Journalism, Vocational Work Plan. [illegible] MASS.

MARY A. BURNHAM SCHOOL

[illegible] General and [illegible] courses. Music emphasized. Art, secretarial. [illegible] advantages. Riding. Skiing. Swimming. [illegible] MASS.

MASSACHUSETTS CLINIC OF PHYSIOTHERAPY

[illegible] Courses in Physiotherapy, X-Ray, Med. Lab. [illegible] Free placement, certificate, clinical training. [illegible] Enroll Now for Sept. class. [illegible]

NURSERY TRAINING SCHOOL

[illegible] For high sch., jr. & sr. college grads. [illegible] B.S. in Ed. and Ed. M. Residence. Catalog. [illegible] MASS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

EMERSON SCHOOL

[illegible] Box H, EXETER, N. H.

HOLDERNESS

[illegible] C. HALPERMAN, Box 50, PLYMOUTH, N. H.

NEW HAMPTON SCHOOL

[illegible]

VERMONT

WOODSTOCK COUNTRY SCHOOL

A modern school in Vermont ski country. Boys and girls 12-18. High scholastic standards; college preparation with exceptional facilities in science, history & the arts. Informal country life, outdoor sports, farming, riding. Catalog.

DAVID BAILEY, Headmaster, Box M, WOODSTOCK, VT.

RHODE ISLAND

HATCH PREPARATORY SCHOOL

[illegible] program since 1926. Classes—1 to 4 boys. Progress geared to individual abilities and ambition. College candidates save a year. Three school years begin Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 1. Summer term in Dexter, Maine. [illegible] prerequisite to acceptance.

LLOYD HARVEY HATCH, Headmaster, NEWPORT, R. I.

LINCOLN SCHOOL OF PROVIDENCE

For girls. 68th year. Exceptional record for college preparation. Modern equipment and sports program. Conservative costs. Auspices of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends.

MARION S. COLE, Headmistress,
Box M, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

MOSES BROWN

An endowed Friends school. Help and inspiration for each boy a [illegible] tradition. Known for successful college preparation. Arts and crafts hobbies. Secluded [illegible] campus. Moderate tuition. BELMONT Separate residence for younger boys. Home care.

L. R. THOMAS, Headmaster,
310 Hope St., PROVIDENCE 6, R. I.

CONNECTICUT

EDGEWOOD SCHOOL

Boarding and Day School for boys and girls from Nursery School to College. Excellent college record. Carefully selected faculty. Art, crafts, music, dramatics, shop. Remedial reading. Country campus, 30 mi. from N. Y. All sports. Est. 1910.

MRS. ROSA I. MASSER, Principal,
GREENWICH 6, CONN.

THE MERRICOURT SCHOOL

A country boarding school for 40 boys and girls. Grades 1-8. Preparatory. Homelike environment. Sports, extra-curricular programs. 27th year. 8 weeks summer camp. Visit, write or phone New Britain 3-3209.

[illegible] E. WHITTEMORE, Headmistress, BERLIN, CONN.

RUMSEY HALL SCHOOL FOR JUNIOR BOYS

[illegible] section, alert boys, 6 to 14, for leading preparatory schools. Develops individual abilities. Country campus, 90 miles from New York. Hockey, riflery, skiing, baseball, tennis. Grades I-VIII. 52nd year. Booklet.

[illegible] SCHENCK, Dir.,
WASHINGTON 2, CONN.

SAINT MARGARET'S SCHOOL

Emphasizes preparation for leading colleges. Also general course with music, dramatics, art. Hockey, riding. [illegible] catalog. Est. 1865. Modern fireproof building.

PAULINE S. FAIRBANKS,
[illegible] Box V, WATERBURY 20, CONN.

WHITNEY SCHOOL OF ART

Professional training in Fine Arts, Advertising Art, [illegible] Design, Ceramics. Distinguished [illegible] faculty. Individual guidance. Coed. Catalog.

BOX F, 490 Prospect St., NEW HAVEN 11, CONN.

WOOSTER SCHOOL

Prepares boys for leading colleges. Distinctive curriculum, individual attention, small classes. Extra-curricular program: Athletics, hobbies, shop, dramatics, music. Sixty miles from New York. Country setting. 125 acres. Est.

THE REV. JOHN R. VERDERY, HDM., Danbury, Conn.

"Individual Attention" in the Private School

If there is any justification for private schools, and I believe there is ample justification for them, we must look for it in the kind of education they give. Most school heads would not confine education to the influence of the classroom but would include the total impact of the school on morals as well as intellect, on manners, attitudes, and physical well-being.

The claim of superiority is based primarily on four assumptions: that the private schools are able to pay attention to each pupil's special needs, that the level of intelligence in the private school group is generally high, that the quality of teaching is good, and that their independence enables them to teach what and as they please. "Individual attention" (a byword in private school parlance) is made possible by the high ratio of teachers to pupils, which in many of the schools is about eight or nine boys or girls to each member of the faculty. A class section of as many as twenty is regarded as unbearable by teachers who are used to ten or fifteen children at a time. Compare this with the forty or fifty-five boys and girls in many public school classes and the claim of individual attention is justified.

Small classes and a better-than-average group of students make more than a mechanical difference. It is possible to provide these groups with advantages which though they may resemble, item for item, the offerings of many public schools, have a better chance to soak in. Perhaps the most important factor is the teachers themselves. In general, headmasters and headmistresses, unlike high school principals, are a great deal more interested in what their teachers know about the subject they teach than in how many courses in pedagogy they have been exposed to. Very few of them worry whether their teachers have been to teachers' colleges or normal schools. They pick the members of their faculties for their college and postgraduate training, for their personalities, and for their potential good influence in the school. . . .

Excerpt from "Can Private Schools Survive" by Russell Lynes January '48 issue of Harper's.



SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES



THE schools and colleges whose announcements appear in this section will send catalogs or further information on request. If you wish counsel on an individual problem, the School Bureau will be glad to advise you from an informed and impartial viewpoint. Address: Mrs. Lewis D. Bement, Director of Educational Guidance, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, 16

NEW YORK

FASHION ACADEMY

THE SCHOOL OF FAMOUS GRADUATES

FASHION DESIGN • ILLUSTRATION
CLOTHES CONSTRUCTION
DRAPING • STYLING • BUYING

Personal analysis of individual aptitude. Intensive specialized training. Founded by EMIL ALVIN HARTMAN, foremost authority. Summer, Fall and Winter Classes. Limited enrollment requires early registration.

or Resident courses request book 15.
or Home Study Courses request book 15H.

12 Fifth Ave. (62nd St.) NEW YORK 21

MERICAN THEATRE WING

Professional Training Program designed for professionals as well as experienced amateurs (summer stock, college, d civic groups). Courses especially planned for interated talents. Stage, Music, TV, Radio, Dance, Writing. ll: Sept. 15-Nov. 25. Winter: Dec. 15-Mar. 3. Spring: rch 16-May 23. Write: Sec., 351 West 48 Street, York 36.

EW YORK PHOENIX SCHOOL OF DESIGN

Practical training for careers in the Fine Arts; Adtising Art; Story Illustration; Textile Design; Fashion ustration; Airbrush. Est. 1892. Enroll Now. Catalog 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St., N. Y. 16. MU 5-2973

RATT INSTITUTE - The Art School

Degree: Architecture, Art Teacher Education, Interior sign. Degree or Certificate: Advertising Design, Illustion, Industrial Design, Textile Design.
JAMES C. BOUDREAU, Dean, BROOKLYN 5, NEW YORK.

OUR FUTURE IN NURSING

Enroll now for exciting professional career. Fully acdited 3 year course to High School Graduates. Scholaps, loan funds available. Private room for each student the school dormitory. Moderate Tuition, non-sectarian. rite for catalogue: MISS J. MOORE, SCHOOL OF NURSING JOHN'S EPISCOPAL HOSPITAL, BROOKLYN 13, N Y

DGEWOOD PARK

for young women. Accredited college preparatory. Adced courses in cultural and practical arts, fine arts, retarial science, medical ass't, home ec., dramatics, ume design, interior decoration, merchandising, kingarten. All sports, riding, pool. Moderate rates. Catalog.
Box H-10, BRIARCLIFF MANOR, N. Y.

EWLETT SCHOOL

n accredited Long Island School for Girls 6 to 18. 1915. Thorough college preparation and balanced eral course. Dramatics, music. Small classes. Complete ts program. Sailing. Gracious, informal living in elike atmosphere. Catalog.
UGENIA M. COOPER, Prin.,
EAST ISLIP, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

IE KNOX SCHOOL

n a region of American Traditions. College preparatory, graduate & grades 7-8. Sec'l Science, Home Ecoics, Art, Music, Drama. Full sports program with swimming, daily riding. Social program includes s. Est. 1904.
Mrs. ALEXANDER S. PHINNEY,
Box M, COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK.

AKWOOD

Quaker coeducational school. Intercultural. Grades 12. Fully accredited. College prep, general courses. Guidance. Work program. Sports. Country location. ...tes from New York City. Moderate rates. 156th Catalog.
WILLIAM M. CLARK, Principal, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

S. AGNES SCHOOL

day and boarding school for girls. Episcopal. Excel college preparatory record. Special course arranged for not contemplating college. Sports, art, music
ISS BLANCHE PITTMAN, M.A., Principal,
Box HM, ALBANY 4, NEW YORK

NEW YORK

Peekskill MILITARY ACADEMY

119th yr. Successful preparation for all colleges. Fully accredited. *Grades 3-12.* Non-profit. Military — Jr. ROTC program. Small classes. Athletic program for all. Sports pool. **Separate Jr. School,** grades 3-8. Housemother. *Mention grade & interests when writing for catalog.* Apply now.
HEADMASTER, BOX 708, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.



Stony Brook School

Est. 1922. 150 Boys from 16 States and 9 Countries. Conscientious attention to each boy's need. Superior college preparation. 7th grade to college entrance. Country Campus. Endowment allows moderate tuition.
FRANK E. GAEBELEIN, Litt. D.
Box H, Stony Brook, L. I., N. Y.

MALCOLM GORDON

A small school for boys 8 to 14 in a homelike atmosphere. Prepares for leading Eastern secondary schools. Supervised study. Skiing, ice hockey, team sports. 50 acres overlooking West Point, 50 miles from N. Y. *Founded* 1927
DAVID H. GORDON, GARRISON-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

RIVERDALE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Founded 1907.

JOHN H. JONES, Headmaster,
Box M, RIVERDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y. C.

IRVING SCHOOL FOR BOYS

115th year. Offering sound preparation for college and for life. Grades 2-12. Boys taught how to study. Individual guidance. Remedial reading. Small classes. Field trips. All sports. In Sleepy Hollow country. *Write:*
W. GRAY MATTERN, JR., BOX 582, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

NEW JERSEY

BLAIR ACADEMY

Well-established reputation for thorough college preparation. Small classes. Experienced masters. Wide choice of student activities. Grades 7-12. Country location 65 miles from N. Y. C.; 85 from Phila. Address:
DR. IRA A. FLINNER, Headmaster,
Box 80, BLAIRSTOWN, NEW JERSEY

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY

Fully accredited college preparatory. Toms River, N. J., St. Petersburg, Fla. Preparation for all colleges, gov't academies. Separate Jr. schools. Accelerated program. Naval training. Guidance. Sports, boats, bands. Specify catalog.
ADM. FARRAGUT ACADEMY, BOX HZ, TOMS RIVER, N. J.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY

Fully accredited. College preparatory. Business, general courses. Outstanding record of college entrance. ROTC. Boys taught how to study; small classes; remedial reading. Jr. School. 71st yr. Summer session. Registrar, Box 258, BORDENTOWN, N. J.

THE GILL SCHOOL

Boarding and country day school for girls. Grades 8-12. Co-educational day school, nursery, Grade 1. Country campus 40 miles from N. Y. Music, art, student activities, active ...Small college-preparatory & ... classes.
ELIZABETH M. GILL, Principal.
...ESVILLE, NEW JERSEY

A MILITARY ACADEMY

The facilities of our School Information Bureau are at your command for any educational problem you may ...counseling the school best suited to your ... Address:
School Information Bureau, HALLETT'S MAGAZINE
49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

NEW JERSEY



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS

INDIVIDUALIZED PLAN—EACH STUDENT A CLASS

For those with educational problems — successful college preparation and general education. **Our tests discover causes of difficulties** and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and the science of study.

Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 46 years' experience
Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster

OXFORD ACADEMY

Box H-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

ORATORY SCHOOL

Catholic Preparatory School for Boys
The school with a home atmosphere
Boarding and Day Students
Accredited — All Sports
14 Bedford Road — Summit, N. J.
Phone: Su 6-1085

OAKLAND MILITARY ACADEMY

Accredited Sports. Horsemanship for all. Also Junior School.
OAKLAND, N. J. — TEL. OAKLAND 8-4421

PEDDIE

An endowed school. Boys thoroughly prepared for college and for life. Fully accredited. Junior School. Small classes. Public speaking course required. Sports. New gym, playing fields, golf, pool. 240 acres. Summer session. 39 miles New York City. 58th year. Catalog.
DR. CARROL O. MORONG, Box 8-B, HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST SCHOOL

An Episcopal School for Girls 12-18. In Mendham Hills, 35 miles from N. Y. Est. 1880. Accredited college preparation and general courses with music and art. Small classes. Modern fireproof building. Swimming, riding, tennis. Moderate tuition.
SISTER SUPERIOR, Box 756, MENDHAM, NEW JERSEY

HOME STUDY

YOU CAN EDUCATE YOUR CHILD AT HOME

Kindergarten through 9th grade. With Calvert courses ...ble you can give your children a sound education at home. Calvert-guided instructions. All lessons, books provided. Students transfer successfully. Start any time. Unique Crafts Course. **Catalog.** Give child's age and grade.

CALVERT SCHOOL 78 Tuscany Rd. Baltimore 10, Md.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

PERKINS SCHOOL

A year round special school for the Scientific Study and Education of children of retarded development. Constant, sympathetic supervision. Individual training. Five homelike, attractive buildings. 30 acres of campus and gardens. Summer session in Maine.
FRANKLIN H. PERKINS, M.D., Dir.,
Box 11, LANCASTER, MASS.

THE BANCROFT SCHOOL

...Special ... for the mental ... retarded and ... Resident ... Outdoor ... Medical and psychiatric supervision. Founded 1885. Booklet.
JENZIA C. COOLEY, Princ., Box 375, HADDONFIELD, N. J.

« Schools and Colleges »

PENNSYLVANIA

ALLEGHENY
A Co-educational College
[illegible] Arts and Sciences
MEADVILLE, PA.
FOR CATALOGUE WRITE TO REGISTRAR

[illegible]

ELLIS COUNTRY SCHOOL

GEORGE SCHOOL

MANUMIT SCHOOL
[illegible] atmosphere. College prep. Dramatics, art, music, [illegible] Healthful outdoor life. Horses.
W. M. and B. G. C. FINCKE, Co-Directors,
Box A, R.F.D. #2, BRISTOL, PA.

MORAVIAN SEMINARY
[illegible] Grades 7 through 12. Est. 1742. 50-acre suburban [illegible] Riding, golf, tennis, all sports. Near [illegible] PA.

OAK HALL SCHOOL & CAMP
[illegible]
K. J. WING, DIRECTOR Box 85, GALETON, PA.

MERCERSBURG ACADEMY
[illegible] preparing leading colleges. Grades 9-12. [illegible] speaking, public speaking. Beautiful [illegible]
[illegible] THOMAS, Ph.D., Box M, MERCERSBURG, PA.

HARCUM JUNIOR COLLEGE
[illegible] General Course. Sports. Vocational [illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY COLLEGE
[illegible] academic and military. De-[illegible]

CARSON LONG

WYOMING SEMINARY
[illegible]

MARYLAND

Do You Have A Son Who
— does not "know how to study";
— has wasted time in school;
— does not concentrate;
— lacks ambition;
— needs individual instruction?

[illegible] Warren Way's remedial programs planned for individual acceleration and success. College preparation. Visit, write, wire, or phone:

WARREN SCHOOL — Carle O. Warren, *Headmaster*

Box 300, OLNEY, MARYLAND

HANNAH MORE ACADEMY
Offers college preparatory and general course under ex-[illegible] for girls in grades 7-12. Chapel, the usual sports, riding and the cultural advantages of Baltimore all contributte to an atmosphere of cheerfulness [illegible]
VICTOR D. CAIN, Headmaster, RESISTERSTOWN, MARYLAND



SEVERN SCHOOL
Thorough preparation for colleges, technical schools, Service Academies. Accredited. Grades 9-12. Small classes. Near Annapolis. Limited enrolment. 39th year. Catalog.
ROLAND M. TILL, Box 102,
SEVERNA PARK, MD.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

LANDON SCHOOL
For boys. Strict college preparation. Small study groups. Limited enrollment. Student gov't and honor system develop initiative, self-reliance. Separate lower school. Sports. 75-acre wooded campus close to Washington. Catalog. PAUL L. BANFIELD, Headmaster.
Box H, Bradley Lane, Bethesda, WASHINGTON 14, D. C.

MARJORIE WEBSTER JUNIOR COLLEGE
In Nation's Capital. Accredited. 2-year terminal and transfer courses for girls. Liberal Arts; Physical Education; Kindergarten; Secretarial; Speech, Dramatics, Radio and TV; Music; Art; Mdsg. Indoor pool, gym. Sports. [illegible] Box HM.
ROCK CREEK PARK ESTATES, WASHINGTON 12, D. C.

NATIONAL CATHEDRAL
Education for Christian living. College preparatory, general courses. Boarding, grades 8-12. Day, grades 4-12. [illegible] of the Episcopal Cathedral. Tennis, hockey, modern dance. Catalogue.
KATHERINE LEE, M.A., PRIN.,
3611 WOODLEY RD., WASHINGTON 16, D. C.

SULLIVAN SCHOOL
Effective preparation for West Point, Annapolis, Coast Guard Academy, and college. Fall course starts September 19. Catalogue and Record on request.
[illegible] USNA (Ret.), Principal
Box O, 2107 Wyoming Ave., N.W., Washington 8, D.C.

NORTH CAROLINA

BLUE RIDGE SCHOOL FOR BOYS
In picturesque western North Carolina. Grades 5-12. Fully accredited. Thorough preparation for all colleges and universities. Christian environment. Small classes. Understanding guidance. Excellent health record. 38th year. *Catalog.*
J. R. SANDIFER, Box H, HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

PINELAND COLLEGE - EDWARDS MILITARY INSTITUTE
Every age, every grade! For boys and girls. Kinder-[illegible] Military for boys. Small classes. All-inclusive cost: $765, boy or girl, for 9 months term (plus uniforms for boys). Also [illegible]
W. J. BLANCHARD, President, SALEMBURG, N. C.

VIRGINIA

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY
★ Our ONE SUBJECT PLAN of Study
★ [illegible]
★ [illegible] ROTC [illegible]
★ [illegible] 2 fine [illegible]
★ gyms, pool, splendid environment.
★ [illegible]
★ [illegible]
★ arate bldgs. and house mothers. For
★ [illegible] PLAN
★ [illegible] Write
Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 808, Fork Union, Va.
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



HARGRAVE MILITARY ACADEMY
[illegible] Methodist. Non-profit. Accredited. Grades 5-12. How-to-study training; remedial reading. Personal attention. Christian influence. Separate Jr. School. All sports. Summer School. *Catalog.*
COL. JOSEPH H. COSBY, M.A., Pres.,
Box H, CHATHAM, VIRGINIA.

ST. ANNE'S SCHOOL
(GIRLS VI-XII). Episcopal. College Preparatory, Boarding and Day. Curriculum [illegible] emphasis is individual, based on principles of Christian Democracy. HEADMISTRESS, MRS. THOMAS JEFFERSON RANDOLPH V. [illegible], Va.

STUYVESANT SCHOOL
A small and distinctive school with excellent spirit. Accredited college preparation. Grades 5-12. An understanding faculty builds sound academic habits. New gym. Summer school. Near Washington. Catalog.
D. A. WILLIAMSON, Box H, WARRENTON, VA.

DELAWARE

WESLEY JUNIOR COLLEGE
Coeducational. Fully accredited. Two-year A.A. degree courses for high school graduates. Liberal arts, music, art, merchandising, business admin., secretarial, medical secr'l, church secr'l. College transfer privileges. Guidance. Dormitories. Sports.
J. PAUL SLAYBAUGH, LL.D., President, DOVER 7, DEL.

SOUTH CAROLINA

LIMESTONE COLLEGE
Young women. Fully accredited Liberal Arts College offers preparation for creative family living in atmosphere of refinement and Christian conviction. Develops skills in scientific research, teaching, commerce, phys. ed., home econ., music, fine arts.
O. NORMAN SHANDS, Pres., GAFFNEY, S. C.

GEORGIA

GEORGIA MILITARY ACADEMY
Senior R.O.T.C.—Highest Government Rating—Accredited—Winter and Summer School.
Courses of Study—College and West Point-Annapolis Prep. 2 Yr. Jr. College—Include course in business management.
Aviation [illegible]
Junior School – A separate department for [illegible] young boys.
Athletics – Sports [illegible] all major sports.
Home Life – Cadet [illegible] small groups with [illegible] teachers.
8 Miles from Atlanta—Mild Climate
Training boys for leadership. Moderate rates. Write:
Col. W. C. Brewster, Pres. College Park, Ga.

ALABAMA

INDIAN SPRINGS SCHOOL
New school for boys [illegible] Alabama Educational Foundation. Grades [illegible] through 12 [illegible] 1952-53). Featuring special conditions for the education of boys with superior intellectual power. All new one-story school plant with unexcelled living accommodations. 700-acre school site 15 miles from Birmingham. Outstanding teachers' endowment makes possible fee of $1200. Send for [illegible]
LOUIS E. ARMSTRONG, Director
BOX B, HELENA, ALA.

MISSISSIPPI

MISSISSIPPI WOMAN'S COLLEGE
Accredited. Liberal arts. B.A., B.S., B.M., Scholarship. Christian character emphasized. Fine Arts, Sec'l, Teacher [illegible] Recreation [illegible] sports, swimming. De-[illegible] Catalog [illegible] $300
DR. I. E. ROUSE, Pres., Box H, HATTIESBURG, MISS.

« Schools and Colleges »

FLORIDA



BARTRAM SCHOOL *for Girls*

College preparation of highest standards.

Fully accredited; graduates in leading colleges. Extra-curricular music, art, dramatics. Riding, tennis, pool and ocean swimming. Boarding department Classes VI to XII.

For information address

Olga M. Pratt, Headmistress

Jacksonville 7, Florida



ANN LISBETH SEESE

Resident and day. Coed. Individual programs. Est. 1930. Boarding students, 6-18. Under 10, $2700; 10-18, $1800. Day students, 3-18, $220-$800. Catalog.

Box M, 2308 Lake See Drive,
Orlando, Florida

FLORIDA SOUTHERN COLLEGE

Fully accredited. Coeducational. A.B., B.S. degrees. rt, music, business, pre-medical, home economics, lan- uages, sciences, teaching, citrus culture. Creates cosmo- olitan understanding. Endowed. Sports. ROTC. Famous rank Lloyd Wright buildings. 67th year. *Catalog.*
UDD M. SPIVEY, PRESIDENT, Box H, LAKELAND, FLA.

GRAHAM-ECKES SCHOOLS

Incorporated, not for profit. 85 acres. Ocean to lake campus. Boarding only. 26th year. East campus 50 girls. West campus 50 boys. Graduate in 10 colleges. College preparatory. Thorough preparation for C.E.E.B. examination. Fine Arts. Weekly news forum. Work program for all. Interscholastic swimming, sailing, tennis, baseball.

Inez Graham, Head, Patrick T. Johnson, B.A., Honors, Oxford, Dean of Boys' School
Palm Beach, Florida

HARRIS FLORIDA SCHOOL

ESTABLISHED IN 1941 Accredited
Separate departments for older and younger girls.
Catalogue and Viewbook upon request.
1051 Biscayne Avenue, Miami, Florida

NORMANDY SCHOOL

Resident and day. Established 1936. Out of door school for boys and girls. Nursery through high school Preparation for College Board and Regents examinations Graduates accepted at leading colleges. Catalog
Leo H. Huberman, Headmaster,
1021 Biarritz Drive, Miami Beach, Florida

PINE CREST SCHOOLS

Ft. Lauderdale and Hillsboro Shores, Fla.
Accredited. Coed. Nursery thru high school. Resident day. Tutoring for winter visitors. Use of own books optional. Art, music, languages. Sports; pool. Catalog.
Mrs. Mae McMillan,
Dept. H, 1515 E. Broward, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

RANSOM SCHOOL

On Biscayne Bay. Prepares boys 10-18 for all colleges. Emphasis on scholastic attainment. Sports, dramatics, glee club. Hobbies, guided trips. Sailing. Resident nurse. Est. 1903. Write for Catalog,
D. P. G. Cameron, Box D, Miami 33, Florida.

ILLINOIS

THE TODD SCHOOL

at Woodstock, Illinois, since 1848

ou probably know of The Todd School's outstanding usic and radio and sound movie productions. But you know that these fortunate youngsters also op- ate their own farm and airport and shops? A de- riptive booklet (photography, art work and printing students) is yours on request. Progressive Lower hool and vitalized college preparation. Boys 6 to 18. A few outstanding girls are admitted.) Some holarships. *Write* HASCY TARBOX, *Dean of Boys.*

ELGIN ACADEMY

College prep. Coed, grades 7-12. Small classes. Strong aculty. Students achieve individual PAR goals through rsonalized guidance. Balanced activities, sports for all. m, pool, art gallery, music, drama. Modern dorms. dowed. Est. 1839. Catalog.
Edward P. Droste, 115 Academy Pl., Elgin, Ill.

ERRY HALL

One of the oldest, most distinguished boarding schools girls in the Middle West, with a fine modern plant. credited college preparation; also general course. On ke Michigan near Chicago. Superb campus for sports. *talog.*
ANCIS G. WALLACE, Box 17, LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS

acMURRAY COLLEGE

For women. Est. 1846. B.A., B.S., B.Mus. degrees. beral arts, business, education, home ec., music, phys. Lovely campus, new buildings. Optional accelerated rse—3 years. Enter June, Sept., or Jan. For catalog te
x B, MacMurray College, Jacksonville, Illinois.

ORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

Complete development of each boy in invigorating mili- y atmosphere. Fully accredited preparatory. Grades 2. Small classes; individual help. ROTC. Sports for In suburban Chicago. 80th yr. *Write for catalog.*
Col. C. L. Jordan,
Box 582, Morgan Park, Chicago 43, Ill.

NARGA MILITARY SCHOOL

Character first! Teaches How to Study. Free tutoring. grade up. College Accredited. Business Courses. Vo- onal Guidance. Gymnasium and pool. Endowed. 85 es S. of Chicago. Visit. Catalog:—
Col. L. L. Bittinger, Box L, Onarga, Illinois

AY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

Fashion Merchandising with Modeling. Dress Design, hion Illustration, Interior Decoration, Commercial Art, tography, Window Display, Coeducational, Attractive res- ce for girls. Entr. Sept. 8. Write Registrar Room 728.
-Vogue Schools, 750 N. Michigan, Chicago 11

ESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

Faculty accepts great responsibility for academic success. teachers inspire self-confidence and awaken interest. pares for all colleges. Grades 8-12. Senior ROTC. ad athletic and social program. Riding. Indoor pool. year. Near St. Louis. Catalog.
Col. R. L. Jackson, Box HM-8, Alton, Illinois.

INDIANA

ULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

On Lake Maxinkuckee. 8th grade. Thorough preparation for leading colleges. High scholastic standards. Develops initiative, courtesy, poise, character. Leadership training. All sports. Exceptional facilities. Senior Basic ROTC. Catalog. 86 Pershing Walk, Culver, Ind.

MISSOURI



William Woods

Junior College for Young Women
Balanced academic, religious, social program; men's college same town. Accredited transfer, terminal, pre-professional courses; A.A., A.F.A. degrees; radio, music, home economics, secretarial. Sports, stables. 62nd year. Catalog.

DR. T. T. SWEARINGEN, President
Box M, FULTON, MISSOURI

ARIZONA

BROWNMOOR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Boarding school grades 1-12. College preparatory and general courses. Accredited. Music. Art. All sports, eastern and western riding. Swimming. Catalogue on request to Registrar.

Donald H. Geiser, Headmaster, Phoenix, Arizona.

FENSTER RANCH SCHOOL

An outdoor school in a sunshine climate beneficial for asthma, rheumatic fever, sinusitis. All sports & riding. Homelike atmosphere. Supervision by trained staff. Highest scholastic standards. Co-ed 6-18. American-Jewish culture. For brochure write—Fenster Ranch School,
Dept. H-2, Tucson, Arizona

JUDSON SCHOOL IN ARIZONA

For boys 6 to 18. A ranch school with high scholastic standing, in warm, dry climate. College accredited. Balanced schedule of studies and recreation. Riding & polo incl. in tuition. Tennis, swimming, pack trips. Booklet.
H. E. Wick, Director, Box E-1431, Phoenix, Arizona

SOUTHERN ARIZONA SCHOOL

For boys. Thorough college preparation in warm, dry, sunny Arizona. Grades 6-12. Accredited. CEB Exams. Small classes. A horse for every boy. Polo, pack trips, fishing. Music. Archaeology. 22nd year. Catalog.
Russell B. Fairgrieve, Saveno Canyon, PO Box 1791,
Tucson, Ariz.

WISCONSIN

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

★ Accredited college preparation in the heart of Wisconsin's Land o' Lakes, within easy driving distance of Chicago. Grades 7-12. Balanced program. Excellent faculty. Riding, golf, rifle marksmanship, sailing. Winter sports. Flying. Summer session. 68th year. Write for catalog.

★ 1282 De Koven Hall
Delafield, Wisconsin



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

KEMPER HALL

82nd year. Episcopal Boarding & Day School for Girls. Thorough college preparation and training for purposeful living. Music, art, and dramatics. All sports. Junior school department. Beautiful Lake Shore Campus. 50 miles from Chicago. For catalog address:
Box H, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

WYOMING

IVINSON HALL FOR GIRLS

Western school. Standard courses, grades 7-12. Educational and cultural advantages of university town. Careful individual attention to character development. Social and dramatics. Healthful climate. Recreational dancing. Address: The Principal,
603-H, Ivinson Ave., Laramie, Wyoming

MINNESOTA

SHATTUCK SCHOOL

Accredited, grades 9-12. Balanced educational, religious, military program. Preparatory or general. Small classes. ROTC. Sports for all: gym, pool, armory, golf. Many activities. Episcopal. Est. 1858. Summer School-Camp. *Catalog.* Director of Admissions.
[illegible] Shumway Hall, Faribault, Minn.

CALIFORNIA

ANNA HEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Est. 1887. College Preparatory. Accredited—East & West. Lower School. Outdoor life. Tennis. Swimming. Hockey. Riding. A home-like school in a college town. Cat. Catherine H. Dewey, B.A.; Daniel Dewey, M.A., 2538B Channing Way, Berkeley, Calif.

CHADWICK SCHOOL

Country Day and Boarding School for Girls. Near Pacific Ocean 20 miles south of Los Angeles. Co-educational in grades 1-12. Fully accredited. Member California Association of Independent Schools. Summer School.
Comdr. & Mrs. Joseph H. Chadwick, Directors,
Rolling Hills, California

THE GIRLS' COLLEGIATE SCHOOL OF CLAREMONT

Thorough college preparation in a college town. Small classes. Healthful outdoor life. Fall term opens September 22.
Muriel Sait, Mary A. Edwards,
Claremont, California

LAWTON SCHOOL

Medical and Dental Assistants' training. Diploma Courses for directed teaching begin every month. Selected to fit professional careers. (Est. 1938.) Nat'l placement. Supervised dormitory on Univ. Calif. campus. Recreational, social facilities. Sept. or Jan. Terms. Get free Catalog 7.
M. M. Lawton, M.D., Director,
9844 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.

CANADA

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

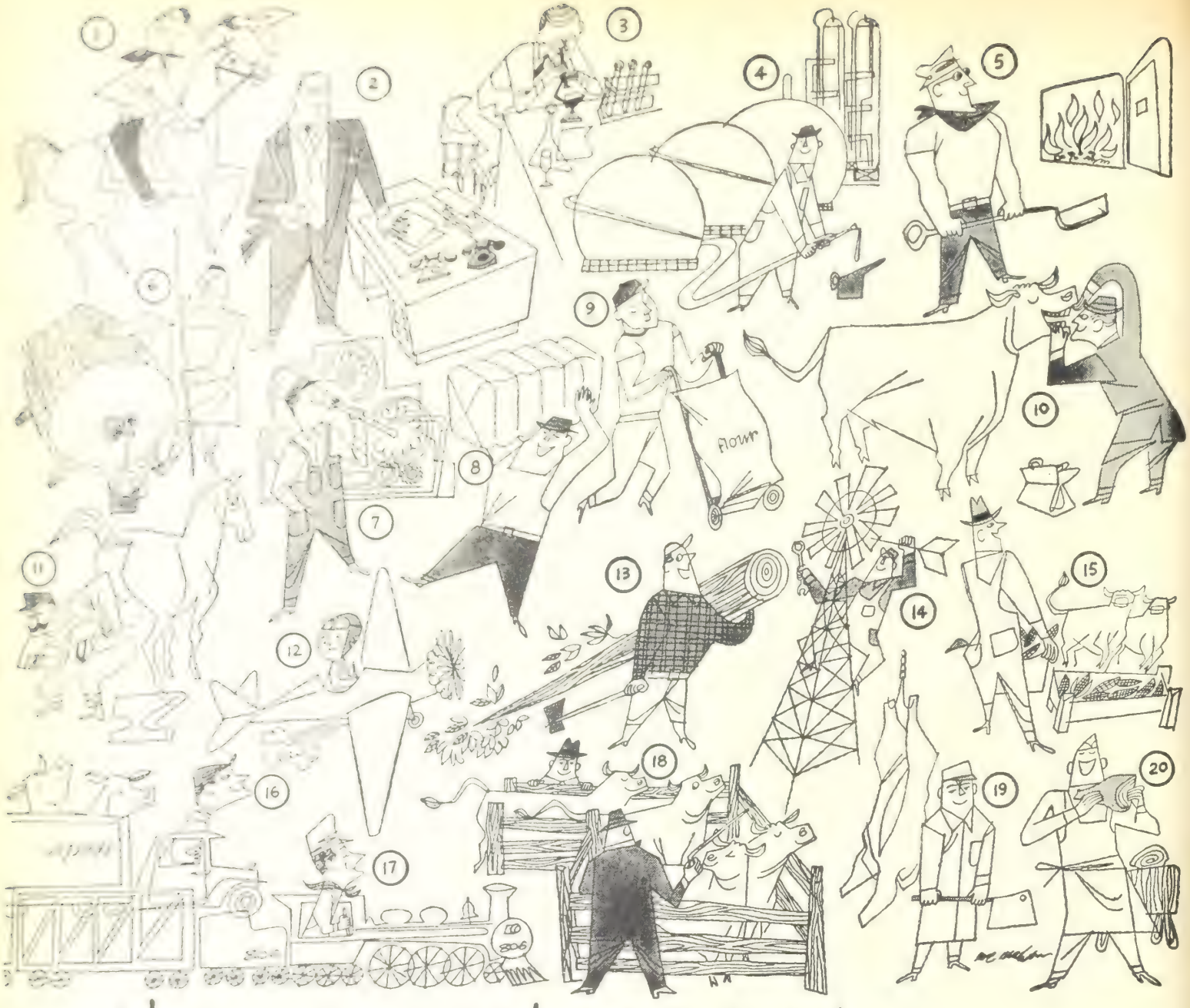
Residential School for Girls near Toronto. Grade I to Senior Matriculation. Music, Art, Commercial, Dietetics.

Dr. S. L. Osborne, Principal, Whitby, Ontario

SWITZERLAND

BRILLANTMONT

Institution Heubi, Lausanne, Switzerland.
For girls from 12-20. Chateau: languages, music, art. Special courses for College Board preparation. Villa: Complete courses in Home Economics. Sports. Catalog.
Mrs. A. H. Hawkins, Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.



How many people does it take to produce a steak?

When you plank the cash on the counter for a slice of sirloin, some of it may represent *your own pay* for the part *you* played in getting that steak to your table.

We'll make ourselves clear.

It takes a lot of people to help produce that steak in this mid-20th-century economy of ours.

The people we've put in the picture above, for instance. And many, many others. Though you may not realize it, some product you, yourself, help make or sell or service may play a part in producing steaks.

1. **The cowboy** or range hand who looks after the cattle.
2. **The banker** who finances land, herd and equipment.
3. **The chemist** who makes insecticides, serums and fertilizers.
4. **The oil refiner** who provides the fuel for the power machinery so many ranchers use.
5. **The steelmaker** who provides a multitude of items, from fencing and branding irons to filing cabinets.

6. **The brewer**
7. **The sugar refiner**
8. **The cotton ginner**
9. **The flour miller**

who furnish some of the by-products used to make the livestock feeds with which ranchers and feeders supplement grass.

10. **The veterinary** who looks after the health of the cattle.
11. **The blacksmith** who shoes the horses and repairs ranch machinery.
12. **The airplane pilot** who sprays ranges and fields, destroying pests.
13. **The lumberman** who provides the wood for corrals and barns and pens.
14. **The windmiller** who makes the machinery that keeps man-made ranch water holes working.
15. **The feeder** who takes lean range cattle and puts about 25% more beef on them by intensive feeding.

16. **The truck driver**
17. **The railroader**

who haul cattle to market and meat to you.

18. **The stockyards man** who provides "room and board" for the livestock, and the **commission man** who is sales agent for the producer.
19. **The meat packer** who processes and distributes the beef.
20. **The retailer** who is the final link between all these people . . . and *you.*

American Meat Institute *Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.*

Harper's MAGAZINE

What Shall I Tell My Children?

Priscilla Robertson

I AM one of the comparatively few people in this country who were brought up without a belief in God. The word "religion" is used so loosely now by psychologists and liberal churchmen to mean practically any spiritual value that I hesitate to say I was raised irreligiously. What was missing from my indoctrination was the idea of "the power in the universe, *not ourselves,* that makes for righteousness." I was brought up to think that righteousness is humanly determined and that it is our job, unaided, to make for ourselves a better life on this planet.

There is nothing unusual in this belief; what is unusual is to belong to the second generation that holds it. For that reason I should like to offer my own testimony that this form of education can give deep emotional security, particularly since it is adaptable to a changing world. And I should like to show two things about it: first, that science (in the broadest sense) has values far wider than are often credited to it, values which offer an adequate basis for morality; and second, that many of the emotional values associated with religion are a true part of our nature and offer a sound basis for living even to those who lack the supernatural outlook.

My father, a minister's son, was brought up so piously that his first serious idea of a career was to become a minister himself, possibly a missionary. In college, however (partly from reading Gibbon), he came to believe that the God he wished to serve didn't exist; the discovery was so painful for him that he resolved to spare any child of his a similar struggle. My mother was a cheerful Christian; I do not know what would have happened to my personal theology if she had lived, for she died when I was three. Hence it was Father who brought me up, taking considerable pains to answer all my questions honestly, and showing me by example as well as precept that the happiest living comes from loving your family and working at something you think will benefit humanity. I do not feel that I "missed" anything, and I should not want my children to miss equivalent frankness or equivalent faith.

The notion that I have missed something, or am depriving my children of something, comes up in most discussions of the subject of religious training. My religious friends, of course, think what I missed was a vision of heaven, or the ability to trust an all-seeing father, or simply the fellowship of church life. My freethinking friends put it differently. Most of them were brought up by devout parents, and now they ask me, "I don't believe in it myself, but isn't it easier to bring up children by telling them to trust

Mrs. Robertson, her journalist husband, and their three children live on a farm in Kentucky, where they raise beef and tobacco. Her second book, Revolutions of 1848: A Social History, *has just been published.*

God?" Often they add, "I've started to go to church again just for the sake of the kids." A few of them save themselves when [illegible] me that what I am withholding from my children is the chance to rebel during their adolescence—an opportunity which seems to me admirable only in a badly constructed society.

Many people, even doubting ones, are afraid to let go their hold on an Absolute because they imagine they will lose all the richness of spirit and fullness of life which for centuries past have clung to religion. Naturally they refuse to give up their spiritual yearnings and they do not see how to disentangle these from a supernatural source. Good people everywhere still wonder: if there is no God, who will take care of me? who will appreciate me? and who will make me be good? These people are not helped by the school of cynics who, like Professor Stace of Princeton, picture the world as they think science reveals it, stripped of beautiful illusions, without any friendly forces, against which the lonely human race must pit its lives with a kind of unecstatic gallantry. That sort of picture is discouraging indeed to anyone planning to raise a family.

I DO not agree that our situation is so bleak. There is as much love and warmth in the universe as there ever was, and if you have been taught to look for it among mankind, that is where you will expect to find it. You look for what order and beauty you can find in the physical universe, or what ugliness and disorder, without feeling betrayed. As for ecstasy, perhaps the very uncovering of illusions is ecstatic—the happiness of simple contact between the outer world and your own mind.

But the fear of empty space is not the worst fear. How about empty souls? Where is their ecstasy?

Among my acquaintances I would guess that roughly half have definite faith in a supreme being and half do not. After studying them for a number of years I cannot say that the freethinkers as a group lack any quality that the devout possess. There are neurotics in both groups, and likewise examples of enormous courage, compassion, and honesty. Judging by my observation of the people I know, I should say that religious faith does not make people live happier or die easier, or accept the deaths of their beloved ones with more equanimity. Many irreligious people have indeed drifted away from their moorings because they did not want to think about spiritual affairs; this group compares with those Christians who remain so closely anchored that they never put out to sea. And, in the lower depths, devout men have run inquisitions in the past just as impious men run slave labor camps today.

No; I am convinced that loyalty, sensitivity, public spirit are built into character by human forces; they may be tied up in people's minds with the idea of God or they may not. But no one need imagine that any depth of passion (or even mysticism) is denied to a well-furnished soul just because he accepts these virtues and emotions as human and not divine.

WHAT, then, do I tell my children? What basis do I have for what I say? In contrast to traditional physics, the rising social sciences reveal a world warm with human feeling. I am a layman in these fields (yet no more so than an old-time mother *vis-à-vis* the theologians of her day); but it may be useful for a lay person to describe the meat, fit for the nourishment of children, she finds in these studies. My understanding may be wrong, my conclusions hasty, but this is what the psychologists and anthropologists *seem* to me to be saying.

The first thing I desire for my children is a kind of openness to experience. I hardly know whether to call this openness the ability to love or the ability to perceive truth, for it is both. Perhaps the name depends on whether you open up to human beings or to abstractions, whether you think of what is going out or what is coming in. The great lesson of the new sciences of the mind, as I understand them, is that loving and the perception of truth are inseparable. Both well up from the same depths of the spirit, both are interfered with by the same psychological defenses; and among these defenses, of course, is a process called intellectualizing, a turning-away from the feelings that belong to things. In other words, the ability to see things straight is more emotional than intellectual, in my view, and the kind of emotion

you need in order to perceive truth is love.

Perhaps I should stop here and give a definition of that word, too often profaned. The love I am talking about means giving someone what he needs, for his own sake, not yours. It is also the way you feel when you are given something you need. Love includes the feelings of a parent who gives a child independence as he needs it, but not the sort of exploitation that leads to "momism." It includes various kinds of sexual relationships, but not the use of sex in the frantic pursuit of self-esteem or youth. My definition includes the response you give to those few persons—teachers and friends—who manage somehow to show you who you are and what you may become. And it includes charity, encompassing the whole person, neither the giving of a stone when a man asks for bread, nor the giving of bread when he asks for understanding.

We all know "well-meaning" people who continually bungle their favors. They press on us things we don't want and withhold through apparent obtuseness what we do want. I would not include these people among the loving ones, and I think psychologists agree that at the back of their seeming stupidity lies a concealed hostility.

Of course emotions limit perceptions in wider areas than those of human contact. They blur all knowledge of any subject. Some of the most interesting experiments in psychology, dealing with what people see in very simple laboratory exercises of reading and copying, show that what you might expect to be a purely physiological reception of images is constantly distorted by feeling. This makes it seem harder for us than it was for our ancestors ever to be right about anything.

Perhaps it is already obvious that what I mean by "truth," or the perception of truth, is an ability to see things in their own terms rather than as we wish to see them. The facts we must observe, of course, include not only physical facts but psychological facts—the truth about our own real motives, for instance, and about what other people believe. No one can understand all the facts in the world, nor do we need to. It is the spirit of being willing to accept those which are within our particular circles of life that counts. As the Catholic Church believes that grace will operate spontaneously if you do not put obstacles in its path, so in ordinary experience the facts of life will reach you directly unless you put obstacles against them. But alas there are many subtle tricks of the mind.

The more you think about the obstacles, the more you see that what causes us to reject and distort "truth" is a defect in the ability to love. Love and truth are bound together like two mathematical functions. To be able to see the world the way it is, it is necessary for you to be willing for it to be the way it is. Unless you are willing, your unconscious will change your perceptions for you; and to *be* willing is one aspect of love. You need not apologize for the world, nor idealize it, nor run away from it, if you love it. Accepting it, with its evil, is the beginning of your ability to help it grow out of evil—which is one of the meanings, perhaps, of the command, "Resist not evil." Love is both the end and means of human growth—that is why each successful psychoanalysis begins with an effort at loving (the establishment of a relationship), which leads to new insights, which in turn lead back again to increased ability to form new relationships.

People often talk as if the only reason they dealt justly with their fellow men was that God so commanded, as though they imagined that otherwise they could set up their own whims as standards of conduct.

But we do not choose our own goal. It is *given,* by the nature of our universe, of ourselves, and of our societies. Not because God wills it nor yet because it gratifies a whim of one's own do two and two make four. Right from there you can build up morality, for one accepts such facts as two-plus-two in their own right. The morality I want to teach my children begins in the effort to make as honest a relationship as possible between the outer world of fact and the inner world of acceptance and appreciation. This morality is not the product of a soft, personal desire. Given love—or acceptance, or understanding—people are able to handle even the unpleasant truths, the ones about themselves. Thus clients of clinical counseling often receive new insights with some such remark as, "I don't like that, but it's *so.*"

[illegible] without realizing how the same discipline can operate in human relationships. I see it is harder to be a good person than [illegible] the laboratory but it is not automatic; [illegible] human affairs. But the discipline in either case consists in so [illegible] people be people, that you are willing to fight for this autonomy. A less deep concern ends in cynicism, which is a splitting off of ideas from their emotional base. Overeagerness to fight for your ideals without humility before them ends in another form of splitting, [illegible]

THE discoveries of modern psychology and anthropology fit so well into the philosophy I inherit from my father that I sometimes forget how long ago, before most of the new material was available, his viewpoint was worked out. To me, of course, the human sciences come as if made to order, and the great debate whether psychoanalysis fits in with religion has no meaning to me, any more than does the question whether science can formulate moral laws.

Often the parallels between science and religion are obscured by the fact that the two talk different lingo, and that religion—by virtue of long and single-minded concentration on the problem of good and evil—has often come up with intuitively useful answers. Consider the seven deadly sins. They have all turned up as "neurotic symptoms," showing that they present as real problems for the psychiatrist as they did for St. Thomas Aquinas. Gluttony and lust still smother real love by keeping some people's feelings shallow; pride and envy prevent others from taking responsibility for their own relationships to people, to truth, or to their work. In making such observations, science is "passing judgment" just as religion did.

But now, for the first time, we begin to be able to deal rationally with evil and justify our choice of ideals. Evil lies so deeply buried in the subconscious mind that it was not amenable to scientific treatment until the techniques of psychoanalysis enabled us to probe there, and what we have consequently learned is no obstacle to ethics, but an aid. It has commonly been said that science can't tell you *what* you want, only *how* to get it. To my thinking, religion frequently tells you *what* you want only at the expense of turning means into ends. Science either turns them back, or amalgamates them. It used to be a point of morals to whip children because the Bible said so; if you did not, you were a "bad" father. The nascent sciences of child study have already made the "value judgment" that whipping is not *how* to get the kind of child we want.

At first much scientific judgment was implicit, and its authors seemed half apologetic for daring to intrude the question of "value" into "objective" studies. Recently, however, scientists are becoming braver, and stating clearly—as they dared not do even ten years ago—that they believe their tools are adequate for making a choice of values, both for individual morality and for social morality.

AS OUR society has grown to trust the scientific spirit more and more, I believe that a number of moral advantages have already accrued. The willingness to look at people for their own sake, in the same spirit of affectionate interest which science must give to ideas, turns out to be democracy—one of the values which the value-testing social scientists endorse.

Under the same benign influence, loving has become more possible. In a world ridden like ours with hatred and anxiety this may sound like a bold and rosy generalization. Nevertheless it is easier, I think, for a man to love a woman now than in the past. Certainly there have always been great loves; but to separate a particular woman out from the class of women (with the roles and characters they were expected to assume) is more widely possible today. Examples can be seen in the number of young couples who now marry with a flexible division of responsibilities. More wives are feeling free to work outside, or not work outside, according to their own family needs, without worrying whether they show off their husbands' wealth or their own independence by one course or the other. In the same way it is easier to love a child for what he is, to forgive his immaturity. And it is much easier to express friendliness across class or ethnic barriers,

without pity or cringing, than it used to be.

Another important point: more people go into work that requires "loving" than ever before in history, and many of their professions have actually been created by the scientific advances I have described. Social workers, counselors, personnel workers, and social-science research workers are necessarily trained to respect other people's individuality. When successful industrialists, as a number of them do, agree that an important product of any organization ought to be people—mature, responsible, individual people—as well as whatever physical product the plant turns out, then there are signs that "loving" has an importance in our culture even in the economic activities where self-seeking was formerly considered the rule and the necessity.

I have been trying to show that love, which has always been one of the theological virtues, is also a scientific virtue—that love is needed for science even to exist, and that it is at the same time a product of the scientific spirit. If I had time I should like to describe the place in this modern philosophy of faith and hope, of prayer and mystical experience—all of which not only go into a good life but come out of it. Science is not detached from human feeling—it can give us more and richer values, not less and fewer.

And my children? I have brought mine up not by forcing on them the statement that there is no God but simply by not telling them there is one. Whenever I have to explain anything, I try to do it in terms as close to the living situation as possible. I want them to love their friends and be kind, not because it would please Jesus, but because it is (nearly always) the right way to treat people, in terms of the other person's feelings and their own. I tell them it may be a pity when someone dies, but I try to show them the results of his life, his reasons for happiness, and his contribution to the world. I like to think it a result of this training that my children show a sense of decency, justice, and compassion, and that they are also self-confident—confident in the people they know, and confident, I hope, in thinking as a process.

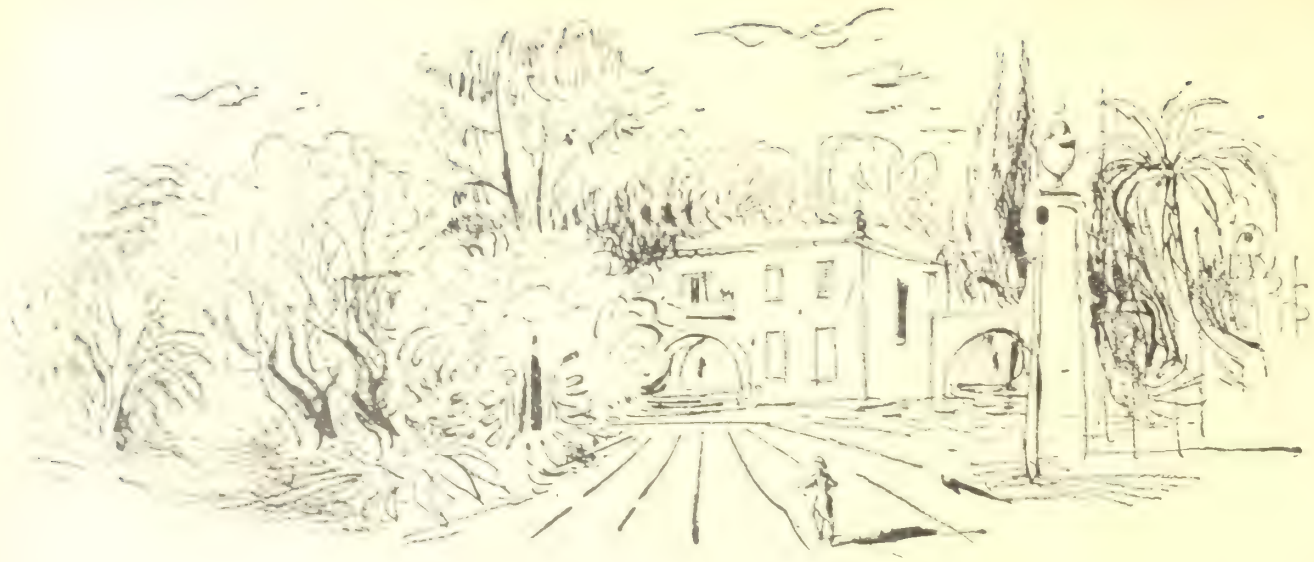
In these qualities many of their contemporaries equal them. My friends who send their children to Sunday school often train them in much the same way. But whenever a Sunday school teaches mental hygiene rather than doctrine, it is no longer carrying on traditional religious activity. And even the most ardent church-goers have been forced by the recent Supreme Court decisions to think of how to separate moral and spiritual values from religion, in order to inculcate the former in the public schools.

A hundred years ago mothers agonized over each child's acceptance of God. My great-grandmother wrote about a little girl across the street from her who wanted to come to Jesus but could not, and for ten days was an object of community interest in the same degree as if she had had typhoid fever.

Then came a period when mothers began to protect their children from the harshness of God. They began to worry over the numbers of children who were terrified by their elders' religion, and they began to stop making the little ones say, "If I should die before I wake/I pray the Lord my soul to take." One mother of that generation said to me that God's love was indeed like a father's: a mother's love, she said, brims up fully toward a newborn baby, but a father grows gradually into full love only when the child can talk with him. God, she felt, also waited to give the fullness of his love to a child only when that child could begin to pray.

This uneasiness about passing on the harsh truths of religion seems to me to have betrayed the uneasiness in the parents' own faith, though they did not recognize it. No deeply-felt truth need be withheld from children. Not that I believe they are sure to understand everything in the same sense as the adult who tells it, but I cannot avoid believing that to capitalize on their lack of understanding, to assume that it excuses lazy or indifferent thinking on the parents' part, is a betrayal of the young.

There is nothing basely materialistic about a faith turned toward mankind's search for truth. Science, though conceived in love, can be perverted to vulgar uses as easily as Christianity, also conceived in love, has been perverted to dogmatism and cruelty. But this does not need to be. In fact, as science begins to study the processes of love, it works steadily toward its own redemption, and toward ours.



The Duchess and the Smugs

A Story by Pamela Frankau

Drawings by Arthur Marokvia

That made four crises already that day before the cook's husband called to assassinate the cook. The stove caught fire in my presence; the postman had fallen off his bicycle at the gate and been bitten by Charlemagne, our sheep dog, whose policy it was to attack people only when they were down.

Whenever there were two crises my stepmother Jeanne said, "*Jamais deux sans trois.*" This morning she and Francis (my father) had debated whether the two things happening to the postman could be counted as two separate crises and might therefore be said to have cleared matters up. I thought that they were wasting their time. In our household things went on and on and on happening. It was a hotel, which made the doom worse: it would have been remarkable to have two days without a crisis and even if we did, I doubted whether the rule would apply in reverse, so that we could augur a third. I was very fond of [illegible].

I was not very fond of the cook. But when I was sitting on the terrace in the shade working on my Anthology of Hates, and a man with a bristled chin told me in *patois* that he had come to kill her, I thought it just as well for her, though obviously disappointing for her husband, that she was off for the afternoon. He carried a knife that did not look particularly sharp; he smelt of licorice, which meant that he had been drinking Pernod. He stamped up and down, making speeches about his wife and Laurent the waiter, whom he called a *salaud* and many other words new to me and quite difficult to understand.

I said at last, "Look, you can't do it now, because she has gone over to St. Raphael in the bus. But if you wait I will fetch my father." I took the Anthology with me in case he started cutting it up.

I went down the red rock steps that sloped from the garden to the pool. The garden looked the way it always looked, almost as brightly colored as the post cards of it that you could buy at the desk. There was purple bougainvillaea splashing down the white walls of the hotel; there were hydrangeas of the exact shade of pink blotting paper; there

were huge silver-gray cacti and green umbrella pines against a sky that was darker blue than the sky in England.

I could not love this garden. Always it seemed to me artificial, spiky with color, not quite true. My idea of a garden was a green lawn and a little apple orchard behind a gray stone house in the Cotswolds. I saw that garden only once a year, in September. I could conjure it by repeating inside my head—

> And autumn leaves of blood and gold
> That strew a Gloucester lane.

Then the homesickness for the place that was not my home would make a sharp pain under my ribs. I was ashamed to feel so; I could not talk about it; not even to Francis, with whom I could talk about most things.

I CAME to the top of the steps and saw them lying around the pool, Francis and Jeanne and the two novelists who had come from Antibes for lunch. They were all flat on the yellow mattresses, talking.

I said, "Excuse me for interrupting you, but the cook's husband has come to assassinate the cook."

Francis got up quickly. He looked like Mephistopheles. There were gray streaks in his black hair; all the lines of his face went upward and the pointed mustache followed the lines. His body was dark brown and hairy, except that the scars on his back and legs, where he was burned when the airplane was shot down, did not tan with the sun.

"It's a hot afternoon for an assassination," said the male novelist as they ran up the steps together.

"Perhaps," said Francis, "he can be persuaded to wait until the evening."

"He will have to," I said, "because the cook is in St. Raphael. I told him so."

"Penelope," said my stepmother, sitting up on the yellow mattress, "you had better stay with us."

"But I am working on my book."

"All right, *chérie;* work on it here."

The lady novelist, who had a sparkling, triangular face like a cat, said, "I wish you would read some of it to us. It will take our minds off the current bloodcurdling events."

I begged her to excuse me, adding that I did not anticipate any bloodcurdling events because of the battered look of the knife.

Jeanne said that the cook would have to go in any case, but that her love for Laurent was of a purely spiritual character.

I said, "Laurent is a smoothy, and I do not see how anybody could be in love with him."

"A certain smoothness is not out of place in a headwaiter," said the lady novelist.

I did not tell her my real reason for disliking Laurent; he made jokes. I hated jokes more than anything. They came first in the Anthology: they occupied whole pages: I had dozens and dozens: it was a loose-leaf book, so that new variations of hates already listed could be inserted at will.

Retiring from the conversation, I went to sit on the flat rock at the far end of the pool. Francis and the male novelist returned very soon. Francis came over to me. I shut the loose-leaf book.

"The cook's husband," he said, "has decided against it."

"I thought he would. I imagine that if you are really going to murder somebody you do not impart the intention to others."

"Don't you want to swim?" said Francis.

"No, thank you. I'm working."

"You couldn't be sociable for half an hour?"

"I would rather not."

"I'll write you down for RCI," he threatened.

RCI was Repulsive Children Incorporated, an imaginary foundation which Francis had invented a year before. It came about because a family consisting mainly of unusually spoiled children stayed at the hotel for two days, and were asked by Francis to leave on the third, although the rooms were booked for a month. According to Francis, RCI did a tremendous business and there were qualifying examinations wherein the children were tested for noise, bad manners, whining, and brutal conduct. I tried to pretend that I thought this funny.

"Will you please let me work for a quarter of an hour?" I asked him. "After all, I was disturbed by the assassin."

"All right. Fifteen minutes," he said. "After which you qualify."

IN FACT I was not telling him the truth. I had a rendezvous at this hour every day. At four o'clock precisely I was sure of seeing the people from the next villa. I had

[illegible] days and I knew how [illegible] which he waited for Beatrice to pass [illegible] Could one, I asked myself, be in love with four people at once? The answer seemed to be Yes. These people had become a secret passion.

The villa was called La Lézardière: a large, stately pink shape with green shutters; there was a gravel terrace, planted with orange trees and descending in tiers, to a pool that did not sprawl in a circle of red rocks as ours did, but was of smooth gray concrete. At the tip of this pool there was a real diving board. A long gleaming speedboat lay at anchor in the deep water. The stage was set and I waited for the actors.

They had the quality of Vikings; the father [illegible] tall, handsome, white-skinned, and fair-haired. The boy and girl followed the pattern. They looked as I should have preferred to look. (I was as dark as Francis, and, according to the never-ceasing stream of personal remarks that seemed to be my lot at this time, I was much too thin. And not pretty. If my eyes were not so large I knew that I should be quite ugly. In Francis' opinion, my face had character. "But this, as Miss Edith Cavell said of patriotism," I told him, "is not enough.")

Oh, to look like the Bradleys; to be the Bradleys, I thought, waiting for the Bradleys. They were far, august, and enchanted; they wore the halo of being essentially English. They were Dad and Mum and Don and Eva. I spied on them like a huntress, strained my ears for their words, cherished their timetable. It was regular as the clock. They swam before breakfast and again at ten, staying beside the pool all the morning. At a quarter to one the bell would ring from the villa for their lunch. Oh, the beautiful punctuality of those meals! Sometimes we did not eat luncheon until three and although Jeanne told me to go and help myself from the kitchen, this was not the same thing at all.

In the afternoon the Bradleys rested on their terrace in the shade. At four they came back to the pool. They went fishing or water-skiing. They were always doing something. They would go for drives in a magnificent gray car with a white hood that folded back. Sometimes they played a catching game beside the pool; or they did exercises in a row, with the father leading them. They had cameras and butterfly nets and field-glasses. They never seemed to lie around and talk, the loathèd recreation in which I was expected to join.

I took Don and Eva to be twins; and perhaps a year younger than I. I was just fourteen. To be a twin would, I thought, be a most satisfying destiny. I would even have changed places with the youngest member of the Bradley family, a baby in a white perambulator with a white starched nurse in charge of it. If I could be the baby, I should at least be sure of growing up and becoming a Bradley, in a white shirt and gray shorts.

Their magic linked with the magic of my yearly fortnight in England, when, besides having the gray skies and the green garden, I had acquaintance with other English children not in the least like me: solid, pink-cheeked sorts with ponies; they came over to tea at my aunt's house and it was always more fun in anticipation than in fact, because I seemed to make them shy. And I could never tell them that I yearned for them.

So, in a way, I was content to watch the Bradleys at a distance. I felt that it was hopeless to want to be friends with them; to do the things that they did. I was not only different on the outside, but different on the inside, which was worse. On the front page of the Anthology I had written: "I was born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," one of the more consoling quotations because it made the matter seem inevitable.

Now it was four o'clock. My reverie of the golden Bradleys became the fact of the golden Bradleys, strolling down to the water. Dad and Don were carrying the water-skis. I should have only a brief sight of them before they took the speedboat out into the bay. They would skim and turn far off, tantalizing small shapes on the shiny silky sea. Up on the third tier of the terrace, between the orange trees, the neat white nurse was pushing the perambulator. But she was only faintly touched with the romance that haloed the others. I mourned.

Then a most fortunate thing happened. There was a drift of strong current around the rocks and as the speedboat moved out toward the bay, one of the water-skis slipped off astern, and was carried into the pool under the point where I sat. Don dived in after

it; I ran down the slope of rock on their side, to shove it off from the edge of the pool.

"Thanks most awfully," he said. He held on to the fringed seaweed and hooked the water-ski under his free arm. Now that he was so close to me I could see that he had freckles; it was a friendly smile and he spoke in the chuffy, English boy's voice that I liked.

"It's rather fun, water-skiing."

"It looks fun. I have never done it."

"Would you like to come out with us?" he jerked his head towards the boat: "Dad's a frightfully good teacher."

I groaned within me, like the king in the Old Testament. Here were the gates of Paradise opening and I must let them shut again, or be written down for RCI.

"Painful as it is to refuse," I said, "my father has acquired visitors and I have sworn to be sociable. The penalty is ostracism." (Ostracism was another word that appealed to me.)

Don, swinging on the seaweed, gave a gurgle of laughter.

"What's funny?" I asked.

"I'm terribly sorry. Wasn't that meant to be funny?"

"Wasn't what meant to be funny?"

"The way you talked."

"No, it's just the way I talk," I said, drooping with sadness.

"I like it awfully," said Don. This was warming to my heart. By now the speedboat was alongside the rock point. I could see the Viking heads; the delectable faces in detail. Mr. Bradley called: "Coming aboard?"

"She can't," said Don. "Her father has visitors; she'll be ostracized." He was still giggling and his voice shook.

"Oh dear, that's too bad," said Mrs. Bradley. "Why don't you ask your father if you can come tomorrow?"

"I will, most certainly," I said, though I knew that I need never ask permission of Jeanne or Francis for anything that I wanted to do.

I felt as though I had been addressed by a goddess. Don gurgled again. He flashed through the water and they pulled him into the boat.

I had to wait for a few minutes alone, hugging my happiness, preparing a kind of vizor to pull down over it when I went back to the group on the yellow mattresses.

"Making friends with the Smugs?" Francis greeted me.

"What an enchanting name," said the lady novelist.

"It isn't their name; it's what they are," said Francis.

I heard my own voice asking thinly: "Why do you call them that?" He shocked me so much that my heart began to beat heavily and I shivered. I tried to conceal this by sitting crouched and hugging my knees. I saw him watching me.

"Well, aren't they?" he said gently. I had given myself away. He had guessed that they meant something to me.

"I don't know. I don't think so. I want to know why you think so."

"Partly from observation," said Francis. "Their gift for organized leisure; their continual instructions to their children; the expressions on their faces. And the one brief conversation that I've conducted with Bradley—he congratulated me on being able to



"No, thank you. I'm working."

engage in a commercial enterprise on French soil. According to Bradley, you can never [illegible] the French." He imitated the chilly English voice.

Isn't 'commercial enterprise' rather an optimistic description of Chez François?" asked the lady novelist, and the male novelist laughed. Francis was still looking at me.

"Why do you like them, Penelope?"

I replied with chilled dignity: "I did not say that I liked them. They invited me to go water-skiing with them tomorrow."

Jeanne said quickly: "That will be fun. You know, Francis, you are becoming too intolerant of your own countrymen: it is enough in these days for you to meet an Englishman to make you dislike him." This was comforting: I could think this and feel better. Nothing, I thought, could make me feel worse than for Francis to attack the Bradleys. It was another proof that my loves, like my hates, must remain secret, and this was loneliness.

II

I AWOKE next morning full of a wild surmise. I went down early to the pool and watched Francis taking off for Marseilles in his small, ramshackle seaplane. He flew in a circle over the garden as he always did, and when the seaplane's long boots pointed for the west, I saw Don and Eva Bradley standing still on the gravel terrace to watch it. They were coming down to the pool alone. Offering myself to them, I went out to the flat rock. They waved and beckoned and shouted.

"Is that your father flying the seaplane?"

"Yes."

"Does he take you up in it?"

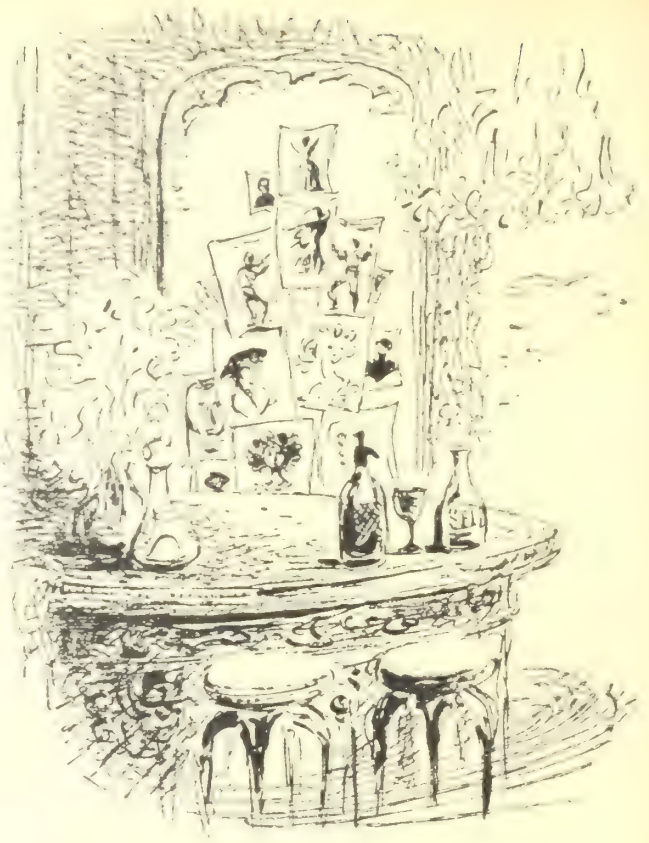
"Sometimes."

"Come and swim with us," Don called.

I ran down the rock slope on their side. I was shy now that we stood together. I saw that Eva was a little taller than Don; that she also was freckled; and that they had oiled their skins against sunburn as the grownups did. Don wore white trunks and Eva a white swimming suit. They laughed when I shook hands with them, and Don made me an elaborate bow after the handshake. Then they laughed again.

"Are you French or English?"

That saddened me. I said, "I am English, but I live here because my stepmother is a



"Don't famous people come here?"

Frenchwoman and my father likes the Riviera."

"We know that," said Don quickly. "He was shot down and taken prisoner by the Germans and escaped and fought with the Resistance, didn't he?"

"Yes. That is how he met Jeanne

"And he's Francis Wells, the poet?"

"Yes."

"And the hotel is quite mad, isn't it?"

"Indubitably," I said. It was another of my favorite words. Eva doubled up with laughter. "Oh, that's wonderful. I'm *always* going to say indubitably."

"Is it true," Don said, "that guests only get served if your father likes the look of them, and that he charges nothing sometimes, and that all the rooms stay empty for weeks if he wants them to?"

"It is true. It does not seem to me the most intelligent way of running an hotel, but that is none of my business."

"Is he very rich?" asked Eva.

Don said quickly: "Don't, Eva, that's not polite."

"He isn't rich or poor," I said. I could not explain our finances to the Bradleys any more than I could explain them to myself. Some-

times we had money. When we had not, we were never poor in the way that other people were poor. We were "broke" which, as far as I could see, meant being in debt but living as usual and talking about money.

"Do you go to school in England?"

"No," I said, handing over my chief shame. "I am a day boarder at a convent school near Grasse. It is called Notre Dame des Oliviers."

"Do you like it?"

"I find it unobjectionable," I said. It would have been disloyal to Francis and Jeanne to tell these how little I liked it.

"Do they teach the same things as English schools?"

"Roughly."

"I expect you're awfully clever," said Eva, "and top at everything."

How did she know that? Strenuously, I denied it. Heading the class in literature, composition, and English poetry was just one more way of calling attention to myself. It was part of the doom of being noticeable, of not being like Other People. At Les Oliviers, Other People were French girls, strictly brought up, formally religious, cut to a foreign pattern. I did not want to be they, as I wanted to be the Bradleys: I merely envied their uniformity.

God forbid that I should tell the Bradleys about winning a special prize for a sonnet; about being chosen to recite Racine to hordes of parents; about any of it. I defended myself by asking questions in my turn. Eva went to an English boarding school in Sussex; Don would go to his first term at public school this autumn. I had guessed their ages correctly. They were just thirteen. "Home" was Devonshire.

"I would greatly love to live in England," I said.

"I'd far rather live in an hotel on the French Riviera. Lucky Penelope."

"I am not lucky Penelope; I am subject to dooms."

"How heavenly. What sort of dooms?"

"For example, getting an electric shock in science class, and finding a whole nest of mice in my desk," I said. "And being the only person present when a lunatic arrived believing the school to be Paradise."

"Go on. Go on," they said. "It's wonderful. Those aren't dooms, they are adventures."

"Nothing that happens all the time is an adventure," I said. "The hotel is also doomed."

They turned their heads to look up at it; from here, through the pines and the cactus, we could see the red crinkled tiles of its roof, the bougainvillaea, the top of the painted blue sign that announced *"Chez François."*

"It can't be doomed," Don said. "Don't famous people come here?"

"Oh yes. But famous people are more subject to dooms than ordinary people."

"How?"

"In every way you can imagine. Important telegrams containing money do not arrive. Their wives leave them; they are recalled on matters of state."

"Does Winston Churchill come?"

"Yes."

"And Lord Beaverbrook and Elsa Maxwell and the Duke of Windsor and Somerset Maugham?"

"Yes. Frequently. All their signed photographs are kept in the bar. Would you care to see them?"

Here I encountered the first piece of Bradley dogma. Don and Eva, who were splashing water on each other's hair ("Dad is most particular about our not getting sunstroke") looked doubtful.

"We *would* love to."

"I'm sure it's all right, Eva; because she lives there."

"I don't know. I think we ought to ask first. It is a bar, after all."

Ashamed, I hid from them the fact that I often served in the bar when Laurent was off duty.

"Oh, do let's chance it," said Don.

"I don't believe we ought to."

MR. AND MRS. Bradley had gone over to Nice and would not return until the afternoon, so a deadlock threatened. The white starched nurse appeared at eleven o'clock with a Thermos-flask of cold milk and a plate of buns. I gave birth to a brilliant idea; I told her that my stepmother had invited Don and Eva to lunch with us.

It was a little difficult to convince them after the nurse had gone, that Jeanne would be pleased to have them to lunch without an invitation. When I led them up through our garden, they treated it as an adventure, like tiger shooting.

Jeanne welcomed them, as I had foretold, and lunch was highly successful, although it contained several things, such as *moules*, which the Bradleys were not allowed to eat. We had the terrace to ourselves. Several cars drove up and their owners were told politely that lunch could not be served to them. This delighted Don and Eva. They were even more delighted when Jeanne told them of Francis' ambition, which was to have a notice: "Keep Out: This Means You," printed in seventeen languages. One mystery about the Bradleys was that they seemed to like jokes. They thought that I made jokes. When they laughed at my phrases they did not laugh as the grownups did, but in the manner of an appreciative audience receiving a comedian. Eva would hold her stomach and cry: "Oh *stop!* It hurts to giggle like this; it really hurts."

I took them on a tour of the hotel. The salon was furnished with some good Empire pieces. The bedrooms were not like hotel bedrooms, but more like rooms in clean French farmhouses, with pale walls and dark wood and chintz. All the rooms had balconies where the guests could eat their breakfast. There were no guests.

"And Dad says people *clamor* to stay here in the season," Don said, straddled in the last doorway.

"Yes, they do. Probably some will be allowed in at the end of the week," I explained, "but the Duchess is arriving from Venice at any moment and Francis always waits for her to choose which room she wants, before he lets any. She is changeable."

Eva said, "I can't get over your calling your father Francis. Who is the Duchess?"

"The Duchessa di Terracini. She is half Italian and half American."

"Is she very beautiful?"

"Very far from it. She is seventy and she looks like a figure out of a waxworks. She was celebrated for her lovers but now she only loves roulette." I did not wish to be uncharitable about the Duchess, whose visit was to be dreaded, and these were the nicest things that I could make myself say. The only thing in her favor was that she had been a friend of my mother, who was American and utterly beautiful and whom I did not remember.

"*Lovers?*" Eva said, looking half pleased and half horrified. Don flushed and looked at his feet. I had learned from talks at school that reactions to a mention of the facts of life could be like this. I knew also that Francis despised the expression, "the facts of life," because, he said, it sounded as though all the other things that happened in life were figments of the imagination.

"A great many people loved the Duchess desperately," I said. "She was engaged to an Austrian Emperor; he gave her emeralds, but somebody shot him."

"Oh well, then, she's practically history, isn't she?" Eva said, looking relieved.

III

I MIGHT have known that the end of the day would bring doom. It came hard upon the exquisite pleasure of my time in the speedboat with the Bradleys. This was even better than I had planned it in anticipation, a rare gift. I thought that the occasion must be under the patronage of a benign saint or what the Duchess would call a favorable aura; the only worry was Mrs. Bradley's worry about my having no dry clothes to put on after swimming; but with typical Bradley organization there were an extra white shirt and gray shorts in the boat. Dressed thus I felt like a third twin.

The sea changed color; the sea began to be white and the rocks a darker red.

"Would you like to come back and have supper with us, Penelope?"

I replied, "I can imagine nothing that I would like more."

"She *does* say wonderful things, doesn't she?" said Eva. I was drunk by now on Bradley admiration and almost reconciled to personal remarks.

"Penelope speaks very nice English," said Mrs. Bradley.

"Will you ask your stepmother then?" she added as we tied up the boat. I was about to say this was unnecessary when Don gave my ribs a portentous nudge; he said quickly, "Eva and I will walk you up there." It was obvious that the hotel exercised as much fascination for them as they for me.

When the three of us set off across the rocks Mr. Bradley called, "Seven o'clock sharp, now!" and Eva made a grimace. She said, "Wouldn't it be nice not to have to be punctual for anything?"

"I never have to be," I said, "except at school, and I think that I prefer it to having no timetable at all."

"Oh, my goodness! Why?"

"I like days to have a shape," I said.

"Can you just stay out to supper when you want to? Always? Without telling them?"

"Oh, yes."

"What would happen if you stayed away a whole night?"

I said that I had never tried. And now we went into the bar because Don said that he wanted to see the photographs again. Laurent was there; straw-colored and supercilious in his white coat. He began to make his jokes: *"Mesdames, monsieur, bon soir.* What may I serve you? A Pernod? A champagne cocktail?" He flashed along the shelves, reading out the name of each drink, muttering under his breath, *"Mais non; c'est terrible;* we have nothing that pleases our distinguished visitors." I saw that the Bradleys were enchanted with him.

We walked all round the gallery of photographs and were lingering beside Winston Churchill when the worst thing happened. I heard it coming. One could always hear the Duchess coming. She made peals of laughter that sounded like opera; the words came fast and high between the peals.

And here she was, escorted by Francis. She cried, "Ah my love, my love," and I was swept into a complicated, painful embrace, scratched by her jewelery, crushed against her stays, and choked with her scent before I got a chance to see her in perspective. When I did, I saw that there were changes since last year and that these were for the worse. Her hair, which had been dyed black, was now dyed bright red. Her powder was whiter and thicker than ever; her eyelids were dark blue; she had new false eyelashes of great length that made her look like a Jersey cow.

She wore a dress of dark blue chiffon, sewn all over with sequin stars, and long red gloves with her rings on the outside; she tilted back on her heels, small and bony, gesticulating with the gloves.

"Beautiful — beautiful — beautiful!" was one of her slogans. She said it now; she could not conceivably mean me; she just meant everything. The Bradleys had become awed and limp all over. When I introduced them they shook hands jerkily, snatching their hands away at once. Francis took from Laurent the bottle of champagne that had been on ice awaiting the Duchess; he carried it to her favorite table, the corner table beside the window. She placed upon the table a sequin bag of size, a long chiffon scarf, and a small jeweled box that held *bonbons au miel,* my least favorite sweets, reminding me of scented glue.

Francis uncorked the champagne.

"But glasses for all of us," the Duchess said. "A glass for each." The Bradleys said, "No thank you very much," so quickly that they made it sound like one syllable and I imitated them.

"But how good for you," cried the Duchess. "The vitalizing, the magnificent, the harmless grape. All children should take a little to combat the lassitude and depressions of growth. My mother used to give me a glass every morning after my fencing lesson. *Et toi,* Penelope? More than once last year you have taken your *petit verre* with me."

"Oh, didn't you know? Penelope is on the water wagon," said Francis, and the Duchess again laughed like opera. She cried, *"Santé, santé!"* raising her glass to each of us. Francis helped himself to a Pernod and perched on the bar, swinging his legs. The Bradleys and I stood in a straight, uncomfortable row.

"Of youth," said the Duchess, "I recall three things. The sensation of time seeming endless, as though one were swimming against a current; the insipid insincerity of one's teachers; and bad dreams, chiefly about giants."

Sometimes she expected an answer to statements of this character; at other times she went on talking: I had known her to continue without a break for fifteen minutes.

"I used to dream about giants," said Eva.

"How old are you, Miss?"

"Thirteen."

"At fifteen the dreams become passionate," said the Duchess, sounding lugubrious about it.

"WHAT do you dream about now?" asked Don, who had not removed his eyes from her since she came.

"Packing; missing airplanes; losing my clothes," said the Duchess. "Worry—worry—worry; but one is never bored in a dream, which is more than can be said for real life.

Give me your hand," she snapped at Eva. She pored over it a moment, and then said quickly: "You are going to marry very young and have three children: an honest life; always be careful on automobiles." Don's hand was already stretched out and waiting. She gave him two wives, a successful business career, and an accident "involving a horse between the ages of twenty and twenty-three."

That is tolerably old for a horse," Francis interrupted.

Sh-h," said the Duchess, "perhaps while steeplechasing; it is not serious." She blew me a little kiss: "Penelope I already know. She is as clear to me as a book written by an angel. Let me see if there is any change," she commanded, a medical note in her voice: Beautiful—beautiful—beautiful! Genius and fame and passion, are all here."

Any dough?" asked Francis.

I beg your pardon," said the Duchess, who knew perfectly well what dough meant, but who always refused to recognize American slang.

"I refer to cash," said Francis looking his most Mephistophelean: "My ambition for Penelope is that she acquire a rich husband, so that she may subsidize Papa in his tottering old age."

"Like so many creative artists, you have the soul of a fishmonger," said the Duchess. She was still holding my hand; she planted a champagne-wet kiss on the palm before she let it go. "I have ordered our dinner, Penelope. It is to be the *écrevisses au gratin* that you like, with small *goûters* of caviar to begin with and *fraises des bois* in kirsch afterward."

I had been anticipating this hurdle; she always insisted that I dine with her on her first evening, before she went to the Casino at nine o'clock.

"I am very sorry, Duchessa; you must excuse me. I am having supper with Don and Eva." I saw Francis raise one eyebrow at me. "I really didn't know you were coming tonight," I pleaded.

"No, that is true," said the Duchess, "but I am very disappointed. I have come to regard it as a regular tryst." She put her head on one side. "Why do you not all three stay and dine with me? We will make it a *partie carrée*. It could be managed, Francis? Beautiful—beautiful—beautiful! There. That is settled."

"I'm most awfully sorry; we'd love to," Eva said. "But we couldn't possibly. Supper's at seven and Mum's expecting us."

"Thank you very much, though," said Don, who was still staring at her. "Could we do it another time?"

"But of course! Tomorrow; what could be better? Except tonight," said the Duchess. "I was looking to Penelope to bring me good luck. Do you remember last year, how I took you to dine at the Carlton and won a fortune afterward?"

"And lost it on the following afternoon," said Francis. The Duchess said an incomprehensible Italian word that sounded like a snake hissing. She took a little ivory hand out of her bag and pointed it at him.

"I thought one never could win at roulette," said Don. "According to my father, the game is rigged in favor of the Casino."



"Oh well, she's practically history, isn't she?"

"Ask your father why there are no taxes in Monaco," said the Duchess. "In a game of this mathematic there is no need for the Casino to cheat. The majority loses naturally, not artificially. And tell him further that all European Casinos are of the highest order of probity, with the possible exception of Estoril and Budapest. Do you know the game?"

When the Bradleys said that they did not, she took from her bag one of the cards that had upon it a replica of the wheel and the cloth. She embarked upon a roulette lesson. The Bradleys were fascinated and of course we were late for supper. Francis delayed me further, holding me back to speak to me on the terrace: "Do you have to have supper with the Smugs?"

"Please don't call them that. Yes, I do."

"It would be reasonable, I should think, to send a message saying that an old friend of the family had arrived unexpectedly."

Of course it would have been reasonable; Mrs. Bradley had expected me to ask permission. But nothing would have made me stay.

"I'm extremely sorry, Francis; I can't do it."

"You should know how much it means to her. She has ordered your favorite dinner. All right," he said, "I see that it is useless to appeal to your better nature. Tonight you qualify for RCI." He went back to the bar, calling, "The verdict can always be withdrawn if the candidate shows compensating behavior."

"Didn't you want to stay and dine with the Duchess?" asked Don, as we raced through the twilit garden.

"I did not. She embarrasses me greatly."

"I thought she was terrific. I do hope Mum and Dad will let us have dinner with her tomorrow."

"But *don't* say it's *écrevisses,* Don, whatever you do. There's always a row about shell fish," Eva reminded him.

"I wouldn't be such an ass," Don said. "And the only thing that would give it away would be if you were ill afterward."

"Why should it be me?"

"Because it usually is," said Don.

I AWOKE with a sense of doom. I lay under my mosquito curtain, playing the scenes of last evening through in my mind. A slight chill upon the Viking parents, due to our being late; smiles pressed down over crossness, because of the visitor. Don and Eva pouring forth a miscellany of information about the Duchess and the signed photographs; myself making mental notes, a devoted sociologist studying a favorite tribe: grace before supper; no garlic in anything; copies of *Punch* and the English newspapers; silver napkin rings; apple pie. The secret that I found in the Cotswold house was here, I told myself; the house in Devonshire took shape; on the walls there were photographs of it; a stream ran through the garden; they rode their ponies on Dartmoor; they had two wire-haired terriers called Snip and Snap. I collected more evidence of Bradley organization: an expedition tomorrow to the Saracen village near Brignoles; a Current-Affairs Quiz that was given to the family by their father once a month.

No, I said to myself, brooding under my mosquito net, nothing went wrong until after the apple pie. That was when Eva had said, "The Duchess told all our fortunes." The lines spoken were still in my head:

Don saying, "Penelope's was an absolute fizzer; the Duchess says she will have genius, fame, and passion." Mr. Bradley's Viking profile becoming stony; Mrs. Bradley's smooth white forehead puckering a little as she asked me gently, "Who is this wonderful lady?"

Myself replying, "The Duchessa de Terracini," and Mrs. Bradley remarking that this was a beautiful name. But Mr. Bradley's stony face growing stonier and his officer-to-men voice saying, "Have we all finished?"; then rising so that we rose too and pushed in our chairs and bowed our heads while he said grace.

After that there was a spirited game of Monopoly. "But the atmosphere," I said to myself, "went on being peculiar." I had waited for Don and Eva to comment on it when they walked me home, but they were in a rollicking mood and appeared to have noticed nothing.

"Indubitably there is a doom," I thought while I put on my swimming suit, "and since I shall not see them until this evening because of the Saracen village, I shall not know what it is."

As I crossed the terrace, the Duchess popped her head out of the corner window above me; she leaned like a little gargoyle above the bou-

pointillage, she wore a lace veil fastened under her chin with a large diamond.

"Good morning, Duchessa. Did you win?"

"I lost consistently, and your friends cannot come to dine tonight, as you may know; so disappointing, though the note itself is courteous." She dropped it into my hands. It was written by Mrs. Bradley; fat, curly handwriting on paper headed

CROSSWAYS
CHAGFORD
DEVON

It thanked the Duchess and regretted that owing to the expedition, Don and Eva would not be able to accept her kind invitation to supper.

I knew that the Bradleys would be back by six.

IV

I SPENT most of the day alone working on the Anthology. I had found quite a new Hate, which was headed "Characters." People called the Duchess a character and this was said to others who came here. I made a brief description of each and included some of their sayings and habits.

There was the usual paragraph about the Duchess in the *Continental Daily Mail;* it referred to her gambling and her emeralds and her *joie-de-vivre*. *Joie-de-vivre* seemed to be a worthy subject for Hate and I entered it on a separate page, as a subsection of Jokes.

At half-past-four, to my surprise, I looked up from my rock writing desk and saw the Bradleys' car sweeping in from the road. Presently Eva came running down the tiers of terrace alone. When she saw me she waved, put her finger to her lips, and signaled to me to stay where I was. She came scrambling up.

"I'm so glad to see you. There's a row. I can't stay long. Don has been sent to bed."

"Oh, dear. I was conscious of an unfavorable aura," I said. "What happened?"

Eva looked miserable. "It isn't anything against you, of course. They like you terribly. Mum says you have beautiful manners. When Don and I said we wanted you to come and stop a few days with us at Crossways in September, it went down quite *well*. Would you like to?" she asked, gazing at me, "or would it be awfully boring?"

I was momentarily deflected from the doom and the row. "I cannot imagine anything that would give me greater pleasure," I said. She wriggled her eyebrows, as usual, at my phrases.

"That isn't just being polite?"

"I swear by yonder hornèd moon it isn't."

"But of course it may not happen now," she said in melancholy, "although it wasn't *your* fault. After all you didn't make us meet the Duchess on purpose."

"Was the row about the Duchess?"

"Mm—m."

"Because of her telling your fortunes and teaching you to play roulette? I did have my doubts, I admit."

"Apparently they were quite cross about that, but of course they couldn't say so in front of you. Daddy had *heard* of the Duchess, anyway. And they cracked down on the dinner party and sent a note. And Don kept on asking why until he made Daddy furious; and there seems to have been something in the *Continental Mail,* which we are not allowed to read."

"Here it is," I said helpfully. She glanced upward over her shoulder. I said, "Have no fear. We are invisible from the villa at this angle."

She raised her head from the paper and her eyes shone; she said, "Isn't it wonderful?" I had thought it a pedestrian little paragraph, but I hid my views.

"Mummy said that the Duchess wasn't at all the sort of person she liked us to mix with, and that no lady would sit in a bar drinking champagne when there were children present, and that we shouldn't have gone into the bar again anyway. And Don lost his temper and was quite rude. So that we came home early instead of having tea out; and Dad said that Don had spoiled the day and asked him to apologize. And Don said a word that we aren't allowed to use and now he's gone to bed. Which is awful for him because he's too big to be sent to bed. And I'll have to go back. I'm terribly sorry."

"So am I," I said. "Please tell you mother that I deplore the Duchess deeply, and that I always have."

As soon as I had spoken, I became leaden inside myself with remorse. It was true that I deplored the Duchess because she was possessive, overpowering, and embarrass-

ing, but I did not disapprove of her in the way that the Bradleys did. I was making a desperate effort to salvage the thing that mattered most to me.

In other words, I was assuming a virtue though I had it not, and while Shakespeare seemed to approve of this practice, I was certain that it was wrong. (And I went on with it. I added that Francis would not have dreamed of bringing the Duchess into the bar if he had known that we were there. This was an outrageous lie. Francis would have brought the Duchess into the bar if the Archbishop of Canterbury were there—admittedly an unlikely contingency.)

When Eva said that this might improve matters and might also make it easier for Don to apologize, because he had stuck up for the Duchess, I felt lower than the worms.

Which is why I quarreled with Francis. And knew that was why. I had discovered that if one were feeling guilty one's instinct was to put the blame on somebody else as soon as possible.

Francis called to me from the bar door as I came up onto the terrace. I had been freed from RCI on the grounds of having replaced Laurent before lunch at short notice. He grinned at me. "Be an angel and take these cigarettes to Violetta's room, will you, please? I swear that woman smokes two at a time."

"I am sorry," I said. "I have no wish to run errands for the Duchess just now."

Francis, as usual, was reasonable. "How has she offended you?" he asked.

I told him about the Bradleys, about the possible invitation to Devonshire; I said that, thanks to the Duchess cutting such a pretty figure in the bar, not to mention the *Continental Mail,* my future was being seriously jeopardized. I saw Francis' eyebrows twitching.

He said, "Penelope, you are a thundering ass. These people are tedious *petits bourgeois,* and there is no reason to put on their act just because you happen to like their children. And I see no cause to protect anybody, whether aged seven or seventy, from the sight of Violetta drinking champagne."

"Mrs. Bradley said that no lady would behave in such a way."

"Tell Mrs. Bradley with my love and a kiss that if she were a tenth as much of a lady as Violetta she would have cause for pride. And I am not at all sure," he said, "that I like the idea of your staying with them in Devonshire."

This was, as the French said, the *comble.*

"Do you mean that you wouldn't let me go?" I asked, feeling as though I had been struck by lightning.

"I did not say that. I said I wasn't sure that I liked the idea."

"My God, why not?"

"Do not imagine when you say, 'My God,'" said Francis, "that you add strength to your protest. You merely add violence."

He could always make me feel a fool when he wanted to. And I could see that he was angry; less with me than with the Bradleys. He said, "I don't think much of the Smugs, darling, as you know. And I think less after this. Violetta is a very remarkable old girl, and if they knew what she went through in Rome when the Germans were there, some of that heroism might penetrate even their thick heads. Run along with those cigarettes now, will you please?"

I was trembling with rage; the worst kind of rage, hating me as well as everything else. I took the cigarettes with what I hoped was a dignified gesture, and went.

THE Duchess was lying on the chaise longue under her window; she was swathed like a mummy in yards of cyclamen chiffon trimmed with marabou. She appeared to be reading three books at once: a novel by Ignazio Silone, Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable,* and a *Handbook of Carpentry for Beginners.*

The room, the best of the rooms, having two balconies, had become unrecognizable. It worried me with its rampaging disorder. Three wardrobe trunks crowded it: many dresses, scarves, and pairs of small pointed shoes had escaped from the wardrobe trunks. The Duchess always brought with her large unexplained pieces of material; squares of velvet, crepe de chine, and damask, which she spread over the furniture. The writing table had been made to look like a table in a museum; she had put upon it a black crucifix and two iron candlesticks, a group of ivory figures, and a velvet book with metal clasps.

Despite the heat of the afternoon the windows were shut; the room smelled of smoke and scent.

"Beautiful—beautiful—beautiful!" said the Duchess, holding out her hands for the cigarette. "Here are the *bonbons au miel* on the bedside table. Help yourself liberally, and sit down and talk to me."

"No, thank you very much. If you will excuse me, Duchessa, I have to do some work now."

"I will not excuse you, darling. Sit down here. Do you know why I will not excuse you?"

I shook my head.

"Because I can see that you are unhappy, frustrated, and restless." She joined her fingertips and stared at me over the top of them. "Some of it I can guess," she said, "and some of it I should dearly like to know. Your mother would have known."

I was silent; she was hypnotic when she spoke of my mother, but I could not make myself ask her questions.

"Genius is not a comfortable possession. What do you want to do most in the world, Penelope?"

The truthful reply would have been, "To be like other people. To live in England; with an ordinary father and mother who do not keep a hotel. To stop having dooms; never to be told that I am a genius, and to have people of my own age to play with so that I need not spend my life listening to grownups."

I said, "I don't know."

The Duchess sighed and beat a tattoo with her little feet inside the marabou; they looked like clock-work feet.

"You are, beyond doubt, crying for the moon. Everybody at your age cries for the moon. But if you will not tell me which moon, I cannot be of assistance. What is the book that you are writing?"

"It is an Anthology of Hates," I said, and was much surprised that I had told her because I had not told anybody.

"Oho," said the Duchess. "Have you enough Hates to make an anthology?"

I nodded.

"Is freedom one of your hates?"

I frowned; I did not want to discuss the book with her at all and I could not understand her question. She was smiling in a maddening way that implied more knowledge of me than I myself had.

"Freedom is the most important thing that there is. You have more freedom than the average child knows. One day you will learn to value this and be grateful for it. I will tell you why." Her voice had taken on the singsong, lecturing note that preceded a fifteen-minute monologue. I stared at the figures on the writing table. She had let her cigarette lie burning in the ash tray, and a small spiral of smoke went up like incense before the crucifix; there was this, there was the hot scented room and the sound of her voice: "It is necessary to imprison children to a certain degree, for their discipline and their protection. In schools, they are largely hidden away from life, like bees in a hive. This means that they learn a measure of pleasant untruth; a scale of simple inadequate values that resemble the true values in life only as much as a plain colored poster of the Riviera resembles the actual coastline.

"When they emerge from the kindly-seeming prisons, they meet the world of true dimensions and true values. These are unexpectedly painful and irregular. Reality is always irregular and generally painful. To be unprepared for its shocks and to receive the shocks upon a foundation of innocence is the process of growing up. In your case, Penelope, you will be spared many of those pains. Not only do you have now a wealth of freedom which you cannot value because you have not experienced the opposite, but you are also endowing yourself with a future freedom: freedom from the fear and shock and shyness which make the transition from youth to maturity more uncomfortable than any other period of existence. Francis is bringing you up through the looking-glass, back-to-front. You are learning what the adult learns, and walking through these lessons toward the light-heartedness that is usually to be found in childhood but lost later. I wonder how long it will take you to find that out." She sat up on her elbows and stared at me again. "Do you know what I think will happen to your Anthology of Hates when you do find it out? You will read it through and find that these are not Hates any more."

By this last remark she had annoyed me profoundly, and now she clapped her hands and cried, "If young people were only allowed to gamble! It takes the mind off every anxiety. If I could take you to the Casino with me tonight, Penelope! Wouldn't that be

splendid? Disguised as a young lady of fashion!" She sprang off the chaise longue, snatched the square of velvet from the bed and flung it over my shoulders. Its weight almost bore me to the ground; it was heavy as a tent and it smelled musty. "Look at yourself in the mirror!" cried the Duchess. "Beautiful—beautiful—beautiful! A Principessa!" She scuttled past me. "We will place this silver girdle here." She lashed it so tightly that it hurt my stomach; I was stifled; it felt like being dressed in a carpet. "Take this fan and these gloves." They were long white kid gloves, as hard as biscuits; she forced my fingers in and cajoled the gloves up my arms as far as the shoulders.

"The little amethyst circlet for your head."

She caught some single hairs as she adjusted it and put one finger in my eye. Sweat was trickling all over me.

"Now you have a very distinct resemblance to your mother," said the Duchess, standing before me and regarding me with her head on one side.

"This is the forecast of your womanhood. Will you please go downstairs at once and show yourself to Jeanne?"



I was stifled; it felt like being dressed in a carpet.

I said that I would rather not. She was peevishly disappointed. I struggled out of the ridiculous costume; hot, dispirited, no fonder of myself than before, I got away.

V

My bedroom was on the ground floor, with a window that opened onto the far end of the terrace. It was late, but I was still awake and heard Francis and Jeanne talking outside. I did not mean to listen, but their voices were clear and when I heard the name "Bradley" I could not help listening.

"I agree with you," Jeanne said, "that it is all an outrageous fuss. But these Bradleys mean a great deal to Penelope."

"Wish I knew why," said Francis. "They represent the worst and dullest aspect of English 'county'; a breed that may soon become extinct and no loss, either."

"They are the kind of friends that she has never had; English children of her own age."

Their footsteps ceased directly outside my window. I heard Francis sigh. "*Ought* we to send her to school in England, do you think?"

"Perhaps next year."

"That will be too late, beloved."

I had heard him call Jeanne "beloved" before, but tonight the word touched my heart, perhaps because I was already unhappy; it made me want to cry. "She will be fifteen," Francis said. "First she'll kill herself trying to fit into the pattern and if she succeeds in the task, we shall never see her again. God

knows what we'll get but it won't be Penelope."

"She will change in any case, whether she stays or goes, darling; they always do."

"Perhaps I've done a poor job with her from the beginning," Francis said: he spoke my mother's name. And then I was so sure I must listen no more, that I covered my ears with my hands. When I took them away Jeanne was saying, "You are always sad when your back is hurting you. Come to bed. Tomorrow I'll invite the Bradley children for lunch again; on Thursday when Violetta's in Monte Carlo."

"Why should we suck up to the Smugs?" Francis grumbled, and Jeanne replied, "Only because of Penelope, *tu le sais*," and they walked away down the terrace.

I wept because they destroyed my defenses; my conscience still troubled me for the speeches of humbug that I had made to Eva, for quarreling with Francis, and for being uncivil to the Duchess. It was a weary load. If the Bradleys accepted the invitation to lunch, it would seem that God was not intending to punish me for it, but exactly the reverse, and that was a bewildering state of affairs.

By morning, however, God's plan became clear. Jeanne brought me my breakfast on the terrace. She sat with me while I ate it. I thought, as I had thought before, that she looked very young; more an elder sister than a stepmother, with her short, flying dark hair, the blue eyes in the brown face, the long slim brown legs. She smoked a *caporal* cigarette.

I could hardly wait for her to tell me whether she had healed the breach with the Bradleys. But I dared not ask. Their talk on the terrace had been too intimate for me to admit that I had heard it. She said, "Penelope, the situation with your friends at La Lézardière has become a little complex."

My heart beat downward heavily and I did not want to eat any more.

"I thought that it would give you pleasure if I asked them to lunch and would perhaps clear up any misunderstanding. But I have been talking to Mrs. Bradley and apparently she would prefer them not to visit the hotel."

I did not know whether I was blushing for the hotel, for my own disappointment, or for the Bradleys; I was only aware of the blush, flaming all over my skin, most uncomfortably.

"Mrs. Bradley was friendly and polite, you must not think otherwise. She wants you to swim with them as much as you like; she said that she hoped you would go out in the speedboat again. But her exact phrase was, 'We feel that the hotel surroundings are just a little too grown-up for Don and Eva.' "

I was silent.

"So, I thought that I would tell you. And ask you not to be unhappy about it. People are entitled to their views, you know, even when one does not oneself agree with them."

"Thank you, Jeanne: I am not at all unhappy," I said, wishing that my voice would not shake. "And if the Bradleys will not come to me, I am damned if I am going to them." And I rose from the table. She came after me, but when she saw that I was near to tears she gave me a pat on the back and left me alone.

This was the point at which I discovered that hate did not cast out love, but that it was, on the contrary, possible to hate and love at the same time. I could not turn off my infatuation for the Bradleys, much as I longed to do so. They were still the desirable Vikings. The stately pink villa above the orange trees, the gray rocks where the diving board jutted and the speedboat lay at anchor, remained the site of romance, the target of forlorn hopes. It hurt me to shake my head and retire from the flat rock when Don and Eva beckoned me. They seemed to understand quickly enough, more quickly than their parents did. Mr. Bradley still called, "Coming aboard?" and Mrs. Bradley waved to me elaborately on every possible occasion. The children turned their heads away. For two days I saw them all like figures set behind a glass screen; only the echo of their voices reached me; I gave up haunting the beach and worked in a corner of the garden; the regularity of their timetable made it easy to avoid the sight of them. I told myself that they were loathsome, that they were the Smugs, that Don and Eva were both candidates for RCI. I even considered including them in the Anthology of Hates, but I found it too difficult. Now they had indeed become the moon that the Duchess told me I cried for. I cherished dreams of saving Don's life or Eva's at great risk to myself, and being humbly thanked and praised by their parents. Then I hoped that they would all die in a

fire, or better still that I would die and they would come to my funeral.

In these two days I found myself looking at my home differently; seeing it in Bradley perspective. I had been plagued by the crises and irregularities but never ashamed of them. Was I ashamed now? I could not be sure; the feeling was one of extra detachment and perception; I was more than ever aware of the garden's bright colors, of the garlic smells from the kitchen, of the dusky coolness in the bar; every time that I walked through the salon I looked at it with startled visitors' eyes; Bradleys' eyes:

"It's pretty, of course; it's like a little room in a museum, but it isn't the sort of place where one wants to *sit*." The terrace with the blue and white umbrellas above the tables, the stone jars on the balustrade, the lizards flickering along the wall, seemed as temporary as the deck of a ship on a short voyage. I felt as though I were staying here, not living here. And there was no consolation in my own room with my own books because here the saddest thoughts came and they seemed to hang in the room waiting for me, as palpable as the tented mosquito net above the bed.

I found that I was seeing Francis, Jeanne, and the Duchess through a grotesque lens; they were at once complete strangers and people whom I knew intimately. I could place them in a Bradley context, thinking, "That is Francis Wells, the poet, the poet who keeps the mad hotel. He always seems to wear the same red shirt. He looks like Mephistopheles when he laughs. And that is his wife, his *second* wife; younger than he is; very gay always, isn't she? What very *short* shorts. And there goes the Duchessa di Terracini, rather a terrible old lady who gambles at the Casino and drinks champagne; doesn't she look ridiculous in all that make-up and chiffon?" And then I would be talking to them in my own voice and with my own thoughts and feeling like a traitor.

I knew that they were sorry for me; that Francis above all approved my defiant refusal. I was aware of their hands held back from consoling gestures, to spare me too much overt sympathy. Even the Duchess did not speak to me of the Bradleys.

For once I welcomed the crises as diversion. And these two days naturally were not free from crisis; a British ambassador and his wife found themselves *en panne* at our gates. All the entrails of their car fell out upon the road and we were obliged to give them rooms for the night.

This would not of itself have been other than a mechanical crisis, because the ambassador and Francis were old friends. Unfortunately the ambassador and the press baron from Cap d'Ail, who was dining with the Duchess, were old enemies. So a fierce political fight was waged in the bar, with both elderly gentlemen calling each other poltroon, and they would have fought a duel had not the electric current failed and the hotel been plunged in darkness till morning. (My only grief was that Don and Eva had missed it. All roads led to the Bradleys.)

On the third morning, which was Thursday, doom accelerated. I woke to find Francis standing beside my bed.

"Sorry, darling; trouble," he said. "A telephone call just came through from Aix; Jeanne's mother is very ill and I'm going to drive her over there now. Can you take care of you for today?"

He never asked me such questions: this was like a secret signal saying, "I know you are miserable and I am sorry."

"But of course. Please don't worry."

"There are no guests, thank God. Violetta's going over to Monte Carlo; Laurent will be in charge tonight. You might see that he locks up, if I'm not back."

"I will do that."

"But don't let him lock Violetta out, for Heaven's sake."

"I will see that he does not. Can I help Jeanne or do anything for you?"

"No, my love. We are off now. I'll telephone you later." He ducked under the mosquito curtain to kiss me.

"You must pray rather than worry," the Duchess said to me, standing on the doorstep. For her expedition to Monte Carlo, she wore a coat and skirt of white shantung, a bottle-green frilly blouse, and the usual chiffon scarf. She was topped by a bottle-green tricorn hat with a green veil descending from it. "Death is a part of life," she added, pulling on her white gloves.

I could feel little emotion for my step-grandmother who lived in seclusion near Aix-en-Provence, but I was sorry for Jeanne.

"The best thing that you could do, Penelope," said the Duchess, grasping her parasol like a spear, "would be to come over with me to Monte Carlo. We will lunch delightfully on the balcony of the Hotel de Paris; then you shall eat ices while I am at the tables; then a little stroll and a little glass and we could dine on the port at Villefranche and drive home under the moon. The moon is at the full tonight and I look forward to it. *Viens, chérie, ça te changera les idées,*" she added, holding out her hand.

I thanked her very much and said that I would rather stay here.

When she was placed inside the high purple Isotta-Fraschini, I thought that she and her old hooky chauffeur looked like a Punch-and-Judy show. The car was box-shaped with a fringed canopy under the roof and they swayed as it moved off. I waved good-by.

THE first part of the day seemed endless. I sat in the garden on a stone bench under the largest of the umbrella pines. That way I had my back to La Lézardière. I could hear their voices and that was all. When the bell rang for their lunch, I went down to the pool and swam. I swam for longer than usual; then I climbed to the flat rock and lay in the sun. I was almost asleep when I heard Eva's voice. "Penelope!"

She was halfway up the rock; she said, "Look; we are so miserable we've written you this note. I have to go back and rest now." She was like a vision out of the long past; the freckles, the sunburn, and the wet hair. I watched her scuttle down and she turned to wave to me from the lowest tier of the terrace. I gave her a half-wave and opened the note. It said:

Dear Penelope,

Please don't be cross with us. Mum and Dad are going out to supper tonight. Don't you think that you could come? They have asked us to ask you.

Always your friends,

Don and Eva.

I wrote my reply at the *écritoire* in the salon. I wrote:

Much as I appreciate the invitation, I am unable to accept it. Owing to severe illness in the family my father and stepmother have left for Aix. I feel it necessary to stay here and keep an eye on things.

Penelope.

To run no risk of meeting them, I went into the bar and asked Laurent if he would be so kind as to leave this note at La Lézardière.

Laurent was in one of his moods; he replied sarcastically that it gave him great pleasure to run errands and do favors for young ladies who had not the energy to perform these for themselves. I echoed the former cook's husband, the assassin, and said, *"Salaud,"* but not until he was gone.

After I had answered the note, I alternated between wishing that I had accepted and wishing that I had given them more truthful reasons for my refusal.

Later, I sought comfort by writing to my aunt in England; I sat there conjuring the fortnight as it would be and putting in the letter long descriptions of the things that I wanted to see and do again. It helped. I had covered twelve pages when the telephone rang.

Francis' voice spoke over a bad line: "Hello, Child of Confusion. Everything all right?"

"Yes, indeed. Nothing is happening at all. What is the news?"

"Better," he said, "But Jeanne will have to stay. I may be very late getting back. See that Laurent gives you the cold lobster. Jeanne sends her love."

Nothing would have induced me to ask Laurent for my dinner, but I was perfectly capable of getting it myself and the reference to cold lobster had made me hungry. No reason why I should not eat my dinner at six o'clock. I was on my way to the kitchen by way of the terrace when I heard a voice calling me:

"Penelope!"

I turned, feeling that horrible all-over blush begin. Mrs. Bradley stood at the doorway from the salon onto the terrace. She looked golden and statuesque in a white dress with a scarlet belt. The sight of her was painful. It seemed as though I had forgotten how lovely she was.

"May I talk to you a moment, my dear?"

"Please do," I said, growing hotter and hotter.

"Shall we sit here?" She took a chair beneath one of the blue and white umbrellas. She motioned to me to take the other chair. I said, "Thank you, but I prefer to stand."

She smiled at me. I could feel in my heart the alarming collision of love and hate and now I could see her in two contexts; as a separate symbol, the enemy; as a beloved haunting of my own mind, the Mrs. Bradley of the first days, whom I had made my private possession. Her arms and hands were beautifully shaped, pale brown now against the white of her dress.

"Can't we be friends, Penelope? I think we can, you know, if we try. Don and Eva are so sad and it all seems such a pity."

I said, "But, Mrs. Bradley, you made it happen."

"No, dear. That is what I want to put right. When I talked to your stepmother, I made it quite clear that we all hoped to see much more of you."

"But," I said, "that Don and Eva couldn't come here. As though it were an awful place."

She put her hand on mine; she gave a soft low laugh. "Penelope, how foolish of you. Of course it isn't an awful place. You have just imagined our thinking that, you silly child."

"Did I imagine what you said about the Duchess?"

Still she smiled and kept her hand on mine. "I expect that what I said about the Duchess was quite a little exaggerated to you by Eva and Don. That was an uncomfortable day for all of us. We don't often quarrel in our family; I don't suppose that you do, either. Quarrels are upsetting to everybody and nobody likes them."

"Certainly," I said, "I don't like them."

"Let's try to end this one, Penelope."

Did she guess how badly I wanted to end it? I could not tell.

"Supposing," she said, "that you let me put my point of view to you, as one grown-up person to another. You are very grown-up for your age, you know."

"I do know, and I deplore it."

She gave another little low laugh. "Well, I shouldn't go on deploring it if I were you. Think what a dull world it would be if we were all made alike."

I winced inside at the cliché because Francis had taught me to wince at clichés. But I pretended that she had not said it. She went on: "Listen, dear. Just because you are so grown-up and this place is your home, you have a very different life from the life that Don and Eva have. I'm not saying that one sort of life is right and the other wrong. They just happen to be different. Now, my husband and I have to judge what is good for Don and Eva, don't we? You'll agree? Just as your father and stepmother have to judge what is good for you."

"Yes. I agree to that." It sounded reasonable; the persuasion of her manner was beginning to work.

"Well, we think that they aren't quite grown-up enough yet to understand and appreciate all the things that you understand and appreciate. That's all. It's as though you had a stronger digestion and could eat foods that might upset them. Do you see?"

When I was still silent, she added, "I think you should. Your stepmother saw perfectly."

"I suppose I see."

"Do try."

In fact I was trying hard; but the struggle was different from the struggle that she imagined. I felt as though I were being pulled over the line in a tug of war. Inside me there was a voice saying, "No, no. This is wrong. Nothing that she says can make it right. It is not a matter of seeing her point of view; you *can* see it; she has sold it to you. But you mustn't surrender." Oddly, the voice seemed to be the voice of the Duchess. I felt as though the Duchess were inside me, arguing.

I looked into the lovely, smiling face. "Do try," Mrs. Bradley repeated. "And do please come and have supper with the children tonight. Let's start all over again; shall we?"

When she held out both hands to me, she had won. I found myself in her arms and she was kissing my hair. I heard her say, "Poor little girl."

VI

Only the smallest shadow stayed in my heart and I forgot it for long minutes. We talked our heads off. It was like meeting them again after years. I found myself quoting in my head: "And among the grass shall find the golden dice wherewith we played of yore." They still loved me; they still laughed at everything I said. When I ended the description of the ambassador fighting the press baron and the failure of

"Of course I don't. What shall we say to Nanny?"

We can say we went down to the beach."

We crept out silent in the spirit of adventure. The moon had risen, the full moon promised by the Duchess, enormous and silver and sad: its light made a splendid path over the sea, the palms and the orange trees, the rock shapes on the water, were all sharp and black.

"Here we go on Tom Tiddler's ground," Eva sang. We took the short cut, scrambling through the oleander hedge instead of going round by the gate. I could hear Don panting with excitement beside me. Almost, their mood could persuade me that the hotel was an enchanted place. We came onto the terrace and darted into the empty bar: Laurent had turned off the lights: I turned them up for the Bradleys to look at the photographs.

"What'll we drink?" said Don facetiously, hopping onto a stool.

"Champagne," said Eva.

"If the Duchess was still awake, she'd give us some champagne."

"You wouldn't drink it," said Eva.

"I would."

"You wouldn't."

"I jolly well would."

"She's probably in the salon," I said. "She never goes to bed early."

I put out the lights again and led them to the salon by way of the terrace. The salon lights were lit. We looked through the windows.

"There she is," said Don. "She's lying on the sofa."

They bounded in ahead of me. I heard Don say, "Good evening, Duchessa," and Eva echoed it. There was no reply from the Duchess. With the Bradleys, I stood still staring at her. She was propped on the Empire sofa; her red head had fallen sideways on the stiff satin cushion. Her little pointed shoes and thin ankles stuck out from the hem of her shantung skirt and the skirt, which was of great width, drooped down over the edge of the sofa to the floor. On the table beside her she had placed the green tricorn hat, the green scarf, and her green velvet bag. A bottle of champagne stood in an ice pail; the glass had fallen to the floor; since one of her arms dangled limply, I

thought that she must have dropped the glass as she went off to sleep.

"Please wake up, Duchessa; we want some champagne," said Don.

He took a step forward and peered into her face, which was turned away from us.

"She looks sort of horrid," he said; "I think she's ill."

For no reason that I could understand I felt that it was impertinent of him to be leaning there so close to her. When he turned back to us, I saw that his face was pale; the freckles were standing out distinctly on the bridge of his nose.

"She is ill, I'm sure," he said. "She's unconscious." He looked at the bottle of champagne. "She must be—" He stopped. I saw that he thought that the Duchess was intoxicated and that he could not bring himself to say so.

"Let's go," Eva said in a thin scared voice. She grabbed Don's hand. "Come on, Penelope. Quick."

"But of course I'm not coming."

They halted. "You can't stay here," Don said. Eva was shivering. There was no sound nor movement from the figure on the sofa. I said, "Certainly I can stay here. What else can I do? If she is ill, I must look after her."

I saw them straining against their own panic. Suddenly they seemed like puppies, very young indeed.

"But *we* can't stay here," Eva said. "Oh, please, Penelope, come with us."

"No indeed. But you go," I said. "It's what you want to do isn't it?"

"It's what we ought to do," Eva stammered through chattering teeth. Don looked a little more doubtful. "Look here, Penelope, you needn't stay with her. When they—they get like that, they sleep it off."

Now I was angry with him. "Please go at once." I said. "This is my affair. And I know what you mean and it isn't true." I found that I had clapped my hands to shoo them off; they went; I heard the panic rush of their feet on the terrace. I was alone with the Duchess.

Now that they were gone, I had no hesitation in approaching her. I said softly, "Hello, Duchessa. It's only me," and I bent above her as Don had done. I saw what he had seen; the shrunken look of the white face with the false eyelashes. Indeed she looked shrunken all over, like a very old doll.

I lowered my head until my ear touched the green frilled chiffon at her breast. I listened for the beat of her heart. When I could not hear it, I lifted the little pointed hand and felt the wrist. There was no pulse here that I could find.

I despised myself because I began to shiver as Eva Bradley had shivered. My fingers would not stay still; it was difficult to unfasten the clasp of the green velvet bag. I thought that there would be a pocket mirror inside and that I must hold this to her lips. Searching for the mirror I found other treasures; the ivory hand that she had aimed at Francis, a cut-glass smelling-bottle, some colored plaques from the Casino, a chain holding a watch, and a cluster of seals.

The mirror, when I found it, was in a folding morocco case with visiting cards in the pocket on the other side. I said, "Excuse me, please, Duchessa," as I held it in front of her face. I held it there a long time; when I took it away the bright surface was un-



Her red head had fallen sideways on the stiff satin cushion

dreadful. I knew that the Duchess was dead.

A profound curiosity took away my fear. I had never seen a person lying dead before. It was so strange to think of someone I knew well, as having stopped. But the more I stared at her, the less she looked as though she had stopped; rather, she had gone. This was not the Duchess lying here; it was a little old doll, a toy thing of which the Duchess had now no need. Where, I wondered, had she gone? What had happened to all the things that she remembered, the fencing lessons, and the child's dreams, and the Emperor? What happened, I wondered, to the memories that you carried around in your head? Did they go on with your soul or would a soul not want them? What did a soul want? Did the Duchess's soul like roulette? Theology had never been my strongest subject and I found myself baffled by the rush of abstract questions flowing through my mind.

Then I became aware of her in relation to me. It was impossible to believe that I would not talk to her again. I was suddenly deeply sorry that I had not dined with her on the first evening, that I had not gone down in the fancy-dress to show myself to Jeanne. She had asked me to do this; she had asked me to come to Monte Carlo with her. *"Viens, chérie, ça te changera les idées."* Always she had been kind. I had not. I had never been nice to her because she embarrassed me and now I should never have another chance to be nice to her.

Automatically I began to perform small meaningless services. I covered her face with the green scarf, drawing it round her head so that it made a dignified veil. I fetched a rug and laid it across her feet; I did not want to see the little shoes. I carried the untouched champagne back to the bar. I lifted her tricorn hat, her bag and gloves off the table; I took them up to her room. It was more difficult to be in her room, with the bed turned down and the night clothes laid there, than it was to be in the salon with her body. I put the hat, bag, and gloves down on the nearest chair and I was running out when I saw the crucifix on the table. I thought that she might be pleased to have this near her ("Although," I said to myself, "she isn't there any more, one still goes on behaving as if she is"), and I carried it down; I set it on the table beside her. There seemed to be too many lights here now. I turned off all but one lamp; this room became a suitable place for her to lie in state, the elegant little shell of a room with the Empire furnishings. I pulled a high-backed chair from the wall, set it at the foot of the sofa, and sat down to watch with her.

Outside the windows the moonlight lay in the garden. I heard her saying, "The moon is at the full tonight. I look forward to it." I heard her saying, "Naturally, you cry for the moon." I heard her saying, "Death is a part of life," as she pulled on her white gloves.

At intervals I was afraid again; the fear came and went like intermittent seasickness. I did not know what brought it. She was so small and still and gone that I could not fear her. But I felt as though I were waiting for a dreadful thing to walk upon the terrace, and the only poem that would stay in my head was one that had always frightened me a little, "The Lykewake Dirge":

> This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
> Everye nighte and alle,
> Fire and sleet and candlelyte,
> And Christe receive thy saule.

It made shivers down my back. I would have liked to fetch Charlemagne from his kennel, but I had heard that dogs howled in the presence of the dead and this I did not want.

Sitting there so stiffly I became terribly tired: "But it is a vigil," I said to myself, "and it is all that I can do for her." It was not much. It was no true atonement for having failed her in kindness; it could not remit my having betrayed her to the Bradleys. It seemed hours since I had thought of the Bradleys. Now I wondered whether the parents had returned, and with the question there came incredulity that Don and Eva should not have come back. They had simply run off and left me, because they were afraid. The memory of their scared faces made them small and silly in my mind. Beside it, I uncovered the memory of my talk with Mrs. Bradley: the talk that had left a shadow. I admitted the shadow now: it was the note of patronage at the end of all the

spellbinding. She had called me "poor little girl."

"You never called me poor little girl," I said in my thoughts to the Duchess. She had called me fortunate and a genius. She had spoken to me of the world, of freedom and maturity. That was truly grown-up conversation. In comparison the echo of Mrs. Bradley saying, "As one grown-up person to another." sounded fraudulent. Some of the magic had left the Bradleys tonight.

I was so tired. I did not mean to sleep, because this was vigil. But I found my head falling forward and the moonlight kept vanishing and the Duchess' voice was quite loud in my ears. "Of death," she said, "I remember three things; being tired, being quiet, and being gone. That's how it is, Penelope." She seemed to think that I could not hear her. She went on calling, "Penelope! Penelope!"

I sat up with a start. Somebody was in fact calling "Penelope": a man's voice from the terrace. I climbed down stiffly from the chair. "Who's that?" I asked, my voice sounding cracked and dry. Mr. Bradley stood against the moonlight.

"Are you there, child? Yes, you are. Come along out of this at once." He looked large and golden and worried; he seized my hand; then he saw the Duchess on the sofa.

"Lord," he said. "She's still out, is she?" He started again. "Did you cover her up like that?"

"Yes. Please talk quietly," I said. "She is dead."

He dropped my hand, lifted the scarf a little way from her face, and put it back. I saw him looking at the crucifix.

"I put it there. I thought that she would like it. I am watching by her," I said.

He looked pale, ruffled, not the way, I thought, that grown-up people should look. "I'm terribly sorry," he said in a subdued voice. "Terribly sorry. Young Don came along to our room, said he couldn't sleep for knowing you were over here with her. Of course he didn't think—"

"I know what he thought, Mr. Bradley," I said coldly. "Don and Eva are only babies really. Thank you for coming, just the same."

He said, in his officer-to-men voice, "Out of here now. There's a good girl."

"I beg your pardon?"

"You're coming to our house. I'll telephone the doctor from there." He took my hand again; I pulled it free.

"I'll stay with her, please. You telephone the doctor."

He looked down at me, amazed, almost smiling. He dropped his voice again. "No, no, no, Penelope. You mustn't stay."

I said, "I must."

"No, you mustn't. You can't do her any good."

"It is a vigil."

"That's just morbid and foolish. You're coming over to our house now."

"I am not."

"Yes, you are," he said, and he picked me up in his arms. To struggle in the presence of the Duchess would have been unseemly. I remained tractable, staying in his arms until he had carried me onto the terrace. He began to put me down and at once I twisted free.

"I'm not coming with you. I'm staying with her. She is my friend and she is not your friend. You were rude about her, and stupid," I said to him.

HE GRABBED me again and I fought: he imprisoned me with my arms to my sides. For the moment he did not try to lift me. He simply held me there.

"Listen, Penelope, don't be hysterical. I'm doing what's best for you. That's all. You can't possibly sit up all night alone with the poor old lady; it's nearly one o'clock now."

"I shall stay with her till dawn; and she is not a poor old lady, just because she is dead. That is a ridiculous cliché."

I was aware of his face close to mine, the stony, regular features, the blue eyes and clipped mustache in the moonlight. The face seemed to struggle for speech. Then it said, "I don't want insolence any more than I want hysteria. You just pipe down and come along. This is no place for you."

"It is my home," I said.

He shook me gently. "Have some sense, will you? I wouldn't let my kids do what you're doing and I won't let you do it."

"Your children," I said, "wouldn't want to do it anyway; they are, in vulgar parlance, a couple of sissies."

At this he lifted me off my feet again and I struck at his face. I had the absurd idea

and the Duchess had come to stand in the doorway and was cheering me on. And at this moment there came the miracle. The noise of the car sweeping in from the road was not the little noise of Laurent's car, but the roaring powerful engine that meant that Francis had come home.

The headlights swung yellow upon the moonlit garden. Still aloft in Mr. Bradley's clutch I said, "That is my father, who will be able to handle the situation with dignity."

He set me down as Francis braked the car and jumped out.

"That you, Bradley?" said Francis. "What, precisely, are you doing?"

Mr. Bradley said, "I am trying to make your daughter behave in a sensible manner. I'm very glad to see you."

Francis came up the steps onto the terrace. He sounded so weary that I knew his back hurt him: "Why should it be your concern to make my daughter behave in any manner whatsoever?"

"Really, Wells, you'll have to know the story. There's been a tragedy here tonight, I'm afraid. Just doing what I could to help."

"I will tell him," I said. I was grateful for Francis' arm holding me; my legs had begun to feel as though they were made of spaghetti.

"You let me do the talking, young woman," said Mr. Bradley.

If you don't mind, I'd prefer to hear it from Penelope," said Francis.

I told him. I told him slowly, leaving out none of it; there seemed less and less breath in my lungs as I continued. "And Mr. Bradley called it morbid and foolish and removed me by force," I ended.

"Very silly of you, Bradley," said Francis.

Damn it, look at the state she's in!"

"Part of which might be due to your methods of persuasion, don't you think? All right, Penelope, easy now." I could not stop shivering.

"Leaving her alone like that in a place like this. You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Mr. Bradley boomed.

"Quiet, please," said Francis in his most icy voice.

Damned if I'll be quiet. It's a disgrace and I don't want any part of it."

"Nobody," I said, "asked you to take any part in it, Mr. Bradley."

"Hush," said Francis. "Mr. Bradley meant to be kind and you must be grateful."

"I am not in the least."

"Fine manners you teach her," said Mr. Bradley.

"Quiet, please," said Francis again. "Penelope has perfect manners, mitigated at the moment by perfect integrity and a certain amount of overstrain." Looking up at him, I could see the neat Mephistophelean profile, the delicate shape of his head. I loved him more than I had ever loved him. Mr. Bradley, large and blowing like a bull, was outside this picture, nothing to do with either of us.

Suddenly he looked as though he realized this. He said: "I don't want my wife or my kids mixed up in it either."

"Mixed up in what, precisely?" Francis asked.

I said, "It is possible that he is referring to the inquest. Or do you mean mixed up with me? Because if you do, no problem should arise. After tonight I have not the slightest wish to be mixed up with them or you."

It would have been more effective had I been able to stop shivering; I was also feeling rather sick, never a help when attempting to make dignified speeches.

Mr. Bradley faded away in the moonlight.

Francis said gently, "Did you mean it? It is easy to say those things in anger."

"I think I meant it. Was the vigil, in your opinion, the right thing to do?"

"It was. I am very pleased with you."

I said, "But I am not sure that I can continue with it for a moment. I feel funny."

Francis took me into the bar; he poured out a glass of brandy and a glass of water, making me drink them in alternate swallows.

"Of course," he said gloomily, "it may make you sick. In which event the last state will be worse than the first."

But it did not; it made me warm.

"They can't *help* being the Smugs, can they?" I said suddenly, and then for the first time I wanted to cry.

"They're all right," said Francis. "They are merely lacking in imagination."

I managed to say, "Sorry," and no more. I knew that he disliked me to cry. This time he said, watching me, "On some occasions it is better to weep."

I put my head down on the table and sobbed, "If only she could come back; I would be nice."

Francis said, "You gave her great pleasure always."

"Oh, not enough."

"Nobody can give anybody enough."

"Not ever?"

"No, not ever. But one must go on trying."

"And doesn't one ever value people until they are gone?"

"Rarely," said Francis.

I went on weeping; I saw how little I had valued him; how little I had valued anything that was mine. Presently he said, "Do you think that you can cry quite comfortably by yourself for a few minutes because I must telephone the doctor?"

Though I said, "Yes, indeed," I stopped crying immediately. As I sat waiting for him, I was saying good-by, to my first dead, to a love that was ended, and to my dream of being like other people.

The next day I tore the Anthology of Hates into pieces and cast the pieces into the sea. I did not read through the pages first, so certain was I that I had done with hating.



Graham Greene, Pleasure-Hater

Douglas Jerrold

HENRY Nevinson never failed to voice his amazement at the occasional revelations of man's original virtue; Graham Greene, an even more acute observer, never conceals his irritation at the same spectacle, and, because he is so acute, he is perpetually irritated. There is always on his horizon "somebody who has betrayed one's natural distrust of human nature, someone one has loved."

Facing up to this monstrous anomaly, Graham Greene has kept a stiff upper lip in the face of virtue for forty-eight years, but even those hostile blue eyes occasionally register a doubt, as when he reluctantly says, about his school days, "I do not think we were to blame . . . it was from the masters we learnt our snobbery." But the determination to be guilty at all costs comes out even in this qualified confession as it does in his shocked recollection that there was no "more appallingly innocent school in existence at that time" than Berkhamsted, where he was born in 1904, and where he went to school (his father being the headmaster) from 1915 to 1921, when, at the age of seventeen, he left en route for Balliol.

Graham Greene, like Harold Nicolson, writes with feverish nostalgia of his schooldays, which he hated, and, therefore, loves to recall. How much of this hatred is intellectual in its basis? How much is merely emotion recollected in hostility to life in general? For those who have only known him in his later childhood it is difficult to say. We have his story of the boy of seventeen putting one live round in a six-shooter, spinning the chamber, putting the muzzle to his head, and pulling the trigger. "The chance, of course, was six to one in favor of life," he has commented, and goes on to say, "How quickly one forgets one's emotions." The chance, of course, was not six to one. How quickly one forgets one's arithmetic. But he did it six times, until it became a bore. "I wasn't even excited." But everyone else has been. Graham Greene is the world's greatest master of the art of being bored without being boring.

IT FOLLOWS that Graham Greene has a secret. No author is more frequently and continuously discussed, despite an almost conventional career, at least up to 1938. Public school, university (and Balliol at that), second class honors, engagement to a Catholic, conversion to Catholicism, marriage, journalism, two rejected novels, seven modestly successful novels—such was the almost subnormal prelude to his first moderately best seller, *Brighton Rock*. But all this, combined with reviewing (culminating in the literary editorship of the *Spectator*) and a great deal of other journalism, present a picture, first and foremost, of an astonishing industry and a

Chairman of the British publishing house of Eyre and Spottiswoode, for which Graham Greene worked for a time after the war, Douglas Jerrold has a unique perspective on the relationship between Greene the man and Greene the novelist.

relentless purpose. Not for nothing the glitter in those blue eyes. "I am thinking about something quite different," they tell you; "what it is, you could never guess." He means you to be puzzled. The superficial judgment would be that he is a man who puts the Four Last Things (for the benefit of the uninstructed I should, perhaps, say that these are death, judgment, hell, and heaven) first. But that judgment stops halfway. It is true, but not profoundly so, because it is only half the truth. He is the only man who has done this and made it pay. All this and money too. But that is not only genius, it is industry. He is, and he does not wish you to know it, an absolutely first-class man of business.

When he was a publisher he always came into our office very early in the morning, and always, for the first moment or so, in his favorite pose (rather seedy, his favorite adjective) of a man who had not been particularly early to bed and might leave again at any moment to get rid of his hangover at the Dog and Duck. He had usually announced his intention of going to be bored before leaving the previous evening, and when I asked him how the evening had passed off he always replied with a look of intense pleasure, "It was all perfectly ghastly."

Then he would settle down to the serious business of the day, telephoning with rapid succession to his bank, to his stockbroker, to his insurance agent, to his literary agent, to a film company or two, and, if it was really a busy morning, to two or three editors. During these conversations the tortured conscience so frequently and so movingly on exhibition in his novels was notably absent. There was no element of doubt, no uneasiness. There is at least as much of the "Man Within" in the easy certainties implicit in the titles of the three novels of his maturity—*The Power and the Glory, The Heart of the Matter, The End of the Affair*—as in the un-ease with which the characters within the covers of these very fine books wrestle with the problem of good and evil, which is central to all Graham Greene's important writing.

Most critics have assumed that because his novels are concerned with good and evil, Greene is therefore a religious novelist. If, however, his characters have discovered a sense of sin, they have not set their feet in the way of salvation. His novels tell the story of the fall of man but not of his redemption. They are the novels of a man profoundly concerned with moral problems who himself holds to the faith of the Catholic Church, but his treatment of his themes is severely objective. His books, although deeply concerned with faith, throw no light whatever on the interaction of religion and morality, of faith on works. The simple beliefs and corresponding habits of the regular churchgoer appear, indeed, to arouse in Graham Greene a certain revulsion. It could hardly be a coincidence, indeed it certainly is not, that the protagonists of his three most discussed novels are a drunken and unchaste priest, a corrupted official, and the wife of a civil servant who is the mistress of a "seedy" novelist. Two of these have in them a strain of heroic virtue. The hero of *The Heart of the Matter* has not. He has only the unheroic virtue of pity, which destroys him as far as this world is concerned.

But if these characters are saved, and Graham Greene has assured *Time* magazine that they are, it is not by the *practice* of their religion. All three live, and one of them dies, in defiance of its precepts. Salvation does not come to them by prayer, fasting, and almsdeeds. Grace is given, Graham Greene would perhaps say—for as an instructed Catholic he knows that without grace there can be no salvation—because in their curious and separate and secret ways, these people have come to love God. But we are not let into their secret unless it be, to use words which Greene writes about people like himself in his boyhood, "because in His eyes they can imagine themselves remaining always drab, seedy, unsuccessful, and therefore worthy of notice."

In all this chatter about Graham Greene as a religious novelist, there is a confusion between being intensely interested in religion and being religious. It was after all the penitence of the penitent thief, not his thieving, which won him salvation. And that, in fact, is the heart of the matter and the end of the affair.

The power of his three last novels, and also of his magnificent first novel, *The Man Within*, lies not in any profundity of analysis or in conveying religious experience, but in the creation of a living world of inescapable reality in which everything is true except one

thing, the action of the central figure. It is the recipe for farce inverted to provide a startling tragedy which compels the unwilling assent of the reader and makes him, in assenting, an accomplice in the guilt of the protagonists but not a partner in their salvation.

The dangerous, excited child is still, indeed, with us, the child who, playing with the revolver, wanted the sin without the guilt and now, in his maturity, wants the guilt without the sin.

NO MAN has a greater reluctance to enjoy himself simply, than Graham Greene. His club must be what he calls "the seedy club"; if he goes to a party it must be "simply appalling" or "perfectly ghastly"; even a quiet cocktail with two or three friends becomes, on leaving, "a dreary little drink." Time not wasted is time misspent—and opportunity for remorse needlessly foregone. But before the day's play-acting, the telephone calls will have been made, the five hundred words written, the complicated schedule of his real life worked over once again so that the novel, the film script, the latest journalistic assignments in China, in Malaya, in Timbuctoo, or at the North Pole, will all be punctually completed. Then the play-acting can begin again, but the plot is more likely to be concerned with "Mrs. Montgomery" than with any *femme fatale.*

Who is "Mrs. Montgomery"? The answer must be that there is no such person. She was invented to lighten his hours of work as a publisher and no doubt she has had many successors in other fields. She began, with us, as the author of a manuscript lost in the office and, not unnaturally, never found. In her righteous anger she summoned all and sundry by telephone to urgent meetings at impossible times in inconvenient places. Meanwhile, she took more concrete shape in the columns of the *Spectator,* when her biographer asked for those in possession of any letters of hers the loan of them—a request which provoked a reply from "Mrs. Montgomery" protesting that the proposed biography was an unauthorized and impertinent intrusion on a life which she wished to remain private.

While all this was going on—and it went on for three weeks or more—life was full of surprises. The spotlight fell on all Graham's colleagues, past and present, in turn. Infuriated messages or impassioned appeals from "Mrs. Montgomery" reached city board rooms, or were conveyed to all and sundry by embarrassed headwaiters or butlers. One day, trying to add a little to the prevailing mystification, I innocently asked the proprietor of our favorite bar if he had seen "Mrs. Montgomery," to be met with an enraged complaint that I was the sixth person who that morning had been badgering him about her. The next one who did so would be thrown out. He was! It was the care for detail, the meticulous attention to the psychology of the different recipients of messages and letters, the timing, the carefully concocted atmosphere of authenticity and urgency, which kept "Mrs. Montgomery" alive among us for so long. Here for once the whole of Graham Greene was at work in a harmonious universe of his own choosing—the mischievous child, the brilliant man of affairs, the creator of entertainments, the writer of film scripts, and the psychological analyst. Only the power and the glory were ephemeral.

THE story has a moral. Graham Greene lacks a theme. Technically he is beyond question the finest living novelist, bar one, in our language. Intellectually he has no need to fear any comparison. But he is by choice a life-hater and he sees the business of living as a form of self-indulgence which, to be worth while, must be dangerous and, to be justifiable, must be unsuccessful. "One could only hope," he has written of himself, "that the failure would not be held off for too long."

But, for all this, he will not forego his insurance policies which cover all contingencies in this world if not in the next. One day he will face the risks of simple virtue in a world not of his own invention, risks which have to be faced alone and without any insurance, where failure is not permissible. Then he will write the greater books which the world rightly expects of him and which his friends believe to be within his powers.

How Bad Is Inflation?

Sumner H. Slichter

"The recent decline in consumer spending," said a conference of distinguished Americans, "is only a lull in a continuing inflation that threatens the stability of the national economy and the security of the entire Western world." This view of inflation is typical of hundreds of statements that have been made during the past few years. It reflects the uncritical and almost hysterical fear that the thought of inflation arouses in a large part of the community. It also reflects failure to see some of the problems that confront the country and that can be solved best through a slow rise in prices.

It is, of course, true that extreme inflation is disastrous, and that many countries have experienced it during the past thirty years. The great inflation in Germany in the early twenties is the one that is best known in this country. Not only did the German inflation wipe out the savings of millions of people but it badly reduced the efficiency of the economy. When prices are doubling every few weeks or less, as they were doing in Germany, no one can afford to take time to plan his expenditures carefully. The lack of careful planning was especially wasteful in the case of outlays for machinery and buildings.

But the extreme sort of inflation experienced by Germany is not easily started, and it is not likely to occur here. To produce the German type of inflation there must be lack of faith in the capacity of the government to perform the ordinary job of governing. What is likely to happen in the United States is a *slow* rise in prices—a rise interrupted frequently by small or moderate recessions, but nevertheless a rise. Of course, even a small increase of 2 per cent or 3 per cent a year, though hardly enough to be noticed at any given moment, is sufficient to cause substantial injustice. For example, a rise of only 2 per cent a year will reduce the purchasing power of the dollar by 45 per cent in thirty years, so that the pension or life insurance that one started to buy in one's youth will have lost nearly half its purchasing power before one has reached the age of retirement.

The obvious injustices of even a slow long-term rise in prices lead many people to insist that such a rise must be prevented—that nothing but a stable price level will be satisfactory. At the risk of being called an irresponsible and dangerous thinker, let me say that in the kind of economy possessed by the United States a slowly rising price level is actually preferable to a stable price level. The reason for this conclusion is that the maintenance of a stable price level would conflict with other important interests of the country. For example, the maintenance of a stable price level in the long run would require that the country considerably relax its efforts to keep business recessions as mild as possible. Furthermore, the maintenance of a stable price level would require the acceptance of chronic unemployment or drastic intervention by the government in the relations between employers and employees. Finally, the policies necessary to keep prices stable would severely handicap the United States in its

Sumner Slichter, Lamont University Professor at Harvard, is the author of a number of books about the American economy and has been for ten years a member of the Research Advisory Board of the Committee for Economic Development.

efforts to contain communism by building up the economies of the free world.

Those champions of a stable price level do not seem to be aware of the conflicts between the goal which they advocate and other desirable goals. Indeed, they are so impressed by the injustices caused by inflation that they fail to see that serious injustices would have to be imposed in order to keep the price level stable—injustices even greater than those which would accompany a slowly rising price level. Let us look more closely at the reasons for believing that a slowly rising price level is preferable to a stable one.

II

Suppose that the desire of the people of the United States to raise their standard of consumption were so strong that the demand for goods slightly exceeded the supply of goods. The productive capacity of industry would be fully used. Practically every man, woman, and child who wished to work would have a job, enterprises as a whole would not lack for customers, and there would be a strong incentive for industry to enlarge its capacity. Would this be a bad state of affairs? I do not believe that most people would regard it as bad. They like demand to be large enough to strain the productive capacity of industry and to provide jobs for all job seekers. *And yet the situation that I have described would be inflationary.* The excess of demand over supply would cause prices to creep upward.

In a vigorous and dynamic economy in which consumers are eager to live better, and in which producers are good at bringing out new and improved articles and have efficient sales organizations, the situation that I have described is likely to exist for much of the time. But these periods of vigorous demand, in which the price level usually rises slowly, are interrupted from time to time by business recessions. When sales start to fall off, should the community stand aside and let the recession develop without restraint? Or should the community take vigorous steps to combat the depression and to keep it as mild as possible?

Everyone knows today that the country will not tolerate a policy of doing nothing about recessions. And in the divided world of today, in which every recession in business gives opportunities for Communist activity, it is imperative that the United States avoid severe or even moderate recessions. Since this country is such a large part of the world's economy, producing about 40 per cent of the world's goods and consuming nearly as much, even a moderate drop in business here would dangerously disrupt the economies of other free countries.

But the policy of keeping recessions as mild as possible is incompatible with the ideal of long-run stability of the price level. In order for the price level to remain stable in the long run, the fall in prices that accompanies each recession must be great enough to cancel out the rise in prices during the preceding boom. If the country halts each recession fairly promptly, prices will not fall sufficiently to wipe out the rise of the former boom. Hence each revival of business will start from a higher price level than the previous revival, and the long-term movement of prices will be slowly upward. Although a slow climb of prices would create injustice by diminishing the purchasing power of pensions, insurance, and some savings, let us not overlook the fact that recessions also create injustice. A drop in prices sufficiently severe to cancel the rise of prices in the preceding boom would be accompanied by severe unemployment. People who were eager and able to work would have to remain idle while the demand for goods was being allowed to drop until some earlier price level had been restored. Hence the cost of long-run stability of prices would be the unnecessary unemployment and loss of output that accompany recessions sufficiently severe to cancel the price rise of the previous booms.

III

The problem of a wise price policy is complicated by the rise of powerful trade unions in recent years. The bargaining power of unions naturally varies with the demand for goods and labor. At some point short of full employment the bargaining power of most unions becomes so great that they are able to push up money wages faster than the engineers and managers can increase output per man-hour. The ability of unions to raise money wages is enhanced by stiff taxes upon corporate profits. Since a

large part of any wage advance would diminish the tax liability of the employer, and to that extent cost him nothing, his incentive to resist the wage demands of unions is weakened.

The ability of unions to raise wages faster than the engineers and managers raise output per man-hour confronts the community with two more or less unpleasant possibilities. One possibility is that the rise in labor costs might come out of profits instead of being passed on in the form of higher prices. But the number of men that employers are willing to hire depends upon their success in making money. Hence a drop in profits would mean fewer jobs and more unemployment. The increase in unemployment would weaken the bargaining power of unions. After unemployment had reached a certain level, probably around 4 or 5 per cent of the labor force, the unions would not be able to raise wages faster than the average advance in output per man-hour. Hence rising wages would no longer produce an increase in labor costs and unemployment. The community, however, would get stable labor costs only by sacrificing the output of several million men—that is, by accepting a lower standard of living.

Another possibility is that the community might attempt to protect itself against rising labor costs by placing legal restrictions on collective bargaining. Such restrictions would be most difficult to enforce, and they would, of course, involve much sacrifice of freedom on the part of both employees and employers. Most people would probably regard this remedy as worse than the disease.

Confronted with the unpleasant choice of chronic unemployment or government regulation of collective bargaining, the community is likely to decide that prices should be encouraged to rise sufficiently to offset the rise in labor costs. This policy would mean a slowly rising price level and all of the injustices that go with it. It would, however, enable the community to avoid the disadvantages of chronic unemployment or of government regulation of collective bargaining.

Cannot ways be developed of limiting the bargaining power of unions so that free collective bargaining would be preserved but so that unions would be unable to impose a cost inflation on the community? I have seen no promising proposals. The prohibition of industry-wide bargaining, which has been suggested, would probably hurt employers more than unions. The Swedish trade unions are now wrestling with the tendency for collective bargaining to inflate labor costs and thus indirectly to inflate prices. The Swedish unions are proposing tax changes which, they hope, will stiffen the resistance of employers to the unions' wage demands. Their proposals do not seem to me to be very promising, but the fact that the unions have made them is significant. It may seem startling for unions to attempt to build up the bargaining power of employers—but the union leaders are faced with a novel problem. They find that agreements among unions to practice restraint in pressing for higher wages break down after several years, and neither the leaders nor the members like the tendency for rising wages to push up prices.

IV

A STABLE price level, or the conditions that accompany it, would handicap the United States in its efforts to unite the free nations of the world against communism and to make these nations prosper so that communism cannot flourish within their borders. Ever since the end of the war, the United States has been giving economic aid in large volume to the rest of the world. Everyone realizes, of course, that economic aid is a stopgap. It is not satisfactory to either giver or receiver. In the long run it strains the generosity of the giver. Even more important, it is inconsistent with the dignity and independence of the receivers. The large grants of foreign aid by the United States must be replaced within several years by something else, and it is obvious what this "something else" must be. To some extent it can be investments by this country in other lands, but in the main, it must be greatly increased imports by the United States from other countries.

The needed rise of imports into the United States is about $4 billion or $5 billion a year. This is the increase in sales to us which would enable other countries to continue to purchase from us as much as they have recently been buying. Foreign countries can supply a multitude of goods that enterprises and consumers in this country would gladly buy

—iron ore, aluminum, copper, machine tools, scientific instruments, gloves, lemons, cameras, [illegible], china, fine worsteds, silverware, glassware, fine furniture, wines and spirits, motorcycles, bicycles, and many other things. And the influx of a wide variety of foreign-made goods is precisely what the American system of free enterprise needs in order to make it still more competitive, still more enterprising, and still more dynamic.

But will American businessmen, farmers, and workers tolerate a large rise in imports? Are they willing to let the rest of the world sell to us as much as it buys from us? During the last year there have been disturbing signs that they will not. Last year Congress imposed quotas on foreign-made cheese. Furthermore, the Trade Agreements Extension Act of last summer requires the Tariff Commission to investigate applications from domestic industries for relief from injury by foreign competition. Fifteen industries have applied for such relief. A member of the Senate has proposed that all imports of commodities containing materials which are controlled by allocations to industrial users in the United States shall be restricted by quota to half of the pre-Korean War level. The idea behind this proposal is to impose on foreign sellers a handicap roughly equivalent to the handicap imposed on American producers by the limited availability of certain materials. The proposed restriction, however, is so drastic that it would undo all the gains made by most countries in building up their sales to the United States in the past two years and more.

The proposals to limit imports into the United States must be good news to Russia. They come at the very time when Russia is endeavoring to tempt European countries to trade with her by offering to buy part of the output of their depressed consumer-goods industries. The United Nations' technicians estimate that the percentage increase in industrial production during the last year was considerably greater in Russia than in the United States. As Russia gains in capacity to produce, she will be able to offer more attractive trade deals to the countries of Western Europe. The United States must be ready to match these Russian offers—in fact, it should anticipate them by encouraging a large increase in sales by Western Europe (and Japan and other countries as well) to the United States. One can easily envisage the enormous good will this country would gain in Britain, France, Western Germany, Belgium, Italy, the Netherlands, Japan, and other countries by enlarging its purchases from them by several billion dollars a year.

A large rise in imports by the United States from the rest of the world is not simply something that would be desirable. It must actually happen; it must be the cornerstone of American economic policy. More imports by us are necessary to replace the inevitable reduction in our aid to other countries and to offset the more and more attractive trading opportunities Russia will be able to offer to Europe, Japan, and other regions. Americans should understand plainly that without a large increase in imports the foreign policy of the United States lacks a solid economic foundation.

How can a substantial rise in imports be brought about? Several steps are needed. One of them certainly is to maintain such a strong demand for the output of domestic industry that growing imports will not seriously disturb businessmen and will not greatly arouse American protectionism. But a strong demand for goods here means at least a slowly rising level. Hence the success of American foreign policy requires the kind of market conditions that produce a slow advance in prices.

V

Is not a slowly rising price level bound soon to become a galloping inflation? If people expect prices to rise, will they not prefer to own goods rather than cash, bank deposits, mortgages, or bonds? As more and more people attempt to shift from money and fixed dollar assets into goods, will not the price level increase faster than before, and will not this faster rise stimulate still more people to buy goods, real estate, and stocks? Hence is not even a creeping rise in prices dangerous?

It is true that all extreme inflations started out as slow and creeping ones, but it is not true that a slow advance in prices easily becomes a rapid rise. One reason is that the prospect of a general increase in prices does not mean that the price of any particular

article will rise. Hence the expectation of a general advance may not be effective in getting people to buy specific goods. A second reason is that styles are constantly changing and goods are constantly being improved. Each of these conditions limits buying in advance of needs. A third reason is that the purchases by enterprises and individuals are restricted at all times by uncertainties concerning the size of their future incomes. Finally, and most important, both business concerns and individuals are limited in buying by the size of their present incomes. Enterprises and individuals may go into debt in order to spend more than their incomes, but willingness to incur debt is limited, and the increase in indebtedness can be controlled by proper credit policies. Hence, with reasonably strict credit policies, the rate at which prices rise can be controlled.

These remarks make plain that when I point out that the goal of stable prices conflicts with other desirable goals and that the country has problems which can best be solved by permitting a slow rise in prices, I am not opposing all efforts to control inflation. Indeed, the more successfully the country checks recessions, the more willing it must be to keep the rise of prices during booms to the minimum required by rising labor costs. Hence successful fights against recessions increase the need for strict credit policies during booms. Today the federal government is pursuing an inexcusably lax policy toward the danger of inflation. Just as the expanding defense program is about to raise the outlays of the government substantially above its income, the government has terminated the controls on installment credit and relaxed the controls on real-estate credit.

Although a slowly rising price level will cause substantial injustice, the magnitude of the injustice should not be exaggerated. People will be able to protect the purchasing power of most of their savings by investing in real estate and stocks, and by keeping their savings banks accounts to a minimum. Mutual funds offer the small saver a way of diversifying his investment in stocks. The cost of life insurance and pensions will, of course, be considerably increased because, if prices rise, people will need more insurance and larger pensions. More than offsetting these injustices, however, will be the avoidance of the unemployment that is necessary in order to keep prices stable. The net advantage to the country of a slowly-rising price level over a stable one is the greater amount of employment, and hence the greater amount of production and the higher standard of consumption, that are made possible by a slowly advancing price level.

Politics and Bird Songs

VOICE: "What will you do when you are President?"
George Francis Train: "I will take two-thirds of the people out of lunatic asylums with Turkish baths. I will ventilate the churches, public halls, hospitals, universities, and public schools, so that the putrid air of disease . . . will not populate the graveyards. I will abolish national bank frauds and change gold coin bonds to greenbacks. I will pay labor by the hour, which will settle the eight-hour question. If one man wishes to work sixteen hours and another six, let them be paid accordingly. . . . I assert that protection of life and liberty is more important than protection of property. . . . The cost of war should fall alone on the rich. All church property should be taxed. . . . The government should abolish the Army and Navy and spend the money saved on public halls where twice a week both sexes could meet in conversation, to read in library reading rooms, to listen to lectures and music, while inhaling the odor of flowers and listening to the songs of birds."

—From a speech by George Francis Train, self-nominated independent Presidential candidate in the campaign of 187?

The Easy Chair

Flood in the Desert

Bernard DeVoto

In the mountain West last winter's snowfall was one of the heaviest of which there is any record. It was the heaviest on record in the Sierra Nevada, which always gets much snow, as the whole country learned when a great streamliner was marooned for three days in Donner Pass. When I visited the Pass early in May most of the snow was gone, though in sheltered places you could find drifts up to twenty feet deep. The runoff, however, had been gradual; the rivers of the western slope seemed unlikely to flood. The floods I kept hearing about while I was in California were to the eastward. They were in Utah, and that did not make sense.

For the typical Utah flood occurs not in the spring but after midsummer, and it is produced not by melting snow but by a cloudburst. In the past thirty years many such floods have taken the form of mud-rock flows. A cloudburst does not last long but at its greatest intensity the rain may fall at the rate of three, four, even six inches an hour. When such a weight of water strikes an area on a mountainside that has been denuded of vegetation it may sweep an enormous mass of soil into the flooding creek of a canyon. A torrent of mud rushes out of the canyon, taking with it gravel and rocks and boulders that may weigh two hundred tons or more. It damages or destroys whatever buildings, roads, and orchards may be in its path, and spreads over villages and fields, sometimes to a depth of many feet. In the late nineteen-twenties such flows threatened to ruin the richest farming region in Utah, Davis County, which lies at the western foot of the Wasatch Mountains. I once described in the Easy Chair the project, directed by the Forest Service and manned chiefly by CCC workers, which rehabilitated the watersheds, saved Davis County, and made it extremely unlikely, in fact almost impossible, that such floods will occur there again. Knowing how seriously impaired many Utah watersheds are, I assumed that their bad condition was responsible for the floods I kept reading about. Indeed for some years conservationists have been predicting serious floods for Salt Lake City, where the newspapers said the worst of them now were.

When I got to Utah, however, I found that my assumption had been wrong. Most of the rivers of the Wasatch front were in flood. The three largest Utah cities, Salt Lake City, Ogden, and Provo, had suffered considerable damage; so had many smaller communities. Sizable creeks were rushing down some of the streets of Salt Lake City, whose appalled citizens were building sandbag barricades like those I had seen three weeks earlier at Council Bluffs. On the flat land along the rivers thousands of acres had been inundated. But the Forest Service scientists assured me that the impairment of the watersheds was not responsible for the floods. True, most of the silt they carried had been deposited in the rivers by previous summer cloudbursts, which were also responsible for the deeply gouged riverbeds that made excellent storage receptacles for it. But the floods occurred because of the unprecedented snowfall of last winter and because a period of unseasonable summer heat interspersed with heavy rains melted the snow with unprecedented speed. That combination would have produced floods regardless of the condition of the watersheds. There can be no dissent from the finding of the Forest Service experts, and yet there remains a phenomenon which it does not cover. Some of the canyons above Salt Lake City where trouble had been predicted were in flood. Just north of the city Davis County begins and I drove across it, across the region which twenty-odd years ago was experiencing those catastrophic mud-rock flows. The Davis County creeks are

precisely like those at Salt Lake City and they come down from the same mountains, which presumably had a fairly uniform snowfall throughout; the only difference is that their watersheds have been protected for twenty years. Every one of them was now well within its banks and was flowing beautifully clear water, not the chocolate-colored stuff that was depositing silt in Salt Lake City basements.

Davis County ends where the Weber River comes out of Weber Canyon into the pleasant little valley of Uinta. And the Weber was incredible, at least to one who remembered it as a small and shallow stream only a dozen yards wide in summer. It was a quarter of a mile wide, had cut a new channel in Uinta valley, was flowing dark brown water with the velocity of a rocket. It had washed out many long stretches of highway; it was undercutting the Union Pacific roadbed; upstream towns and villages were furiously building levees against it. And eight miles north of it, the Ogden River was pouring a similar and only slightly smaller flood over roads and summer houses and the flat land below the city.

The Davis County creeks, whose watersheds had been rehabilitated, were not in flood; other Wasatch creeks just north and south of them were. So I went on to the Logan River, which flows through one of the most beautiful canyons in the Wasatch before coming out on the benchland where the fourth largest city in Utah stands. There was no flood here; nothing had been damaged; no one was sandbagging streets or houses. The Logan was well within its banks; its water was clear; it was the healthiest stream I had seen in Utah. Now it is true that this watershed being in great part limestone country, is somewhat more stable geologically than those to the south, but there is something else that I cannot ignore. Long ago the Logan watershed was very seriously damaged by excessive timber-cutting and by what is the curse of the entire West, prolonged overgrazing by stock, but the people of the region took action in time. At their insistence the Cache National Forest was established to repair and protect it. This was about 1906, so that the watershed has had nearly fifty years of proper management. It has restored itself, producing an ever-increasing yield of timber and ample forage for the stock that graze it—and producing no floods or waste of water. Add to this the one canyon in Davis County that made no trouble during the disastrous years. The people there also recognized the danger in time, prohibited grazing on the denuded parts, properly regulated the grazing elsewhere, and thus protected the watershed till it restored itself. That creek was safe and stable following cloudbursts that produced serious floods in creeks no more than three miles away.

In the next few days I traversed much of Utah by plane and automobile. The experience dramatized what I already knew by heart: the rigorous conditions of life, the inexorable problems, and the pressing dangers of Utah, which are typical of the whole mountain West, though sometimes more extreme. It is a beautiful country and it is a desert. Of its 85,000 square miles only 3 per cent is arable or, in any but the most limited sense, habitable. Basically it is a farming and stock-growing economy, but farming and stock-growing are possible only where there is water. They can never develop much past their present level; allow for the greatest conceivable advance in scientific agriculture and in the reclamation of now unirrigated land, and still there can be but little gain. If Utah is to have any considerable increase in population (already it is exporting much of its annual crop of college graduates), or any sizable increase in wealth, or any general rise in its standard of living, they must come from new industries. And industry is absolutely limited by the amount of available water and absolutely dependent on the production of water. And the ability of this region to produce water has been badly impaired by the denudation of its watersheds.

What happens in Utah, in all the arid West, depends on elevations of 8,000 feet and more. The minimum annual rainfall necessary to produce crops without irrigation is generalized at twenty inches. At the foot of the Wasatch, where the magnificent fields and orchards are, the rainfall is fifteen inches, five less than the minimum. Fifty miles farther west it falls off to four or five inches, to absolute desert, and the average across the state is about seven inches. But on the peaks it averages between forty and fifty inches. Win-

(of snows above 8,000 feet make possible the crops of Utah (of all the West), the towns and cities, and all industry present and to come. Mr. Reed Bailey of the Forest Service has found the right phrase for the mountains: they are humid islands in a desert.

THE plane I took from Portland to Salt Lake City landed in a dust storm; another one was making the sun a sickly pale-green disk the afternoon I left Utah. Popular belief attributes these dust storms to the atomic explosions in Nevada, but it is wrong; they were occurring when I was a child in Utah. In some more nearly flat parts of the West they are usually due to improper methods of cultivation, such as failure to plow on the contours, and especially to the cultivation of soil so unstable that it should never have been plowed but used only as grazing range. But in Utah they are due primarily to unwise and excessive grazing of the mountain, foothill, and desert range. Wherever I went it was the same story, and a hideously visible one. Most of the range in the West has been or is being overgrazed; only on ranges administered by the Forest Service is effective rehabilitation being done, and it is not being done on all of them, and on some of them it is not being done fast enough. The dust that hides the sun in Salt Lake Valley comes from ranges, most of them in the desert, where the plant cover has been exhausted.

But dust storms are the least of it. The same dislodged soil is the silt that gives the flooding streams their chocolate color. It increasingly chokes the irrigation systems that are the arteries of Utah. It is steadily filling up the reservoirs that store the water on which wealth and even life depend, and just as steadily it is rendering the big dams and the little ones less useful. (Practically all the dams in the West but especially the most famous ones. Year by year such mammoths as Boulder Dam pile up the sediment that makes their reservoirs shallower, and engineers must plan other, probably less efficient, certainly more expensive dams to replace them.) And as the soil that should stay in place becomes dust storms and silt and sediment, water that should sink into the ground where it would be available for use runs off in floods. There is always less water for city and rural life, less water for the industries that might transform the state.

You see it unmistakably from a plane: mountainsides bare from unwise logging, from the burning of brush for a variety of mistaken reasons, from forest fires and brush fires that got out of control, from grazing on slopes that should not have been grazed at all, from excessive grazing where a moderate amount would have been safe. Almost at the tips of peaks, gullies have formed and are joining in a web; great bare patches carry the scars of landslides. Brooks, creeks, and rivers that should be as clear as Logan River are tan or brown; they carry long, dark stripes into the still water of reservoirs that only gradually become green and then blue. You can see it on the ground. Forage plants are "pedestaled," the soil has washed or blown from their root systems; Russian thistle and similarly worthless weeds are everywhere (the dreaded halogeton has not yet invaded the parts of Utah I saw, but it will); sheep have fed as high as they could reach on the desert juniper. Bare patches are spreading; so are the gullies that carry away soil with the runoff. And figures rise in one's mind: with more than twice as many people as it had fifty years ago, the state is able to raise fewer cattle and sheep than it did then.

THIS is true of all the arid West but the process has gone farther in Utah than in most other states and is more ominous there. And there is poignancy in the fact that the very virtues of the people, of the tremendously successful social experiment of Mormonism, have helped to accelerate the process. Probably no one but the farseeing genius Brigham Young could have built a society in Utah, and he could not have built one except with the industrious, obedient, cooperative Mormon people. Relinquishing the region's great mineral wealth to the Gentiles, he founded his society on an agricultural base, to maintain the vigor of family life, of rural communities, of mutually helpful enterprise. Practically all the arable and irrigable land in Utah, and the water, came into Mormon hands. But farms or ranches adequate for single families, and ranges adequate for small communities of ranchers, were not adequate for the families of the sons that grew up round them and for the com-

munities thus enlarged. So in order to bolster the patriarchal family, pressure went on the land, and the long process of degrading it originated in the most estimable motives. Now the unforeseeable has come about: in order to progress further, Utah must industrialize—but cannot unless it repairs the injured land, saves the water it now loses, and finds ways of utilizing to the utmost the land's potential ability to produce water. And as in Utah, so to some degree in all the West.

In the Dixie National Forest I saw the biggest range-reseeding project in the world, 40,000 acres where in only four years an exhausted land has been brought back almost to maximum productivity, erosion has been halted, the soil anchored in place, the stock business stabilized. Far too few people have learned its lesson and the cost of reseeding is high, but the time is at hand when we must all master the lesson and will count the cost trivial. Even more impressive, to me, was the Forest Service's Desert Experimental Range. The entire staff here for research, experiment, and management has usually been a director, a part-time assistant, and occasionally some part-time laborers—but the results are staggering at once to the eye and to the imagination. Put it simply: in a seriously impaired desert range some small plots and some large plots have been fenced off, and bands of sheep have been grazed on them to the extent proved safe by experiment. These plots, that is, have been grazed properly, in the right numbers and herded in the right ways. In most places, proper grazing has turned out to be two-thirds of that to which the eroded range had been subjected. And the fenced plots have restored themselves unassisted; the range outside them, continuing to be overgrazed, has continued to deteriorate.

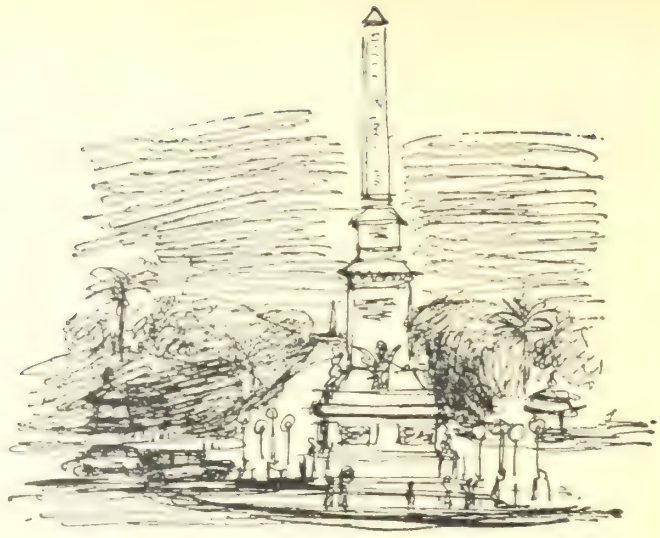
For a few feet inside the fence the noxious and unpalatable plants still grow; then the healthy, useful growth chokes them out. The "upward succession," the progress from less to more desirable plants, goes on smoothly. Gullies, checked and filled by new growth, are disappearing. The land is producing a maximum crop of forage. And the Station has found that it will improve as fast under proper grazing as it will when not grazed at all. Whereas outside the fence, weeds choke off forage plants, gullies and bare patches multiply, and the soil is washed away to settle eventually in storage reservoirs or on dinner tables in Salt Lake City. And the stockmen who use the regulated plots, though they graze a third fewer sheep, make more money than they did before. At a smaller overhead they get more wool and meat and they lose far fewer lambs.

HERE the land has been healed by no more than wisdom. This is desert range and in the West there are forty million acres like it, grazed now by half a million cattle and between four and five million sheep—and deteriorating with terrifying rapidity. That vast area is now producing between a third and a half of its potential usable forage; it can produce no more because it has been so viciously abused. With proper grazing practices it could be restored to full productivity; the profits of those who use it would be doubled and, what counts more, the erosion that is steadily reducing the West's water supply could be stopped. Stockmen who use the fenced allotments at the Desert Experimental Range have learned the lesson it makes clear. But Utah and the West in general have not, and I was shocked to learn there that other bureaus of the government which are concerned with grazing have manifested no interest in it.

It has taken a long time to work out the principles of the scientific management of timber land and range land, of watersheds. But enough is known now so that the steady destruction of the West's principal resource could be halted and reversed; the rest must wait on public realization, acceptance, and support. Meanwhile the West clamors for the industry that would emancipate and enrich it—and the water runs off in floods, the water table falls, the reservoirs silt up, and dust clouds shut out the sun. A flight down the principal valley of the Wasatch is a symbol of a million square miles. At your left hand are the peaks, the givers of life and wealth; below you is the narrow strip of fecund land, the orchards and fields and towns; and always crowding close at your right hand is the desert. Utah is caught between millstones, between public education and the arrest of its promise; between, it may be, public education and disaster. So is the future of the whole West.

Portugal under Dr. Salazar

Edmund Stevens



Drawings by W. T. Mars

A British exporter, visiting Lisbon on business, was met at the airfield by his local representative. On the drive to town the Englishman complained that for many weeks his letters had gone unanswered.

"And with good reason," the Portuguese business man replied. "I was not around to answer them, having spent the last two months in jail."

"What on earth for?" asked the astonished visitor.

"Nothing serious. Some critical remark of mine about the regime was reported to the political police. As a matter of fact, I was quite comfortable in jail. Food was of the best. But I was rather annoyed that upon my release I was presented with a bill for my board."

This episode at once highlights the similarity and the difference between the regime of Doctor Antonio de Oliveira Salazar and other dictatorships—including both the Communist and the prewar fascist variety on which the Portuguese setup is, or was, frankly modeled.

In Portugal there is no freedom of expression. Every newspaper bears the stamp of the censor's office. Salazar's "International Police for the Defense of the State," commonly known by its Portuguese initials as the PIDE, has spies and agents everywhere, with ears out for any murmur of disaffection. A single indiscreet word overheard by one of these agents can land a citizen in jail. However, such offenders are usually restored to circulation after a period of corrective custody, without preferment of formal charges. And, on the other hand, people strongly suspected of major opposition to the government can avoid trouble with the PIDE simply by keeping their mouths shut.

To outright physical coercion the Portuguese dictator prefers, when possible, less obvious methods of moral and economic pressure. Diehard nonconformists are presently faced with professional and financial ruin. The "corporate state," whatever its drawbacks, lends itself admirably to this type of control. Nevertheless on occasion the regime can "get tough." Last year, when dockyard workers in Oporto struck for higher wages, several score of them were promptly rounded up and shipped to prison camps in the Cape Verde Islands and Africa without semblance of a trial. Fortunately such drastic action is rarely called for. There is no capital punishment in Portugal. Both Salazar and his subjects share the traditional aversion to violence that distinguishes the Portuguese from their Spanish next-door neighbors.

In sharp contrast to Spain, Portuguese revolutions, *coups d'état*, and even civil wars have mostly been quite orderly and humane, with only a token minimum of shooting. In Portugal as in Spain bullfighting is the favorite national pastime. But Portuguese bullfights, unlike Spanish, are strictly gore-less. The bull is not for killing and a matador who let a horse get hurt would be booed from the ring for his clumsiness. The same might have

happened to Salazar, had he spilled blood after the manner of his good friend General Franco or his late friends Mussolini and Hitler.

Instead, by his "moderate" technique, he has kept himself in power for almost a quarter of a century, so that he is now Europe's senior dictator after Stalin.

Dr. Salazar has none of the personal attributes of a totalitarian demagogue. An economics professor at Coimbra University in 1928, he was called in by the army leaders to save the country from bankruptcy. After stabilizing the currency and balancing the budget, he proceeded to take over complete control, without stepping out of character as a shy, retiring scholar. Even today he seldom appears or speaks in public, but communicates mainly through his devoted subordinates, men like War Minister Santos Costa.

IN ALL dictatorships the naked power mechanism of the police state is more or less artfully concealed behind an ornamental façade—the regime as portrayed in its own propaganda. The standard props of the set are: monumental architecture, including some model housing projects; public works, including at least one superhighway, designed primarily for show, with utility incidental; and an elaborate political, social, and economic superstructure, sound-tracked with highly specialized terminology.

In arranging his façade, Salazar has been greatly helped by natural environment. Portugal is southern and Latin, yet almost everything, from the landscape to the food, has a flavor of its own that differs sharply from the Italian or the Spanish. The Portuguese themselves ascribe the difference to the impact of the Atlantic Ocean, so unlike the landlocked Mediterranean. Their country, they say, should have been named Atlantis. Hemming the westernmost rim, Portugal is Europe's first line of defense against the encroaching elements. The breakers pound its jagged shoreline from a clean sweep of three thousand miles, the tradewinds blow the salty tang to the farthest inland point, and every peasant has the horizon eyes of a sailor. As Europe's first great navigators, the Portuguese blazed the water route to India and Cathay, and this early association with the Far East has subtly mused into the cultural pattern, adding oriental twists to art and architecture, endowing the people with a philosophic forbearance that is utterly un-Western.

This influence has largely determined the Portuguese attitude toward peoples of other races and skins. The Portuguese have never subscribed to the myth of white supremacy or drawn the color line. Their vast overseas possessions, which include huge slices of Africa plus islands in many oceans and enclaves in India and China, have so far largely escaped the disorders that are breaking up other colonial empires. The colored races of the Portuguese colonies have never experienced the assumption of racial inferiority and therefore do not have to fight for racial equality.

Few cities can rival the charm of Lisbon, the Portuguese capital. Built, like Rome, on seven hills, its baroque palaces and churches and moldering Moorish forts are mirrored in the Tagus River estuary, which is wide and deep enough to harbor all the navies of the world.

In pleasing contrast to the older quarters are the spacious squares and boulevards and imposing public buildings of the modern town. From outskirts clustered with new housing developments, a four-lane superhighway leads to Estoril, the lavish playground of exiled kings.

The Portuguese insist they were tidy long





Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar

before Salazar decreed that houses be repainted every two years. Whatever the explanation, the country looks almost as clean as Switzerland, with little of the display of poverty found throughout most of southern Europe. This was especially true during the recent NATO conference, when the beggars were locked up for the duration.

Yet Portugal has one of the lowest living standards in Europe, with a per capita daily diet of barely 2,400 calories—100 calories below the minimum subsistence level set by the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization. Moreover, this diet is woefully deficient in fats and proteins. Though Portugal escaped the war, conditions are worse now than they were before and the downward trend continues. The only indices that stay high are the birth and illiteracy rates. The population, now just over eight million, crammed into a total area of 34,000 square miles, grows by about 90,000 a year. The illiteracy rate has long been stationary at around 60 per cent.

Salazar is not only opposed to any effort to stem the natural increase of population, but as a staunch admirer of the medieval theocratic state he also mistrusts public education as a source of social unrest undermining the influence of the Church. In these views he is fully seconded by his boyhood friend and university roommate, Manoel, Cardinal Cerejeira, Catholic Primate of Portugal.

II

Apart from its marked clerical and medievalist strain, Salazar's political, social, and economic superstructure was essentially copied from Italian Fascism and, to a lesser extent, from German Nazism. Salazar's National Union corresponded to the Fascist or Nazi party. The blackshirt *Milizia* and brownshirt *Sturmabteilung* were matched by the greenshirt Portuguese Legion. The counterpart of the Italian *Dopolavoro* or the German *Kraft durch Freude* was an organization called "Joy Through Work." Most important of all, in setting up his *"Estado Novo"* (new state) Salazar took over from Mussolini the entire concept of the corporate state, which he developed and applied with a seriousness never attempted in Italy itself.

Salazar's enthusiasm for Fascist forms—he promulgated his corporate constitution in 1933—was matched by his active sympathy for Franco in the Spanish civil war and for Hitler and Mussolini in the early stages of World War II. The first blow against the Spanish Republic was plotted in Estoril by Franco's superior, General Sanjurjo, who was killed when his plane crashed during takeoff from nearby Sintra airport just as the rebellion got under way; and the subsequent main supply lines for Franco's forces ran through Portugal.

In 1939-41 Portuguese War Minister Santos Costa, who is still on the job, not only applauded Axis victories, but denounced the Western powers in the most abusive terms and voiced his enthusiasm for integration of Salazar's *"Estado Novo"* in Hitler's "New Order." The Portuguese people, it should be noted, never shared these feelings and were overwhelmingly pro-Ally from the outset.

As Axis war fortunes waned the Portuguese government shifted its stand. But even as late as 1944 Salazar conceded the Allies an airbase in the Azores only under the threat of "Operation Life-Belt," the plan for seizure of the islands.

Subsequently General José Gordinho, Governor of the Azores, incurred the unforgiving ire of Santos Costa by his friendliness toward the Allied base authorities and zealous cooperation with them. In April 1947 Gordinho was arrested on charges of "conspiracy" and some months later he died in Caxias prison under mysterious circumstances. Gordinho's

widow accused Santos Costa of murdering her husband. Though the woman was silenced, the War Minister seemed for the moment seriously compromised. But just then an American military delegation deplaned to decorate Santos Costa for his "services" to the Allied cause in connection with the Azores base. Previously he had received high Nazi decorations.

After the war, Salazar, in deference to the times, coined the term "organic democracy" to describe his system, which he had previously defined as "antidemocratic and antiliberal," and the Portuguese Legion lost much of its swagger and taste for fancy uniforms. There were even vague promises of free elections. However these half-hearted efforts to dissemble kinship with the fallen dictatorships touched neither the one-party system nor the corporate state.

To Salazar the corporate state represents the nearest possible approach to the guild system, that bulwark of well-ordered medieval society. Within the corporate framework the entire economically engaged population is organized into corporations or syndicates, each of which is pledged in theory to represent the collective interest of its particular trade or profession. However in practice the membership has never been granted any degree of democratic control and the corporations are creatures of the state, run by officials appointed through the Ministry of Corporations. Such appointments are generally based on personal influence and patronage with little reference to the appointee's qualifications or the wishes of the members.

Membership in the corporation, including payment of dues, is compulsory. While the funds thus collected are supposed to cover social benefits and unemployment insurance, most of the money actually goes for administrative overhead, chiefly in the form of salaries for an inflated corporate bureaucracy. The annual cost of this cumbersome apparatus, which at every level parallels the government administration, is estimated at two billion escudos, equal to one-third of the national budget.

Under the corporate setup the whole field of human economy, from farming and handicrafts to foreign trade, is snugly divided into watertight compartments, wherein the local corporations tell the producer what and how much he may produce, to whom he shall sell the products, and at what price. In other words, neither buyers nor producers are free to trade in an open market but must deal where they are told to deal, selling or buying prescribed quotas at fixed prices. No wholesaler dealing in grain, for example, may exceed his purchase quota unless he can find some other wholesaler with an unfilled quota which he is willing to turn over to him for a commission. The red tape and paper work involved in this procedure beggar description; the consequence is to stifle initiative and substantially weaken the incentive to improvement and efficiency.



The antisocial effects of the corporate system are most striking in agriculture, which provides 48 per cent of total employment and one-third of the national income. It has retarded the adoption of improved farming methods and led to gradual soil exhaustion, reflected in a year-by-year decline in yields per acre.

Though the system hobbles legitimate free enterprise, it nonetheless affords unlimited scope for personal enrichment through graft and corruption to persons with proper connections. Moreover the stringent press cen-

ership shields such activities from public knowledge and condemnation except in rare instances.

Some of the lushest pickings have been in foreign trade. Merchants who wish to sell or buy abroad must deal through someone with an export or import quota in order to obtain the necessary customs license. This usually involves paying commissions which may range as high as 50 per cent of the sale or purchase price. Two cases involving malfeasance in connection with foreign trade operations are now before the courts. In one case a high corporate official is charged with accepting a 400,000-escudo bribe from a group of grain importers to release a shipment of spoiled grain. In the second case, the former president of the meat packers' corporation is accused of taking a five-million-escudo commission from Argentine beef exporters and their Portuguese customers in return for import licenses, and with embezzlement of an additional half-



million escudos of government customs revenues. The press has virtually ignored these episodes and in both instances the charges will probably be dropped "for lack of evidence."

The commercial advantages Portugal enjoyed as a neutral in wartime enabled a privileged few to amass huge fortunes, without much benefit to the country as a whole. There are now a dozen private individuals worth more than one billion escudos (approximately $33,000,000) each. Their combined personal incomes add up to more than half the annual national budget (currently approximately six billion escudos or around $200,000,000) to which their contribution is small under the present tax laws. Not for nothing does Callouste Gulbenkian, international oil mogul and candidate for the title of world's richest man, choose to live in Portugal.

The top dozen are followed by a few hundred smaller fortunes. Then comes a statistical nose dive to the general depressed level, with little in between. Portugal lacks the economic and political stabilizer of a large and prosperous middle class.

III

At a glance the country would seem ripe for the growth of an underground movement of the extreme left. But while it is hard to assess actual Communist strength, two local factors have apparently thus far retarded its growth: the previously mentioned Portuguese aversion to violence and bloodshed, and the still powerful hold of the Catholic Church on the population—a hold which is slowly being sapped by the Church's all-out support of Salazar.

Of late communism appears to have made some headway among workers and intellectuals, including university students, mainly in the guise of the "National Democratic Movement," a "front" of the familiar type. The Communists possess virtually the only effective underground organization, which publishes a regular weekly paper, *Voz,* and also issues many leaflets. On the eve of the NATO Conference, Lisbon was blanketed with a four-page manifesto captioned: "Peace Pact and No Atlantic Pact!" carrying such slogans as: "More bread, fewer cannon!"

By comparison, the liberal and democratic opposition elements are severely handicapped, seeming to have neither the training nor the capacity for underground work, though their potential following is great. Last summer the anti-Communist liberals tried to enter a candidate in the presidential elections occa-

sioned by the death of aged General Carmona, Salazar's long-term figurehead. The liberals' choice was Admiral Quintão Meireles, the country's most distingished naval officer, who had also served in several cabinets.



Admiral Meireles pledged his loyalty to the Salazar constitution and strongly attacked the Communists who put forward their own candidate, Professor Ruy Luis Gomes. Despite this stand and solemn promises by the government that the opposition would enjoy full freedom of speech and assembly, the Admiral's initial campaign statement and all subsequent statements were suppressed by the censorship. Opposition campaign posters were torn down by the police. The opposition was able to hold only two election rallies —both in Lisbon and both in a private parking lot, applications for other facilities having been rejected. Only ticket holders were allowed past the heavy police cordon at the entrance. Nevertheless more than twelve thousand attended each rally and those unable to gain admittance were backed up in the adjoining streets for many blocks. The parking lot owner who had made his property available was later subjected to police "investigation."

Meanwhile, in spite of protests, the names of opposition sympathizers were stricken wholesale from the voters' registries. Finally, when Admiral Meireles discovered that opposition watchers would neither be admitted to the polls during the voting nor permitted to attend the counting afterward, he withdrew his candidacy. Since the Communist candidate had previously been disqualified, the field was clear for Salazar's nominee, General Craveiro Lopes, who was elected without contest. Subsequently a number of the Admiral's backers were arrested, though the Admiral himself was never touched. For venturing to report the government's treatment of the opposition in the election campaign, Adolfo de Rosa, Lisbon correspondent for the United Press for thirty years, had his press credentials and filing privileges withdrawn as of January 1, 1952.

THE dictatorship has made a shambles of cultural life by wholesale dismissal from schools and universities of teachers and professors whose ideas are not attuned to the official viewpoint. Many works of leading Portuguese authors, living and dead, have been banned by a censorship which combines political bigotry with the most priggish kind of Roman dogmatism. In matters of morals Salazar tries to be more holy than the Pope. Two years ago, when Dr. Egas Moniz, the noted Portuguese brain specialist, was awarded the Nobel Prize, the press was allowed to print only the briefest report of the event and the government itself took no official cognizance of this signal honor to one of its citizens. For Dr. Moniz has never concealed his antipathy for the dictatorship, which has so far banned the publication of his memoirs and requires him to submit all his scientific papers and articles to the censor.

Since the war there has been no censoring of outgoing press dispatches. But no local paper may print news displeasing to the dictatorship, regardless of the source. When President Truman made a statement to the effect that he still didn't care for the Franco regime but he understood how Spain fitted into the Western defense framework, the Portuguese censor cut out the derogatory reference to Franco and left the rest of the remark, giving readers the impression that Truman was wholly favorable to Spain's admission to NATO. Secretary of State Dean Acheson, in his speech at the opening meet-

[illegible] of the NATO session defined the North Atlantic Treaty Organization as "a creation of democracy . . . one of the great democratic institutions," and oldest. Being confronted and endangered by one of the oldest types of [illegible] a rigid military autocracy [illegible] by police power, NATO bespeaks the will of the democracies to safeguard their freedom." These references were missing from the published Portuguese translation.

While I was in Portugal, opponents of the regime, ranging from Monarchist to Socialist, asked me: "How can the United States and the West in their efforts to defend democracy and combat police power ally themselves with Salazar? Isn't this a contradiction in terms?" I replied that they could scarcely expect the United States to step in and change the Portuguese form of government or refuse to accept Portugal as an ally until such a change occurred. There were far bigger issues at stake. And I reminded them that compared with a Communist dictatorship the Salazar regime was mild indeed.

While some agreed, others insisted that any alliance with Salazar was a betrayal of democratic principles which nothing could justify. In their consuming preoccupation with Salazar, to the exclusion of all else, they reminded me of an old Russian saying: For the mouse no beast is fiercer than the cat.

The democratic opposition leadership includes some of the country's noblest spirits and foremost men of letters and science, many now living abroad in exile. Even those at home have developed an *émigré* psychology and somehow lost touch with political realities.

If militant democracy were effectively mobilized to assert its claims, backed by popular pressure, Salazar could not gainsay it. The pinions of his dictatorship have already been loosened by world events. But instead of organizing its potential strength, the opposition looks for foreign intervention to force the man out, or failing that, lives in the expectation that the army, which put the professor in office, will presently tire of him and send him back to his university lectern.

AMERICA cannot settle Portugal's domestic problems, nor refuse to collaborate with Salazar and Franco any more than it can with Tito.



At the same time alliances with such countries impose special responsibilities on our policy-makers and diplomats. We are still paying heavily for our wartime tendency to whitewash Stalin and his regime simply because he was our military ally against Hitler.

The adherence of Portugal, with its island bases, is essential to Western defense. But we should not give the Portuguese people the impression that in payment for this we have pledged uncritical support to Salazar's dictatorship. While accepting the necessity at this stage for dealing with the present regime, we should make it clear that NATO members may not ignore or flout the basic democratic principles and aims set forth in the North Atlantic Preamble.

Otherwise NATO is doomed to become no more than a military alliance.

People Are Getting Taller

Laurence Farmer

For some time I had been noticing the furtive glances with which my young son was comparing the relative height of our shoulders. Then, one day, came the open challenge and we measured each other and put pencil marks on the door post. All his stretching was of no avail. I was unquestionably taller. But gradually his mark began to encroach on mine and there came for him a period of anxious expectation. And his expression of satisfied achievement when finally he topped by a quarter of an inch my five feet ten remains unforgettable. Today the expression is one of benevolent condescension after I have lost the contest by two inches.

Such friendly competition undoubtedly has gone on, and is going on, all over the United States. From life-insurance statistics, from the measurements of the anthropologists, from draft-board data, and from personal observation I know that the fathers of my generation are the losers. But not only in this generation and not only in America. For the last century and a half this trend has been observed also all over Europe and more recently it has been noticed even in the Far East.

The increase in American stature has been especially great. American men of today are, on an average, four inches taller than their ancestors in colonial days. An exhibit of eighteenth century clothing in the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum in New York brings this home very strikingly. If you stand next to the draped figures you will be astonished how short they are, and their shoes appear to be almost those of children. In planning for this exhibit the museum had to order new, smaller dummies since those used to demonstrate modern clothes were much too large. American railroad people have also had practical experience in this respect. During the last hundred years they have had gradually to lengthen the berths in our sleeping cars by more than half a foot. And if you talk to clothing manufacturers they will tell you the same things. Dress establishments for "tall girls," a curiosity a few years ago, have become an accepted concept in the trade.

The steady increase in American stature is clearly reflected in our college population. Men entering New England colleges in the eighteen-sixties averaged 5 feet 7 inches, half a century later their average height was 5 feet 9 inches, after another twenty years, in the early nineteen-thirties, it was 5 feet 11 inches. And the trend continues. Not only were draftees of World War II about two-thirds of an inch taller than those of World War I, the proportion of six-footers among young American men is about one-third greater today than it was a quarter of a century ago.

When the anthropologist Aleš Hrdlička, several years ago, made a study of the bodily characteristics of persons whose parents and grandparents, and in many instances also earlier forebears, were born in America he found them to be the tallest people in this country.

Of course, the "Old Americans" (as

Dr. Farmer, who was born in Alabama and grew up in New York City, was educated abroad and returned to practice medicine at home. His curiosity about human stature springs from both medical and family observations.

Hrdlicka calls them often come of tall stock. They are the descendants of the tall English settlers of colonial times. Among them the Southerners are especially interesting. Their ancestors were the men and women who originally settled in Virginia and who later pushed on into the adjacent territories and gradually moved farther west. To this group belonged men like Washington, Jefferson, John Marshall, who were all more than six feet tall. From this group came the tall riflemen of Morgan's Rangers in Revolutionary days and the tall soldiers from Kentucky, the tallest in the armies of the Confederacy; from this group, also, came the men from Missouri, the tallest American draftees of World War I. The modern "Old Americans" have outgrown their ancestors and their present-day European cousins (who too have grown taller). They are among the tallest white people anywhere in the world. Their great height, says Hrdlicka, is an "American acquisition."

Stature and Breadth in College Generations

		Stature	Breadth of Hips
1900-1910	Fathers	5′ 9.6″	13.2″
1952	Sons	5′ 11″	13.16″
1900-1910	Mothers	5′ 4.8″	13.2″
1952	Daughters	5′ 5.6″	12.4″

Americans also of shorter extractions, and those whose families immigrated much more recently, show the same general trend of being taller than their forebears. So do most Europeans, like the Scandinavians, the English, the Germans, the Italians. So do the Japanese, in whom the increase in stature seems to have begun with the "Westernization" of their country in the second half of the nineteenth century.

THERE has been much speculation concerning the cause of the rapid growth of modern man. Anthropologists, and others, have advanced various theories, none of which is too well based. All are partially satisfactory, none is watertight. Take, for instance, the theory which appears very plausible, and which has very probably also suggested itself to you, namely, that people are growing taller because they are better fed and live under more favorable conditions. It may well be applicable to immigrants who came to America from some of the world's "depressed" and poorer areas. But what about the relatives of these people who remained in those areas and who too have grown considerably taller? And how can this theory be reconciled to the fact that the very tallest Americans are the poor mountaineers of Kentucky and North Carolina, whose living conditions and nutrition have been notoriously inadequate for generations? And how does it apply to Japan, which is extremely backward and overpopulated and whose population is growing taller despite adverse economic conditions? Clearly, this theory cannot account for the whole story.

Although it has never been shown conclusively that better nutrition stimulates growth, there is indisputable proof that it can be temporarily stunted by malnutrition. German children developed poorly in the nineteen-twenties, during the inflation years, and horses brought to the Shetland and Orkney Islands became shorter after a few generations. These same strains again grew bigger on transplantation to the fertile pastures of America.

Then there are those who see the prime mover of our increased growth in physical environment. Especially in "American environment," something which on closer inspection appears quite vague and not very tangible. Franz Boas, who operated extensively with this concept, was very indefinite about it, and Hrdlicka spoke of ". . . stimulation by the American conditions . . . of the mind as well as the body." Besides more plentiful food and "especially meat," he said, the American environment comprises ". . . the pioneer life, . . . the more wholesome housing, the more largely outdoor life, . . . the absence of stunting child labor, the sports of the youth." Hrdlicka did not believe that there was anything "peculiar chemically or dynamically in the new land," although he felt that "something of this nature may have helped in some sections." How "pioneer life" is to account for the increased growth of the poor city dwellers studied by Boas is hard to see. The children in his groups of Italians, Jews, and Bohemians grew up in the tene-

ments of our big cities. There wasn't much "outdoor life" for them.

Long before our days, in the middle of the eighteenth century, French scientists had had something to say about American environment. Buffon, the famous naturalist, and his disciple, Abbé Raynal, had pointed repeatedly to the stunting effect of American climate on man, animals, and plants.

Thomas Jefferson, who was greately disturbed by the manifest fallaciousness of these statements, went into great detail in his "Notes on the State of Virginia" to refute them. In a more jocular mood he related the following anecdote told him by Benjamin Franklin. During a dinner party in Paris at which Franklin was present Raynal had once again held forth on his favorite theory of the degeneracy of animals and man in America. Franklin finally suggested that the question be put to a practical demonstration. "We are here," he said, "one-half Americans, and one-half French . . . let both parties rise, and we will see on which side nature has degenerated." The Americans, writes Jefferson, were "of the finest stature and form; while those of the other side were remarkably diminutive, and the Abbé himself, particularly, was a mere shrimp."

The physical environment theory has some strong points in its favor, but here too the counterarguments are weighty. One concept, however, appears to hold: very hot and very cold climates are not conducive to tallness. There are no tall races in the wastes of the Arctic nor in the jungles of the tropics. The tall groups are found in the temperate zone—often in close proximity to short ones. Here too it doesn't seem possible to reduce everything to a common denominator.

During an analysis of the physical measurements of college freshmen Clarence Mills was greatly astonished to see that, beginning in 1930, the increase in the height of these young people, which had been steady till then, had come to a sudden and unexpected standstill. For seven years there was no change in the trend. Then, gradually, the old familiar pattern reappeared. Year by year the college entrants were again growing taller, and by 1950 Mills had become convinced that the observed standstill had been transitory. Its duration had been closely associated with a period of excessively hot summer weather and Mills feels certain that this was the cause of the growth retardation.

This might all sound quite fantastic. Some observers might be tempted to attribute the lack of growth to the Great Depression of those years. But Mills points out that there were several periods of very hot weather during the Middle Ages, a period of short human stature; and, furthermore, animal experiments have shown that the growth of mice could be retarded at will by subjecting them to high temperatures. What is more, no amount of good feeding could overcome the heat retardation of the animals' growth.

II

UNDOUBTEDLY we are pleased to see our children growing taller. Tallness, especially in men, is prized in most Western civilizations. The reason for this has never been quite clear to me. Possibly it caters to our innate desire to "look down" upon others. Probably we associate vigor and superiority with tall stature. But some of the most famous men in history were small. Kant, Voltaire, Napoleon were very short. And many "giants" were exceedingly slow-witted and in every respect inferior to smaller men. The Biblical story of David and Goliath shows that already the ancients were aware of this.

Nevertheless, we like tall men. Do we subconsciously regard tallness as a sign of social distinction? Is it in our culture a reminiscence of the towering barbarians who, after overrunning the Roman Empire, became the ruling classes? Tall men also have sex appeal. They are much in demand as husbands, and rare is the woman who is satisfied with a partner shorter than herself. The manufacturer of the "elevator shoes" has wisely capitalized on this preference which may have broader implications as a selective factor.

Not only *vox populi,* but serious scientists also, have looked upon tallness as something desirable. Professor Dudley Allen Sargent, of Harvard, pointed out many years ago that the tallest Englishmen were found in the professional classes and among them the tallest were the Fellows of the Royal Society. More recently it was shown in this country that the members of the National Academy of Sciences were appreciably taller than other Americans. And studies on "gifted children" showed that

physically superior and taller than their contemporaries. Which naturally does not justify the inverse conclusion that tall children are gifted.

Does the increase in our stature represent biological improvement? There are reasons to question it. A recent generation of Harvard sons and Wellesley (and other Eastern college) daughters were found to be more than one inch taller than their fathers and mothers; but the daughters' pelvises were narrower than their mothers'. Smaller pelvises in women portend poorly for the reproduction of the race.

III

WHAT are we heading for? Are we breeding human dinosaurs who because of their unwieldiness will face extinction? In the immediate future, that is in the next 50,000 years or so, the human race need not worry, say competent anthropologists. Speaking seriously, it is not to be expected that man will continue to grow beyond the limits of the present tallest races. Stature is an inherited trait of the species which will not change greatly unless an evolutionary change should occur and there is no indication that this has happened. Man's stature has fluctuated during his racial history but it has remained within an average range of five to six feet. It has neither greatly exceeded nor fallen below these limits. Early prehistoric man was very short, about five feet one or two. Later, 15,000 or 20,000 years ago, he was quite tall, possibly as tall as the "Old Americans" of today. In the Middle Ages there was a decided decrease in human stature and in recent times man has again grown taller. A similar sudden burst of growth, which even exceeded the present one, took place in Ancient Greece between 800 and 500 B.C. Obviously human stature fluctuates in cycles. Periods of small size are followed by periods of greater stature and these again give way to others in which a diminution of size takes place. At present we are on the upgrade. Some anthropologists attribute the recent growth to—among other things—the generally colder weather of the last century and a half: an idea which greatly appeals to me since the phenomenon of increased stature is so world-wide that it must, at least in part, depend on some cosmic factor.

Stature is an inherited trait and depends upon our genes. Some traits are more readily subject to external influences than others. Some, like our blood group, appear to be very resistant. Stature, on the other hand, must possess a marked degree of plasticity. The question whether hereditary traits could be influenced by environment was long a hotly debated subject among geneticists. The debate known as the "nature-nurture controversy" has been decided in favor of the group which believes that such traits are subject to temporary environmental influences.

Genes can also undergo permanent changes, known as mutations. Such mutations have repeatedly occurred during the evolution of a species and have resulted in permanent traits. From what we know of the cyclic waxing and waning of man's stature we must conclude that the presently observed increase in his size is not predicated upon a mutation of his stature genes. It is possible, and even likely, that in the distant future of man's history such a mutation will take place. It has taken place in other species and it has led to their extinction. Extreme size was always a precursor of a species' disappearance. Since the increase in man's growth which we are experiencing today is not due to a mutation it will in all probability soon come to a standstill. Barring unforeseeable events man will not take on the proportions of the Brobdingnagians.

Tales of the Gilbert Islands

Sir Arthur Grimble

Drawings by Joseph Forte

Long before World War II brought the Pacific islands into the news, young Arthur Grimble of the British Colonial Service went with his family as a District Officer to the Gilbert and Ellice Islands to make that world his home. These sketches are part of his narrative of that six-year adventure, which is the basis of his book, We Chose the Islands, *to be published in this country by Morrow in September. Sir Arthur retired as Governor and Commander in Chief of the Windwards in 1948.*

I. THE PRISONER

The Colonial Office information department of 1913 was not the organization it is today. Somebody in Downing Street did indeed blandly conjecture before I was sent to the Gilbert Islands that my duties as a district officer out there might well afford me chances of exercising whatever qualities of personal initiative I happened to have in me. Olivia, my newly married wife, read this as a warning that an occasional queer job or two might be expected to come our way, and I agreed with her. So in a manner of speaking, we were both prepared in advance for surprises. But neither of us came near to guessing that I might one day have to operate as a bush obstetrician.

It was lucky, all things considered, that, during 1916, when I was district officer at Tarawa in the Northern Gilberts, I happened, as a matter of personal interest, to take a few lessons in midwifery at the local hospital. This at least taught me how to read Dr. Playfair's noble volume on *Presentations, Normal,* and enabled me to see with my own eyes how doctors squared up to presentations, abnormal.

My experience as an eyewitness necessarily stopped short at the second kind of cases. No Gilbertese woman of those days ever dreamed of calling for European help in normal circumstances. Childbearing as a function held no fear and little discomfort for those lissome-bodied mothers. Beyond this, too, the brown women's fierce modesty about being seen wholly naked, even by their own husbands, worked always against the intrusion of doctors. It was only when a mother was near death that the white man's medical department was even given a look-in.

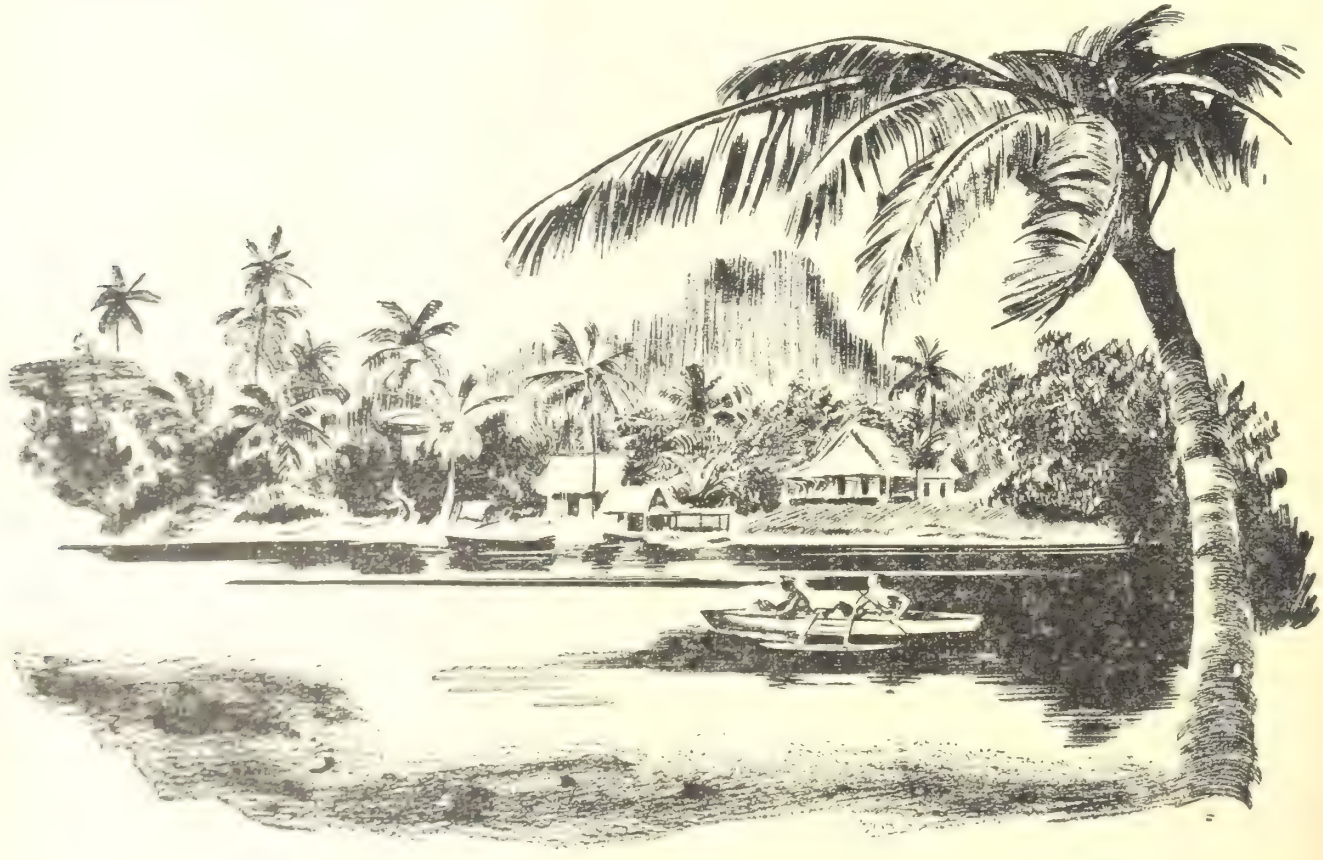
By 1919, when I was posted to Beru in the Southern Gilberts, Olivia and I took with us three children of our own—Joan, Rosemary, and Monica—all born within call of doctors and nurses. At Beru, we were two hundred miles from any such luxury. There was only one medical officer for the service of the whole six-hundred-and-fifty-mile chain of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands. But we managed to get a message through to Tarawa in early March that Olivia expected her fourth baby in August. Word came back in May that the

medical officer and Nurse Armstrong would be arriving in early July to do a thorough [illegible] of Beru while awaiting our family event.

I REMEMBER well how pleased we were at the idea of having a doctor at hand for a whole month or even longer. It was not that either of us was ever particularly anxious about falling ill. The postwar spate of pseudomedical journalism that was to succeed in creating so many recondite diseases for nervous minds to dwell upon had not yet afflicted us. In our comfortable ignorance, we recked not at all of psychoses, and still expected castor oil, bread poultices, iodine, and aspirin to cure most ailments. They usually did, too. But doctoring ailing expectant native mothers was another matter. This was Olivia's pet hobby, wherever we happened to live, and she had a score of questions to ask about the cases she had contrived, as usual, to collect from the villages for prenatal treatment in our back premises. Also, I personally wanted advice about Obadaia, a difficult prisoner in the men's jail, who was doing sentence of a year for a rather serious assault.

The average Gilbertese prisoner of those days—sensible man—seldom took his incarceration as a great hardship. A few weeks or months in the lockup meant nothing locally in terms of social stigma. Why should a man be penalized for paying on the nail for his mistakes? was the reasonable public view; and also, what the government called hard labor was a glorious joke. No government that prized its reputation for humanity could, in fact, possibly dare to load any prisoner with the merciless stint of daily work a free man's family demanded of him in his village. So a fellow could always count on a nice rest in jail, and recalcitrants were very rare indeed. But Obadaia was one of the few.

He was a craggy Hercules of a man, much taller and more Negroid than most of his race, outstandingly intelligent, a well-known wrestler, and immensely fit-looking. He had stabbed another villager through the arm and brought him very near bleeding to death for paying undue attention to Mrs. Obadaia. The girl, a good deal younger than himself, was innocent of offense and lived quietly with his mother while he was serving his sentence. But mortal jealousy gnawed him. He was sullenly idle. I had only once seen him snap out of it. That was when we were installing our new kitchen stove and he worked along with the cook under Olivia's direction. For two days he was all smiles and did everything



at the double. But when he went back to ordinary prison routines again, he returned to his black brooding and began to sham sick. At least, I thought he was shamming—he could never manage to look ill, or run a pulse or a temperature; but he said he had frightful pains inside him, and I wasn't a doctor, and in the end the daily repetition of his tale began to make me anxious. The solution of his problem and mine got itself strangely tangled with the birth of June Angela, our last child.

Olivia kept very well until the last week of June. Nothing had happened before the birth of the other three children to make us expect trouble this time. The fair-weather season was at its best; chills were almost impossible to catch; there were no influenza colds in the villages. What did hit her I cannot say, but she came back from a sunset walk one day saying she was giddy and thought she had a bit of a temperature. The thermometer said rather more than a bit over 104°.

Both of us guessed that if the fever stayed up there for long there might be a premature birth. Maybe we could have prevented that from happening, had we known how; but we didn't know, and aspirin failed to bring the temperature down. All we could think of doing toward midnight was to get a few things ready at once against any event. Olivia said there was no need to pull long faces about it, anyhow; I myself had been a seven-months child; my mother had told her so. "And just look at you now!" she ended. "As merry as an undertaker!" Thus encouraged, I went out to prepare for the worst.

The main thing was to sterilize everything likely to be used, including gallons and gallons of water. It was the water that brought Obadaia into the picture, because I had to organize watches of prisoners in the kitchen to keep heaps of it continually on the boil. I admit that the use of His Majesty's guests for domestic purposes was strictly forbidden, but I did not happen to be thinking much of rules and regulations at the time. The prisoners themselves—there were nine of them, all in for mere peccadillos except Obadaia—were quick to respond when I woke them up in the jail and explained the situation. Obadaia took the lead at once. "Men-o-o!" he called. "We are asked to save Missis and her baby! We prisoners! We bad men! How wonderful is this thing we are given to do! Let us make a plan now." And there, crowding around a hurricane lamp in the big, dark prison house, they eagerly resolved themselves into an organizing committee. It was arranged that they should work in four-hour watches of three men each, the first to go on duty at once, headed by Obadaia.

I left the midnight watch at work in the kitchen. When I returned in ten minutes to see how the fire was going, Obadaia whispered, "Sir, is Missis asleep?"

I told him she was, but burning and muttering and very restless. He turned back to the stove without comment, and I left again, for there was a big job of reading to get through. I had to go and study as quickly as I could everything Playfair had written of the way babies were normally born. I dared not think of what I had seen of abnormal presentations up at Tarawa. Time was too short, in any case, to read of every morbid possibility. It came back to me then how, at Cambridge, one had feverishly mugged up spot subjects just before an examination. This seemed rather like that save for one thing—the cost of a mistake.

As I settled to my reading in the lounge, Olivia's fevered mutterings came to me brokenly across the hissing, clicking whisper of the trade winds through the palms outside. In the night, when the cheerful rumors of life going forward are stilled, anxious ears are not easily stopped to noises that come so lonely out of the dark. But, one by one, Playfair began to answer the frightened questions of my ignorance. He wrote in a way a layman could understand. His simplicity captured and held me absorbed for four hours, and drove spearheads of confidence through the legion of my fears. He engaged me so wholly, I noticed no change in the night's voices until I laid the book aside. The wind still hissed and clicked in the palms, but Olivia muttered no more. She seemed to be humming instead, on a deep, quiet note. It was strange, but there was such contentment in the sound it did not alarm me, it held some restful quality of sleep itself. I went into her room.

But it was not Olivia who hummed. Though the fever still burned in her, she lay silent in an untroubled sleep. The sound

sound to come from nowhere and everywhere. Wherever I groped it was around my ears, neither nearer nor farther, like a vibrant mist hung on the darkness. It was not until I brought in the lamp that I found Obadaia sitting on the step of the veranda doorway. He had been there for three hours, he said. His heart had been heavy when I told him Missis was not sleeping well, and he thought I would not mind if he came and sang to her the way his grandmother had taught him. There were no special words to his song, only a trick of making what he called "a ghost voice" that floated over sick people and gave them dreamless sleep. Olivia had reacted to it very quickly, and had not stirred since. He could guarantee her sleeping on without evil dreams until daylight, he said, if I would let him go on.

I thanked him for what he had done, but he had lain twisted with one of his pains only the morning before; if it had been genuine, he ought to go and get some more sleep now, I told him. His stern face was lit with a sudden smile. "Listen!" he answered, "how the trees are crying in the wind! Yesterday an ill wind blew through my heart and it also cried—" He broke off, looking me in the eyes, and I left it at that, more touched by the beautiful discretion of his phrase than shocked at the confession of malingering. So he sat on in the dark, crooning his strange, wordless lullaby while the kitchen watch was changed, and I pored once again over the passages I had marked in Playfair, and Olivia slept her dreamless sleep till break of day.

She herself, on waking, volunteered a word about how she had slept. "It was queer. I kept on having nightmares and waking up mumbling and grumbling half the night. Then I remember thinking I was wide-awake and hearing a kind of quiet humming sound all around me, and everything seemed marvelous. I suppose that was a dream, too, but I didn't have another after that. I still feel wonderful, as if nothing could possibly go wrong." It seemed best not to tell her yet of Obadaia. Her temperature was only a few points down, and I thought she might have further need of his help.

The kitchen watch went on, but I sent Obadaia off to get some food and sleep. He said he wanted nothing but a drink of tea, and begged leave to lie under the trees near the house, if the law allowed it. The law did nothing of the kind, but I did, on condition that he would stay off shift until nightfall and eat something solid at midday. I saw nothing more of him until that night, when he returned to duty in the kitchen.

I doubt if many women in the civilized world have ever made a trial trip into self-anesthesia as Olivia did. A Dr. Woinarski of Melbourne (bless his memory) had told me how it worked when we traveled together from Ocean Island to Australia. You begin by putting an ordinary glass tumbler into your patient's hand, as if she were going to drink, and tying it in that position with a bandage. Then you take six strips of thick blotting paper an inch broad by six long, soak them in chloroform, pop them into the glass, and cover them over with a very loosely packed wad of cotton wool. This last lets the fumes through and at the same time prevents contact with the burning liquid. Your patient holds the glass close to mouth and nose, and breathes in the fumes for as long as she can keep her hand up. When unconsciousness comes, the weighted hand falls away and she breathes nothing but fresh air. If she comes to, she lifts the glass again, and the same thing is repeated.

There were several bottles of chloroform in stock at the medical visiting station. I asked the native dresser to bring one along and time me while I tried the idea out on myself first of all. He reported that my tumbler-hand fell in about half a minute, and that I stayed under for about forty seconds. After that, as Olivia agreed, the important thing was for her personally to get the hang of it, which she did with distinction and much good cheer, though her temperature was over 104° again, toward seven o'clock of the second day. "This will make it all as easy as falling off a log," she remarked when it was over. "I think I'll have another sleep before the great event. It won't be long now." If, from that time I felt any fortitude, it was only because hers sufficed for both of us.

She slept almost on the moment, but not restfully until Obadaia came to magic her once more. I watched the effect this time. She had lain twitching and flinging on her back for half an hour before I called him. Three or four minutes after he began, she



turned on her side and seemed to be engulfed at once in peace. She stayed so until near eleven o'clock when Obadaia got up from the doorstep. "I think it will not be long now," he whispered. "It is expedient to make all things ready," and went back to the kitchen.

I followed mechanically. His prediction had been so much the same as Olivia's, it did not strike me to wonder how he had guessed until I was halfway through the final preparations. "The thought came into my heart as I sang," he answered. Somehow I was sure that that clinched the matter, and so indeed it fell out.

I carried a sterilized tray of sterilized things in sterilized hands out of the kitchen and stood it on a sterilized cloth in the room. Child never had a more completely aseptic welcome into this bacillary world than June Angela received. She arrived four hours later, an hour before sunup, lobster-pink, a million years old, almost without fingernails, and weighing just over three pounds. There were no complications.

"Well, that's that," Olivia murmured, as I handed the baby over to Faasolo, Joan's Ellice Island nursemaid. "Queer job for a district officer, I must say!"

Kind Mrs. Eastman and Miss Simmons arrived from the London Mission station up-lagoon soon after and took charge of her. I slept for the next twelve hours.

Mother and child were doing well when I came out of it. "I've been thinking," Olivia said, "this is really rather lucky. I'll be up and about again by the time doctor arrives. Now, what I'm going to tell him is. . . ." It was all about her ailing expectant native mothers.

For the next three weeks there was nothing but sunshine from Obadaia. We were building a sea wall of coral blocks at the time, which made heavier chores than usual for the prisoners, but he did the work of any four of them together, laughing and splashing while he heaved great foundation blocks around like a boy-giant happy with his playthings. The native jailer was concerned about the uproarious noise he made; he felt that such a flow of gaiety was indecent in a prisoner. I thought myself it was simply Obadaia's way of showing regret for past malingering. The jailer said, yes, but there was something else behind it, he was sure. He turned out to be right, though I never told him how. The whole thing was too complicated for explanation on the official plane.

There was that malingering, to begin with. I went out to the sea wall workers one day to say something to Obadaia. He was not among them. They said he had gone to lie down in a clump of saltbush not far off, being tired. I found him sitting alone there clasping his stomach and gasping.

When a man wants to swing the lead, he does not go off and hide himself to do so. I had him carried to the house.

The doctor, who arrived the following week, found he had advanced chronic appendix trouble and operated at once. He never had

told me. I thought shamefacedly, was when he had confessed himself a malingerer, so that I might let him go on crooning to Olivia.

His young wife was there, holding his hand when I went to see him at the visiting station. I told her in front of him how much he had helped Olivia, and how we had all misjudged him before that. But instead of smiling she hung her head and whispered, "*Ti maama* (We are ashamed)," and again after a long silence, but looking at Obadaia this time, "*Ti maama*."

"*Ti maama*," he whispered back to her, "but I cannot tell the man of Matang (the White Man)."

"You must tell him," she insisted. "If you do not, I will."

"Still your heart, woman," he pleaded, "and I will tell Missis when I am no longer sick."

"You will tell him now, because of your love and honor for Missis."

He yielded to that. Clinging tight to her hand, he began hesitantly but gathered strength as his tale went on. "Sir, you remember? I slept under the trees at daybreak of the second day, after I had sung to Missis. And when it was noon, I awoke, and all were gathered in their houses to eat. A thought came to me then, an evil thought. I said in my heart, 'Perhaps that woman my wife is not faithful to me, now that I am shut up in the calaboose.' I said again, 'I will go and search in her eyes, and if I see lies there, I will kill her.' So I went, and no man saw me go. I came up to the house of my mother from among the trees. None saw me arrive in the village, for all men were sleeping after the noonday meal. And I went in—"

He broke off, looking at his wife. "It is enough, woman. I have told him of my sin against the law."

"It is not enough," she said inexorably, "for those other things also are forbidden to prisoners, and I sinned with you."

He sighed heavily and looked at me again. "I went in. I woke my mother. I said to her, 'Let down the screens of the house.' When she had done that, I said, 'Leave me alone with my wife.' She left us alone. I looked into this woman's eyes, and I knew there were no lies in them. I stayed with her, and we lay until evening. The tale is done."

"The tale is not done, Man of Matang," she said, staring at the floor.

He groaned. "Is it not enough? Will you have me locked in the calaboose forever?"

"Peace," she murmured, "I also shall be locked up, for I sinned with you."

"So I returned when it was dark," he went on drearily, "and sang to Missis again. When that was done, I lied to the policeman; I told him that the Man of Matang had ordered me to sleep near at hand on the side veranda. He answered, '*Aia!*' I went to the side veranda. And when everyone was waiting for news of Missis, I crept away. I went back to my wife, and we lay again until the morning—

"I have greatly sinned," he added after a long pause, "yet since that time I have had no more evil thoughts, and I have worked with a glad heart, because I know this woman is true to me."

NATURALLY, my thought ran first to the moral of this disastrous story for the moral-minded: this seemed to be that a district officer should never, never accept personal favors from prisoners. It subverts all discipline. What interested me most at the moment, however, was the moral courage of Mr. and Mrs. Obadaia and its inspiration. "Tell me your thought," I said to the young woman. "Did he sin most against the government, or against me, or against Missis?"

"If he had sinned only against the government and you," she assured me solemnly, "it would have been a thing for secret laughter between us. . . ." She made it admirably plain. To hell with the law and its minions. His sin had been a personal sin against Olivia—using her illness as a stalking-horse for prison-breaking and illicit love-making.

"And how many months in prison do you expect to get for your part in the crime?" I asked her.

"I thought perhaps a year, for I said to him, 'Come back to me tonight, or I shall die,' and he came back, and I was not ashamed until he left me alone again." She wept.

The abundantly clear point in all this welter of facts and emotions was that, but for my being the husband of the object of their devotion, I should never have been burdened with their confession. My only obligation in the circumstances was to pass it on to Olivia, which I did. She, in her turn, very properly

decided that she had no right to impart it to the district officer, as such. She accordingly abstained from mentioning the subject in my office. In any case, we both agreed, it was largely June Angela's fault for catching everyone on the wrong foot as she did. So the thing never reached the official plane. As for Obadaia, what with his good-conduct marks and all, his sentence ran out while he was still convalescent. Or, rather, Olivia saw to it that he was kept convalescent until his sentence ran out. She said this was the kind of personal initiative the Colonial Office expected me to exercise.

II. BIRTH ON NONOUTI

By good fortune, one of the abnormal cases I had seen the medical officer deal with at Tarawa was what the Gilbertese called a "double-hand presentation." I was glad of the experience a year or so later on the island of Nonouti. I knew—or thought I knew—roughly what was in store for me when word came that a double-hand case was waiting in a village up-lagoon for whatever help I could afford. The girl who brought the message said that the baby's down-stretched hands had been born eight hours before, but nothing the midwives could do would bring the head and body to birth. Nobody supposed I could succeed where they had failed, but as the mother would certainly die if nothing else happened, and the village headman had said they might be punished if the mother died as a result of their doing any more, perhaps I would like to see what I personally could do about it.

It seemed an ungracious message at first hearing, but, in point of fact, its intention was infinitely courteous. The midwives merely wished to assure me in advance that if I did not succeed in my effort nobody in the village would blame me for failing.

I was on my back with dysentery at the time, but I could not possibly ignore such a summons. I sent the messenger off at once with a promise to be there anon, and had myself rowed, with such paraphernalia and antiseptics as I possessed, up-lagoon to the village.

But I did not feel good-tempered on the way. Amoebic dysentery is a fretful, weakening business and I thought Fate might have timed things better for all concerned, especially my grudging self. I mention this because of the pretty, golden-brown girl who met us on the village beach.

She signaled us in from where she leaned, crowned with a white wreath and smoking a pipe, against a palm tree at the beachhead. She was evidently there to guide me, but she did not move from her restful position when I stumbled up the loose sand toward her. That irritated me in my peevish mood. I was angrier still when my groggy legs gave out and I fell sprawling. I shouted, "Here, come and help me up," with never a "please" or a smile.





she was dressed only in a short kilt of smoke-cured waterweeds and it was easy to see, as she came to pick me up, that she was pregnant. When she got closer, I saw that her face was pallid and deeply drawn. That in itself reproved my rudeness. But it was her kindness that most abashed me. "Alas!" she cried as she saw how weak I was, "You are ill, Man of Matang. Alas! They should not have called you!" and putting her arm around my waist, made me walk with mine about her shoulders while she carried my bag for me.

I knew that by "they" she meant the sick woman's midwives and told her—I am glad to remember—that they had been quite right to call me. That seemed to reassure her. We struggled rather feebly together up the glaring beach and rested in the shade of the palms by a cookhouse on the flat. It occurred to me there to tell her that I did not yet know the sick woman's name. She looked at me searchingly for a time and then, her wan face breaking into a strangely beautiful smile, "She is called Nei Maie," she answered. "Have you ever seen her?" and added with a sudden shout of laughter when I said no, "Do you think you can drag the baby out of her?"

The coarseness of her phrase about another woman's misfortune and callousness of her laughter made a too shocking contrast with her dignity and kindness of a moment before. My anger flared up again. I drew away from her. "You laugh, woman—you who will yourself be bearing a child before long? Nei Maie is near death, and you laugh? Or is it that you do not know how near death is to her? Are you wicked or perhaps only a fool?"

She laughed again in my face, with plain merriment this time: "I am not wicked. I am not a fool. I know that woman is nearly dead. But I do not pity her. Why should she be afraid of dying? Perhaps she would like to die."

She had the brilliant laughter of her race, carefree and golden-voiced, but I was too outraged to respond. "We waste time," I said. "Bring me quickly to the house."

We walked down the lily-bordered village street, she chuckling from time to time, I aloof from her ruthless humor, leaning nevertheless heavily upon her shoulder. The villagers called cheerful greetings to us as we passed. After a hundred yards or so she stopped at a house with no one in it, saying, "I pray you, be seated here a little, while I go and prepare that woman for your coming." She leaned forward over the raised floor, put my bag down, and pulled a mat to the edge for me to sit upon. Then, "We shall meet again," she murmured and slowly walked to a house hung with leaf screens across the road. Before she lifted a screen to enter, she turned her beautiful smile once more toward me and called, "We think the baby is dead. But that woman does not in truth want to die. Perhaps she is indeed afraid, a little. O, that you could drag the baby out of her!"

The repetition of that crude phrase, and the wambling of my stomach, and the swooning heat of midday once more overcame my temper. "Hurry, you hussy!" I bawled at her, and she disappeared, her smile wiped out, behind the screen.

Nei Maie's mother called me into the house over the road ten minutes later. I had lain all the time thinking with renewed self-pity how very ill I felt. I had the grace to forget it, though, when I saw Nei Maie.

I did not see her face because they had covered it for modesty's sake with a sheet, but she looked like a dead woman, lying supine on her mat, the midwives seated at her head and feet fanning her. Her lax limbs were flung wide as if in a gesture of mortal exhaustion. I thought with rage of the callous laughter of the girl who had met me on the beach.

I tried to do things as I had seen the doctor do them at Tarawa. I was helped a little in my geography by having read Playfair's textbooks. But where the doctor had finished his work in under an hour, it took my fumbling, frightened hand over two hours to get the baby in a position to be born. My memory of what I did is one of blind groping against masses that my touch could not identify and resistances that I dared not, for fearful ignorance, force. And through it all, save for a few small shuddering whimpers. Nei Maie lay still and silent under the torture.

I gave her ergot and the baby was brought to birth at last. Though it was not living, there was no trouble with the afterbirth, or hemorrhage, or temperature, or any other complication; the mother was, in short, saved. That was important, but it is not, for all that, the point of the story. Doing last things for my patient before leaving, I suddenly remembered the girl on the beach. I felt pretty righteous by that time, and it seemed to me that a slating for her heartless crudities would do here a lot of good. I asked Nei Maie's mother who and where she was. "I wish to speak to her before I go home," I said, "for she talks with a bad tongue and there is no kindness in her."

The old woman looked at me but did not speak. I repeated my question, with more information about what the girl had said.

"But, sir, you have indeed dragged the baby out of this woman," she replied with a smile, "and we thank you for it."

"But who is the girl? That is what I am asking you," I insisted pettishly. There was a long pause before she answered, "She is my daughter."

"Then where is she? She must be near at hand. Bring her to me."

She suddenly took my hand in hers and smiled into my eyes. "Sir, I have only one daughter, and she lies here before you. Please do not be angry with her."

Last Meeting of the Happy Valley Hunt

E. A. MUIR

The young men do not talk. They drink and feel,
Though yet untested, frivolous and out-worn.
The shrill complaint of steel at work on steel
Rings in their ears and mutes the triumphant horn.
Now the ironic crop is just a reed,
Good only to flick their own remembering flanks;
Their emblazoned garb proclaims a wistful need
That will be scorned in the anonymous ranks.
The hunt for absolutes is done. The truth
They raised and loosed has run to posted grounds;
Reason has shied at hidden bars; uncouth
And finite will has scattered fancy's hounds.
The future-stricken huntsmen droop to their prime,
Man-sized at last, pedestrian dupes of time.

The Long, Slow Battle with Cancer

Leonard Engel

Since the end of the war, I have been keeping a file of clippings about cancer. The file is getting quite fat. In the past two decades something like fifty million dollars must have been spent on cancer research by federal and private agencies. More has now been learned about the disease at a fundamental level than was ever known before—that is, more has been learned in these twenty years than in the past two thousand. Yet the casual reader of newspaper clippings could be cruelly disappointed, for progress in the battle with cancer is much slower, and the battle promises to continue much longer, than you would judge from perusing my file.

In it, for example, I find a sheaf of reports on radio-cobalt, the "poor man's radium"—which (among other things) is to make cancer treatment cheap—and on other radioactive materials from the atomic energy program; an "atomic cocktail" for thyroid cancer, radio-phosphorus for skin growths, radio-fluorescin for mapping brain tumors, and radioactive antibodies that are supposed to collect themselves in cancerous organs. Another bundle of clippings covers the use of ACTH, cortisone, half a dozen so-called "folio acid antagonists," nitrogen mustard poison gas, and numerous other chemicals in leukemia, and of sex hormones in breast and prostate cancer. Then there are the cancer-killing microbial toxins (including the Russian KR serum) and various toxic synthetic chemicals which tumors are supposed to absorb from the bloodstream in the place of an ordinary nutrient. Last but not least, another folder contains enthusiastic descriptions of one immunological, two urine, and four blood tests for detecting early cancer.

All these "advances" fall into one of four categories: (1) they don't do anything that can't be accomplished with previous means of therapy, (2) they are merely temporary palliatives, (3) they apply only to uncommon types of cancer, or (4) they just don't work. Little can be done with radio-cobalt, for example, that can't be done with radium, and radio-cobalt hasn't made treatment much cheaper. (Since radium, for all practical purposes, lasts indefinitely, the value of the physician's time rather than the cost of radium determines the cost of the treatment.) The usefulness of the other artificially radioactive materials is similarly limited. Skin cancers are readily treated by other means, and thyroid and brain tumors are relatively infrequent. The many drugs for leukemia are temporary in effect, and so is sex hormone therapy for breast or prostate cancer. As for the radioactive antibodies, microbial toxins, toxic synthetic chemicals, and the cancer detection tests—they don't work and it is a good question whether they ever will.

It is true that huge investments of money and effort have given tremendous impetus to cancer research. We now possess powerful tools we didn't have before, tools which we are finally beginning to employ effectively and which we can learn to employ even more effectively. Then, too, an invaluable store of basic information has been built up, bringing us to the point in the field of chemotherapy, for example, where assembly-line methods could reasonably be employed to screen the thousands of compounds whose effect on patients is worth investigating. Yet, at the same time, the stiff competition for funds in the financing of research has encouraged the premature publication of half-baked data. The accounts constantly appearing in newspapers, magazines, and (I regret to add) scientific journals of promising new cancer tests, new means of therapy, and so on are mostly hoopla—hoopla, it is hardly necessary to observe, of a particularly irresponsible kind.

The last major innovation in cancer therapy occurred in 1933. In that far-off year, the physicists G. Failla and Edith Quimby published the results of a long series of experiments at Memorial Hospital in New York City which showed the superiority of super-voltage X-rays over X-rays of ordinary voltage in treating deep-seated growths. Of course, the intervening nineteen years have brought further advances in X-ray therapy, and many developments in other methods of treating cancer; X-ray machines are very much bigger, radium has been incorporated in ingenious new application devices, antibiotics and blood transfusions have enormously extended the range of cancer surgery. X-rays, radium, and surgery, however, are the principal means of treatment today, as they were in the mid-thirties, and they are subject to pretty much the same limitations. The records of European hospitals (several of which have done a better job of keeping the relevant statistics than their American counterparts) show that more patients with, say, a Grade IV breast carcinoma can now expect to live for five years—but not many more.

As most of us must be aware through the educational activities of the American Cancer Society, the critical factor in surviving cancer is not the method of therapy chosen, but the stage of the disease at the time of discovery and treatment. Early treatment greatly increases the chance of saving the patient. Thus, only 35 per cent of patients with breast cancer can expect to live five years or longer when the tumor is discovered late, as against 70 to 80 per cent when it is found at an early stage. A considerable research effort has accordingly been devoted to methods of early detection.

What has been sought most eagerly is a chemical screening test, on the order of the urine test for picking out potential diabetics. The test need not be 100 per cent accurate; no diagnostic test is, not even such widely used procedures as the various blood tests for syphilis. But the test should catch the majority of early cancers. If positive reactions are also produced by other conditions, the latter should be easily distinguishable from malignant disease. The test must also be simple and inexpensive.

So far, the search for such a test has been unrewarding. In the magazine *Cancer* not long ago, Dr. Freddy Homburger of the New England Medical Center, Boston, one of the most acute medical investigators in the country, reviewed sixty-seven proposed chemical and biological tests for cancer. Only two, he pointed out, had proved useful—one for testicular cancer (a rare form of the disease) and another as a supplement to other methods of identifying prostate cancer. The other sixty-five were of no value.

Notwithstanding the critical observations of Dr. Homburger and other experts, new "cancer tests" continue to receive publicity and several have been aggressively exploited by pharmaceutical manufacturers and clinical laboratories. The most widely promoted is the "iodo-acetate test," a blood protein test originated by C. R. Huggins of the University of Chicago (who has since, in all fairness, modified his claims for it). Two additional well-publicized blood tests (a protein precipitation and a dye-bleaching test) come from Maurice Black and I. M. Kleiner of the Brooklyn Cancer Institute. Another is the "Bolen hemic pattern," a test based on the pattern assumed by a drop of blood drying on a slide.

All of these give too many false reactions to be usable as screening devices. The hemic pattern is related to the red-blood-cell sedimentation test used in diagnosing infectious and other disorders, and it yields no useful results in cancer, where its application has been described by a well-known clinical pathologist as "a species of tea-leaf reading." The other three tests may indicate advanced cancer correctly, but positive reactions also occur in a number of other serious illnesses (as well as in pregnancy), and many, if not most, early cancers are missed. The high proportions of false reactions in these three tests result from the fact that they measure physiological changes common to many illnesses rather than changes specific to cancer. If these tests indicate anything, they indicate that the patient is very ill—a point which is not apt to need proof. Abnormal substances or pronounced changes in body chemistry specific to cancer, such as might be made the basis for a practical chemical test, have not been found.

The one screening device of value that has turned up so far is the "Pap smear," a test of another kind devised a decade ago by George E. Papanicolaou and Herbert F.

Dean of the Cornell University Medical School. The Papanicolaou test is a technique for collecting and microscopically examining debris from the mucous surfaces of the body. If there is a cancer nearby, cells from the growth will usually find their way into the specimen, where, with the aid of a microscope and a pair of properly trained eyes, they may be identified. The "Pap smear" is effective in spotting potential cancers of the cervix (other procedures are required in order to clinch the diagnosis), and it is also proving helpful in detecting lung and several other varieties of cancer. The nature of the Papanicolaou test, however, limits its usefulness to cancers occurring in or near accessible mucous surfaces; it won't work, for instance, in breast cancer.

It is possible that a genuine solution to the detection problem will have to wait until we are much nearer to a solution of the cancer puzzle itself. As nearly as anyone can tell, the latter is still a long way off. The armies of investigators here and abroad that have sought to penetrate the mystery of cancer have scarcely finished preliminary examination of the *corpus delicti*.

The endless variety of forms which cancer may take never fails to make a deep impression on either the physician or the investigator. There are hundreds of types of human cancer alone. But what is truly remarkable is their common property of remorseless nonstop growth. Up to a certain point, tumors generally grow relatively slowly. Possibly as the culmination of a special developmental process, many then undergo a radical transformation and seem to become autonomous entities. They not only grow at an enormously accelerated rate, but fragments break off and establish themselves in tissues far removed, both in kind and location, from the tissues from which they sprang. As the Yale pathologist Harry S. E. Greene has shown, they even continue to grow when transplanted to animals of alien species. Not many patients in whom cancer develops to this stage survive, which is why it is so important to treat cancer early.

About thirty-five years ago, Japanese scientists produced skin cancer experimentally by painting a rabbit's ear with tar. Since then, tumors have been induced in a wide variety of laboratory animals by means of several hundred other chemicals, metallic dusts, certain types of viruses, X-rays, the emanations of radium, and ultraviolet radiation. As each new carcinogenic agent turned up, it was nominated as the specific cause of at least some types of experimental cancer. The known carcinogens have become so numerous and so diverse, however, that such views are no longer tenable; something of a more general nature must be involved. It seems likely that the latter is a delivery of chemical or physical energy to the cell by these assorted agents in a way that effects a basic change in the cell's governing mechanism, the nucleus.

If experimental and clinical cancer are essentially the same, clinical cancer may arise through a similar derangement of the cell nucleus by energetic agents, which may perhaps originate inside the body as well as outside. But we have no proof of this. Nor do we have any information as to just what kind of changes in the cell nucleus are required to turn law-abiding members of the community of cells and tissues into relentlessly growing biological aggressors. Indeed, we know little about the mechanics of growth generally, in either tumor or normal tissues; only a few of the biochemical steps in the process have been dissected.

As a result of the spectacular successes of wartime research, many of us expect the current cancer research effort to bring a wealth of new therapeutic means, even a definitive cure for malignant disease. We risk disappointment. Research results can be promised only where the basic scientific work has already been accomplished and where what we are seeking is essentially an application of previous knowledge; the scientists of the Manhattan District had half a century of atomic physics to build upon.

In the case of cancer, the relevant sciences—cell biochemistry and cell biophysics—are scarcely a dozen years old, and most of the way ahead is still uncharted. The bulk of our investment of money and manpower in cancer research must thus, at the present stage, go into the study of the dynamics of the cell—a tedious but necessary task, unlikely to yield immediate results. The latter can be hoped for only as the result of an acci-

dental discovery or the sudden flash of insight of a gifted investigator, neither of which can be predicted or bought for delivery by a given date, like a piece of furniture.

The hope that an accidental discovery or a stroke of genius will bring an early solution of the cancer problem, it should be added, though slender, is not wholly unreasonable. Only three years ago, the rheumatoid diseases appeared to pose an all but insoluble problem, when Philip S. Hench of the Mayo Clinic made the completely unexpected discovery (unexpected, that is, to everyone but him) of the powerful therapeutic effects of cortisone. Cortisone and its companion hormone, ACTH, have not only wrought a dramatic change in the outlook for a long list of disorders, but have opened up entirely new areas in the investigation of disease. A similar development in cancer could come tomorrow.

Meanwhile, there is much that can be done to reduce the number of lives claimed by malignant disease (now 215,000 a year in the United States, and going up by 5,000 a year). A study by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has revealed that in this country the cancer mortality rate among physicians is only 81 per cent of the rate for white males as a whole, and the rate for surgeons, only 81 per cent of that for physicians generally, or 66 per cent of the rate for the white male population. The lower cancer mortality enjoyed by the medical profession is due, not to any unusual methods of treatment, but to earlier diagnosis. The doctors spot the early warning signs of the disease in themselves, and promptly seek competent examination and care. Surgeons, who know cancer best, recognize their ailment earliest, and survive most often.

To save many tens of thousands of lives a year, then, we have only to increase our alertness to the early signs of the disease and to make adequate diagnostic skills more generally available. One approach is to increase the number of special cancer detection clinics. Special detection centers (of which there are now 143 certified by the American College of Surgeons throughout the country) are useful for the demonstration of new techniques, but they can only reach a small part of the population. The focus of the effort to cut the cancer toll must be the individual and his doctor.

A case in point is cancer of the colon and rectum, which is responsible for about 40,000 deaths a year, more than any other form of cancer. A sizable proportion of these would be avoided if people read fewer laxative ads and if doctors were more conscientious. The first sign of cancer of the colon or rectum is most often what laxative ads like to call "middle-age irregularity," a persistent change in bowel function. There is no such ailment as "middle-age irregularity"; if you are over thirty-five and note a change in bowel function lasting some weeks, you need a physical examination, not a laxative. Three-quarters of the cancers of the colon and rectum can be found by simple procedures any physician can perform in his office. But doctors are often careless. Every large hospital in the United States can cite scores of cases of rectal cancer treated for months as hemorrhoids by physicians who had *never troubled to give the patient a physical examination.*

Another unnecessarily heavy contributor to the mortality tables (over 20,000 deaths a year) is breast cancer. The American Cancer Society and the National Cancer Institute have produced an excellent short color film to show women how to examine themselves for breast cancer. Women everywhere should see it, and so should doctors; either through carelessness or false fear of offending a patient, many physicians only infrequently include close examination of the breasts in physical check-ups, even when examining women in the ages most susceptible to breast cancer.

A third form of cancer in which lives are needlessly lost is cancer of the cervix. The effectiveness of the "Pap smear" as a screening technique for cervical cancer has been confirmed by extensive studies over a period of years at outstanding hospitals. The smears are easily made, yet the technique is not as widely used as it ought to be. The bottleneck here has been the lack of pathologists and technicians trained in reading the slides. A substantial part of the National Cancer Institute's program for training medical personnel in cancer work, however, is devoted to training in the Papanicolaou technique, and the bottleneck is gradually being eased.

I do not mean to give the impression that the enormous amounts of time, money, and effort spent on cancer research have been wasted. Obviously more research, rather than

[illegible] will have to take place before real progress can be achieved. Obviously also, the great attention given to cancer in recent years has had the effect of attracting to it a number of young and adventurous investigators. Given their best efforts, and sufficient institutional support, it would be ridiculous to deny the possibility of success at any moment; for one by one, a number of the other problems in medicine that seemed monumentally difficult have yielded to investigation. From the public's point of view, however, it would be far more rewarding to concentrate on the knowledge now at hand, and on the ways to use it more effectively, than on meaningless or unworkable cancer "tests" and "cures." Newspapers, magazines, and scientific journals, by doing the same, could help make the battle with cancer more a matter of effective public opinion and less a matter of hysteria.

The Child at the Door

KATHLEEN RAINE

WHO stands at my door in the storm and rain
On the threshold of being?
One who waits till you call him in
From the empty night.

Are you a stranger, out in the storm
Or has my enemy found me out
On the edge of being?

I am no stranger who stands at the door
Nor enemy come in the secret night,
I am your child, in darkness and fear
On the verge of being.

Go back, my child, to the rain and the storm,
For in this house there is sorrow and pain
In the lonely night.

I will not go back for sorrow or pain,
For my true love weeps within,
And waits for my coming.

Go back, my babe, to the empty night
For in this house dwell sin and hate
On the verge of being.

I will not go back for hate or sin
I will not go back for sorrow or pain
For my true love mourns within
On the threshold of night.

On Being Sent a Joint of Beef

A Letter to an American Friend by

Enid Bagnold

While I was in New York on a visit recently, you sent my family a wonderful piece of beef, saying ruefully as I thanked you that you weren't quite sure how it "fitted in." I knew what you meant. But I found myself at that hurried moment dumb to explain the subtleties of food shortage in England; subtleties that cause misunderstanding—sometimes indignation. I've often thought of writing some sort of brief analysis by way of explanation. It's like this. . . .

When you are short of a thing you get more clever. I don't believe a nation ever starves while it has vigor, ingenuity, and soil. We're not nearly at the end of our food discoveries. One might electrically empty the earth of worms. Once after a storm, as a child, I saw them drawn to the surface of a lawn in zigzag lines. The seaboards of the world might tame the whales of the sea, attracting them by plankton in floating docks . . . and milk them. A vast sea dairy. Phosphorus-tested herds. Iodine butter (the end of rheumatism). Whale-cheeses floated up the rivers to the cities. Seaweed itself. . . . And fishing! At present we only fish the fringes, and in so historical and old-fashioned a manner it's not far removed from a grass thread and an arrow. Man is accused of emptying the reservoirs of the world, oil, metal, wild beasts, and the humus surfaces . . . but I doubt if he could empty the oceans. And when we draw the fish from the black depths at the centers of the oceans (by something modern and atomic) let's transmute it, through the bodies of creatures that make better eating. Hens lay on fish. Nothing suits them better. Pigs would eat it. Fish oil could go to compressed cow-cake; and even to manure. Even flowers—how strange—like fish. And when we have all the food we want, all over the world, let's remember to eat much less of it.

I stood in the garden by the rabbit hutches in the war, and thought, "Well . . . I might *try* the worms! If I lightly fry them and reduce them in vegetable stock will the children know?" I didn't do it. But I might have.

I fed a hundred rabbits practically out of a hat; spending two hours a day in the hedgerows and feeding them weeds. No bread, no



bran. They weren't fat, but they were not bad. I cooked them in *cream*.

For I had bought a Jersey cow, learning to milk her myself; and, having no field, I led her every morning to the unused tennis courts of the houses scattered round this village, and tethered her, hammering an iron stave into the earth with a lead hammer. She had to be changed on her ground twice each day. I could have claimed a house-cow ration, but it was so small it wasn't worth filling up the endless forms to get. She had potato peelings. Mangolds in winter. She gave less milk this way but enough for us, and enough for extra butter. Alternatively cream.

I had six ducks. For them I forked the earth when it was hard in summer, and they followed the fork, picking up an extraordinary quantity of worms. The laying power of ducks fed high on protein is a miracle. It was this that made me reflect upon the worms.

I forget now the arithmetic of the hundred rabbits. It was complicated. To get two a week for cooking all the year round one counted out the buck and does, and worked out in a book that the does should breed four litters a year instead of the usual three. This shortened their lives, but it was their war work. I built a slope upon which they lived so that the droppings rolled into one heap at the bottom and took less time to clean.

From never having cooked anything we grew so clever at cooking that, had you dined, you wouldn't have known you were eating rabbit. You'd have said: "That English food situation! They even have Chicken Maryland!"



THIS is said about myself, *my* success, hard work, and ingenuity, because I'm strong, not stupid, full of invention, and I have two and a half acres of garden. That's the heart of the situation, and the answer to the puzzle about our food. It differs, and it differs according to individual energy. Here, in England, one comes a cropper if one's old, delicate, tired, living alone, or short of enterprise.

For the problem is now almost as acute as it was in the war, and far more boring.

In London—in the dreary areas of the large stone houses—in the Cromwell Road, in Bayswater, in Earl's Court, in residential squares north of Hyde Park, live ex-rich stockbrokers, ex-rich business men, and their wives, people between sixty and seventy, without a servant, too tired to clean their five-storied houses and stone basements—houses bought in their palmy days—too tired to try to sell, not rich enough to convert, camping like caretakers in two rooms, and going by bus each day to Victoria Station buffet to buy "ham" sandwiches (ham-spread) because they are no longer interested enough or strong enough to stand in queues. Their starch condition is obvious. Fat, puffy, gray-colored, lack-luster, they have lost the will to try and live better. Not yet really poor they are saddled with their last possession, the unsalable house, the unworkable kitchen. Moving to the end of their lives they throw in their last lumps of capital as they move.

This letter is not meant as self-pity for England. It's to explain that under pressure a nation's wits grow sharper; and its knowledge of food and health. I shouldn't be surprised if we are not healthier than you are, or that we don't know more about what we are eating. But oh it's a bore, a crashing, unending bore, to have to think about food so much, never to be able to go to the butcher and order a dish of cutlets for an unexpected guest, to have to rub the Sunday block of Argentine cow that the government buys for us with rosemary and sweet basil—that it may taste if it won't "bite." *That's* where your present fits in—the enormous relief for a whole week, the Roman holiday from perplexity and cod and rabbit.

The Fence-Me-In Laws

Ruth B. Doyle

My six-year-old son can aspire to be the President of the United States, but he cannot reasonably aspire to become a watchmaker in Wisconsin. Evidently the watchmakers don't want him. Of course, if he can pass the examinations that they have managed to get the Wisconsin legislature to legalize, then he can have a license. If, for example, he can learn to make watch parts which watchmakers for a generation have bought in wholesale lots from large manufacturers, and can perform other minor miracles that very few of the watchmakers now comfortably in business can do, then he too can get into the trade.

It is not that we have too many watchmakers in Wisconsin; we have to wait as long for repairs on watches as one does anywhere else. But those in the business are snugly fenced in by protective licensing laws which cut their competition to the bone.

There are, in fact, three hundred and fifty businesses and professions in my own state that require state licenses.

Something odd goes on here. Is this free enterprise? Many labor unions are targets of justified criticism for using restrictive practices to curb their membership. But what about restrictive practices by business men?

This is not just a Wisconsin problem; it is nation-wide. Just glance at the trade journals and you will find hundreds of different occupations, professions, and businesses that take great pride in the increased restrictions with which they ring themselves around. They build these rings by bringing pressure on state lawmakers. I know; I'm a member of the Wisconsin legislature.

Fortunately some public officials are at last becoming alarmed. "What are the limits of our responsibility to protect the public health, safety, and morals?" they are asking. "Is it really necessary for us to license horseshoers and watchmakers as well as doctors and pharmacists?"

Let me use my own state as an example. Fifty years ago there were in Wisconsin, as in most states, just four licensing boards—for dentistry, medicine, law, and pharmacy. Now of the three hundred and fifty licensed occupations in Wisconsin, fifty have state examining boards and issue licenses only after satisfactory performance in an examination. No one has made a complete study of the laws behind all these licenses, but it is safe to say that they have been put on the statute books by one of three kinds of pressure on the legislature. The first is pressure from groups that have a genuine legislative concern for the public health and safety. The second is from businesses that want to limit the number of practitioners in their field. And the third is from businesses that want to keep other types of businesses from competing with them.

We do not need to pause over the pressures for public health and safety. I think we are all agreed that they are essential. But let's look for a moment at the other two types of

Ruth Doyle, a member of the Wisconsin Assembly, is responsible for inaugurating a study in her state of the manifold legal restrictions set up by business and professional men to limit newcomers in their fields.

pressure. As a nearly perfect example of a business that wants to limit its practitioners, I give you the certified public accountants. By 1926 every state required that public accountants be licensed, and since then the laws have become increasingly stringent. In every case it was the accountants themselves who originated and framed the restrictions and lobbied them into law. The laws have given an air of infallibility to the certified accountants and have guaranteed lifetime incomes to the select few who are permitted to enter the profession each year. In practice, however, certification has been no guarantee of performance or, indeed, of public protection.

The McKesson & Robbins scandal of 1939 is a shocking case in point. The accountants for that illustrious drug corporation that was so elaborately hoodwinked by P. Musica, alias F. Donald Coster, to the tune of $18,000,000, had been paid a million dollars over a period of ten years to keep the corporation's books in order. It was an SEC investigation that revealed the extent of the embezzlement and fraud which the certified accountants had evidently overlooked. The accounting firm had, in fact, somehow passed over bills of lading showing the shipment of drugs from New York to England and South Africa by truck! One may reasonably ask if the fact that the accountants were certified was any protection to the stockholders of McKesson & Robbins.

In the 1949 session of the Wisconsin legislature we considered a good example of the third kind of pressure for licensing—that is, from a business that wanted to keep another kind of business from competing with it. A bill to require that doughnut machines be licensed on the same terms as bakeries was introduced by the bakers. They were fighting the machines that vended doughnuts in ten-cent stores and theater lobbies. After many hours of debate this proposal was actually enacted by the legislature. A cool-headed governor vetoed it.

There have been hundreds of other unsuccessful attempts to legislate licensing in Wisconsin. Some of them seem unbelievable. Here, for example, are a few businesses that tried to fence themselves in and failed: caterers, canopy and awning installers, cider makers, coal dealers, dancing schools, egg-breaking establishments, frog dealers, labor organizers, meat cutters, music teachers, and beer coil cleaners. I could name many others that would seem equally far-fetched, but let me describe one assault on the legislature that, from the point of view of the business that wanted to build its protective fence, was at least partially successful.

During 1951 in Wisconsin a bill was proposed which made it mandatory for all new undertakers to spend two years in college and a year in an "accredited" school of embalming. On graduation from embalming school the aspirant to the trade would then, according to the proposal, have to serve a year's apprenticeship before he could get a license to practice. It may surprise you to learn that twelve states now require this educational process of their undertakers.

Wisconsin, however, was not going to legalize any such requirements without close scrutiny, and a heated debate developed in the legislature.

"This bill," said the undertakers who backed it, "is necessary to improve standards because of the exacting nature of our profession."

"It's nothing but a blind," retorted their opponents, "for compulsory embalming school attendance that would legalize a racket."

A small group of undertakers opposed the bill. It was their contention that an apprentice embalmer could learn all he needed to know about the trade in six weeks of on-the-job training. And as for college? Nonsense! Most successful undertakers, funeral directors, and embalmers, they said, had never set foot in a college. And besides, as one man said, "If we don't know all of the fine points of preserving the human corpse, what harm can we do your old Aunt Abigail?"

So we compromised. We passed legislation requiring one year of college instead of two. But in the law that we passed nothing was said about what the aspiring undertaker should study in college; we didn't even say that he had to pass the courses he took. A later session of the legislature will, no doubt, have to cope with that problem.

In 1951 Wisconsin associations interested in getting licensing legislation enacted spent $34,269.50 for lobbyists' salaries, and for entertainment, favors, drinks, and meals for

legislators. Besides the undertakers we listened to the pleas of the cosmetologists, real-estate dealers, surveyors, chiropractors, opticians, electricians, and trailer dealers.

WISCONSIN is not the only state in which there is a rising antipathy on the part of legislators to the fence-me-in bills, and legislators are not the only ones who are becoming alarmed. There is increasing public attention to the broad effects of the licensing laws. Studies of state licensing policy are now in progress in Kentucky, Oklahoma, Washington, and Wisconsin. The Conference of Governors at Gatlinburg, Tennessee, in October 1951 discussed the problem, and several governors expressed considerable concern about the effect on our free economy of building fence after fence around occupations that used to be open to any young citizen who wanted to get into them and compete. Studies of the problem, however, are still in their rudimentary stages.

But a few things, even now, are obvious. Surely we cannot expect to repeal the hundreds of laws that are now on the books of every state. In Illinois a horseshoeing license law stands on the statute books though the law does not even specify what a horseshoer should know. In Wisconsin a brash young Assemblyman tried, with the support of a group of stalwart watchmakers, to have the Watchmakers' Licensing Law repealed. They got nowhere. Repeal is not the answer, at least not now.

Then what about action by the courts? There is always the possibility that the courts may declare such laws unconstitutional. I know of one case in which this happened. From 1935 to 1939 a number of Wisconsin citizens were actually arrested and fined for helping relatives or neighbors to paint their houses. They had not passed the examinations that the state required for painters' licenses! The State Supreme Court stepped in; the law was declared unconstitutional.

But neither the courts nor the legislature can be counted on to unravel the intricate web of licensing laws, and so we are faced with the necessity of finding other ways in which the interests of the public can be protected. A suggestion was made at the Governors' Conference that the public should be represented on all licensing boards, and this, I believe, would be a step in the right direction. It would at least help to make licensing a public and not a private affair. I believe it would also help to straighten out a confused situation if, as has also been suggested, each state had a single agency to deal with all registrations, examinations, and licensing regulations, and this agency were set up with an advisory committee of citizens to keep an eye on the public interest.

The ultimate solution, however, has still to be found, and it must wait until the studies that are being made in Wisconsin, Kentucky, Washington, and Oklahoma, and the one being conducted by the Council of State Governments, are completed. In the meantime let me suggest a few questions that must be answered by these investigations. The questions point more strongly than anything else I can say to the complexity and the unhappy absurdity of the situation:

(1) How many occupations in the United States are now fenced in by restrictive state legislation, and how rapidly is this coverage spreading?

(2) In each occupation, what percentage of the practitioners are new licensees each year?

(3) What percentage of applicants fail the state board examinations, and what percentage of those who have been in these occupations for more than ten years have ever taken the examinations or could pass them if they were to take them now?

(4) To what extent are the state examining boards sovereign in their activities?

(5) What are the limits within which legislatures may properly act to preserve the public health and safety without infringing upon individual freedom?

Americans take pride in their freedom. We are free to worship, to vote, to assemble, to speak our minds on public and private questions. We tell the world that our youth are free to choose the occupations for which they are suited; that the aspirations of the American boy and girl know no limits other than those imposed by native skill.

In our ignorance of what goes on in the forty-eight legislatures, have we been hoodwinked by a myth? In our misguided zeal to "protect the public" are we in fact protecting a series of businesses that proclaim the virtues of free enterprise while they are waging a subtle fight against it?

After Hours

I SUPPOSE, reluctantly, that given time and a piece of ground any man will eventually try to make something grow. He may resist and boast of his black thumb, but sooner or later he will have this presumably bedeviled digit in the earth, poking a bean into a little hill he has patted together, and he will wake up in the morning wondering whether today something green and timid will have pushed its way above ground. He may even, if he is a weekender like me who has a patch of earth a long way from where he spends the greater part of his time, arrive after dark by car and hopefully inspect his intrusion into the mysteries of nature with a flashlight. If, also like me, he has long been of the belief that nothing tame grows in the ground except things planted by farmers, garden club ladies, and their minions, and the plant genius who lived next door, there is something almost embarrassing about the sight of a bean struggling to push up a little white shoot that looks for all the world like a slug. When a few days later this slug becomes a leaf, and in another week it sits up proudly like a plant that means business, he feels a kinship with Creation that almost puts him on a first name basis with the Deity.

This is the sort of self-confidence, the sort of premature fellowship, that gets people, especially people like me, into trouble. Look at that bean, you say to yourself. Beans mean business. If beans mean business so must all seeds. Never mind what it says in the small print on the package. God means these things to grow. The Company more or less guarantees that they will grow. Just do what the Company says and God will do the rest. Let God read the small type; he's the ultimate expert in these matters anyway. . . or at least let God read the parts of the small type that you don't want to believe or can't understand. Good earth, good sun, good rain. Easy.

So you buy packages of seed with beautiful pictures on them, lovely flowers in radiant colors; the most beautiful flowers in the world are on seed packages. And you plant them in mathematical rows and cover them with a sixteenth of an inch of earth and put the empty seed package on a stick at the end of the row. You wait and water, water and wait. And then you go away, back to the city, and then you return full of hope, and you can't tell whether what you see perky and green in the ground is plant or weed and you can't remember what was planted in which row because the wind or the neighborhood kids have whisked away your markers. So you don't dare touch anything. You don't dare weed because you don't want to pull up something with a Latin name that means sweet William, or marigold, or candytuft. But soon there seems to emerge a certain order and consistency about what comes through the ground; green happens in rather neat rows, and you remember that it said on the package something about thinning them out. But how thin? It seems a desecration to pull up anything that is growing, especially anything that is growing because you put the seed in the ground. So you say to yourself what would nature do? Nature, you reply, would leave the whole thing alone to make out as best it could, so you leave the whole thing alone.

But nature doesn't leave it alone. It plans a three-way battle between the weeds and your plants and the plants and the insects, and another battle between you and the weeds, and still another battle between you and your vague memory of what it said in the small print on the seed package that blew away. And then a neighbor looks over your shoulder as you stoop near the ground. "Better weed

them," he says. "Better spray them. Better thin them out. Better fertilize them. Better use mulch."

And your belief in your black thumb comes back, the belief that you and the soil are naturally, but forgivably, incompatible. You have tried. You have been found wanting. You swear you will leave these matters to those for whom they are meant.

Then a blossom appears out of the weeds, in spite of the insects and the hungry soil, in spite of the crowded and jostling unthinned plants. A blossom, a sweet William where you thought you had put bachelor's buttons. No William was ever sweeter. No gardener ever so proud. No thumb ever less black.

Beware, those who boast of black thumbs. Unless you are prepared to give yourself to the soil, leave the seeds in their lovely packages. They can be your undoing.

Mr. and Mrs.

IN WHAT used to be Father Divine's Heaven No. 1 something close to all-hell breaks loose five afternoons a week. Ex-Heaven is also an ex-cosmetics factory that faces Central Park on the corner of 109th Street and Fifth Avenue in New York. It is a rather stylish two-story building with a Palladian air about it. Now it houses, among other television fantasies, a very down-at-heel farmhouse and a rather spruce setting for a show called "Mike and Buff."

Mike Wallace and Buff Cobb are, as you may know, a loving and decorative couple (married) who have agreed to disagree for the benefit of the public nearly every day of the week from 2:45 to 3:30. They don't quarrel; they quibble, and any subject from alcoholism to men's fashions, from how to adopt children to what you should take to your weekend hostess as a present, affords them an opportunity to be at each other. Some of their audience think that they are too affectionate on the air; some sentimental ones don't think they are affectionate enough.

"Some write in," Mrs. Wallace told me, "and ask why I never let Mike finish a sentence."

"Others," Mr. Wallace said to keep the score even, "write in and say, 'Why don't you leave that poor little girl alone?' "

When the Wallaces don't ask for letters they get about 750 a week; when they do ask for them ("Give us something to argue about, folks") the mail runs close to 2,000 or 2,500.

I FOUND this out by paying them a call at the studio recently, and as I arrived ahead of time, I chatted with the doorman for a few minutes. "They're a nice bunch of people," he told me. "It's a livelihood, anyway. They try hard. All the time you hear them talking about the budget."

They did not talk about the budget with me, for understandable reasons. They talked, at my invitation, about what is involved in keeping a forty-five-minute show on the air five days a week, and what sort of show they think they are doing.

To keep the show not only going but entertaining requires the services of four writers, a producer, a director, a production assistant, somebody to watch the finances, a secretary, and a fellow who copes with the mail. To put the show on the air takes about fifteen technicians (cameramen, grips, etc.). And so that neither Mike nor Buff nor the audience will feel lonely and to keep the daily argument from becoming a family quarrel, there are always guests on the program. There were five the afternoon I was there—a Navy submarine commander, an under-sea photographer, a magazine shopping editor, an authority from the Port of New York Authority, and a man who writes books that he thinks are funny. The guests perform, presumably, because they like to advertise themselves, which is nice for the budget. There were also a Hawaiian dancer and a guitarist who performed, but not, I suspect, for the privilege of telling their friends. You would think from the line-up that the show was a miscellany. Actually it had a theme, or on this occasion two themes. One was weekend presents (the writer and the editor were interviewed on this subject), and the other was the sea. Hawaii got dragged in by the heels, or as a writer would describe it, by an elaborate transition . . . a musical bridge between hospitality and the sea. Get it?

"What we want the audience to wonder when the show goes on the air each day," Mike said, "is 'What the hell will Mike and Buff be up to this time?' " What I imagine is in the back of the audience's mind is something quite else, for there must be something

that makes the Mr. and Mrs. formula for the radio and TV show a perennial. (There are [illegible] couples who broadcast every day in New York.) I doubt if it is just sublimation. I doubt if it is merely a lot of dreary men and women dreaming that if life had been better to them they would be just like this happy, bright, handsome couple, who meet so many interesting people and talk about such interesting things. Undoubtedly some of the audience react this way, but I doubt if many of them are taken in by what is obviously an artificial situation, artificially contrived. I'm inclined to think that the success of such programs depends on a quite different reaction. It depends not on "How wonderful to be like that," but, rather, on how really fine, if it exists at all, is the line between the "interesting" people who perform and the audience themselves. It is based on kinship rather than on wish-fulfillment.

There is a pertinent story that is told about Dame May Whitty, the great English actress. She was in a shop in London just after the war and a salesgirl was being very uppity and uncivil with her, and she grew increasingly annoyed. Finally she said to the girl, "I suppose you know who I am." And the girl said she did. "And I suppose you think you're as good as I am," said Dame May. And the girl said that she certainly did think so. And the actress snapped at her, "Then why can't you be civil to your equals?"

Mike and Buff succeed, it seems to me, precisely because, with their guests and with their audience, they are civil to their equals.

Dialogue in Distress

MOVIE-GOING ought to be easier that it is. Movies, besides being Better than Ever, are major cultural fare for consumers of popular arts. Why should it seem more and more difficult to pick a movie, to go to it, and to suffer the agony of deciding whether it was any good? Why—I ask this on the assumption that you've had similar trouble—do I often find myself conducting a dialogue between two parts of a painfully split personality?

Self, as movie-goer: "Seen any good movies lately?"

Same, non-movie-goer: "No."

M.G.: "You should be ashamed. Don't you like movies? How will you know you don't like them if you're out of touch?"

Non-M.G.: "I love movies. I used to go all the time. But it isn't fun any more. You don't go to a movie now, you go to a sociological treatise—a dose of sentimental salts, mixed with pseudo-realism so it will look sophisticated, all supposed to make you *feel* something. I'm tired. I'm tired of art films about the Great Masters. I'm tired of Italian children. I'm tired of semi-documentaries, of psychological murder mysteries, and of last year's most lugubrious Broadway play personally transcribed to the screen by Elia Kazan. I'm tired of having to get worked up over prejudice and political corruption. I'm tired of tricky camera shots that show the whole story in reflections from a glass paperweight, of somber lighting effects that tell you how tragic things are, and of character actors who look like diseased fugitives from a gallery of typical American types. I'm——"

M.G.: "I see your problem now. You're a victim of cultural lag."

Non-M.G.: "A what?"

M.G.: "Cultural lag. You've been caught up in your own pretensions. You're just trying to keep ahead of the crowd by being bored with something you're partly responsible for bringing about. Didn't you use to say, years back, that movies ought to be more mature, more realistic, more willing to deal with the serious side of experience? Didn't you think that French films were exceptionally sensitive to atmosphere, that the average B-picture was deplorable, and Orson Welles's 'Citizen Kane' had a great liberating influence and initiated a new tradition?"

Non-M.G.: "Yes, unfortunately, but——"

M.G.: "Then what are you kicking about? You forget how sensitive Hollywood is. Criticism doesn't affect the box office, but it very quickly gets under the skin of the poor self-conscious artists and technicians in the studios. They've just tried to do what people like you wanted them to—with, I must add, more success than you deserved to expect."

Non-M.G.: "But I see now that I was wrong. I used to think John Huston's 'The Maltese Falcon,' which derived from 'Citizen Kane,' was the greatest movie ever made. It was good, but not that good, and it led down the wrong galley. As Manny Farber says in the latest *Commentary,* 'Movies aren't movies

any more.' They've broken away from the main stream of American movie-making. All the good critics today—like Farber, and James Agee, and Siegfried Kracauer—long to get back to the free and gay concern with unorganized experience for its own sake, the sort of thing you got in the silent comedies. They saw this all along."

M.G.: "In other words, you think the big movie brass were right too, when they said all along that the main business of Hollywood was to entertain, and the devil with 'messages' and art."

Non-M.G.: "Don't put words in my mouth. That's one of those half-truths that are very dangerous to talk about."

M.G.: "What's wrong with saying it if it's true? You're playing a dangerous game yourself. You're trying to enjoy the highbrow's hobby of defending the lowbrow without losing your highbrow status. If some thick, brutal, sun-tanned character with a big cigar was right when you were wrong, you've got to admit it whether you like it or not."

Non.-M.G.: "But it wasn't so fashionable then for highbrows to be lowbrow. Anyway, he was right for the wrong reasons."

M.G.: "Nonsense, there's no such thing."

Non-M.G.: "All right, how far are you willing to go? Have you read Lillian Ross's articles about John Huston in the *New Yorker?*"

M.G.: "I read the first, part of the second, and part of the last, but I put the rest away until I felt stronger. Are they any good?"

Non-M.G.: "Of course they're good. She's done the job, probably as well as it can be done, of showing how a particular director and a particular movie are at the mercy of company politics. It turns out at the end that Nick Schenck let Dore Schary let John Huston make 'The Red Badge of Courage' just so that Schary would get the experience of having an arty film flop with the public—just so he'd never do it again."

M.G.: "All right, agreed that's poor; but have you read Dore Schary's book, *Case History of a Movie?*"

Non-M.G.: "I have a copy but I only dipped around in it."

M.G.: "I'll bet you did. But just compare it with the *New Yorker* articles. Both are selective: why not? They complement each other. Miss Ross found what she was looking for—gaudy behavior and internecine office warfare. It goes on, sure, but it isn't everything. All the dreary technical stuff that goes into a movie isn't right for the *New Yorker.* Ordinary people doing ordinary work—no phony glamor to shoot holes in. Schary says that by and large they are good people who do good work, and who want more than anything to make good pictures that are also financially successful. Between the two, if it's the future you're interested in, I'll take Schary."

Non-M.G.: "Now who's defending lowbrows?"

M.G.: "I'm not defending him. I just think it's a fallacy to assume that the director is the only 'creative' one and that the producer inevitably ruins art. I think the people in Hollywood would be better off (and make better pictures) if we didn't belabor them with this artificial antagonism. In the long run, I'm afraid Miss Ross's articles will merely prolong it."

Non-M.G.: "You mean she's right for the wrong reasons?"

M.G.: "You go to blazes."

Non-M.G.: "Look, let's get back to the point. What I'm saying is not so different. I've stopped enjoying movies because they make me feel self-conscious. Let's lay off, that's all I ask. I want a moratorium on movie reviews. I want to take it easy. I want to go to movies without having to care whether they're good or not."

M.G.: "Then you do care?"

Non-M.G.: "Of course I care. In the next few years, with any luck, there'll be a confluence of the old and new traditions. Can you imagine the awareness, the pliability, the extraordinary gracefulness there could be in films that used this acquired sense of tragic pertinence without being heavy-handed about it? Now that we've got this neo-naturalism under our belts they could afford to be playful again. They'd be magnificent."

M.G.: "They are."

Non-M.G.: "Beg pardon?"

M.G.: "I said, they are. If you'd only go to movies oftener you'd know how many do precisely what you say, and you wouldn't—incidentally—have given yourself so long and circular an argument."

Exeunt pianissimo.

—Mr. Harper

Beginning Next Month . . .



THE editors of *Harper's Magazine* take satisfaction in announcing the impending debut, in the September issue, of our new chief book critic, Gilbert Highet.

Mr. Highet was born in Scotland; studied at Glasgow and Oxford; was a fellow and tutor in classics at St. John's College, Oxford, from 1932 to 1937; and since then has taught at Columbia University (except during wartime, when he served in a British mission and then the British Army, winding up as a lieutenant colonel in the military government of Germany). He is now Anthon Professor of Latin at Columbia.

This formidable title, plus his output of textbooks and translations, might seem to suggest a certain remoteness from the contemporary scene; but Mr. Highet has also written two books which have been widely read as well as widely praised, *The Classical Tradition* (1949) and *The Art of Teaching* (1950); and in his lecturing he has revealed a lively catholicity of taste and interest, along with a gift for pointed comment. Since we invited him (last fall) to become our chief book critic, he has been occupied not only in teaching—and in finishing a book on Juvenal and his satires—but in demonstrating his diversity in a series of weekly radio book reviews which he has been giving under the auspices of the Oxford University Press. John Crosby, radio and television columnist for the New York *Herald Tribune,* a man ordinarily sparing in the use of superlatives, commented on these programs as follows in his column (on May 21):

> Since the late Alexander Woollcott, no one has managed to grapple successfully on the air with the subject of books. . . . An astonishingly literate and successful exception is the series of fifteen-minute talks by Gilbert Highet, the overwhelmingly erudite professor of Latin language and literature at Columbia University. . . . They are flavorsome, scholarly, charming talks, not always about the Oxford Press books, not always kind to the Oxford Press books which are mentioned. . . . Each talk is extraordinarily well constructed, an essay in its particular field, and filled with exquisite satire.

We might add that Mr. Highet is the husband of one of the most decorative of popular novelists, Helen MacInnes; that we have never known anyone who wore erudition more lightly than he; and that we are confident that the readers of *Harper's* will find him a knowledgeable, astute, and refreshing guide to the new books.

NEW BOOKS

Urbane Economies

C. Hartley Grattan

URBANITY is not the outstanding characteristic of economic discussion in our time. Too many hates are being kicked around—of Marx, of Keynes, of "socialism," of communism—for complete urbanity to be characteristic. But urbanity is not dead, even among economists who deal with central, rather than peripheral, issues. Surely John H. Williams' "An Economist's Confessions," his Presidential address to the American Economic Association in Boston last December, is a model of urbanity—and sound sense. Professor Williams even managed to say urbanely much that lesser men find they can only say angrily and with invective. For example, he says that a primary aim of economic inquiry in our society should be "the causes of wealth, based not on the given resources, already known and in use, but on the forces and incentives which increase them, and provide the growing real income and increased voluntary leisure. . . ."

This is sound—it recalls economists to Adam Smith's orientation—but it is urbane because it isn't accompanied by an insistence that we immediately retreat to Adam Smith's specific ideas on the subject. Maybe we've learned something since 1776; and maybe we can develop some good ideas yet. That seems to me to be at the heart of the trouble with so much discussion of economics: a problem, major in character, set in a contemporary context, is not proposed and explored with the full resources of our intelligence, but rather a contemporary development in fact or practice is denounced and an open or implied demand is made that to be saved we must immediately stick our heads in the sands of Ricardo, or von Mises, or who-have-you. Economics is treated, not as a sophisticated technique for dealing with a fairly wide range of social activities and facts, but as a variety of revelation. The field is infested with true believers. They know all the answers. But true believers invariably lack urbanity.

Some for the Layman

URBANE or not, the passion to communicate is undying among the economists; and they never leave off trying to communicate with outsiders. Three books designed to instruct the interested layman are ***Man, Money and Goods*** by John Gambs (Columbia University, $3.75), ***Shirtsleeve Economics*** by William A. Paton (Appleton, $4), and ***They Want to Know*** by Earl Bunting and Edward Maher (Farrar, $1.75). Of these by far the best is the Gambs book. It is, in fact, a genuinely instructive book which is also entertaining. The Paton book, much longer than the Gambs, is annoying to me because it is "folksy," a quality I find very hard to take, and because its hard and hostile dogmatism is alienating, no matter what the point being made. The Bunting and Maher book consists of answers to questions addressed in the first instance to Bunting at public meetings. Only 81 pages long, it contains at least 80 dubious remarks, including reckless and unprovable allegations like:

> . . . The dynamic upsurge of invention, technology, and industrial development which characterizes America cannot be

> stifled. It was driving to new heights in 1929 when overextension of the economy caused a depression. *The government, by tinkering with economic processes, hindered a rebound which otherwise would have been quick, and prolonged the depression far beyond its normal course.*

Should I add that the Bunting-Maher book is NAM stuff? The Gambs book gets the prize from me, not only by contrast with its immediate competitors, but as one of the best efforts I have seen to indicate to laymen how the minds of economists work and what ideas they have evolved to fit the facts of economic life. Gambs deals with men and ideas, not gods and revelations.

An excellent detailed exploration of an economist's life is ***Wesley Clair Mitchell: The Economic Scientist,*** edited by Arthur Burns (National Bureau of Economic Research, $4). To be sure it is not "light" reading, but if it is read for instruction in what kind of person one very distinguished economist was, it is completely fascinating. Mitchell was chiefly interested in establishing economic principles by arguing inductively from the facts. Some people entertain the suspicion that he often got lost in his multitudinous facts. This book shows, however, that he always knew how he would use the facts once he got them.

His factual emphasis certainly has its pitfalls—the same kind of pitfalls that menace fact-collectors in sociology or literature—but it is an absolutely indispensable corrective to undisciplined theorizing. It is worth noting that the National Bureau of Economic Research, of which Mitchell was the founding director, has done more to discipline the willful Keynesians by assembling relevant facts and publishing them than all the angry denouncers put together.

Modern Conservatives

In his ***American Conservatism in the Age of Enterprise*** Robert McCloskey (Harvard, $3.25) studies the ideas of William Graham Sumner, Stephen J. Field, and Andrew Carnegie, and provides introductory and terminal essays. It is a competent job of analysis and synthesis. McCloskey shows that these men were basically concerned with the defense of capital accumulation in private hands and the privileges the accumulators were believed by right to command. This is not the conservative rationale today. The current emphasis is on *production.* Professor Paton puts it thus: "We can't consume any more than we produce and only through increased production is a high standard of living possible." As the earlier conservatives suspected the motives of their opponents, and considered their policies dangerous when they sought to make human rights superior to property rights, so the modern conservative regards as a menace those reformers who have shifted the emphasis of thinking and action from production to "redistribution" of the resulting income. Immediately following the words quoted above Paton writes: "We must be everlastingly on our guard to check those influences and developments that tend to limit and discourage production. Among such is 'social legislation' which emphasizes diversion only. . . ."

Now I have the keenest appreciation of the point that production is central—I have written many articles in this magazine supporting that proposition—and I also believe it is vital that care should be taken to prevent redistribution policies from defeating production, but I cannot see the point of taking flight into a nirvana of negation and denouncing all policies which aim at a fairer distribution of the national production to achieve maximum welfare. It seems to me that the new conservatism based on a primary emphasis on production is as one-eyed as the old conservatism based on capital accumulation in private hands. In these matters, as in most others of life, it is a question of measure.

Ill-considered, unbalanced, all-out redistribution can lead toward social disaster. There is the example of modern England. The most sophisticated and best critique of redistribution I have yet read is ***The Ethics of Redistribution*** by Bertrand de Jouvenel (Cambridge University Press, $1.75). But a critical attitude toward a policy is not the same as total rejection. Senator Paul Douglas' ***Economy in the National Government*** (University of Chicago, $3.75) contains lessons for both the over-ardent redistributionists and their fiercer opponents. "The warfare world, not the welfare state, makes [U. S.] government expensive," says Douglas.

The Journal of a Tour to Corsica

JAMES BOSWELL

Available after many years, this is the book (printed before his classic biography of Dr. Johnson) that made Boswell famous. Delightful as a revelation of the 27-year old Boswell, it is also fascinating as a study of the gallant Corsicans, their battle for freedom against the French and Genoese, and their magnificent leader, General Paoli. Dr. Johnson called it "in a very high degree curious and delightful," and *The New Yorker* states "it still is."

at all bookstores

$2.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

THOMAS E. DEWEY's book



© Karsh, Ottawa

Journey to the FAR PACIFIC

The first complete report by a major statesman on the entire critical Pacific area . . . "As skilled an observer as any . . . Gov. Dewey saw and heard more, perhaps than any other individual, including Marco Polo, who has visited the East . . . His story is one of constant drama and suspense . . . A timely book and one of great importance." — JOHN P. MARQUAND, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION
Illustrated with 29 photographs and maps, $4.

At all booksellers **DOUBLEDAY**

NEW BOOKS

But what unchecked costs of government in a warfare world can do —that is, induce an utterly disastrous inflation—the cost of an undisciplined redistributionism can do in a peaceful world. When the two run concurrently, as they do today in Britain, the results can be shocking. But as Douglas shows, economy in government is possible, even today, provided both the conservatives and the liberals want it. The conservative pretense that only they really want it is bunk.

All the difficulties can be granted without forcing one into a panicky retreat from any interest in or support of welfare policies. McCloskey shows how Andrew Carnegie's profound dis-ease with his gospel of private capital accumulation led him to think up his doctrine of trusteeship and give away huge sums for philanthropic purposes. Rockefeller did likewise. So also, later on, did the Ford family. It is the same with the modern conservatives who found their doctrine on production. Oddly this formulation too is more satisfying to the theoreticians than to the practitioners, as McCloskey found Sumner and Field more consistent than Andrew Carnegie. A highly placed manager who has found the gospel of production insufficient is Clarence B. Randall of Inland Steel. His ***A Creed for Free Enterprise*** (Little, Brown, $2.75) is a first-rate statement of the social responsibilities of the wealthy corporation and the well-rewarded managers of them too. Mr. Randall declares:

> . . . skilled leadership within the industrial organization is not enough. It will increase production, and that the free world desperately needs, but of itself it will not solve the social problems that threaten to destroy the very system of production upon which our national welfare depends.

He therefore advocates extensive participation by corporations, through their executives and their treasuries, in promoting community welfare. He asks that leaders of business take time to understand the problems of government, even to find opportunities to participate as administrators in executing public policies. (Mr. Randall obviously learned a lot from his term with

An ambassador's wife looks at life in Russia today

POST-MARKED MOSCOW

by Lydia Kirk

A lively, witty, urbane report on the life which she and Ambassador Alan Kirk lived—and the things she saw as first lady of the U. S. Embassy in Stalin's capital city—from 1949 to 1952.

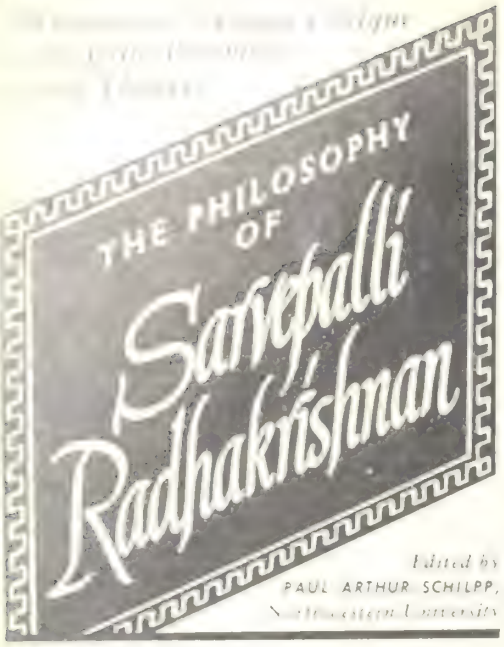
Mrs. Kirk discusses everything from the price of Nylons to Madame Vishinsky's social trepidations in a decidedly unusual and entertaining book. $3.00 at all bookstores

SCRIBNERS

That delightful bestseller!

SPQR

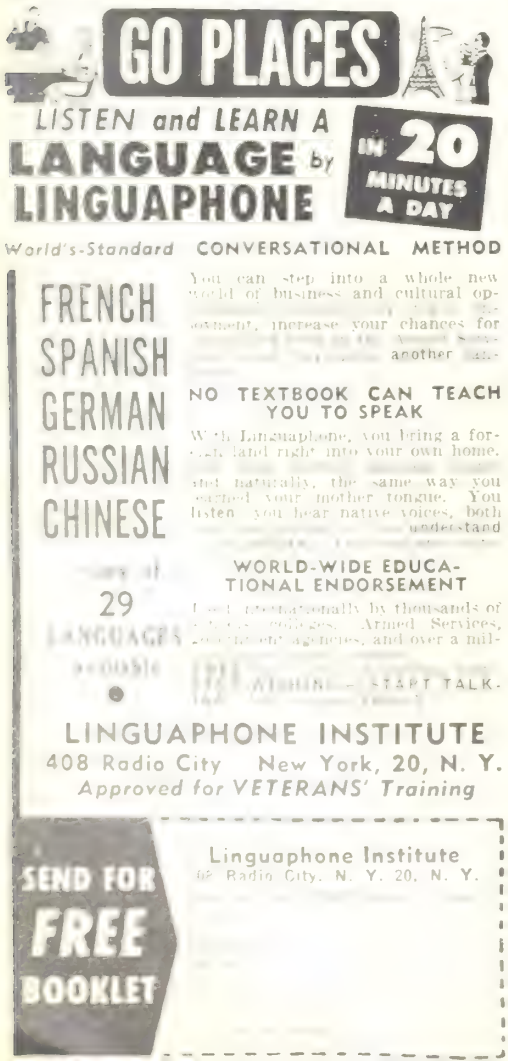
Have you discovered it yet?



23 world-renowned scholars analyze every aspect of the thought, contributions and importance of the great teacher and spiritual leader, present Vice-president of India and one of the greatest philosophers of all time. 904 pages, complete bibliography and index. Another distinguished volume in the *Library of Living Philosophers.*

$7.50 *at all bookstores,* or from

TUDOR PUBLISHING COMPANY
Dept. H-5
221 Fourth Avenue, New York 3



ECA.) He insists that business has much to learn from the academics, especially the social scientists, particularly about the relations of people under modern conditions; he states vigorously the necessity for pure scientific research and makes a case for the humanities; and he advocates that corporations help underwrite the private colleges and universities, as free business enterprisers to free intellectual enterprisers. He sees both as having an equal and similar stake in avoiding being "taken over" by government. Mr. Randall's book is a good example of the increasing sophistication of some of the top production brass. But a note of warning: he conveys a clear sense that he knows that as yet he is not representative; he is simply a portent of what may be coming. He says many harsh things about his fellows, even excoriating their general ignorance of public affairs. Mr. Randall, moreover, is simply a sophisticated conservative; he is not by any chance a liberal who has strayed into steel's top management. His criticism of the trade unions will please any of his fellows.

An Industrial Civilization

REVERTING to the quotation from John Williams at the beginning of this piece, let me recall that it ends with a reference to "increased voluntary leisure." Not only has production-conservatism begun to feel disquiet about the inability of more and more production to provide all the answers needed to meet all the social problems, but it is beginning to recognize that some of the answers may be found in the uses to which leisure is put. These uses need not all be capable of being moralized in traditional terms. They need not, in the economic sense, be productive. But it is at least possible that they should be "creative" in relation to the individual's private needs. This opens up a wide range of possible activities and suggests innumerable questions about the way in which leisure is employed today, questions which Mr. Harper is more apt at exploring than I. But the important point is that the individual must find satisfaction in his leisure, however nonsensical or wasteful his way of employing the time may appear to stern critics. The section on leisure in ***Creating an Industrial Civilization: A Report on the Corning Conference,*** edited by Eugen Staley (Harper, $4), is therefore important reading. It is highly amusing, indicative of the confusions now mucking up the question of leisure and in its way clarifying of the whole business. If, as Professor Williams indicates, leisure is pretty much on a par with real income as a product of wealth-creation today then the study of leisure will occupy more and more attention.

At Corning the discussion was more or less directed by the ideas of David Riesman and Reuel Denney, the most astute analysts of leisure we have. In general the Corning conference seems to have been in extremely competent hands. Whatever was touched upon at the roundtables—"Work and Human Values," "Leisure and Human Values," "The Individual's Sense of Community," and "Confidence in Life in Industrial Civilization"—was clarified. The issues clearly emerged, the fruitful lines of thought and inquiry were plainly indicated. The "answers" did not come up, of course, nor was it necessary that they should for the conference to be a success. The report now issued is the best report on a conference I have ever read—and I have read a lot, published and unpublished. The data papers printed in the back of the book are valuable. The Corning Glass Works, which celebrated its hundredth anniversary by joining with the American Council of Learned Societies to hold the Conference, gave one more illustration of what intelligent management is thinking about, for to celebrate an industrial anniversary by an intellectual event is surely clear evidence of concern for larger issues than more and more glass.

What is at stake is, truly, an industrial civilization. We have an industrial economy, variously rationalized, variously humanized. But the job of creating an industrial-based civilization—a civilization that is more than an accumulation of the cultural debris of past civilizations differently based—is still very much in process. At least, however, we have escaped from two obsessive ideas: (a) that industrialism is inherently hostile

civilization and must be eliminated entirely if civilization is to be developed; and (b) that only by abandoning capitalism entirely can we achieve civilization (*i.e.*, through embracing socialism).

The first of these notions can be put in perspective by recalling that we no longer take seriously the views of such as William Morris; while the second is implicit in such a brilliant statement of perspective as Robert MacIver's ***Democracy and the Economic Challenge*** (Knopf, $2.50). The fact of the matter is that life is no longer manageable on this planet without an industrial base. Practically all peoples now acknowledge this: see the remarks of the spokesmen for Mexico and India at the Corning Conference. The fact is, also, that the threat of tyranny inherent in placing the means of production exclusively in the hands of the state is so great that even in Britain the younger Socialists are backing away from the idea in horror. The likely Western compromise is now not socialism and democracy, but a mixed economy and democracy; and in the United States the mixture is plainly going to be heavily on the side of private enterprise. Dr. MacIver's emphasis on the importance of private power in keeping democracy healthy is a strong argument in favor of this decision. But to achieve really satisfactory results a vast deal remains to be done. We are identifying the areas where creative action is imperatively demanded. The Corning Conference traversed a good many of them. But we still have the industrial civilization itself to create. That is tomorrow's great creative task.

Tomorrow's Task

Books on what the task will involve, or embrace, or include are beginning to appear. There is Lyman Bryson's ***The Next America*** (Harper, $3.50) in which the negative emphasis is laid on the loss of sense of democratic participation through the rise of the great managed collectives, like industrial concerns and trade unions, and the positive emphasis is laid on opening up general access by all to the contemplative studies (*e.g.*, philosophy) and the creative arts. Bryson feels

THROUGH DECORATORS ONLY

a new kind of monthly publication that brings you a treasure trove of the finest home furnishings

EXCLUSIVELY

for you who want an intimate look at the finest furnishings for your home

You, as a consumer, have **never before** been given the opportunity of seeing (without obligation to anyone) the home furnishings available to you only through decorators: the best available, the most highly styled, the best designed and constructed. In fact, **until TDO,** there has been no consumer publication or reference book devoted to this exciting world of exclusive decorator home furnishings.

TDO's entire purpose is to bring you an intimate, unsubsidized picture of the exciting fields of fine home furnishings and to make it possible for you to select the kind of things you want while you are in the planning stage.

WHAT YOU FIND IN TDO

Each month **TDO** publishes 200-250 photographs selected from prominent makers and designers of fine traditional and contemporary furniture, fabrics, lighting, and wallcoverings. **TDO** gives you **complete** descriptions of each selection: who designed it, who makes it, its dimensions and colors, and where you can buy it.

TDO also lists decorators, architects and stores with decorating departments in your city or state who are qualified to give professional advice about your decorating problems. **TDO** promises absolute assurance that the furnishings shown and decorators listed are presented without subsidy and without any compromise by **TDO**'s editors.

TDO is available by subscription at the regular annual rate of $10 for 12 issues. Your order must be accompanied by full payment to be validated.

TDO, 237 Madison Ave., New York City 16
Sirs: I am enclosing $10 for 12 issues. Start my subscription immediately.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ **ZONE**___ **STATE**_____

the new book
almanac

Literally hundreds of books are published [illegible] week. In this flood of print that sums up so much learning and so much wit, many a fine book goes unreviewed . . . almost unannounced. Some are privately printed, others too special for the literary column. Many more are missed simply because there are so many new books that critics can find time and space for only a few with broad appeal. The New Book Almanac is planned as a reference place where publishers can call to the attention of Harper's readers, who are bookhounds of a specially eager breed, good books, reviewed or unreviewed, which they may have missed.

HISTORY

THE USES OF THE PAST: Profiles of Former Societies. By Herbert J. Muller. "A series of [illegible] essence of a number of the most significant cultures . . . Not concerned with events, but with the thought and ideas of leaders and the characteristic quality of each culture. Always well-written . . . witty and trenchant."—N. Y. Times. Oxford University Press $5.50

THE ANATOMY OF REVOLUTION, by Crane Brinton. A new and revised edition of a popular [illegible] by the distinguished author of THE JACOBINS AND MEN. Crane Brinton penetratingly analyzes what makes revolutions, who makes them [illegible] in the Western World have had in common. Prentice-Hall, Inc...$5.00

LIVING IDEAS IN AMERICA edited by Henry Steele Commager. An outstanding American historian edits a treasury of expressions of American ideas and institutions, with connecting commentary. Here are basic documents of the American idea—state papers, speeches, essays, poems, historical accounts, etc., which demonstrate that the problems we face today are actually those we have met and solved before. Harper & Brothers.....$6.00

LITERATURE

MARIA CROSS: *Imaginative Patterns in a Group of Modern Catholic Writers.* By Donat O'Donnell. "Excellent critical researches . . . tracing the central imaginative pattern of the work, as a provisional indication of the central emotional pattern of the writer (Mauriac, Bloy, Claudel, Bernanos, Peguy, [illegible] Greene and Waugh)." *New Republic.* "Brilliant critical studies."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* Oxford University Press.....$5.00

MUSIC

VARIETY MUSIC CAVALCADE, Musical-Historical [illegible] by Julius Mattfeld, with an introduction by Abel Green, Editor, Variety. A [illegible] published in the [illegible] Progress landed, giving title, composer, lyricist, publisher and date of copyright [illegible] contemporaneous events. Prentice-Hall, Inc. $10.00

TRAVEL

YOUR HOLIDAY IN CUBA by Lyman Judson and Ellen Judson. Whether you are planning your first trip, or getting ready for a return visit, you won't [illegible] which shows you the way to a less expensive, more instructive and thoroughly pleasant holiday in Cuba. Illustrated with 52 photographs, 31 maps. [illegible] $4.00

SCIENCE

THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE by Fred [illegible] by [illegible] Nothing so daring has appeared in the field of cosmology since Jeans and Eddington."—*Time.* With 12 astronomical photographs. Harper & Brothers.....$2.50

ORDER ANY OF THESE BOOKS FROM YOUR OWN BOOKSELLER

we should, without implying future neglect of them, displace the productive skills from their central place in our repertory of interests and turn our attention to releasing the human potentials for building a culture. From quite another angle, Franz Alexander in ***Our Age of Unreason*** (Lippincott, $4.50) makes a somewhat similar suggestion. Bryson sees the matter largely as a professional educator, Alexander as a psychiatrist. Clarence Randall is not so far away from them as one might at first glance suppose. Surprising ideas are burgeoning all around us about this business of an industrial civilization. It may turn out, as a result of war or other man-made catastrophe, to be simply another example of man's recurrent yearning for a creative society. It may, with luck, be the real thing.

The Size of the Cake

FINALLY, I should like to mention two books which do not quite fit into the above remarks: ***The Economics of New England*** by Seymour Harris (Harvard, $4.75), an admirably exhaustive inquiry into a case-problem of adjustment to changes forced on a section of an economy by dynamic shifts elsewhere in the larger national economy, a subject I glanced at in this magazine in a couple of articles printed in 1949; and ***British Planning and Nationalization*** by Ben W. Lewis (20th Century Fund, $3), a factual, non-critical, review, useful in forming judgments but not supplying them. They are, as a matter of fact, being supplied in the most surprising places in England itself. Who a few years ago would have forecast that today the *New Statesman and Nation* would be declaring: "In respect of the social services . . . dubiety is mainly about the practicability of advancing much further without a large increase in the size of the cake available for sharing out. In the field of nationalization, it is a matter of suspecting that the Labor planners did not get their answers quite right. . . ." And also, see the article in the *Economist* for May 24, 1952, entitled "Full Stop for Fabianism." Mr. Lewis might have risked a final chapter summing up such doubts and hesitations.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

Six Angels at My Back, by John Bel Clayton.
Ed Greaver (who tells this story) and Turkey and Mae had grown up together along the Florida coast near Jacksonville. Turkey was the oldest and Mae married him but all three lived together in the shack Ed's parents left him when they died. They lived by odd jobs and never had enough money to do more than get along from day to day with an occasional evening of "jooking" at the Beach. It sounds a dreary outline for a story, but it is written so that it includes nearly all of life—love, sorrow, temptation, self-sacrifice, joy, compassion, love of place—in a story as intense as poetry. By an author who has written several stories for this magazine. It is sold only in a paper-bound edition, a new publishing experiment. Macmillan, $1.5

The Way to Glory, by J. D. Scott.
It is hard to say what gives this small book its very great charm. Part of it is its absolute lack of pretension, but it has very positive qualities as well. It is the story of an Englishman (he hates the phrase "English gentleman" but that's what he is) who goes to Paris for a month's business trip. He is married to a woman whom he loves but who is obsessed by their lack of children after three or four years of marriage. One gathers there are tensions. In Paris he meets an has an affair with a beautiful woman and an exotic story unfolds. But the story is at the same time simple, urbane, and credible. It is not an "important" piece of work, I suppose, but it puts the problems of ordinary bright, unhysterical, middle-class people for a moment in shining perspective. The reader will remember for a long time this small bevy of characters—characters good, but not too good, and sufficiently aware of life's values and today's problems to be alternately despairing of and amused at themselves. It is a real joy to be with them. By the author of *Buy It for a Song* and *The Margin*
Knopf, $

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Matter of Conscience, by Werner ergengruen.

his book, published a month or so go, is not a book for quick reading, ut a splendid spice for slow sum- ier days. It is a murder story, and mystery story all through, but the uthor uses the murder and the ystery as a background for a kind f morality play. A priest, messenger or a Renaissance Grand Prince, is urdered in the Prince's garden in ie Italian town of Cassano. It is ie task of the Prince's chief of police find the murderer in three days be killed himself. His mistress ies to help him and becomes in- olved in frightful decisions of her vn. The whole book is a brilliant, ten witty, often profound discus- on of human behavior and motiva- ons. The conversations probe the ature of justice, fear, nobility, eed, temptation, and corruptibility d the various degrees to which manity lives up to or succumbs to em. A book that needs close atten- on but is full of rewarding wisdom d considerable wit, by a German uthor well known in Europe but ver published in this country be- re. Thames & Hudson, $3

he Red Carpet, by Dan Wicken- n.

eaders of "Leonie" in our April ue have had a taste of the feeling d perception which permeates Mr. ickenden's writing. In this novel takes an almost outworn subject d makes a bright new thing of it. young literary hopeful from Illi- is, Jason Lysander Bent by name, es to New York to seek his for- ne. The novel recounts the story his naïve adventure on the fringes the literary and dramatic world what he calls Megalopolis, and of effect on him and the people left home. Some of it is routine. ven the subject, it has to be. But lot of it is alternately either gen- ely hilarious or genuinely poig- nt and it is very lively reading. Morrow, $3.50

NON-FICTION

Journey to the Far Pacific, by homas E. Dewey.

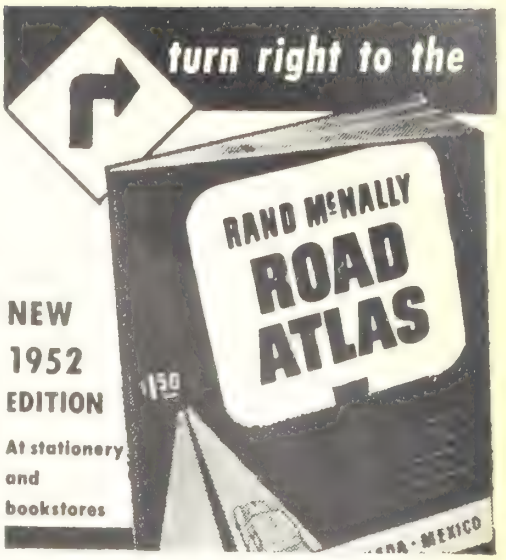
bolster a spirited plea that we e the same strong steps for de- se in the Pacific that we have taken in NATO in Europe, Mr. Dewey has written a report of his 41,000-mile trip (in 1951) to "seventeen republics, kingdoms, territories, and colonies in the Pacific area." It is a clear, straightforward account spangled pleasantly with incidents, anecdotes, sage observations, and revealing vignettes of the people he met. It is full of astute personal, political, military, and agricultural notations. (His own 300-acre dairy farm led him into talk with farmers in every country he visited as well as with GI farm boys in Korea.) Some of his findings may be matter for dispute but they will bore nobody. One page alone, on the new treatment of burns in Korea, stands as a newsworthy example of his deft handling of by-the-way observation. A most informative and enjoyable document with important policy-suggesting overtones. Midsummer selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Doubleday, $4

The Natives Are Friendly, by John F. Leeming.

A very funny, musical-comedy-type story of British officers as prisoners of war of the courteous, imaginative Italians who obviously preferred their British prisoners to their German allies. But for all its lightheartedness, these men were prisoners, away from home, and their repeated attempts to escape, repeatedly frustrated, make exciting as well as amusing reading. An entirely different POW story. Dutton, $3

The Exploration of Space, by Arthur C. Clarke.

To set the reader clear on one point, let me quote from the final chapter of this simple and absorbing book on what is still, for many, a completely unilluminated subject: "The pronouncements that space-flight is impossible, which are still occasionally made by experts in other fields of science, must be regarded as somewhat breathtaking examples of intellectual arrogance." Once that point of view is accepted, once one gets over the notion that space-flying is only something for comic strips, Hollywood, and the children, here is the book to explain just what the possibilities are—in space ships, in navigation and communication through space, in potential destina-



OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS
supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices.
(We also supply all current books at retail store prices —Postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of Harper's Magazine.)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 36, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines.

UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE
Literary Agent, established 35 years. Manuscripts criticized, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.
AGNES M. REEVE,
Dept. B, FRANKLIN, O.

ATHEIST BOOKS
32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO.
38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

SELL YOUR LITERARY SERVICES
through this effective department which reaches a highly interested audience active in the writing field. Rates for ½ in. space: $24.50; $23.28 for each of six times; or $22.05 for each of twelve times. One inch pro rata.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?
Whether you are changing your address for a few months or permanently, you will want to receive every issue of Harper's promptly. When advising us of a change of address please indicate *both* the old and new address. Please allow four weeks for effecting this change. Address all correspondence to:
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 E. 33rd St. New York 16, N. Y.

CARL SANDBURG says: "This new book of Ferril's belongs on any shelf of modern poetry pretending to be complete."



Mr. Sandburg continues: "Reading Thomas Hornsby Ferril you will find him often pure crystal. Or again he may haunt you with horizon blurs in yellow dust and green mist. On the edge of losing him you find yourself walking hand in hand with him. If I had to put Tom Ferril in a single classification, I would say, 'He belongs among the Great Companions.' He has much to tell us and sing us because he is young as any sorrel or amber colt in his poems—and he is old as the scraggiest antediluvian of the Rocky Mountains . . . His book will have its 'trial by time' and stand as one of our classics. He is poet, wit, historian, man of books and human affairs, and so definitely one of the Great Companions."

With a foreword by H. L. DAVIS

At all bookstores • $3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

tions. There is even a convincing chapter especially designed for one-planet people like me, on why we should be interested in such matters. A Book-of-the-Month Club choice for July. Harper, $3.50

Postmarked Moscow, by Lydia Kirk. The wife of the American Ambassador to Moscow, 1949-1952, has written a delightfully informal and anecdotal book that tells what it's like to live and keep house in Russia today and is, moreover, full of insight and urbane comment as to why Russians behave as they do. What's it like to have tea with Madame Vishinsky? How many lawnmowers are there in Moscow? (*Ans.:* One, at the American Embassy.) What is there in the markets? (No flowers, practically no fruit, apples at $4 a pound.) What kind of underwear do Russian women wear? What do clothes cost? What are the hospitals like? Who comes to the parties? What about housing, schools, etc? . . . It is a fascinating book and, to carp, deserved better editing and proofreading than it received. One of Mrs. Kirk's best stories is repeated twice in the course of the book—in French, to make it more marked—and once with a typographical error, one of many throughout the book. But they don't keep one from reading. Scribner, $3

FORECAST

Books and the Theater

As I write, the summer theater season is just starting up but the publishers are already set to accompany the fall openings with books on the theater and the allied arts. In September Norton is publishing an autobiography called *Here's a How-De-Do* by (you guessed it) ***Martyn Green,*** who has spent thirty-nine years of his life acting Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, mostly for the D'Oyly Carte Company. . . . In October Simon and Schuster are sponsoring an informal history of the movies, *Merely Colossal: The Story of the Movies from the Long Chase to the Chaise Longue,* by ***Arthur Mayer,*** whose work is familiar to *Harper's* readers; Knopf has scheduled in the same month *The Fabulous Fanny—The Story of Fanny Brice,* by ***Norman Katkov.*** . . . At still unspecified dates in the fall A. A. Wyn will produce a biography of the Russian film director, Sergei M. Eisenstein, by ***Marie Seton,*** who studied and worked with him, and Holt will publish a biography of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., by his niece, ***Letitia Fairbanks.*** In early 1953 Lippincott is scheduling a biography of Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier by the English journalist, ***Felix Barker;*** and, to look far into the future, in 1954, ***Gilbert Seldes*** has said that he will deliver to Knopf a biography of Isadora Duncan.

Harper's Editor

On September 3 Harper will publish editor ***Frederick Lewis Allen's*** *The Big Change.* Readers of the magazine have already had their appetites whetted by two chapters: "The Unsystematic American System" in the June issue, and "The Spirit of the Times" in July. . . .

Humor

Random House's editor ***Bennett Cerf*** has turned author again in another book of anecdotes and funny stories, *Good for a Laugh,* to be published by Garden City in October. In October, too, comes a book, *Held' Angels,* described as "a blend of nostalgia and humor"—cartoons by ***John Held, Jr.,*** text by ***Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr.*** From Crowell. Earlier in September, from Dutton, comes a new collection of ***Helen Hokinson*** drawings, *There Are Ladies Present,* God bless 'em.

Deep in the Heart Of . . .

It's a Texas fall. Little, Brown started it off this summer with *Divine Average,* a novel of pioneer Texas by ***Elithe Hamilton Kirkland.*** On September 29, Doubleday and the Book of the Month launch ***Edna Ferber's*** first novel in four years, entitled *Giant,* a contemporary story of the Lone Star state. Houghton Mifflin's two-volume longest - novel - ever - published - in - America, *Sironia, Texas,* by ***Madison A. Cooper,*** to be published on October 22, is also retrospective of the Texas past. And though the mustang is not a Texas exclusive, the author of *The Mustangs,* to be published by Little, Brown on September 29, is practically Texas walking in cowboy boots—***J. Frank Dobie.***



FRENCH LINE'S NEWEST SHIP

FLANDRE



The new and charming *Flandre*, created by famous French artisans, now joins the *Liberté* and the *Ile de France* in transatlantic service.

Named for historic Flanders, the 20,300 ton, air conditioned *Flandre* combines modernity with informal comfort—the ideal ship for both ocean crossings and cruises. Although endowed with the speed of a large liner, the *Flandre* is designed for the voyager who prefers the intimate hospitality of a smaller ship.

The beautiful *Flandre*, along with the great *Liberté* and the celebrated *Ile de France*, now offers frequent sailings to England and the Continent. On each of these ships you will enjoy matchless French cuisine and luxurious appointments—with cheerful English-speaking service. For an enchanting holiday *en route* to Europe, travel aboard France-Afloat! French Line, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.





YOUR GAY ENTRÉE TO EUROPE

French Line

Consult your authorized French Line travel agent

Minimum thrift-season, one-way rates for Plymouth (slightly higher for Le Havre): **Liberté,** First Class, $330; Cabin, $210; Tourist, $165. **Ile de France,** First Class, $325; Cabin, $210; Tourist, $165. **Flandre,** First Class, $290; Cabin, $195. **Other French Line offices:** Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Halifax, Montreal, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Ont., Vancouver, B.C., Washington, D.C., Winnipeg, Man.





. . . it's always

a pleasure

to drink . . . to serve

I. W. HARPER

since 1872

The Gold Medal Whiskey



THE *Prized* BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT *Bourbon*

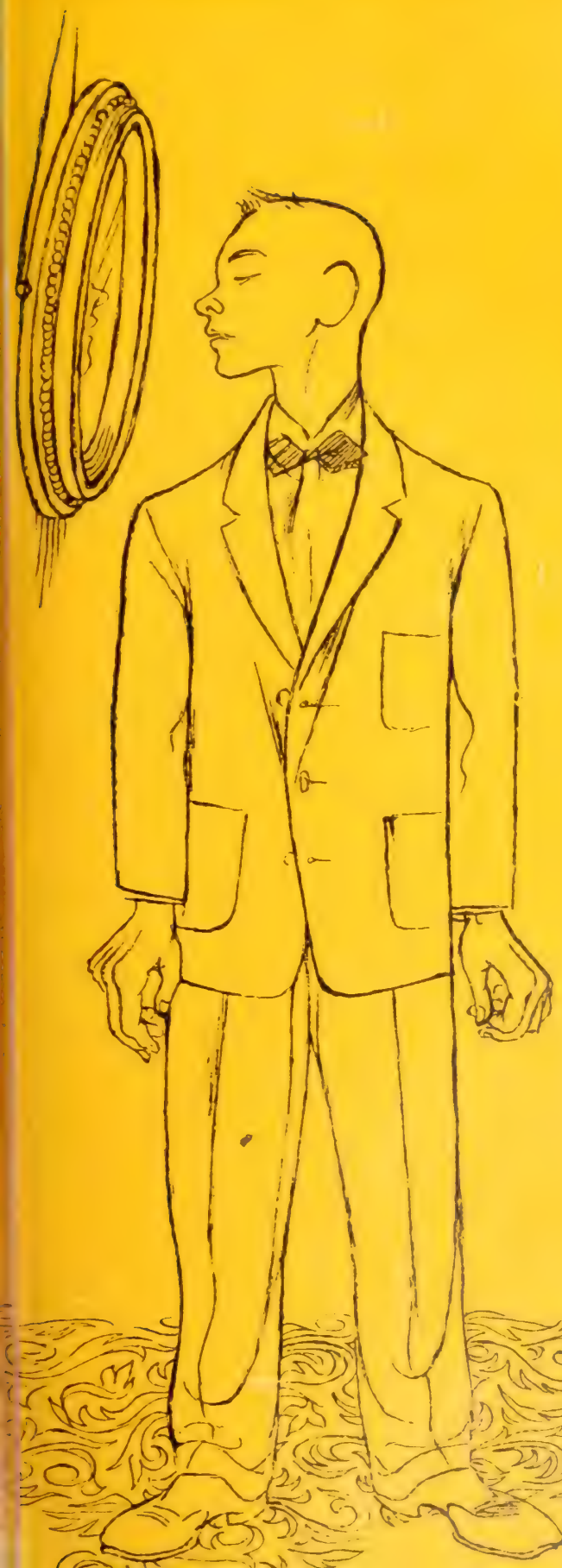
BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF. I. W. HARPER DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

GIFT

Harper's MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER
FIFTY CENTS

JA
BURLI
PUBLIC



Yale '36—
Look at Them Now! . . . .
John Hersey

"I Can't Afford
My Wife's Job" . . . . . .
Frances McFadden

Tuxedo Park—
Black Tie . . . . . .
Cleveland Amory

Krilium and Its Rivals . . .
Harland Manchester

Boy into Man

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"

The Medal SCOTCH *of the World*

Famed are the clans of Scotland . . .
their colorful tartans worn in glory
through the centuries. Famous, too,
is Dewar's White Label and
Victoria Vat, forever and always
a wee bit o' Scotland
in a bottle!



Traditional Tarta
of Clan MacIntyr

for distinguished service

White Label

World's Scotch for connoisseurs

Victoria Vat

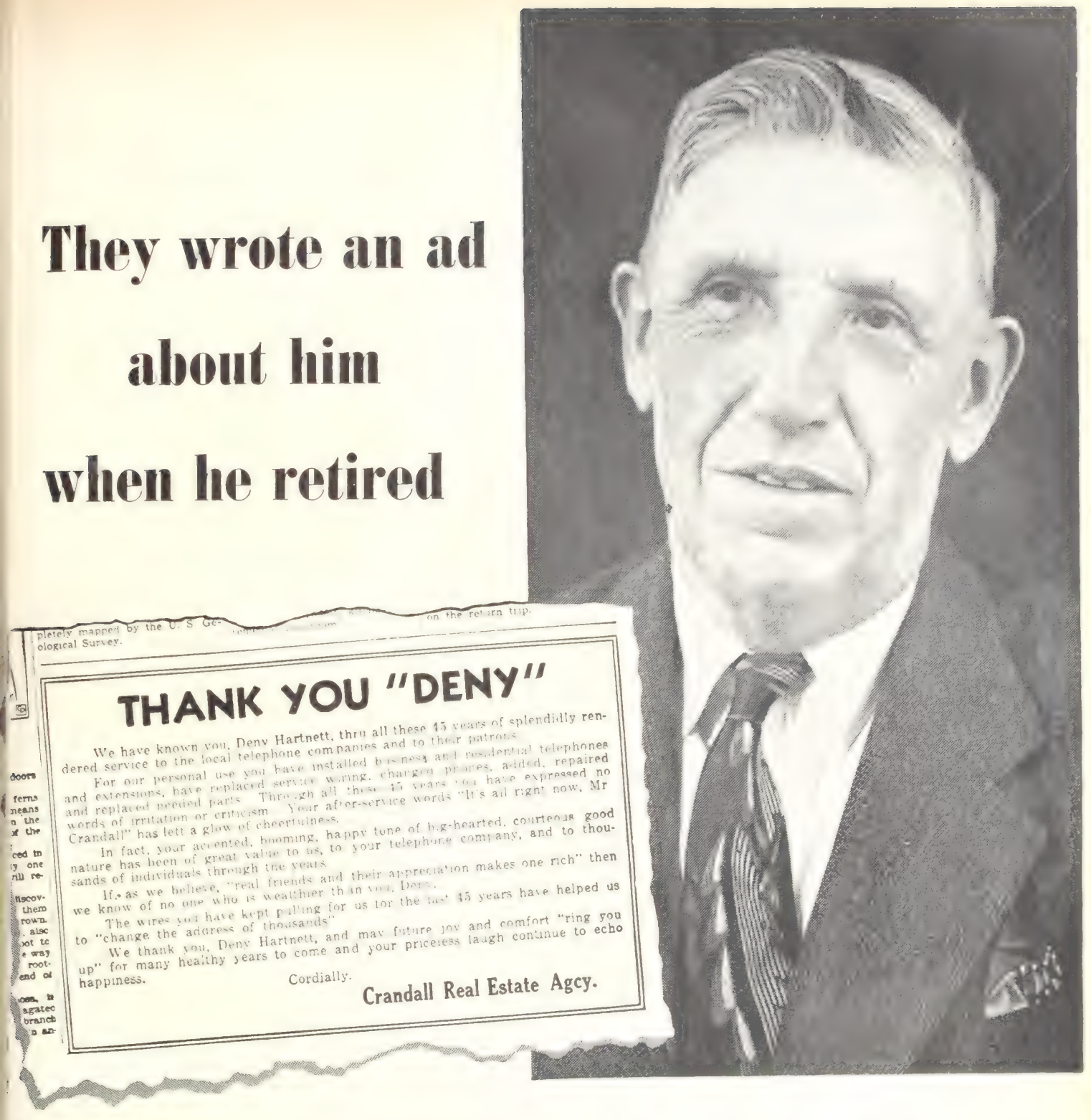
"Nine Finest"



© Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

IMPORTED by Schenley

They wrote an ad about him when he retired



pletely mapped by the U. S. Ge- on the return trip.
ological Survey.

THANK YOU "DENY"

We have known you, Deny Hartnett, thru all these 45 years of splendidly rendered service to the local telephone companies and to their patrons.

For our personal use you have installed business and residential telephones and extensions, have replaced service wiring, changed prones, added, repaired and replaced needed parts. Through all these 45 years you have expressed no words of irritation or criticism. Your after-service words "It's all right now, Mr Crandall" has left a glow of cheerfulness.

In fact, your accented, booming, happy tone of big-hearted, courteous good nature has been of great value to us, to your telephone company, and to thousands of individuals through the years.

If, as we believe, "real friends and their appreciation makes one rich" then we know of no one who is wealthier than you, Deny.

The wires you have kept pulling for us for the last 45 years have helped us to "change the address of thousands".

We thank you, Deny Hartnett, and may future joy and comfort "ring you up" for many healthy years to come and your priceless laugh continue to echo happiness.

Cordially,

Crandall Real Estate Agcy.

DENIS HARTNETT WAS "MR. TELEPHONE" TO THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE IN THE TOWN

There was many a word of praise and affection for Denis Hartnett when he retired in Homer, N. Y.

In fact, a local businessman walked into the newspaper office and said he'd like to run an ad about him. "Good idea," they said. "Everybody around here knows Deny."

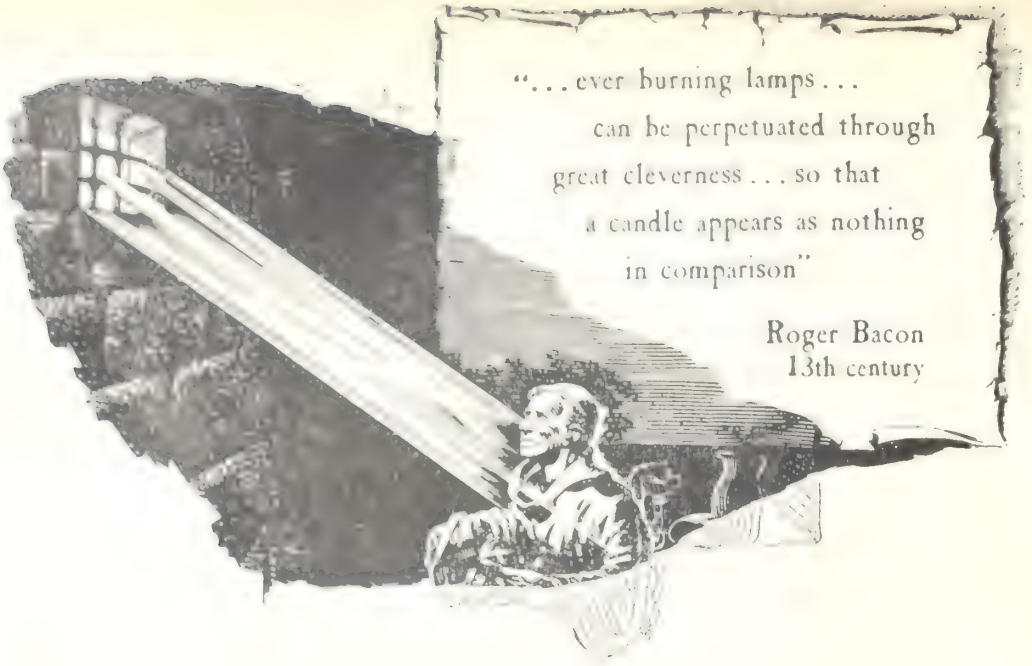
The advertisement is reproduced above — a tribute to forty-five years of faithful service.

The story of Deny Hartnett illustrates the local character of the telephone business.

For the telephone company isn't something far away but right on the main street . . . managed and operated by home-town people.

Their spirit of service makes them good neighbors and good citizens as well as good telephone men and women.

Nearly 97% of all Bell Telephone calls are local . . . **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



Dear Roger:

We have yours of the year 1267 in front of us, and we have good news for you.

Remember how you got jailed for the "ever-burning lamp"? And spent a little jail time for this and other such sorcerer's ideas?

Well, you were right after all. A man named Edison along about 1879 made a lamp that burned day and night and didn't need any oil, either.

Only trouble was, the lamp was an expensive thing, and power facilities were limited. Few people had money enough to buy lamps. Even three years after the invention, there were only 59 customers.

Those days, a man would have had to dig in his pocket for $5 to pay for light a fellow now takes home for 15¢. This lamp thing is about thirty times [illegible] power.

A group of men with scientific, questing minds like yours, Roger, got together, calling themselves "General Electric," and after a few years' work and much money spent, had your lamp so millions of [illegible] afford it.

Here are the figures for an ordinary size lamp:

Date	*List Price*	*Light Output (lumens)*
1880	$1.00	170
1914	.45	552
1929	.22	690
1952	.14 *(plus tax)*	835

See how the light increases and the price goes down? That took some doing, Roger, more especially nowadays when everything a man buys seems to cost more, not less.

We're still "inventing the lamp" at General Electric. Lamps and a few thousand other things that would have delighted you.

Nobody can read in advance the pages of tomorrow's newspaper, or next year's. But we believe this. Research and engineering will continue to make life easier for more people.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
Editor in Chief

RUSSELL LYNES
KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON
ERIC LARRABEE
CATHARINE MEYER
ANNE G. FREEDGOOD
Editors

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN
JOHN FISCHER
RICHARD H. ROVERE
Contributing Editors

JOHN JAY HUGHES
Assistant to the Publisher
Circulation Director

HARPER & BROTHERS
PUBLISHERS

CASS CANFIELD
Chairman of the Board

FRANK S. MACGREGOR
President

RAYMOND C. HARWOOD
Executive Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
WILLIAM H. ROSE, JR.
EDWARD J. TYLER, JR.
Vice Presidents

For advertising data, consult HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC., 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y. Telephone: Murray Hill 3-5225.

Harper's Magazine, issue for September 1952. Vol. 205. Serial No. 1228. Copyright 1952 in the United States and Great Britain by Harper & Brothers. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.
Published monthly by Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y. Composed and printed in the U.S.A. by union labor at the Williams Press, 99-129 North Broadway, Albany, New York. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Subscription Rates: 50¢ per copy; $5.00 one year; $8.00 two years; $10 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan America—$1.50 per year additional.
Change of Address: Four weeks' advance notice, and old address as well as new, are necessary. Address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to: Subscription Dept., 49 E. 33d St., New York 16. N. Y.

Harper's MAGAZINE

Vol. 205 SEPTEMBER 1952 No. 1228

PERSONAL & OTHERWISE 4

LETTERS 16

YALE '36—LOOK AT THEM NOW
John Hersey 21

BOY INTO MAN
Bentz Plagemann 29

A QUARTET OF ELDERS—*Poems*
Phyllis McGinley 35

THE TURNING POINT FOR LEWIS & CLARK
Bernard DeVoto 36

KRILIUM AND ITS RIVALS
Harland Manchester 44

SAFARI—*A Poem*
Evelyn Ames 49

THE SECRET WEAPON OF JOE SMITH—*A Story*
Robert Wallace 50

DE GASPERI, STATESMAN OF THE DARK HOURS
G. E. Jones 54

"I CAN'T AFFORD MY WIFE'S JOB"
Frances McFadden 62

THE MAN ON THE TRESTLE—*A Story*
Hughes Rudd 66

THE EASY CHAIR—*The End of the Stalwarts*
Bernard DeVoto 78

TUXEDO PARK—BLACK TIE
Cleveland Amory 82

FOOTNOTE TO THE CLASS STRUGGLE 90

AFTER HOURS
Mr. Harper 91

NEW BOOKS
Gilbert Highet 94

BOOKS IN BRIEF
Katherine Gauss Jackson 99

THE NEW RECORDINGS
Edward Tatnall Canby 102

Cover by Bernarda Bryson

Personal & Otherwise

For a reason which might not occur to you unless we mentioned it, this September number, in a highly political year, takes hardly a glance at politics. Only Bernard DeVoto has anything to say about the campaign, and even he, in his Easy Chair, gives it less space than he elsewhere gives to Lewis and Clark. The reason is not that the Magazine is weary of the political scene. We are as fascinated with it as in the recent months when we were printing Rovere on Taft and Truman, Lodge on Eisenhower, De Voto on Stevenson, Harrison on Governor Warren, and Louis Bean on the election prospects.

The reason is simply that this issue of *Harper's* must go to press in mid-July; that we won't know until it is in page-proof who the Democratic nominee will be; and that the writers on whom we are counting for political light and leading are therefore holding their fire until next month, when—unless all signs fail—the Magazine will abundantly do its duty by the candidates and the issues.

Meanwhile we are concentrating much of our attention this month—and yours, we trust—upon a sort of composite study of a more or less defined social group in the United States, which might be characterized, in the face of probable shouts of protest, as upper-class, well-to-do, Depression-reared, well-educated, near-middle-aged, and Eastern-seaboard-oriented. The authors of this composite study—***John Hersey*** ("Yale '36—Look at Them Now," p. 21), ***Bentz Plagemann*** ("Boy into Man," p. 29), and ***Frances McFadden*** (" 'I Can't Afford My Wife's Job,' " p. 62)—did not collaborate with one another, never saw one another's manuscripts, gave us wholly separate and independent contributions, but nevertheless complement one another rather neatly.

John Hersey's subjects, the members of the Yale Class of 1936, are of course a pretty inclusive lot; since Yale is a national university, a good many of them have little connection with the Eastern seaboard beyond the fact that they spent a few formative years at New Haven. But there are probably some Yale men of '36 among the parents who send their sons—whether from Connecticut or from California—to Mr. Plagemann's New England boarding school; and it is very likely that at least a few of them are quite at home in the metropolitan milieu of publishers, journalists, advertising executives, and professional men and women in which Miss McFadden's lawyer laments the high cost of his wife's job.

A moment ago we called this group upper-class. A word of explanation is in order. Undoubtedly virtually all of them call themselves middle-class. But look at the economics of the situation—at the incomes reported for Yale '36 by Mr. Hersey, at the incomes earned by Miss McFadden's married couple, and at the presumable cost of sending Goggle to that polite boarding school with the Brooks Brothers tradition of attire—and then consider that a little less than 3 per cent of the families in the United States today have incomes of over $10,000 a year. An upper class which included less than 3 per cent of the population would be a small one indeed. Whether the

This once-in-a-Lifetime performance yours anytime on Columbia

LP *Masterworks Records*

STARRING THE BRILLIANT ORIGINAL CAST

CHARLES BOYER
CHARLES LAUGHTON
AGNES MOOREHEAD
CEDRIC HARDWICKE

The *complete*, uncut performance on two 12" LP Records SL166. The first and only recorded presentation of any Shaw work! A rare treasure for your record library!

Columbia

LP

Records

EXCLUSIVELY

Trade-Marks "Columbia," "Masterworks,"
℗, ℗ Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marcas Registradas

BERNARD SHAW'S

DON JUAN IN HELL



of several months ago—a considerable time before the conventions—they showed a heavy preference for Eisenhower, and although comparatively few of them were for Taft, more favored him than all the Democratic candidates put together. Their preferences put us in mind of some other Yale figures which P & O happened to get a glimpse of the other day—figures on the political choices of the wives, not of '36, but of '37. These Yale wives, over 260 of them, were polled in April and May, some weeks before the First Battle of Chicago. A heavy majority wanted to see Eisenhower in the White House; it occurred to us when we saw the record of this poll that the Republicans at Chicago could have saved themselves a lot of sweat, lung-power, and expense, without any change in the result, if they had let the Yale wives do their voting for them. Taft scored about a third as many Yale-wife votes as Eisenhower; no Democrat got more than a handful; Truman got exactly one out of over 260. And when those wives of Yale '37 were asked to name three national public characters whom they disliked, what name do you suppose led all the rest? You're right: Harry Truman's—with Senator McCarthy nosing out John L. Lewis for second place.

Few of the '37 wives, few of the '36 wives, have jobs—far fewer than we'd have guessed. (We wonder if the percentage of two-income families would be larger in a University of Texas or University of California poll?) Whether the ladies cleave to the domestic life for the reasons suggested in Miss McFadden's article, we don't know. But we are impressed too by the low divorce rate among them; and we respectfully ask those Jeremiahs who are constantly bewailing the decline of the American family to take another look around. Do Yale men, of the approximate age of thirty-seven, constitute an island of domesticity in a wide sea of individualism and promiscuity? We doubt it. In fact, we think Mr. Hersey has produced one more piece of evidence that the era we are now living in is an era of domesticity triumphant—the era of the joint effort at dishwashing, of joint concern over the children's report cards, of total family concentration upon the crisis of Goggle's packing for the trip to school. Old-time male arrogance and old-time feminism are alike succumbing to the satisfactions and incessant demands of hearth and home.

MR. HERSEY'S classmates offer an especially interesting subject for study because of the age-group they represent. They were virtually children of the Depression. The crash of 1929 took place while they were schoolboys of fourteen or fifteen; the banks were closed, and Franklin Roosevelt entered the White House, when they were freshmen. They have never yet had a chance to vote for a successful Republican candidate for President. It was of their age-group of collegians that the editors of *Fortune* wrote in 1936: "The present-day college generation is fatalistic . . . it will not stick its neck out. It keeps its pants buttoned, its chin up, and its mouth shut. If we take the mean average to be the truth, it is a cautious, subdued, unadventurous generation." Jobs were still pretty scarce when these boys left New Haven, and they had the further handicap of being of military age when World War II broke out; most of them must have had their careers delayed for years by reason of wartime service. And yet look at their present economic fortunes! Unless it was chiefly the more successful members of the class who reported, or unless Mr. Hersey has concentrated unduly upon the livelier careers, these men would seem, as a group, to have made out pretty well. There are scant signs that they have preferred safety to adventure, as many of their contemporaries showed early signs of doing; or, for that matter, that their careers have been grievously stifled by the political or economic vagaries of our day.

Yet they certainly do not attribute their financially satisfactory circumstances to the twenty-year rule of the Democratic party. Close to 70 per cent of them are Republicans. In 1948, over 75 per cent voted for Dewey. As

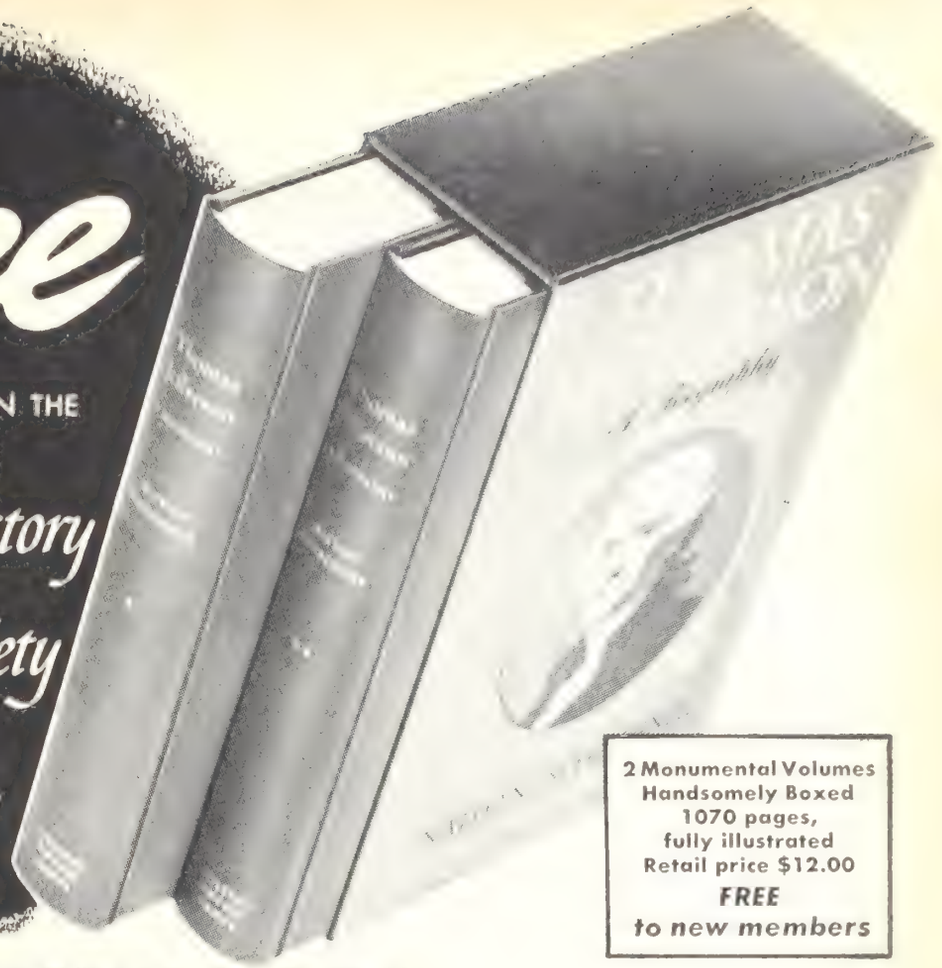
Free

TO NEW MEMBERS WHO NOW JOIN THE

American History Publication Society

Established 1951

A BOOK CLUB DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO AMERICAN HISTORY



2 Monumental Volumes
Handsomely Boxed
1070 pages,
fully illustrated
Retail price $12.00
FREE
to new members

THOMAS JEFFERSON

By NATHAN SCHACHNER

Without question the greatest life of Jefferson yet published! Because it is the *only complete* biography of Jefferson . . . because it is the highly readable, illuminating work of a master historian . . . because it has sought out the facts and discarded the myths about our greatest political philosopher, it is a book you will want to own.

". . . the best Jefferson biography I have seen is 'Thomas Jefferson' by Nathan Schachner."— Orville Prescott, The New York Times.

Start Your Membership with



PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF

U. S. GRANT

Edited by E. B. LONG

Unsurpassed in detail and clarity is this straightforward, over-all picture of the War Between the States. Through Grant's eyes the planning of battles, campaigns, strategy, problems of supply, recruiting, the whole war is brought into sharp relief. Completed only days before his death, the *Memoirs* offers the full account of this able, but simple, man who rose from the masses to lead the Union armies in making the nation indissoluble.

Retail price $6.00
Member's price $4.75

YOUR PRIVILEGES AS A MEMBER

The American History Publication Society *was organized to help its members build a library of* Americana *— books of permanent worth . . . and save as much as 40% or more!*

The Society encourages publication of important new works by offering awards to outstanding writers in American history . . . and reprints rare, out-of-print classics that only a few fortunate collectors now own.

Each month the Society selects an outstanding current book. This and other important books are described in *Americana,* the Society's monthly publication which you receive *free.* If you do not want the forthcoming selection, you simply return a printed form which is always supplied. You accept and pay only for the books you want, *after* you receive them, at the special reduced member's price plus a small fixed mailing charge. You enroll for no fixed term and may accept as few as four Society selections a year to enjoy all membership privileges.

It costs nothing to join. Signing and mailing coupon below enrolls you. For each additional four selections you accept, you receive a valuable Bonus Book FREE! On joining, you receive the handsome 2-volume set of *Thomas Jefferson* FREE with your first selection.



This coupon makes you a member

AMERICAN HISTORY PUBLICATION SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. H-5, 11 East 36th St., New York 16, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive FREE, as a gift upon joining, *Thomas Jefferson,* together with my first selection, *Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant* at the special, low member's price of $4.75 plus 50¢ postage and packing charge. I will receive *Americana* free every month and a FREE Bonus Book for each additional four selections I buy. My only obligation is to accept four Society selections the first year I am a member.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone .... State .....

The Stock that money can't buy!

What's the one thing people ask us about all the time. The one that's bound to go up . . . that pays at least 10% on your money . . . that won't ever sell for less than you paid for it.

Well, that stock just doesn't exist. We don't have it. No broker does.

There are stocks, of course, that offer better-than-average opportunities for price appreciation over the years ahead . . .

There are stocks that now yield 5%, 6%—even 8% or more on your money . . .

There are stocks with a long-term record of relative price stability.

We *could* name a number of each—but we won't. Because the same stock is seldom suitable for *two* investment objectives—let alone three!

Which stocks *you* should buy will depend on *your* situation—the risks you can afford, the rewards you seek.

But if you'll tell us about those, we'll be glad to draw up a complete and detailed program showing you just what your money *can* buy.

There's no charge, no obligation, whether you're a customer or not. Simply address [illegible]

Investment Securities

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

[illegible]

P & O

One serious omission we did note in Mr. Hersey's article. He listed the titles of various books written by classmates of '36, but failed to include *Men on Bataan* (1942), *Into the Valley* (1943), *A Bell for Adano* (1944), *Hiroshima* (1946), or *The Wall* (1950)—all of them produced by one of America's leading men of letters, John Hersey. In somewhat expanded form this article will serve as the opening chapter of a forthcoming Class Report of Yale '36.

We have already published three stories by Bentz Plagemann: "The Best Bread," "Full Circle," and "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Grocery Clerk"; he has also written three novels—*William Walter, All for the Best,* and *Into the Labyrinth* —and a book about his battle with poliomyelitis called *My Place to Stand.* (He came down with polio during his wartime Navy service in North Africa and it hit him hard; today he walks with a brace and cane.)

At present he has another novel on the way. Born and bred in Ohio, he now lives just outside New York City at Palisades, Rockland County.

The artist who made the drawings of Goggle's transformation—as climaxed in the cover picture—is ***Bernarda Bryson.*** Miss Bryson is a working wife who adjusts the problem of caring for husband (Ben Shahn, the painter), home, and three children, along with carrying on a profession, by being a free lance. In her exhibition in the Art School Gallery of the Brooklyn Museum last winter, some of the outstanding work was the gallery of portraits of political figures which she did for us.

By happy coincidence, the boy Goggle is just the age of the Shahns' boy Jonathan. This past summer Mr. Shahn taught at Ohio University in Athens, Ohio, where Miss Bryson and her parents had gone to college.

As for Frances McFadden, who for many years was managing editor of *Harper's Bazaar,* she was raised in Greenwich, Connecticut, but has also put in considerable time in Chicago and in foreign parts; and she was in Chicago when she wrote "'I Can't Afford My Wife's Job'"—a fact which we mention because some readers might imagine the article to



MEXICO

Pulsing with life and progress, abreast of the times in the arts, social services, and sciences... Mexico! Thrill to the surging-forward new world, from the newest and best in hotels to gayest of seasons at beaches, spas, and resorts. You'll never forget Mexico because its ancient culture is framed in a modern life full of attractions.

MEXICO

Where life is different!

DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO

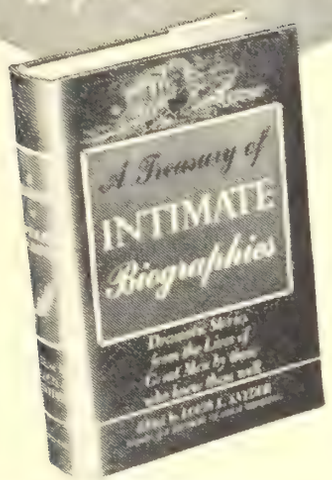
Av. Juarez 89 Mexico, D. F.

- New York, 630 Fifth Avenue
- Chicago 333 N. Michigan Blvd.
- Los Angeles, 511 W. 6th St.
- San Antonio, 518 W. Houston
- New Orleans, Whitney Bldg.
- Miami, 40 Columbus Arcade
- Houston, Pan American World Airways Bldg.

FREE A Fine BIOGRAPHY EVERY MONTH!

with your selection from the Biography Book Club

PLUS this 2nd FREE BIOGRAPHY if you join now



dramatic stories from lives of great men by those who knew them well

A TREASURY OF INTIMATE BIOGRAPHIES

Edited by LOUIS L. SNYDER

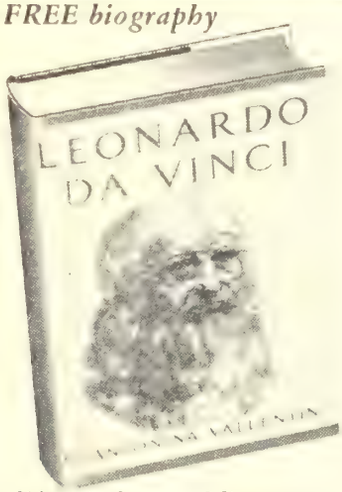
From Socrates, Constantine, and Michelangelo to Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, and Joseph Stalin, 44 of history's great figures are presented in portraits etched from life—by on-the-spot biographers. In most cases, the biographers themselves are writers of distinction whose work belongs to the heritage of great literature—Xenophon, Vasari, Boswell, Southey, Froude, Carlyle, Vincent Sheean, and others.

384 pages—Regular retail price $5.00

Your FREE membership gift

$16 worth of books for only $6.00 if you join now

your first FREE biography



the life of the world's most versatile genius

LEONARDO DA VINCI

The Tragic Pursuit of Perfection

By ANTONINA VALLENTIN

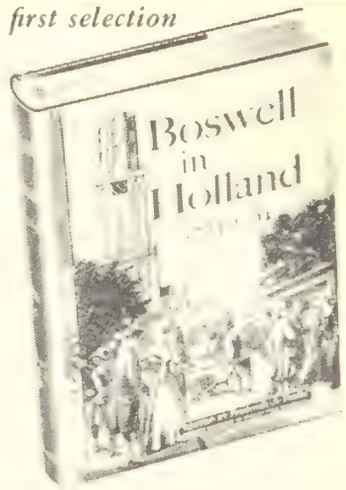
The extraordinary, the hidden, the untried, fascinated this greatest genius of Western civilization. Here is the inspiring record of his diversified accomplishments; their critical evaluation; together with a clear analysis of his magnificient masterpieces. This penetrating biography presents the first complete portrait of the man whose artistic and scientific achievements probably never will be rivaled.

561 pages, 35 gravure illustrations

Retail price $5.00

YOURS FREE with *Boswell In Holland*

your first selection



the sequel to the memorable London Journal

BOSWELL IN HOLLAND

1763-1764

Edited by FREDERICK A. POTTLE

A full account of all that Boswell did and thought and was during his sojourn in 18th Century Holland. Professor Pottle's chronological selections from Boswell's extensive correspondence and memoranda reveal Samuel Johnson's celebrated biographer as a personality of infinite variety. Boswell's letters to his beloved Zelide, climaxing this illuminating work, are among the most astonishing and entertaining ever published.

433 pages, with illustrations, index

$6.00

Join Now— ENJOY THESE MEMBERSHIP PRIVILEGES

It's true! The *Biography Book Club* eliminates long waits between bonus books.

This distinguished book club brings you the lives of famous men and women . . . significant, thrilling, true stories of mighty figures and memorable events. Every month, the editors select a really worthwhile biography—a book you will enjoy and treasure. If you want this selection, you receive with it *another* fine biography of comparable importance and value—FREE. Both the Club's selection and this FREE Bonus Book are original editions; never reprints. Yet you never pay more than the regular retail price for the Club's selections.

As a member, you also receive *Great Lives*, the Club's monthly publication *free*. This describes the next month's selection and FREE Bonus Book, as well as other important books. If you do not want the forthcoming selection, you simply return a printed form which is always supplied. You pay only for the books you want, *after* you receive them, plus a small fixed mailing charge. You enroll for no fixed term. From the many important selections offered, you may buy as few as four a year.

It costs nothing to join! Signing and mailing coupon below enrolls you. On joining, you receive *Boswell In Holland* as your first selection, at the regular price, plus *Leonardo Da Vinci* as your first FREE Bonus Book. As a special gift for joining now, you also receive *A Treasury of Intimate Biographies* FREE.

This coupon makes you a member

BIOGRAPHY BOOK CLUB, Inc., Dept. H-2, 11 East 36th St., New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive free, as a gift upon joining, *A Treasury of Intimate Biographies*. With it, send as my first selection *Boswell In Holland* at the regular price of $6.00 plus 30c postage and handling charge, and my first FREE Bonus Book *Leonardo Da Vinci*. I will receive *Great Lives* free every month. From the many books offered, I will accept at least four Club selections the first year I am a member. With each selection I buy I will receive a Bonus Book FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Zone.....State.....

It did
happen
here...

From [illegible] of the war we all talked about how the world would [illegible] when peace came —how we'd all be going places and doing things like crazy. Today, American people are taking to the road, the sky, and the sea in numbers and in a fashion never before known.

72,000,000 Americans will get up and go by auto this year. [illegible] and airlines going abroad are jammed. Rome, Paris, and London hotels are sold out. Spain, Africa, Hawaii, and South America are being deluged with American visitors.

We're happy that the authoritative voice and medium of this mass hegira is HOLIDAY. HOLIDAY is America's—and the world's—playground in print. It is your guide, your companion for the days and hours you spend away from work. It was inspired to reflect this new *mobile* way of life—to mirror our modern, pleasurable way of living at home and on holiday, away from home.

The September issue of HOLIDAY, now on the stands, contains articles on Norway by Robert Capa, Murray Bay up in Canada by George Frazier, Colorado by Debs Meyers—all knowingly written, all beautifully illustrated. There are, [illegible] to customize today's

is based entirely upon the life of a rather specialized group of New Yorkers, who are considered by many residents of less frantic communities to lead a singularly artificialized life.

ARTICLES such as Miss McFadden's constantly remind us of the relativity of personal financial problems. These pieces provoke, almost unvaryingly, a storm of letters to the editors; a reader may be more impressed by "An Open Letter to Teachers" or "Laws Won't Stop Strikes" than by "Going Broke on $10,000 a Year," but it is the latter which drives men and women to the writing desk or the typewriter, to blow off steam on what they regard as Mr. Jay Taylor's absurd standard of living. See Letters column. After having read a great many such blasts over a considerable number of years, we have come to two conclusions—first, that almost nobody can work up any sympathy for anybody whose income is over 25 per cent larger than his own; and second, that there is very little meeting of minds between those who prefer to spend money for beefsteak and those who prefer to spend it for cocktails; between those who would scorn taxicabs for the sake of a summer cottage and those who would spend their weekends in a shack, or swelter in a city apartment in August, for the privilege of hailing taxis at will; between the concert-goers and the proprietors of sailboats. Yet these problems are, it seems to us, unfailingly interesting, whether they relate to living high on a $2,000 income or feeling strapped on a $50,000 one. P & O remembers having been a member of a suburban discussion group, years ago, an assortment of husbands and wives who gathered on Sunday evenings once a month to talk free will *vs.* determinism, progressive education *vs.* discipline, and suchlike grave topics. Said a young matron of the group, one evening, "Wouldn't it be much more interesting for each couple to tell what their income is and how they spend it?" It certainly would have been; but P & O doubts if we would have been able to maintain the air of almost Olympian detachment with which we approached a discussion of, let us say, the prime qualities of leader-

Historian at Work

With the publication of *The Course of Empire* on October 23, ***Bernard DeVoto*** will bring to an august conclusion the disorderly stint of writing which began—as he told readers of the Easy Chair this June—in 1936. "Being a thrifty worker," as he wrote, Mr. DeVoto has frequently culled the early fruits of his historical researches and made good copy of them, keeping no secret of his craft's techniques or of the vantage point from which he views the American past. Thus P & O, being a thrifty writer himself, takes an opportunity to gloss "The Turning Point for Lewis & Clark" (p. 36) with embroidery the author himself has provided.

In the Easy Chair and elsewhere in these pages, over more than a decade now, the DeVoto thesis has been exposed to view piecemeal, a process of which P & O must confess to being an enthralled and by no means disinterested observer. It has revealed a spacious conception of the historical experiment on this land-mass, of the American experience as interlocked with a continental geography, that is much more rigorous and inclusive than you might suppose in coming upon it a fragment at a time. Now that "American Studies" take up more and more pages in college catalogues, the danger increases that historical practice might (as one of the most distinguished of Western history professors has put it) "die at the top," faltering before the necessity to entertain such a large-scale panorama as Mr. DeVoto's "The Century" in our Centennial issue.

Few historians, of course, have belabored their profession on this point quite so vigorously as Mr. DeVoto has himself (see our back numbers for July 1943, April 1949, and April 1950). He has never been one to refuse battle on an issue of bitterly continuous controversy like the Civil War (May 1945, February and March 1946), nor has he hesitated to draw parallels between our past and present fortitude in the face of national stress (February and July 1951). Yet the theme to which he has returned most often—and to P & O's mind most suggestively—is the geography of exploration, the

Note the ☆ UNDERWOODS wherever you go!



Now! over 7,000,000 ☆ of them!

No wonder Underwood is the typewriter leader of the world

That represents a lot of typewriters for business . . . perhaps more than you'd think possible from one manufacturer.

Have YOU seen the *new* Underwood Typewriter with that smooth, *s-m-o-o-t-h* touch and Underwood's exclusive See-Set Margins.

Ask your local Underwood representative to give you a demonstration. There is no obligation on your part.

Then you'll see, too . . . and quickly . . . why over seven million Underwoods have been purchased to speed so much of the world's typing.

Underwood Corporation

Typewriters • Adding Machines • Accounting Machines
Carbon Paper • Ribbons

One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Underwood Limited, Toronto 1, Canada
Sales and Service Everywhere

© 1952

Underwood *Rhythm Touch* **DeLuxe**

GO PLACES

LISTEN and LEARN ANOTHER LANGUAGE by LINGUAPHONE



IN 20 MINUTES A DAY

World's-Standard Conversational Method

French
Spanish
German
Italian
Russian
Japanese
Portuguese
any of
29
Languages

Another Language Another Opportunity

You can add to your opportunities, enjoy life more when you speak *another* language — Step into a whole new world of business, professional and cultural opportunities—Double your travel and leisure time enjoyment. Increase your chances for specialized work and better ratings in the Armed Services.

YOU LISTEN AND LEARN

You're never too old to learn a language the LINGUAPHONE way—or too young—it is the NATURAL way—the same way you learned English long before you went to school.

No Textbook Can Teach You To Speak

You bring a foreign land right into your own home. You hear many men and women speak in their native tongue about everyday matters.

You listen—YOU understand—YOU SPEAK—read and write. It's all amazingly easy! With LINGUAPHONE, THE WORLD'S STANDARD CONVERSATIONAL METHOD, you study in your leisure time at home.

World-Wide Educational Endorsement

Used internationally by thousands of schools, colleges, Armed Services, government agencies, U.N., I.R.O., and over a million home-study students OF ALL AGES. FREE book gives fascinating facts.

STOP Wishing—START Talking

Mail coupon TODAY!



LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
409 Radio City,
New York 20, N. Y.
Approved for VETERANS' Training

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
[illegible] City
New York 20, N. Y.

slow feeling-out of the actual lay of the land through the mists of illusion and misinformation. (Take a try at June 1915, March 1915, August 1948, January 1949, and July 1950.) He returns to it again this month with a narrative incident that combines a wide-angle perspective with minute focus on detail, binding together the extended linear patterns of American continentalism at their single, most critical nexus.

The maps of Lewis & Clark's Missouri and the present Northwest were made by ***Sigman-Ward.***

Veterans and Beginners

•••Last month in "After Hours" Mr. Harper bemoaned his "black thumb" and the dangers of flirting with gardening, which he considers an insidious and habit-forming recreation. But the urge to make the soil produce more and bigger blossoms drove him and a great many other small-time gardeners this year to try the new soil conditioners, of which Krilium is the prototype and also the most publicized brand. Mr. Harper reports that to the backyard horticulturalist an expensive dose of Krilium seems to go a very little way, and whatever its magical properties for making the soil hold moisture, it still is a rich man's toy.

Its promise for large-scale commercial use, however, looks revolutionary, as ***Harland Manchester*** amply demonstrates in "Krilium and Its Rivals" (page 41). We have been keeping half an eye on Krilium ever since it was first publicly announced by the Monsanto Chemical Company on January 2, 1952, and one day several months ago Mr. Manchester sent us a manuscript giving us all the latest information on this wonder chemical that is a distant cousin of nylon. Almost before the manuscript reached us, it was out of date, so rapid and so heated had been the developments in the soil-conditioning field. Mr. Manchester, who is justly jealous of his reputation as a first-rate science writer, called the manuscript back, waited a while to see how the land lay, and as soon as it became clear who and what Krilium's rivals were, he sent us the brand-new manuscript.

Mr. Manchester is no stranger to *Harper's* readers; his last appearance here was in May of this year when he contributed an article called "The Astronauts are Serious" which we printed as one of a brace of articles under the general heading "Space Ships in the Offing." He has written for us also on such diverse subjects as high-octane gasoline, diesel engines, and synthetic rubber. Mr. Manchester is a New Englander, a graduate of Dartmouth, a former Boston newspaperman and an ex-Marine. He is the author of *New World of Machines,* published in 1945, is a past president of the National Association of Science Writers, and is now a roving editor for the *Reader's Digest.*

•••For a number of reasons Italy has emerged from the war and its aftermath as a land of delight and inspiration to thousands of Americans. Undoubtedly a good feeling was brought home by GIs who went there on duty to fight Germans all the way up the peninsula—but this is no real explanation for the enthusiasm which now extends not only to the land and the people, but covers also the exports of postwar Italy, from straw sandals to movie actresses and novelists. (See Gilbert Highet on the latest Italian romancers in "New Books.")

One manifestation of our delight in Italy is the good reporting it inspires in correspondents who go there on business as well as the scholars and travelers who go for culture and entertainment. Nobody has satisfactorily explained why so often Scandinavia and Latin America make dull copy, while Italy makes lively copy. But not to press this probably unfair comparison too far, let's say only that American reporters (and novelists too) seem to find Italy today as charming and as personally important as did William Dean Howells some eighty years ago. Most recent seasons have had an American novel about Italy on the best-seller list. *SPQR,* for example, which held that position steadily this past spring and summer, is as much a song to Italy as was Howells' *A Foregone Conclusion,* which ran through fourteen editions between 1874 and 1886.

Harper's has shown a similar inspiration since the war. To mention only two out of many articles and

stories, there were Nika Standen's colorful "Italian Backdrop" (in February 1948), which pictured the country as coming apart at the seams (incidentally, containing no mention of Prime Minister Alcide de Gasperi) and Russell Lynes' "Italy Once Over Lightly" (February 1952), which gave the American traveler's impressions on a pilgrimage in search of the paintings of Piero della Francesca. Now we present another vivid report in ***G. E. Jones's*** "De Gasperi, Statesman of the Dark Hours" (p. 54). In its weaving of fact and judgment, this article gives further evidence as to why so many readers who never have been to Italy care about what happens there.

Mr. Jones is a correspondent whose assignments over the past eight years have taken him from the Pacific theater of the war (for the United Press and then for the *New York Times);* to India (also for the *Times);* to Rome, where he headed the bureau of *Time* and *Life* for three years; and to London last year. He first made the acquaintance of de Gasperi during the political campaign of 1948, and he saw him many times after that, professionally and personally. After his return from India he wrote a book called *Tumult in India,* published by Dodd Mead.

•••If the Yale men, and the lawyer who can't afford his wife's job, and the boy who grew into a man overnight in a private school all consider themselves to be middle-class, the same cannot be said of the early settlers in Tuxedo Park. They were not content, as ***Cleveland Amory*** tells us in "Tuxedo Park—Black Tie" (p. 82), merely to be exclusive residents of an exclusive resort; they considered themselves to be the thickest cream in the topmost part of the neck of the social bottle. They were fit, indeed, to consort with royalty, always an expensive, if sometimes a dubious, pleasure. It seems quite unlikely that the Yale men, or Goggle's parents, or the lawyer would think it a privilege to turn their lives and their households inside out to entertain a middle-European Queen, as the residents of Tuxedo Park did when Queen Marie of Romania descended on them with her entourage; they would be more likely to turn their households topsy-turvy for a famous

From the moment you arrive at

The Greenbrier



. . . you cannot fail to appreciate the warm, congenial atmosphere which welcomes each guest and makes each guest welcome — that intangible which is the difference between feeling "at home" and just "stopping" at a resort hotel. Add the comfort of your spacious bedroom, the delight you'll take in wonderful meals impeccably served, and the sense of well-being that immediate gracious service imparts. These are the things that bring you utmost enjoyment of all of the varied sporting and recreational facilities at The Greenbrier. Be sure, also, to take The Greenbrier's famed sulphur baths — they do for the body what a stay at The Greenbrier does for the spirit. Rates are from $19 per person (meals included) and nowhere will your pleasure dollars bring you so much.

The Greenbrier

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA

Telephone: White Sulphur Springs 110
Teletype: White Sulphur Springs 166

Or Inquire of Greenbrier Offices in:

NEW YORK, 588 FIFTH AVENUE • JU 6-5500
CHICAGO, 77 WEST WASHINGTON STREET • RA 6-0625
WASHINGTON, INVESTMENT BUILDING • RE 2642
BOSTON, 73 TREMONT STREET • LA 3-4497

What is the hope for political stability in the Middle East? READ . . .

Challenge and Response in the MIDDLE EAST

THE QUEST FOR PROSPERITY 1919-1951



By Hedley V. Cooke, Former Consultant, Middle East Planning Staff, ECA

■ "When the headlines read RIOTS IN TEHERAN; KING FLEES EGYPT; and, almost every month, PREMIER ASSASSINATED somewhere in the Near East, a calm appraisal as Hedley Cooke's of conditions in the ten independent states of the region has peculiar pertinence."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"The full range of modern thought and fact on the economic and social problems of the Near East . . . Sets forth both the promise and the pitfalls of the future."
—EDWIN A. LOCKE, JR., Ambassador, Regional Representative of the Secretary of State for Economic Affairs in the Near East. $4.00

Education AND THE Nature OF Man

By Earl C. Kelley and Marie I. Rasey, Professors of Education, Wayne University

■ "This is a truly astonishing book and makes for fascinating reading . . . The measuring rods for what is constructive or obstructive in rearing children are not derived from any abstract schools, but from all that is scientifically known today about human nature."
—DR. KAREN HORNEY. $3.00

At your bookstore or from HARPER & BROTHERS

man of science or letters or politics—middle-classmen like themselves. But the era of Tuxedo Park's great days, however remote it may now seem to us, is fun to look back on, especially when we are privileged to do so through such discerning and amused eyes as those of Cleveland Amory.

Mr. Amory—as what observer of the social scene can forget?—introduced into the common language the phrase "the Proper Bostonians," and made the foibles and frailties of the august residents of Beacon Hill and Chestnut Hill a part of the folklore of America. The article that we publish this month on Tuxedo Park is a portion of Mr. Amory's further investigations into the folkways of the well-to-do, and will be included—together with "Palm Springs: Wind, Sand, and Stars," "Newport, There She Sits" (which appeared in *Harper's* in August 1948 and February 1948), and accounts of other rich playgrounds—in a book to be called *The Last Resorts.* His observations of that once racy and perennially racing community, Saratoga Springs, will appear in our October number.

•••The short stories this month were contributed by two of that army of World War II veterans who are now storming the beachheads of the publishing world.

It is satisfying, if not very surprising to the reader of his story, to find that ***Hughes Rudd,*** the author of "The Man on the Trestle" (p. 66), served as a Piper Cub pilot-observer with an armored field artillery battalion in Africa, Italy, France, and Austria. Besides this story, Mr. Rudd's first to appear in a national publication, the war experience provided him with material for a short novel now being reworked.

Mr. Rudd grew up in Waco, Texas, and attended the University of Missouri briefly before going into the Army in 1942. After the war he worked on the Sabetha (Kansas) *Herald* and then on the Kansas City *Star.* Having decided to write, he went to Minnesota to study. He is married, has no children. His main concern when he wrote us last was his new novel, with a newspaper setting, called *The Lower Room,* on which he was working.

Robert Wallace, whose "The Secret Weapon of Joe Smith" (p. 50) is about as different a story from "The Man on the Trestle" as you could find, served in the same war and the same theater, on the windup of a "government job" which lasted for him four years, two months, fourteen days, and eight hours. "It consisted," he told us, "of making endless attacks on beaches near Little Creek, Virginia, though we also attacked Africa, Sicily, and Italy for variety or by mistake."

Mr. Wallace, who had been graduated from Princeton just before he entered the Army, is now working for *Life* magazine and has written halfway through a novel, not about the war but about after the war. He is married and has two children.

The drawings of "The Man on the Trestle" come from ***James Sentz,*** who, like Mr. Rudd, came from Texas and flew for the Army in Europe during the war. Then his vehicle was a liaison plane (or artillery spotter); later, until he became a civilian and an art student in 1949, he flew helicopters for the same employer.

Oscar Berger, whose illustrations accompany "The Secret Weapon of Joe Smith," is known internationally for his caricatures of famous people whom he has drawn from life. From time to time this magazine has published his drawings, including portraits of Governor Earl Warren, Jan Masaryk, Sir Stafford Cripps, Justice William O. Douglas, General Eisenhower, and others. Mr. Berger's most recent book is *My Victims,* which came out last spring.

Mr. Berger's enjoyment of "The Secret Weapon of Joe Smith" was enhanced by his recollection of what happened at the time when he sketched Russia's Mr. Molotov at Mr. Molotov's own grand cocktail party at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco during the United Nations conference in 1945. Mr. Berger, who was present to make drawings for the *New York Times* and London *Daily Telegraph,* sat busily sketching while Mr. Molotov beamingly greeted his long line of guests. As the party dwindled, Mr. Berger realized that he was surrounded by some fifty or so silent watchers. Members of the Russian Secret Service, said a passing waiter.

••• The two poets in this issue are both old hands at their trade. ***Phyllis McGinley***, whose "Quartet of Elders" appears on p. 35, is a frequent contributor to the *New Yorker* and other magazines, and her sixth book of verse, *A Short Walk from the Station*, in praise of the suburbs, was published in January. ***Evelyn Ames*** ("Safari," p. 49) began selling her poems five years ago and has been in many magazines. She is married, has four children, and lives on Long Island.

"The New Recordings"

The editors of *Harper's* have been awake for some time to the fact that a substantial proportion of our readers are avid for music in the home, and that they make music for themselves in a goodly number of ways—from playing the fife to building a sound machine. To supply their interest, *Harper's* inaugurates in this issue a new monthly department on recorded music. Since our arrangements were made too late to permit an announcement in the August issue, we now present ***Edward Tatnall Canby*** as conductor of "The New Recordings" (p. 102).

Mr. Canby is a teacher, lecturer, and writer on musical matters of many kinds. His radio programs of recordings interspersed with commentary are familiar to listeners in the New York vicinity over stations WABF and WNYC, and by transcription in other parts of the country. He is a choral conductor, an officer of the Dessoff Choirs, and at the same time an authority on the mechanical aspects of music reproduction.

Mr. Canby's forthcoming book, *Home Music Systems: How to Build and Enjoy Them*, is a manual of "high fidelity" radio-phonograph equipment written expressly for the layman. He will continue to be—as he has been in the past—record reviewer for the magazine *Audio Engineering* and contributor of articles on amplifiers, loudspeakers, and the like to the *Saturday Review*.

Mr. Canby received a Master's Degree in music from Harvard University in 1936; he has taught music at Princeton and at Finch; and he continues to teach privately in New York.



L E T T E R S

How To Go Broke—

I enjoyed the interesting [illegible] by Mr. Jay Taylor [illegible] pseudonym), "Going Broke on $10,000 a Year," in your July issue. It [illegible] would appear in the *Wall Street Journal* [illegible] under the headline: "Mr. X at $50,000 a year [illegible] can't make ends meet." Apparently Mr. X (also pseudonym) [illegible], but remember [illegible] . . .

LOUIS J. COTE
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Sitting in the same financial boat as Jay Taylor, with the same size family, we were naturally very interested to study his computations and to discover how come we have achieved some savings, no debts, a well furnished apartment, a 1949 Oldsmobile, the weekly services of a cleaning woman, lots of baby sitters, summer day-camp sessions for both kids, steaks, and plenty of clothes for [illegible].

My husband, too, works on the junior executive level, and must look top-top at all times. For this reason [illegible] customer of Brooks Brothers. I sew [illegible] many for the [illegible] hunt shamelessly [illegible] . . .

[illegible] of Mr. [illegible] I's [illegible] from the public library, play games and cards (not for money), visit, and take up a home hobby such as making furniture (which he seems to need anyhow)? . . .

VERA G. KINSLER
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

To the Editors:

My heart bleeds for Jay Taylor going broke on $10,000 a year because of the "class" to which he belongs. . . . Since it costs more than $10,000 a year to be a $10,000-a-year man, the obvious solution seems to be for Mr. Taylor to drop from his "class" and become a truck driver, logger, mill hand, or factory worker. Then he could go broke on $5,000 a year.

LOUISE A. LEE
Portland, Ore.

To the Editors:

In his article, Mr. Jay Taylor overlooks the fact that his greatest single outlay is in taxes, direct and hidden. Out of every dollar he earns, the average American today must pay out thirty-eight cents in taxes, local, state, and federal. . . . Jay Taylor is now working twenty-three minutes out of every hour to support the functions and activities of government. . . .

DALLAS L. HOSTETLER
Orlando, Fla.

To the Editors:

We live happily on $3,000 a year. We have one extravagance. Nearly every month we buy *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*. We give the extra copies to members of the $10,000 class. . . .

MARGARET BOYDEN RASMURRAY
Elkins Park, Pa.

To the Editors:

I could not feel sorry for Mr. $10,000 in the July issue of your magazine. . . . My husband has supported a family of three children on a salary much less, and with no other source of income; and has given each child five years of university training at high-tuition schools away from home.

We have had to leave out a lot of the frills, but . . . we have afforded *Harper's;* also a few drinks.

LUCILE R. SCOTT
Sacramento, Calif.

To the Editors:

It is certainly obvious from "Going Broke on $10,000 a Year" that "plain living and high thinking" and "a penny saved is a penny earned" are not the mottoes of Mr. Jay Taylor. He bemoans giving up the theater and the race track, but he never mentions the forms of recreation that are free. . . .

If Mr. and Mrs. Taylor want to pick up a little extra money some time, they can have me as a paying guest just to look at their crowd for a few minutes. Once before I die I should like to see a group of human beings whose "code virtually decrees" that a man buy a television set.

FRANCES PARTRIDGE
Washington, D. C.

To the Editors:

Although I was a bit disappointed by the lack of originality of the fiction in your July issue, my regard for the usual high literary quality of *Harper's* returned when I read the wonderful satire, "Going Broke on $10,000 a Year." Not since you twitted us with Velikovsky have you published anything to approach this coup. The ironies of the piece—the complaint about the high cost of living by a representative of the class whose influence on the policy of American industrial leaders has been partly responsible for our present inflation and the ludicrous situation of a man professing allegiance to an

economic system he calls "free" while complaining of the rigid code that seems to be a part of it (and demonstrating his allegiance by the self-sacrifice of living according to the code)—are worthy of Jonathan Swift at his best.

The author of the piece has a genius for the touches that add to the illusion of reality. The offering of details of family expenses . . . and the pitiful refrain, "I am expected," "I am not supposed," etc., all supply facets of the character of a magnificently conceived satirical creation. Indeed the article is such a subtle stroke of irony and ambiguity that not the least amusing of its effects will be the angry letters from those who have been deceived into believing that such a pitiful creature as "Jay Taylor" really exists.

GEORGE W. HARTUNG
Madison, Wis.

South African Bias—

To the Editors:

As a fellow graduate of Harvard University and an admirer of Dr. Bok's abilities in the field of astronomy, I am deeply shocked to read his defense of the neo-fascist Malan government in South Africa ["Perspective on South Africa," July]. His statement, "The Nationalist program is a sincere attempt to find a solution to the Native problem which will make it possible for white and black to live in peace within the borders of the Union," is worthy of the late Dr. Goebbels and not of a professor at one of the world's greatest universities.

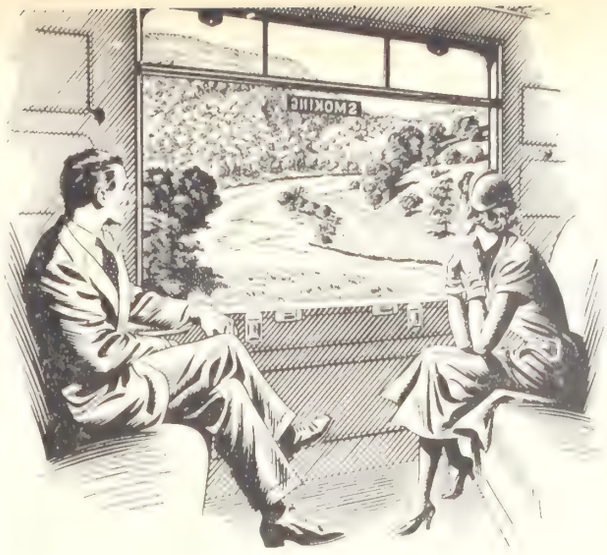
The Apartheid policies of the Nationalist party are retrogressive, turning back the clock for generations in a country where under the late General Smuts liberalism was on the march. . . .

ERIC SOKOLSKY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Stopping Strikes—

To the Editors:

Mr. Donald B. Straus writes a very interesting article in your July issue, "Laws Won't Stop Strikes." He is to be complimented for his clarity of expression and keen analysis. . . .



ALL BRITAIN
outside your window

Here is the Britain you've come to see. Let our trains take you swiftly to every corner. British rail fares are the lowest ever for American visitors. Your Travel Agent will secure train, channel steamer and hotel reservations before you leave.

NEW 9-DAY "Guest Ticket" For UNLIMITED Rail Travel
ONLY $30.00 THIRD CLASS $45.00 FIRST CLASS
Not obtainable in Britain—Purchase before you leave

BRITISH RAILWAYS

For information and literature write Dept. 23 at any British Railways Office

NEW YORK 20, N.Y., 9 Rockefeller Plaza • CHICAGO 3, ILL., 39 So. La Salle Street
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL., 510 W. 6th Street • TORONTO, ONT., 69 Yonge Street

FOR MORE VACATION FUN
Get The GIMLET
THE MAGAZINE OF RESORT-VACATION TRAVEL
24 YEARS TRAVEL-WISE TRAVELER'S GUIDE



CANADA thru FLORIDA, THE SOUTH, and Enroute, Nassau, Bermuda, Cuba West Indies. 200 PAGES Illus. *Hotels, Restaurants, Prices. Hiway Data, Cruises. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS: Silver Springs, Fla. Florida's Underwater Fairyland, Bellingrath Gardens, Charm Spot of Deep South, Mobile, Ala., Monkey Jungle, Goulds, Fla., etc. Price, $1.00; Doubledays, Brentanos or send $1.00 for postpaid copy or $1.50 (year's subscription) (2 issues) to The Gimlet, Dept. 80, 551 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*

Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

Ste. Adele, Canada — STE. ADELE LODGE
Boston, Mass. — SHERATON PLAZA
Portsmouth, N. H. — WENTWORTH-BY-THE-SEA
North Conway, N. H. — EASTERN SLOPE INN
Rangeley Lakes, Maine — RANGELEY LAKES
Montauk, L. I., N. Y. — MONTAUK MANOR
Philadelphia, Pa. — BARCLAY
Baltimore, Md. — SHERATON-BELVEDERE
Washington, D. C. — SHOREHAM
Jacksonville, Fla. — GEORGE WASHINGTON
Daytona Beach, Fla. — SHERATON PLAZA
West Palm Beach, Fla. — GEORGE WASHINGTON
Miami, Fla. — THE COLUMBUS TOWERS
Miami Beach, Fla. — ISLE DE CAPRI
St. Petersburg, Fla. — GULF WINDS VILLAS & APTS. TIDES
Tampa, Fla. — FLORIDAN
Jamaica, B. W. I. — MYRTLE BANK TOWER ISLE

Typical Recommended Restaurants

N. Y. City — GAME COCK, MADELEINE'S, KING OF THE SEA, LUM FONG, DAVY JONES SEA-FOOD HOUSE, OLD BREW HOUSE
Jacksonville, Fla. — GEORGE WASHINGTON RAINBOW ROOM
Miami, Fla. — COLUMBUS HOTEL DINING ROOMS
Tampa, Fla. — LAS NOVEDADES

Use American Express Travelers Cheques To Protect Your Travel Funds

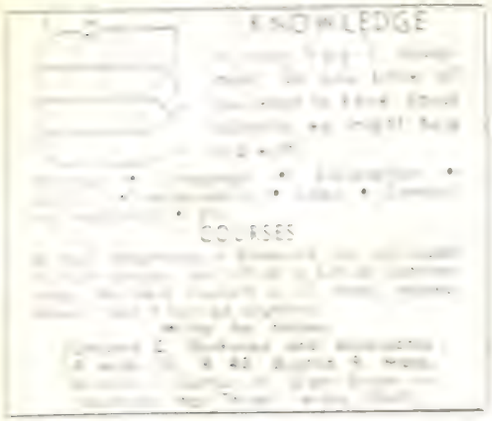


ASK ABOUT Canada's 10 TOP MAPLE LEAF VACATIONS

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

*Canadian National Railways offices in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Flint, Mich., Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. In Canada, 360 McGill Street, Montreal, Que.

HOME STUDY



advice on
SCHOOL
and
COLLEGE
problems

Address Mrs. Lewis D. Bement,

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N.Y.

Please send me catalogs of the following schools and colleges:

.....

.....

.....

(Check)

Boys — Girls — Coed —

I am interested .....

.....

Name .....

Address .....

LETTERS

Like most protagonists of unions, Mr. Straus fails to mention the one thing brought into play by invoking the Taft-Hartley Law: the right each employee has to vote in *secret* on the last offer made by his employer.

It is hard to believe that *every* steel company would remain struck if employees had the right to vote on acceptance of the company's offer or to go on strike. . . . It seems to me that if Mr. Straus were fair and objective he would want the man who is suffering a direct loss in wages to be allowed to vote on the matter.

WILLIAM E. UMSTATTD
Canton, Ohio

To the Editors:

Mr. Straus in an otherwise good article maintains that to compel a strike is to create a condition of involuntary servitude. This is rank foolishness. Enjoining a strike does not prevent a worker from quitting his job and obtaining another one. As long as he may do this he is not a slave either in the Constitutional or common-sense use of the word. . . .

MYRON T. MURRAY
Dayton, Ohio

Teachers Reply—

To the Editors:

"An Open Letter to Teachers" by Paul Woodring [July] represents the viewpoint of many thoughtful teachers. I, for one, heartily agree with him in everything he has to say. Would that all social studies teachers could and would read it. . . .

KATHERINE DOOB
Indianapolis, Ind.

To the Editors:

I do not think that Mr. Woodring's triangle in his very excellent article is the right substitute for the [illegible] a straight line from left to right. Most of us teaching social studies are thinking in terms of a circle. At one pole the extremes of left and right—communism and fascism—meet. At the other pole the conservatives and progressives touch. Beyond each lies the middle ground. . . . We do not feel that to back away from one extreme we have to move in the direction of the other. We attack both. . . .

[illegible]

A TWAIN "FIRST"

Mark Twain's
Report from Paradise

■ Here is a new volume by America's greatest humorist containing two of his favorite, secretly-cherished works:

Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven, here published in full for the first time; and *Letter from the Recording Angel*, a hilarious and savage satire which has never before appeared in book form. Illustrated by CHARLES LOCHE.

At all bookstores • $2.50
HARPER & BROTHERS



He mastered the most dangerous game of all



By ORESTE PINTO

■ A thrilling, first-hand account of Counter-Intelligence in action, by the man Eisenhower called "the greatest living authority on security." Personally responsible during the last war for the execution of seven spies and for long-term imprisonment of a great many more, Colonel Pinto — with thirty years of experience behind him — is well qualified to tell the inside story of the exciting and deadly game of spy-catching.

At all bookstores • $2.75
HARPER & BROTHERS

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

THE [illegible] section all will send catalogs or further information on request. If you wish counsel on an individual problem, Harper's School Bureau will be glad to advise you from an informed and impartial [illegible] Bureau, 50 East 69th Street, New York City, 21.

NEW JERSEY



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS

INDIVIDUALIZED PLAN— EACH STUDENT A CLASS

For those with educational problems — successful college preparation and general education. **Our tests discover causes of difficulties** and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and the science of study.

Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 46 years' experience

Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster

OXFORD ACADEMY

Box H-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY

Fully accredited college preparatory. Toms River, N. J., St. Petersburg, Fla. Preparation for all colleges, gov't academies. Separate Jr. schools. Accelerated program. Naval training. Guidance. Sports, boats, bands. Specify catalog.

ADM. FARRAGUT ACADEMY, BOX HZ, TOMS RIVER, N. J.

NEW YORK

Peekskill MILITARY ACADEMY

119th yr. Successful preparation for all colleges. Fully accredited. *Grades 3-12.* Non-profit. Military — Jr. ROTC program. Small classes. Athletic program for all. Swim pool. **Separate Jr. School,** grades 3-8. House-[illegible]

Apply now.

HEADMASTER, BOX 709, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

RIVERDALE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

[illegible]

JOHN H. JONES, Headmaster,

BOX M, RIVERDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y. C.

WISCONSIN

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

Graduates in 135 colleges, service academies. Accredited. Small, conference-type classes. Highest War Dept. rating. Modern buildings. Sports include golf, flying, riding. In Wisconsin's Land o'Lakes. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Catalog. [illegible]

INDIANA

TRI-STATE COLLEGE

B. S. DEGREE IN 27 MONTHS

Founded 1884 World-Wide Enrollment.

Mech., Civil, Elect., Chem., Aero, Radio (Telev.) Engineering; Bus. Adm., Acct. Extensive campus. New and modernized buildings . . . up-to-[illegible]

Personalized instructions. Heavy demand for graduates. Placement service.

Enter Sept., Jan., March, June. Write for Catalog. 3492 College Ave., Angola, Ind.

CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

On Lake Maxinkuckee. 8th grade. [illegible]

velops initiative, courtesy, poise, character. Leadership [illegible] All [illegible]

ROTC. Catalog. 96 Pershing Walk, CULVER, IND.

ILLINOIS

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

[illegible]

residence for girls. Entr. Oct. 6. Write Registrar Room 729, RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS, 750 N. Michigan, CHICAGO 11

MINNESOTA

SHATTUCK SCHOOL

[illegible] military program. Preparatory or general. Small classes. ROTC. Sports for all: gym, pool, armory, golf. Many activities. Episcopal. Est. 1858. Summer School-Camp. *Catalog.* Director of Admissions,

529 SHUMWAY HALL, FARIBAULT, MINN.

MAINE



OAK GROVE

A Friends School for Girls

Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious, Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Speech. Grades 7-12. Recent graduates in all major Colleges for Women and leading Universities. Strong P.G. for H.S. Graduates needing intensive Review before College. Riding included. Joyous outdoor life. Beautiful new fireproof buildings.

Mr. & Mrs. Robert Owen, Box 120, Vassalboro, Me.



ARIZONA

BROWNMOOR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Boarding school grades 1-12. College preparatory and general courses. Accredited. Music. Art. All sports, eastern and western riding. Swimming. Catalogue on request to Registrar.

DONALD H. GEISER, Headmaster, PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

JUDSON SCHOOL IN ARIZONA

For boys 6 to 18. A ranch school with high scholastic standing, in warm, dry climate. College accredited. Balanced schedule of studies and recreation. Riding & polo incl. in tuition. Tennis, swimming, pack trips. Booklet. H. E. WICK, DIRECTOR, Box E-1131, PHOENIX, ARIZONA

SOUTHERN ARIZONA SCHOOL

For boys. Thorough college preparation in warm, dry, [illegible] CEEB Exams. Small classes. A horse for every boy. Polo, pack trips, fishing. Music. Archaeology. 22nd year. Catalog.

[illegible] P.O. Box 1791, Tucson, Ariz.

RHODE ISLAND

HATCH PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Timesaving program since 1926. Classes—1 to 4 boys. Progress geared to individual abilities and ambition. College candidates save a year. Three school years begin Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 1. Summer term in Dexter, Maine. Conference prerequisite to acceptance.

LLOYD HARVEY HATCH, Headmaster, NEWPORT, R. I.

LINCOLN SCHOOL OF PROVIDENCE

For girls. 68th year. Exceptional record for college preparation. Modern equipment and sports program. Conservative costs. Auspices of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends.

MARION S. COLE, Headmistress,

BOX M, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FLORIDA

BARTRAM SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

College preparation of highest standards. Fully accredited; graduates in leading Eastern colleges. Boarding department; Grades 6 thru 12. Extracurricular music, art, dramatics, riding, pool and ocean swimming. Catalogue.

OLGA M. PRATT (Vassar), JACKSONVILLE 7, FLA.

JANET'S NURSERY FOR BABIES

A home for handicapped crib confined babies. Beautifully situated overlooking the water near Sarasota, Florida. We specialize in homelike care to each baby.

H. KEITH JACOBUS, *Director,*

P. O. BOX 191, OSPREY, FLORIDA

CONNECTICUT

EDGEWOOD SCHOOL

Boarding and Day School for boys and girls from Nursery School to College. Excellent college record. Carefully selected faculty. Art, crafts, music, dramatics, shop. Remedial reading. Country campus, 30 mi. from N. Y. All sports. Est. 1910. MRS. ROSA I. MASSER, Principal,

GREENWICH 6, CONN.

NORTH CAROLINA

PINELAND COLLEGE - EDWARDS MILITARY INSTITUTE

Every age, every grade! For boys and girls. Kindergarten through Junior College. Fully accredited. Military for boys. Small classes. All-inclusive cost: $765, boy or girl, for 9 months term (plus uniforms for boys). Also Summer Session. For catalog, write

W. J. BLANCHARD, President, SALEMBURG, N. C.

VIRGINIA

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

ONE SUBJECT PLAN (upper school) has increased honor students 50%. Develops concentration. Accredited. ROTC highest rating. Modern bldgs., 2 gyms, pool. Separate Jr. School, grades 1-7. ONE SUBJECT PLAN booklet and catalog. DR. J. C. WICKER, BOX 809, FORK UNION, VA.

SPECIAL SCHOOL

PERKINS SCHOOL

A year round special school for the Scientific Study and Education of children of retarded development. Constant, sympathetic supervision. Individual training. Five homelike, attractive buildings. 30 acres of campus and gardens. Summer session in Maine.

FRANKLIN H. PERKINS, M.D., Dir.,

BOX 11, LANCASTER, MASS.

HOME STUDY

YOU CAN EDUCATE YOUR CHILD AT HOME



Kindergarten through 9th grade. With Calvert courses mothers can give their children a sound education at home. Calvert-guided instructions. All lessons, books provided. Students transfer successfully. Start any time. Unique Crafts Course. **Catalog.** Give child's age and grade.

CALVERT SCHOOL 79 Tuscany Rd. Baltimore 10, Md.

I.C.S. [illegible] promotion and more money. I.C.S. is the fastest, cheapest and surest way to job training and knowledge. You [illegible] your own pace. No interference with work or social life.

I.C.S. [illegible] school. One for you. Direct, job-related. Bedrock facts and theory plus practical application. Complete lesson and answer service. No skimping. Diploma to graduates. Write for free 36-page gold mine of helpful hints—"How [illegible]

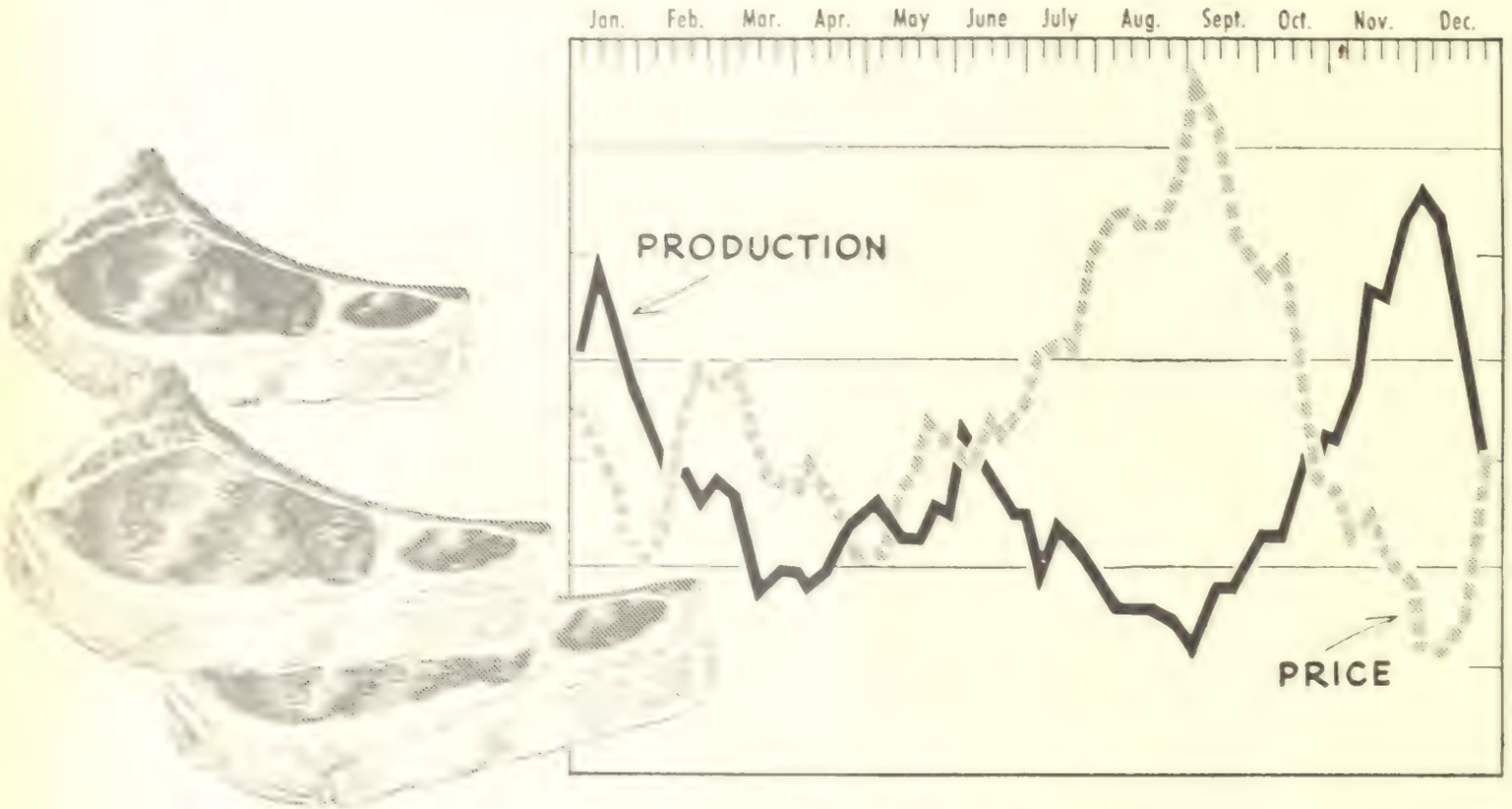
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Write today: Box 4804, Scranton 9, Pa.

38th Edition—"SCHOOL, COLLEGE and CAMP DIRECTORY" Now Ready
Send For Your Free Copy

What law

sends pork prices up in summer

...down again in winter?



This chart shows the relationship between pork production and pork prices based on figures for 1947-49 (a typical period, which the government is now using as the index-base period.

The well-known law of *supply and demand*. With pork, it works like this:

More than half the pigs are born in spring—also according to law, the *law of nature*. They spend a good six months growing to pork-chop size.

So a small, fewer pigs are ready for market during the summer months. And meat packers have to pay higher prices in order to get enough pork to fill customers' orders.

Then, along about the time the first leaves fall, all these pigs begin to come to market. And the same thing happens as with any other perishable commodity (strawberries, eggs or oranges) when there is suddenly a lot more than there was.

The price just naturally goes down!

The chart above shows how the cycle goes. *Less pork—higher prices* through the summer followed by *more pork, lower prices* during the winter.

Remember, summertime is the time when a big new meat crop is "growing up" on America's farms and ranches.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters: Chicago • Members throughout the U.S.

Harper's MAGAZINE

Yale '36—Look at Them Now

John Hersey

EVERY five years the Yale Class of 1936 publishes a book about itself. When one member of our class, celebrated among his friends at college for his combative spirit, a quality that has matured splendidly in him over the years, was asked a few months ago to write a brief autobiography for this, our third, volume of the record, all he replied was: "I think Five-Year Class Histories are a ridiculous waste of time and money." He was probably right. Yet the urge to categorize, to poll, to sort men into various labeled lumps of humanity is very strong in our country, and nowhere stronger than among graduates of the Ivy League, most of whom suffer from a strange recurrent fever, galluping marquanditis. An early Ivy Leaguer, Ralph Waldo Emerson, said that this tendency of man to classify himself, to find what unities he can among his fellows, is at least more important than classifying the animals, which his young friend Thoreau liked to do.

The class books of Yale '36 do have a certain interest. In the first place, the Class of 1936 is getting to be known as Yale's Greatest Class; for not only does it include an unusually high number of men of reputation, notoriety, or fantastic affluence, but also it is extraordinary in that it spreads so wide and reaches so far; it is the best and worst and quintessential in our culture. In the second place, the books assemble some interesting sociological data, such as the fact (to give but one example here) that the members of the Class of 1936 last year had an aggregate income from all sources, before taxes, of nearly sixteen million dollars—more about that later. And in the third place, the experience of this class, which was educated during a terrible depression and grew to middle age though a worse war, provides an indirect answer to those who have alleged, lately, that Yale is a larva-bed of socialism and irreligion. That is so much gooseberry juice. Yale is the mother of Republicans. Her loyal sons are desperately respectable. They are the fellows walking along in the Brooks Brothers shirts. The Fifteen-Year Record of '36 doesn't prove anything conclusively in this discussion of Yale, of course; but it hints, it hints.

WE OF this class are modern man: we flee our century and at the same time we try to creep into its very heart. One of us is a sport who hunts wild animals with the bow and arrow: one of us is an endocrinologist who hunts putrefaction with radioisotopes. One of us is part owner of a

This article, by the author of A Bell for Adano, Hiroshima, *and* The Wall, *is based upon the opening chapter which Mr. Hersey wrote for the* Fifteen-Year Record *of his alma mater's Class of 1936—a book which will be published this fall.*

Chalmers, which starts kind of hard on cold days, one of us has twice flown across the country in a matter of minutes in Bendix Transcontinental Races. One of us sells raw fur pelts for the Company of Adventurers Trading into the Hudson's Bay; one, an atomic scientist, has been mayor of Richland, Washington, a new city, symbolically named, of adventurers into the darkling future.

We have served the American success-ideal; we have an unusual number of prominent men. We have the publishers of three big-city newspapers, in New York Pittsburgh, and Seattle. We have the captains of two really huge businesses, and lieutenants of several others, who'll get their shoulder bars soon. One of our moguls is officer and director of thirty-four companies. We have the developer and exploiter of a phenomenally successful home-permanent-wave packet whose good news in the past five years is that he has had a daughter; he christened her Toni. We have a man who is coming to be recognized as the foremost ornithologist of our country. We have a pretty big wheel in the movies; two owners of radio chains; some pathfinders in television. We have two nationally syndicated columnists. Indeed, we have a whole pocketful of good writers. One of them, who hasn't had any books published but has been working on a novel for about ten years, has been saying publicly ever since college that he intends to be the greatest writer in the world, and he may one day be. Many others, less disciplined, have completed books—and a sampling of titles will show the extraordinary range of their enterprise: *Search for the Spiny Babbler, Thinking Straight, A Pattern of Politics, Siege of the St. Lawrence, Collective Bargaining and Market Control in the New York Coat and Suit Industry, Atlantic City Cantata,* and *Alkylaminoalkyl Esters of Aminonaphthoic Acids as Local Anesthetics.* Many of us are persuaded that we have a classmate who may one day be President of the United States. On the whole, we are too young to be Senators and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court as yet—but some of our classmates have been developing ominous tendencies in those directions. We have a famous Fifth Avenue florist; the entrepreneur of a famous commercial language school; the boss of a famous laboratory for the development of antibiotics.

Like the troubles of our times, we crop up everywhere. A member of our class was one of the team of three who first made contact with the Communists at Kaesong and set up the endless truce talks there; another was among the last American officials to be ousted from the U. S. Consulate in Peking by the Chinese People's Government, and was later in the Consulate in Saigon, Vietnam, that denied Graham Greene, the English Catholic novelist, a visa to the United States on the ground that he had once flirted with communism. Another is a big corporation executive in the newest country in the world, Israel. Another serves imperialism as sales manager for Socony-Vacuum in Singapore, British North Borneo, Johore, and Sarawak; another has served humanity and the Marshall Plan, doing flood relief work in the Po Valley. It is a safe bet that more members of the Class of 1936 have insinuated themselves into the State Department than Communists and homosexuals put together. We help edit the Voice of America. In the past five years we have taken 913 trips abroad, as exploiters, tourists, missionaries, diplomats, bearers of aid, and oglers of monuments.

There is no facet of our society in which we have not been reflected. One of our English majors worked for a long time as an apprentice machinist and learned the difference between a gib and a hob. We have a baker of cakes and a sculptor of busts; a canner and a tanner. There are quite a few noted psychiatrists among us; quite a few of us have gone mad. One of us does research at the Yale Laboratory of Applied Physiology on alcoholism; more than one of us have joined Alcoholics Anonymous. (We also have a man who works for Nips, Inc., and a member of the Lubrication Committee of the American Gear Manufacturers' Association; but there may be no connection there.) One of us has been a jailbird, but on the whole we are utterly dependable and respectable—we are President of the Reliable Springs and Wire Forms Company, and we have been King of the Memphis Cotton Carnival. We are the man in charge of complaints at Macy's. One of us is a bank vice president who lives in Little Silver, New Jersey. Though one of us was a prominent America Firster, 67.72 per cent of us put on uniforms during the war, and while some of us have been satisfied

merely to reminisce about k.p., one of our go-getters has made a big thing of selling power-driven potato-peeling machines. One of us has made a hole-in-one. One of us directs a $15,000,000 slum-clearance project in Baltimore. Evidently baffled by the hurtling years, one of us has taken up, as a hobby, puzzle construction.

II

The average member of the Class of 1936 is in his thirty-eighth year. He has been married nine years, six days, twenty hours, thirty-eight minutes, and twenty-four seconds. He has 2.31 children, each of whom he spanks 11.5 times a year. You have to watch these averages. This one, for instance, was brought *way* up by three men who, like the little old woman who lives in a shoe, spank their children 365 times a year, or say they do. Indeed, liberal allowance has to be made, in dealing with statistics based on a questionnaire like ours, for humorists and hyperbolists, and all the figures, especially the extrapolations on this page, should be salted to taste. A fairer index than the average, perhaps, is the median, the figure that is in the middle, half spank more, half spank less, indicating, as it were, the center of gravity of the situation. The median figure for spankings is three per capita per annum—*very* progressive. The average man spends forty-one minutes and six seconds in active play with his children on each weekday and three hours and thirteen minutes altogether on weekends.

But, to come to the point: the astounding thing about the average member of '36 is his wealth.

As head of the family, this man's income before taxes from all sources, last year, was $19,226.41. Of the total, he earned $11,329.01 (median $9,392.50); he took in $5,189.30 in unearned income; his wife earned $186.10; and she had unearned income of $2,522.00.

This average man has life savings of $71,212.74 (but here the median is $10,865.38), and he has $41,293.28 (median $28,268.00) worth of life insurance.

A book published this year, *They Went to College,* by Ernest Havemann and Patricia Salter West, affords a comparison of these figures with the incomes of other college graduates in the country. According to this book, Yale, Harvard, and Princeton graduates had, in 1947, the year on which the book is based, a median gross income of $7,365. The '36 median of earned income alone for last year was higher than that figure by more than two thousand dollars; and while inflationary years have intervened since the survey reported in the book, the outside sources of income cited above would, it is safe to say, keep the '36 median gross income well above the current median for graduates of the Big Three. The median income of graduates from other Ivy League campuses (Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, and Pennsylvania) was reported as $6,142. The median from seventeen technical schools (California, Carnegie, Massachusetts, etc.) was $5,382; from twenty Eastern colleges (Amherst, Bates, Bowdoin, Brown, etc.) was $5,287; from the Big Ten (Chicago, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Northwestern, Ohio State, Purdue, Wisconsin) was $5,176; from all other midwestern colleges was $4,322; from all other Eastern colleges was $4,235. The median of all American men was $2,200.

In proportion as the average member of our class is rich, he is also property-ridden. He owns 1.19 automobiles, .017 of an airplane, 2.79 radios, .45 of a television set, .86 of a house, .43 of a dishwasher, .86 of a washing machine, .27 of a clothes drier, .33 of a freezer. He is waited on by .69 of a servant. In spite of the load he is already toting, he says he daydreams of buying such things as a movie camera, a mangle, a record player, a rototiller. What house he has is worth $32,428.30 (median $24,384.61). Last year he spent almost exactly the same amounts on charity and on travel—$581.51 and $581.20, respectively. Only $13.21 of the charitable donations went to Yale.

The aggregate earned income last year of the 830 men in the class, extrapolated from answers to questionnaires by about half of them, was $9,394,353.00, and their aggregate income from all sources was $15,939,966.40. The totals, like the averages, are boosted by the exceptionally rich—but there is an exceptional number of *them.* Of 365 men who answered the question, "What are your total savings?", no less than fifty-seven said they had savings of between $100,000 and $5,000,000. We possess twenty-three Cadillacs, sixty-one Buicks, ten Packards, five Lincolns, and nine-

[illegible] automotive showpieces. [illegible] evident belief in conspicuous consumption, four out of five men in the class say they are living within their incomes. And who can say how much the averages and totals were kept down by those who chose ways of life in which they knew they would never go rich?

Our earning power is obviously high. We seem to be men of steady habits who stick to our desks and work benches. In spite of the enormous disruption of the war, we have held, on the average, only 3.12 jobs per man since graduation. Of 394 who answered the question, "How often have you quit?", 220 replied that they had left 517 jobs. Of 391 who answered the question, "How often have you been fired?", only 47 said they had lost 66 jobs—and many of them were laid off because of reconversion or recession. One man reports that during a slump he was whittled off the staff of the Pal Blade Co.

One reason the class is so well off is that it has so many men in whom the inventive knack is combined with the acquisitive twist. A couple of examples, taken from our group of entrepreneurs who have dedicated themselves exclusively to the inner man, will illustrate the point. We have, for instance, a medicine man who says he "developed a nice process for making sodium pantothenate, a vitamin which doesn't seem to do or prevent anything, but which is included in all our vitamin combinations because the competition has it." One of our doctors, a specialist in kidney diseases, runs a television renting service on the side. "Making a helluva lot of money," he tersely writes. We prey upon the produce of our classmates; they are enriched and we are enlarged. We have among us one man who raises cattle on a 25,000-acre ranch; the operator of a feed lot in which beef cattle are fattened; the employee of a meat-canning company; and a fair number of amateur beef-eaters. Indeed, since graduation all of us have gained, in the aggregate, 9,710 pounds—nearly five tons of human midriff.

III

Considering the wealth of the class, and its reluctant arrival at middle age, it is not surprising that its members are predominantly conservative. "Am still a diehard, gold-standard, balanced-budget Republican," one writes on behalf of many. Or another, more down to earth: "I vote Republican, I drink bourbon, I play golf and poker." Of those who answered the questionnaire, 65 percent indicate they were Republicans when they left Yale, 14.75 per cent were Democrats, 2 per cent were independents, and 18.25 per cent had no affiliation or conviction. Today 69.77 per cent are Republicans, 16.37 per cent Democrats, .76 per cent are "both," 8.31 per cent are independents, and 4.79 per cent still have no affiliation. In the 1948 Presidential election, 75.19 per cent voted for Dewey, 14.94 per cent for Truman, 3.29 per cent for other candidates, and 6.58 per cent didn't vote. In 1952, 72.56 per cent say they want to vote for a Republican candidate. Answering these questions long before Eisenhower indicated his willingness to run, and many months before the primaries and conventions, 41.97 per cent of these participating said they wanted to vote for the General. More members of the class wanted to vote for Taft (11.6 per cent) than for all Democratic candidates put together (10.55 per cent) and in the polling Truman got a net of minus one vote, because, while seven men wanted him, eight wanted anyone but him.

The class of 1936 indulges in lots of deploring but not much political action. "Wish I could do something constructive toward the millennium of world peace," one man writes, "but the pace of day-to-day living never seems to permit it." The standard plaint is in the vein of what another writes: "Democracy worked better under capitalism; let's try it again!" Very few members of the class have run for public office as yet. One ran for Congress in Illinois, but he picked the wrong district and year to be a Republican. Our most successful politician is the man who got himself unanimously elected mayor of Dellwood, Minnesota, where a total of seven votes was cast. Mostly our political action consists, as one writes that his does, of "voting for losing candidiates." A fair statement for the majority, probably, is made by the man who writes: "My political beliefs are slightly to the right of what they were when I left college—as much, I imagine, because the world has moved to the left as because I have moved the other way. I know less and understand more than I did fifteen years ago."

There are still various minorities, also die-hard, of those who are willing, as one man says he is, to champion "such unfashionable causes as socialized medicine, Secretary Acheson, classical education, and the cat's superiority to the dog as a pet." One man swears he met a man in '48 who *knew* Truman was going to win, but the fellow's wife shut him up before he could persuade our classmate. Another minority spokesman expresses the opinion that the picture in America "has not been improved by the advent of those never-fading vaudeville stars of '50 and '51, McCarthy and MacArthur." Despite the number of our adherents to NAM and GOP, a surprisingly large minority has worked for USES, OPS, ICAO, CAB, WPB, WSB, ECA, BEW, RFC, FEA, and FCDA. Our smallest minority, consisting of one man, writes that Yale is being taken over by the Commies.

Re-reading the five- and ten-year books of the class, one of our public servants was reminded of the comment once made on the architecture of the old State Department building in Washington—that it shows how wrong people can be when they're so sure they're right. "This is a formidable time to be positive," another writes; yet mostly we go on trying to be sure of ourselves. We have our stubborn convictions; we have our fanaticisms. We have a dedicated Henry Georgist, who is convinced we'll all simmer in a pot in hell until we go to the single tax. We have a Yogi. "I meditate," he writes, "on the foibles of a disintegrating society." We have several World Federalists. "Me," writes a Cape-Codder, in despair at being confronted with perpetual world crisis, "I'm going fishing."

FOUR out of five men in our class acknowledge a religious affiliation—to be exact, 299 out of 383 who answered the question on religion, or 78 per cent. Of those 299, 122 said their affiliation was Episcopal, 56 Congregational, 49 Presbyterian, 30 Catholic, and 16 Jewish. The average man goes to church 15.8 times a year (median: 5). We have one vicar, several ministers, and many deacons, elders, and plate-passers. One of us has written a book on the Bible, another a book on democracy and the churches.

There is, to be sure, a strain of skepticism toward orthodoxies in the autobiographies sent for the book—but for the most part this seems to be some sort of midst-of-life questing, for we are getting older. Two statements—both, it happens, from doctors—typify this strain. One writes: "I belong nominally to the Conservative Jewish synagogue, but heaven knows, by this time, what I really believe. It surely isn't the 'faith of my fathers,' I know." The other says: "I believe we have two chief responsibilities in our work, whatever it may be: first, to do the job for which we have been trained to the best of our ability; second, to use that job as a framework for a life dedicated to helping others. The Christian faith is the hope of mankind, but the organized church is an archaic vehicle for its practice and perpetuation. That is why the individual must be deeply aware of the two responsibilities in his work." In any case, men who write in this way are considerably outnumbered by those who say they are turning *toward* organized religion; and they in turn are considerably outnumbered by those who say nothing at all on the subject.

SINCE it seems to be the destiny of our class to participate in most of the symbolic acts of our era, it was inevitable that one of us should have been called back into the Navy to help de-mothball ships. Another has flown 101 air combat missions in the sky over Korea. Another, a doctor, has worked on a research project to determine the delayed effects of million-volt irradiation. Several have worked on guided missiles and the atomic bomb. We are represented at Lockheed, Sikorsky, Pratt and Whitney, Wright Aeronautical, Chance Vought. One man, who has worked on an Atomic Energy Commission geological survey in southeastern Idaho looking for T. E. (Trace Elements, a government euphemism for fissionable materials), is characteristic of those of us who have had to be screened for security. He writes:

> Once when I met a T. E. man,
> I asked him the way to the nearest can.
> "Sorry," said he, just as I feared,
> "Can't tell you—you haven't been cleared."

Today, despite the deep confidence and dread secrets we have enjoyed, no member of our class has lost his job because he was a poor security risk. In fact, the whole disturbing

[illegible] of loyalty is raised only once in the [illegible] writes. "I do wish the Yale Athletic Association would recognize [illegible]ity when they allocate the tickets."

[illegible] of [illegible] in the class think the United Nations will survive; yet nine out of [illegible] consider the organization, in its present [illegible] too weak to keep the peace. Two out of [illegible] think it is gradually being strengthened. One man out of three thinks war is inevitable, and he believes (taking his median opinion) that it will come in 1955.

WE ARE busy. The entire autobiography of one of our high-pressure characters consists of a single sentence: "I seem to be hard pressed for time." Yet it is one of the signs of our middle age that we are settling into habits in diversion, as in everything else. Our amusements range from the bucolic (reported from Massachusetts) to the alcoholic (reported from Texas). We tend more and more to concentrate on a single interest. One man reported in the ten-year record the acquisition of a goldfish. He still has it. Probably our purest case of single-mindedness is the organic chemist who went into organic gardening and then took up the pipe organ. Our hobbies are mostly constructive—such things as repairing old clocks, fly-tying, refinishing antiques, casting bronze. At least ten of us play with electric trains. We keep aquariums and terrariums. A handful of us don pink coats, unchagrined, and hunt the fox at the Chagrin Valley Hunt Club, in Ohio. One Ohioan has caught a 581-pound blue-fin tuna, but not in Ohio; one Denverite shot an elk last year, but fortunately not in Denver. On the whole, we are slowing down athletically. One in three plays golf or tennis or both: there is a pronounced middle-years [illegible]ng from tennis to golf. One of us has held [illegible] ranking in tennis in New [illegible]nd; another, who has played in all the [illegible] golf championships, including the USGA, has been a runner-up eleven times—[illegible] our muscular glories are behind [illegible] are turning to quieter pastimes. The [illegible] of one of our classmates (not [illegible]manent-wave mogul, as it happens) is curling. One man says his only exercise is unzipping his briefcase at night. Even in sport we have a managerial tendency—one of us is on the Executive Committee of the U. S. Golf Association and another is President of something called Southern Skis. We are extremely clubable men. We have been put up for membership and got past the blackballers 1,574 times, all told, and one of us belongs to two clubs called "Saddle and Cycle" and "Fin 'n Feather." By far the most common and rewarding spare-time occupation among us, though, is puttering around house and yard, fixing things, cleaning up the mess in our immediate vicinity and leaving more distant chaos to cops and statesmen. One man rakes leaves under the largest oak tree in Connecticut; it gives him plenty to do.

IV

OUR cultural yearnings are perhaps best characterized by the fact that now, fifteen years out of college, we consider the most useful Yale courses to have been English and Accounting. Our reading habits are fairly good—on the average, 1.89 books per month per man. The average man at least flips through 4.6 magazines a month, though he subscribes to 5.08. We follow the pattern of upper-income Americans in being, so far, relatively casual television viewers. More than half the class, 54.91 per cent, still don't own sets. Of the class of 830, 496 of us don't watch television at all, while 334 watch on the average 55 minutes and 12 seconds a day. Two evidently choleric men can only stand to watch one minute a day. Excepting television, we tend to prefer mechanical entertainments, such as movies and the radio, to entertainments that require work, such as walking through art galleries and staying awake at lectures and concerts; except that we're willing to work at dancing. The average man goes to twelve movies a year, 3.22 concerts, 4.24 plays, 1.2 art exhibits, 2.7 lectures, and 4.84 dances. He drinks a little more than he did at Yale—11.8 high balls, cocktails, or beers a week (median: 8.8). Our foremost patron of art (or perhaps he likes to think of himself as a victim of art) is the classmate who allowed his bicycle shop on Chapel Street, New Haven, to be torn down to make way for a new Yale Art Gallery. As the demolition cranes went to work, he said, for quotation in the press, "Culture must be served." Another patron, who has taken up being an angel for Broadway plays, reports that this activity enables him to get

seats to any show in town—from scalpers, at scalpers' prices. A few of us are amateur, and a very few professional, actors. We have won Arthur Godfrey's "Talent Scouts" contest; sung Pimen in "Boris Godounov"; played Ravenal in "Show Boat." One of us, a member of the Grosse Point Players, took the lead some time ago in "Jenny Kissed Me." "All in all," he writes, "it is a busy and a pleasant life."

SPEAKING of what Jenny did, we seem on the whole to be a highly uxorious group. One of us, in keeping with this, is a manufacturer of wedding rings. Of those who answered the questionnaire, 91.75 per cent have bought his product, or a competitor's, only 2 per cent have been divorced, and 77 per cent of the divorcees are remarried. Though the class is about evenly divided on whether the world is better or worse off than when we graduated, which was toward the end of the big depression, 88.4 per cent of the class consider themselves personally better off, or at least no worse off now than they were then; and they attributed by far the greatest part of their well-being to work, home, and family. By and large, our wives are domesticated but not tamed. About two-thirds of them went to college, and about two-thirds had jobs before they had us. One man in six married a secretary. Only 4.4 per cent of our wives have jobs now. (Among the working wives, it happens, there are a noted interior decorator and one of the best novelists in the country.) The overwhelming predominant interest, among wives, is family and home; but a very large number of men list, as their wives' hobbies, such varied things as Braille, ceramics, talking, the DAR, puppets, and sleep. Only four men have the courage, or the cantankerousness, to say that they disapprove of their wives' interests, and one notes as his reason: "Have to pay the bills."

The average man says he does the things Dr. Kinsey was interested in 1.78 times a week. This makes his sexual age, on the Kinsey gradient, about forty-eight. The average is drawn from a quite astounding range of activity, or lack of it—all the way from one man who avers a consistent tally of eight times a week to one who let it go at twice a year. Six say they are wholly abstemious. One man, evidently absent-minded to a high degree, says he has "no idea."

THOUGH few of us feel our Kinseyan age, it cannot be denied we are getting on. One of us, an Associate of the Society of Actuaries, could tell us exactly how middle-aged we are; but we don't need, indeed we actively don't want, his measurements. We are conscious enough of our decrepitude. On the average each of us has gained 10.7 pounds since graduation. Even those who have not gained weight are aware of the catabolism that has set in. One writes that he weighs exactly what he did in college but is a different man—"somehow muscle has been transformed into a chemical unknown." Our class baby matriculates at Yale this fall. Two or three of us have already retired; this is the second sentence of one man's two-sentence autobiography: "Can't seem to make enough money because of taxes to retire as yet." "I am an old bachelor and I have no hobbies," one writes, and we can hear his knuckle-joints crack as he forces his arthritic fingers to put the words on paper. Another man measures the progress of his material aggrandizement by the progress of his physical decay: he broke a front tooth crown on spare ribs in 1946 and another on lobster in 1951; things are getting better, he says. And we display another symptom of decay—maudlin nostalgia. Once in a while one of us gets out his trumpet and seems, he says, to hear the echoes of its blasts in the far reaches of the Yale Bowl, where once it youthfully sang. "Went to the Yale Glee Club concert last year in Plainfield," another man writes, "and had one of those rare and elegant evenings when time stands still and the years drop away, singing with the Club at the reception which followed, remembering yesterday so clearly and yet making fun to remember tomorrow, too."

Our advancing age has given us a sense of the life cycle. The wheel turns; ashes to ashes; one of us sells fertilizer in the country and one works for a dust-collecting company in a city. We find our values shifting as the clock ticks swiftly on. A man who finally had the gumption, a couple of years ago, to quit the city and go back to his small home town to live, sums up all the time before that: "Thirteen years of jockeying, jostling, grubbing." Some of us, like the man who spent ten years at the experimental towing tank at Stevens Institute, must have felt we weren't getting anywhere. But more and more men seem to

[illegible] and to get anywhere. Various aspects of some of the autobiographies something more than the slowing down that comes with maturity—something that [illegible] with life rules we inhabit: something like the Buddhist's limiting of his desires. One man, a school-teacher, subsists on one pleasure, which is seeing the lacrosse teams he coaches win—a small thing, but his. One man moved to open Oregon from the chiseling East because he was so digusted with materialism; another, who had been a stockbroker before the war, dropped everything after it, in his early thirties, and started at the bottom of that appalling stairway, the study of medicine.

Very many men have gone to the land. A Vermont single-family farmer tranquilly tells his whole story with a brief quotation. "'Nine bean rows have I there,'" he says, "'and a hive for the honey bee.'" Our outstanding Thoreauvian, who lived alone beside a Massachusetts pond for a year after graduation and then went into the insurance business, is back on a farm now with a family. He says he doesn't count coins or reckon reputation, but thinks "of lush green rows of potatoes passing beneath the tractor, of two laughing children swinging from birch tops, of a pretty wife picking blueberries against a great white cloud on a mountain top, of hesitant fingers dipping into the hot sap pan, of rich brown earth-curls falling away behind the plow, of frosty starry nights when the eager dog barks coon-tree along some distant ridge, of smooth slopes of snow marked only by blue shadows and the tracks of our own skis, of sunsets and sunrises, and the more to come." It is not "security," in the urgent, traditional American sense, not the assurance of financial safety, not freedom from physical hazard, that this large, and growing, body of men who have shifted gears, as it were, in mid-life, seems to be after. The Thoreauvian's wife stepped on a rattlesnake in a raspberry patch not long ago, and he was so severely stung by a swarm of bees that the heartbeat was, for a time, imperceptible. To this group, enough money seems to be less than they had thought it could be. These are the men who, by deliberate choice, keep the income averages of the class from soaring even higher than they are. These men seem to wonder what Yale taught them.

Of the "more to come" the members of the class seem, on the whole, unafraid—better than unafraid: quite anticipatory. Some of us, naturally, have been jarred by the world. The wife of a fellow who's deputy to the colonel who's in charge of finance in Kokura, Japan, writes in her husband's stead, and concludes: "Need I add that our future is most uncertain? Have just sold our home in Westchester, and I am writing this on a packing crate." For most of us, though, these are simply middle years. We have traveled quite a piece; we've got a long piece further to go. Some of us have shifted gears; some of us are just reaching for the lever. "I feel," writes one, unabashedly, "that my years of greatest happiness and of greatest usefulness to mankind lie ahead rather than behind."

Beginning Next Month

IN THE October issue *Harper's* will present the first of a three-part serial by ***Hesketh Pearson,*** whose entertaining and perceptive biographies of leading lights of Victorian and Edwardian England—*Dizzy, Dickens, Oscar Wilde,* and *G.B.S.*—are well known. This time Mr. Pearson turns his attention to "The Man Whistler"—one of the most eccentric, original, witty, and talented figures of those periods. The three installments will take up Whistler as personality, artist, and, believe it or not, interior decorator.

Also in October: "The Ordeal of General Ike," a report of what has happened to Eisenhower since he accepted the call to come home, by ***David Schoenbrun,*** a CBS correspondent who has spent much time with him; and an account, by ***John Bartlow Martin*** and ***Eric Larrabee,*** of how the Democratic nomination came to Governor Stevenson.

Boy into Man

Bentz Plagemann

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson

The day our boy left for boarding school was an emotional, if not to say trying, day for all of us. I had taken the day off, to drive him to the school, and I slept late, wishing to avoid the early morning confusion, since "Goggle" (a private nickname I will employ to avoid embarrassing revelations) had asked his close friend, Alan, to spend the night. Breakfast on these mornings usually had an element of whimsy about it.

I knew how it had gone when I was awakened by the sound of voices under the window. My wife was in the car to take Alan home, and she was having trouble getting out of the driveway.

"Ma," I heard Goggle say, in the intolerable, flat voice of adolescence, which falls on the ear like an air-hammer attacking an asphalt paving, "why don't you put her in reverse?"

"Because I do not wish to," my wife replied. Her voice was tight with the restraint which indicated that she had been pushed too far, and wearily I sat up on the edge of the bed, thinking, it's the last day. Then it hit me again, as it had been hitting me for the past several weeks, only harder. Goggle was going away to boarding school.

I was downstairs drinking coffee when they got back, and while Goggle was outside under the car, trying to see if that new knock meant that the block was about to fall right out on the pavement, my wife told me how her day had begun. Alan had been balancing a large wooden salad spoon on his finger while waiting to be served (if it occurs to you to ask why he would be holding a large wooden salad spoon at the breakfast table, don't imagine for a moment that I can enlighten you) and when his plate was put before him the spoon fell. There were still egg splashes on the wall, and the pieces of broken plate were gathered together on the draining board, together with the pieces of the ironstone cake plate that Goggle had broken the night before while using it to demonstrate a football play.

"At least I got Alan home," my wife said. "Now if I can get Goggle to concentrate on packing his things I think I will survive the day."

I went out and coaxed him from under the car (the front axle looked very doubtful, the exhaust pipe was worn through in two places, and there was some mysterious thing "hanging down" which probably meant that we needed a new universal joint) and he ascended to his slave labor with deep, pitiful groans.

"What do I need all this junk for?" he called from his room.

I had asked myself that same question many times in the weeks before. When the list had come from the school my wife attacked it dutifully, and now in Goggle's room beside the open foot locker, the Navy duffel bag, and the suitcase were the neat stacks of sheets, towels, blankets, washcloths, and pillow cases (my wife's fingertips were still numb from sewing on name-tapes), and I found these objects understandable enough, but the "dark" suit for dress, the jackets for classroom wear, the broadcloth shirts with button-down collars, and especially the



[illegible] but were completely incomprehensible to me. Who was going to make Goggle [illegible]

His normal dress was a pair of blue jeans. When he went to bed at night my wife was [illegible] to pick them up from the floor and put them in the clothes hamper, and Goggle got up so early that she never got [illegible] first, so usually the same blue jeans were worn until they began to come apart at awkward points of stress, and then he was [illegible] to ease into another pair. With these he wore, I think, socks, although I can't be too sure, and shoes that had once been recognizable as such, but soon came to resemble those foot coverings seen in news pictures as worn by Korean Communist prisoners. His costume (a carefully chosen word) was completed by a jersey of some kind, and either a red ski cap, or a large straw hat from Mexico. I was so accustomed to seeing him dressed in this way that I rather resented the clothes upstairs myself.

"PLEASE go up and get him started," my wife said. "You do it so much better than I do. It's sort of man's work anyway." I accepted this transparent device with the silence it deserved, and started upstairs with deep, pitiful groans of my own.

"And please do something about his ties," she added. She was standing at the foot of the stairs and Goggle heard her.

"Aw, Ma," he said. "I've got a tie."

Actually Goggle had two ties. One was a family plaid, given him as a child. When tied it came down, roughly, to his sternum. The other tie he had won at a party as a prize for something or other. It was of red and blue rayon with a picture on it. I could really never bring myself to look at it, so my impression of it was rather hazy, but violent. It was my wife's idea that Goggle should make a selection of ties from my supply. My lack of enthusiasm for this project mystified her.

"Let it go," I said. "If he needs ties he can write to us after he gets there." I went into his room and looked at the wardrobe and supplies laid out for packing. It seemed like a stage manager's careful planning for a production that would never come off.

I began to pick things up. "Here is your new razor and shaving brush," I said, in a loud, hearty tone, wondering if a mother felt the same awkwardness about her daughter's first brassière. "I won't be around to tell you when to take a fast shave, so you'll have to look in the mirror once in a while. Remember," I said firmly, "nothing is more offensive to a grown man than peach fuzz on a boy's upper lip. It shows he doesn't respect himself. Are you listening?"

Goggle was now tying a monkey's fist knot in a length of cod line. "Huh?" he said, after a moment.

"Listen," I said, trying to make my exasperation sound like cool reason, "if you don't do this job with me you won't know where your things are. Give a hand here."

"What do you want me to do," he wailed, quick, adolescent tears springing to his eyes.

"Just stand there and hand me things, and watch me," I said, the bottom dropping out of my stomach, wanting to lock the door and stop the clock and keep us all from ever growing older.

We worked in silence for a moment. "Now," I said quietly, "I think I've remembered to tell you everything I wanted to tell you. But about your roommate. Give him a chance, but if you draw an absolute stinker, you don't have to put up with it. Write to me. Don't suffer in silence. You really don't have to put up with anything, you know. You can always come home."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," Goggle said with gusty despair. "I'll get some queer who doesn't know A from B. It *always* happens to *me*."

I reminded myself quickly (a) that "queer" didn't have the same connotation for Goggle and his contemporaries that it had for me and mine, (b) that Goggle had never been anywhere alone except for one two-week period at a summer camp, so I tried to dismiss from my mind the picture of Goggle as Oliver Twist that his tone had called up.

"Here are some envelopes I've addressed for you," I said. "Please write to us. I've tried to make it as easy as possible for you."

A quick grin broke over Goggle's face, like a rainbow after a storm. "If you'd write the letters," he said, "all I'd have to do is sign them and put them in the envelopes."

Later, when I had given over to my wife (it takes a woman to inspire man's work, as I pointed out), she said that she saw me wandering outside, looking as if there had been a death in the house.

Actually I was indulging in an orgy of sentimental reminiscence, rather like Madame Ranevsky in the last act of "The Cherry Orchard." Nothing would ever be the same again. There was Goggle's bicycle propped on the front lawn. The plastic canary with the feather tail, which he had bought with money earned cutting the lawn, was clipped to the handlebar. I would have to tell him to take the bicycle to the basement. Would it molder there? Would he ever ride it again? Was it a part of his childhood, gone forever?

I walked by it disconsolately and saw, still hanging from a branch of the pine tree outside his window, the length of radio aerial with a condenser on the end, part of an abandoned project, which I had asked him at least two dozen times to remove. I did not like it there. On windy days it gave our house an air of disaster, as if we had been struck by lightning, or were foundering at sea. Now I didn't think I could bear to have it ever taken away.

In the back of the house, from the old oak tree, our tire chains hung from a limb in a similar manner. They had made the ladder by which to climb to the tree house. The tree house itself had been dismantled earlier in the week by Goggle and Alan, who was going away to a different school. It had been taken down because "they"—those secret enemies who lurked everywhere—might come in and wreck it, or even profane it by using it as a tree house. The lumber was stored in the barn against the day when a greater, more magnificent tree house would be constructed. Now I was convinced this would never be.

I remembered only too vividly the last construction. It had been a very hot day during the World Series. The architects, to entertain themselves while working, had managed to take a portable radio to the tree by connecting every extension cord in the house. Together with hammering, heated arguments over construction details, the radio tuned to its full volume, I had found it rather difficult to concentrate on my own work in the study inside. After lengthy reflection (patience, they're only young once, you'll lose your temper and make a fool of yourself, your nerves aren't what they used to be) I had lost my temper, rushed out, where I made a fool of myself, brought about catastrophe, tears, cessation of all work, both in the tree house and in the study; and the rest of the afternoon was spent in silence, followed by remorse, followed by placating conversation on both sides, followed by sodas at the drug store.

Now I looked at the dismal tire chains. I would never be able to climb up and get them when winter came, and Goggle had forgotten to remove them from the limb where they were nailed. They would hang there and clank and rust, while in the house we grew old and confused and deaf, left alone in our gray backwater of old age.

[illegible] had sat there beside me on the day [illegible] pale and strained looking, he had [illegible] He might have to go there some day, he explained. It wasn't until a week later that we learned that it had been Goggle who shot out the windows of the new house, with his own little air rifle which I had given him for his birthday. That had been a sentimental crisis. I still had a file of correspondence with insurance company adjusters to prove it. But most of all it had been a crisis because Goggle had to break down and admit his guilt himself. No one had seen him because it was Decoration Day and we were all up at the flagpole with the older boys, watching the American Legion Honor Guard fire its rifles. But Goggle had come through. He had admitted it when others were accused. (Awfully good material for a Presidential campaign.)

It was on the front steps, too, that Goggle's mother had found him with his arm around the waist of the town flirt, little Alice of the tight pants and the painted toenails. She made the rounds of the town and it had been Goggle's turn that season, and all that his mother objected to, she said, was his public behavior. While she took him into her room to tell him about women, I sat alone and smoked cigarettes morosely, pondering on the harassed state of man, eternally caught between Mother and That Girl. I was unusually patient with him for the next few days, and in my thoughts I spoke of him as "poor Goggle."

I think it was shortly after that I felt impelled to give him the Facts of Life Talk, an illstarred venture which broke down in the middle when we both began laughing too much to talk. We would discuss it in more detail later, I said, lying in my teeth. Goggle would have to learn as I had learned, catch as catch can.

None of us felt much like lunch that day, so we decided to start early and stop for a sandwich somewhere along the way. We got the foot locker and the duffel and the suitcase into the car. (Goggle had had one last magnificent, flying ride on the [illegible] wearing his Mexican hat, before he went away in the basement.) When we were ready to get into the car he ran back for his *Bluejacket's Manual*. If he was completely surrounded by dopes he could always tie knots to pass the time away. He put a great length of rope in the car for this purpose, but after some reflection he took it out again. We could always send it to him. His pockets were stuffed with cod line and that would have to do for the present.

It was a beautiful fall day, but we drove unseeingly through the New England hills, where every tree was consuming itself in a great blaze of glory. None of us spoke very much, and when we did think of something to say it came out explosively, too loudly, and then stopped suddenly. Nobody answered anybody.

We stopped for a sandwich, but while we ate it we fed the jukebox with nickels so that we wouldn't have to talk, and after that, almost before we knew it, we were at the school, placed on its groomed campus as beautiful and complete as a Grant Wood painting. I regretted that I hadn't washed the car. The chrome, especially, looked terrible. My wife was too nervous to speak. Her Sunday hat was perched on top of her head. All the women always wore hats when they visited boarding schools, she explained. And tweed suits, and their lives were in immaculate order, and they were clear-eyed, and energetic, and definite, and mothers of men to the teeth, and she wished she could hide somewhere until it was all over.

We presented ourselves at the school office, looking like one of those family group snapshots which turn up in the back pages of old photograph albums, where a very possessed "older boy" with a name-plate pinned to his lapel, took us in charge and led us to Goggle's room. It was impossible to tell how Goggle felt. He had retreated to some ultimate corner of his being, and on the surface he displayed a nonchalance of manner so advanced that I doubted if he could lift his feet up the stairs. In his room we found ourselves unpacking all the things we had just packed. My wife made the bed, asking him to help, and I asked him to watch where I was putting his things away in the bureau drawers.

Goggle heard neither of us. He stood at the window with his hands in his pockets and watched the boys arrive.

"I am putting your handkerchiefs and socks in the top drawer," I said, "and your shirts in

the second drawer. Are you listening to me?"

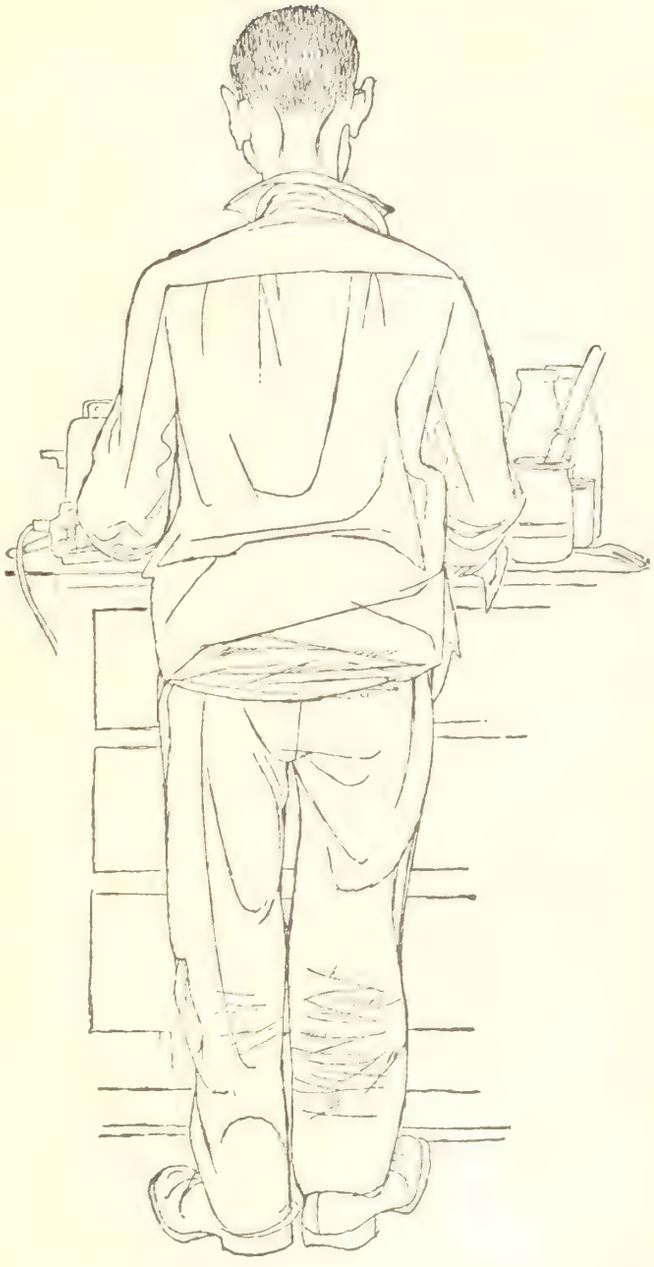
"There's Jim Halliday!" Goggle said at the window, and his voice was like the bugle the cavalry used to sound when they came over the hill to save the beleaguered fortress. Goggle's mother and I looked at each other. Our stiff faces cracked into smiles, and we breathed deeply for the first time that day. We were saved.

Goggle never did know until later into what drawers I had put what things. He ran downstairs while we finished the chores, and then we went down to find him. He was standing with Jim Halliday, both of them, hands in trousers pockets, so nonchalant that I felt they ought to be propped against each other to stand. "Hi," they said.

We refrained from overwhelming Jim Halliday with the blessings we felt for him. We didn't know him very well, and none of us knew he would be there, and he would never know how happy we were to see him. We were nonchalant, too.

There was still an hour to go before the boys had to be checked in. Would Goggle like to ride down to the village for a soda? He walked away with us, but halfway to the car he stopped. "I'd better not," he said. "I might miss something. I'd better stay. Good-by," he said, just like that.

We kissed him on the cheek, lightly. We tried not to touch him with our hands. We smiled. We said good-by, and he walked away from us. We stood and watched him, the boy's back that was beginning to be a man's back, the ears that almost looked as if they might belong to his head someday, the feet that he wasn't quite used to yet. We got into the car and drove away in silence. Back to the dark house, the desolate tire chains, the bicycle in the basement. We didn't look at each other, and we didn't speak.



It was more than six long weeks until Parents' Day, and every day we went to the post office. During the second week there was one letter. It read as if it had been written at sword's point. "School," Goggle wrote, "is, well, okay. Wheh!" (We never did find out what that alarming word indicated.) "I guess it will improve in time," he went on, "and since there is nothing else to say I will stop." This, our one letter, was not conducive to long, restful nights in the interim, so we were most anxious for Parents' Day, even if it did present its special problems.

My wife, for example, had nothing at all to wear. She had had nothing new at all for years, as she pointed out; she didn't even know what women were wearing now, but everything she owned was either too city, too country, or too in-between. She was in despair. She would just have to go into town and see what she could do.

I had a problem myself, as I pointed out. Because of my unfortunate tendency to find too much pleasure in serious things, I might embarrass Goggle. "I can't go around grinning at everybody," I said. "They wouldn't understand." So I commissioned my wife to go to Brooks and buy me a Proper Tie. "Not

a Sincere Tie," I explained. "A Solemn Tie. A tie that will say to me when I look in a mirror: you are a father, a pillar of the community, a staunch patriot, and a voter of the [illegible]



My wife protested that this was asking a lot of a tie, but I waved her objections aside. "Brooks will understand," I said loftily. "Just explain you want a tie for a father to wear to visit his son in boarding school. They have cross-references for that sort of thing."

My wife left for town before dawn and came back at five completely exhausted but still in despair. She had not found a thing. She was carrying a box and it had a dress in it, but she was going to send it back in the morning. "I just brought it home to show you the kind of thing I had to put up with," she explained, taking her shoes off to rub her feet.

I made commiserating noises for her, and thought commiserating thoughts for the salespeople, and then I asked about my tie. She had it and it was perfect. It was dark brown and green in regimental stripes. It looked like the sort of tie you couldn't possibly buy. You just had it, like those hats that are said to be worn by Boston matrons. My satisfaction cheered my wife enough to go upstairs and try on all her clothes again. She finally decided to wear her oldest suit, on the grounds that anything new would make her feel uncomfortable anyway.

Thus attired we set out, late in the afternoon on the day before Parents' Day. In our concern to do justice to Goggle we were even later than we had intended (my shaving lotion was far too fragrant, I decided, after I was completely dressed, and my wife tried on all of her earrings before she decided to wear none at all) and so we didn't arrive in time for the junior football game. Goggle, we were informed when we arrived, was in the dressing room. He would meet us in the Hall (called just "Hall" without the article) for tea.

We went to Hall, where I immediately made a search for a mirror to look at my tie, the idea of meeting my son for tea already breaking down all of my resolutions to be a solemn, proper parent. Tea turned out to be cocoa in paper cups, which made me feel I might get through it after all without disgracing myself, and while we stood in front of the fireplace and sipped it, Goggle appeared.

It was an occasion which a certain beer company should immortalize under its heading of Great Moments in the Lives of American Families. There was Goggle, scrubbed and shining, peach-fuzz-free, his shoes polished, his socks straight; wearing flannel trousers, a jacket, a button-down shirt, and a bow tie in regimental stripes.

We stared at each other across the room, and then, with an expression which I will never forget—*Goggle looked us up and down to see if we were properly dressed!*

We moved toward each other, too oppressively and breathlessly nonchalant to say anything but, "Hi." We smiled at each other shyly.

"New tie?" Goggle asked.

"Yes," I said, looking with awe at his own. "Did you tie it yourself?" I whispered.

"Of course," Goggle said casually. I looked around. The room was filling up. As far as the eye could see, we were surrounded by young men, all wearing bow ties in regimental stripes which they had tied themselves. Brooks had not failed me. I was in.

"Won't you sit down, Mother?" Goggle said.

Goggle's mother sat down. Cocoa choked in her throat and trembled in the cup in her hand, and I said something loudly, quickly, jokingly, seeing with alarm the sudden moist brightness of her eyes.

We stayed the night at the Inn (restored as of January 1, 1776, with plumbing laid on) and the next day passed as in a pleasant dream. I had The Tie, which I fingered surreptitiously at dangerous moments, and I got though all of it safely. There was the anxious gravity of the everlasting football game with the school's traditional rival, which *we* won; there was chicken à la king in Hall; and interspersed with all, the manly talks with the young masters, all of whom wore tweeds, smoked pipes, and had either two, or one and a half children.

Goggle's mother had baked a cake, and we had that with cokes in Goggle's room, while other boys wandered in and out, speaking the incomprehensible shorthand of boarding school jargon.

It was almost dusk before Goggle made us go home. We found we were laughing this time as we got into the car and drove away. We felt young again and happy, and we held hands.

"Let's stop and have dinner at a very nice place," my wife said. "With a cocktail first."

"Or maybe two cocktails," I said.

We didn't try to put it into words then, but a wonderful, miraculous hope had begun to blossom in our hearts. I thought of all those endless talks we had had about boarding school; the sleepless nights of indecision. But Goggle had looked at us when he talked. He had listened when we spoke to him. It was even possible that, in time, he might come to see us as human beings, separate from himself.

Goggle was going to be free.

A Quartet of Elders

PHYLLIS McGINLEY

The Old Reformer

Few friends he has that please his mind.
  His marriage failed when it began,
Who worked unceasing for mankind
  But loathed his fellow-man.

The Old Philanthropist

His millions make museums bright.
  Harvard anticipates his will.
While his young typist weeps at night
  Over a druggist's bill.

The Old Actor

Too lined for Hamlet, on the whole;
  For tragic Lear, too coarsely built,
Himself becomes his favorite role,
  Played daily to the hilt.

The Old Beauty

Coquettes with doctors; hoards her breath
  For blandishments; fluffs out her hair;
And keeps the stubborn suitor, Death,
  Moping upon her stair.

The Turning Point for Lewis & Clark

Bernard DeVoto

In the widest view, the expedition of Lewis and Clark must be seen as the culminating episode in the effort, almost three centuries old, to find a water route across North America. In a somewhat more limited view it must be seen as the first decisive move—the first decisive one under the Republic, that is, for there had been others under the Confederation—in the process of expansion which eventually carried the United States to the Pacific and completed its occupation of a continental unit. The ostensible purpose of the expedition was to explore the vast area called Louisiana (including all French possessions west of the Mississippi) that had just been acquired from France. Yet Jefferson ordered the expedition before there was any hint that more than New Orleans was to be acquired, and indeed was resolved to order it when he took office in 1801, before any American knew that Spain had ceded Louisiana to France.

Of the many purposes the expedition was to serve, three had absolute importance. Jefferson expected that Lewis and Clark would be able to discover a route—by way of the Missouri and the Ohio—by which the furs of the Canadian Northwest could be transported to American ports more cheaply than the North West Company could transport them to Montreal by its long and infinitely laborious route. This was an open, declared form of trade imperialism. But also the expedition was to connect the Missouri River with the great river which Captain Robert Gray, the discoverer of its mouth, had named the Columbia after his ship. By so doing it would discover an inland water route, much shorter than the oceanic one and protected from naval power in time of war, for the sea-otter trade of the Northwest, the greatest exterior wealth the United States had. Finally, it was to resist the purpose of the North West Company to extend British sovereignty over the Columbia River, the land north of it west of the Rocky Mountains, and if possible all Louisiana north of 45°. Whether or not these last two purposes were "imperialistic" depends on how one defines the term. Their outcome certainly was imperialistic. Since the United States had no claim to land west of the Rockies—and none to Louisiana when the expedition was authorized—and since Jefferson was not acting in a fit of absent-mindedness, it seems fair to call his intention imperialistic, or, in the softer term usually preferred by historians, "expansionist."

The article that follows will form part of my book, The Course of Empire, *to be published in October, a study of three centuries of exploration and imperial conflict in the area of the United States and Canada.*

—B. DeV.

They would not get back to the States this year, Lewis wrote to President Jefferson from the bank of the upper Missouri River, but they expected "to reach the Pacific Ocean and return as far as the head of the Missouri, or perhaps to this place, before winter."

And, "Entertaining as I do the most confident hope of succeeding in a voyage which has formed a darling project of mine for the last ten years, I could but esteem this moment of my departure as among the most happy of my life." Thus Meriwether Lewis, who had the wilderness in his heart, on April 8, 1805, when they headed into the unknown.

During the preceding summer the Lewis

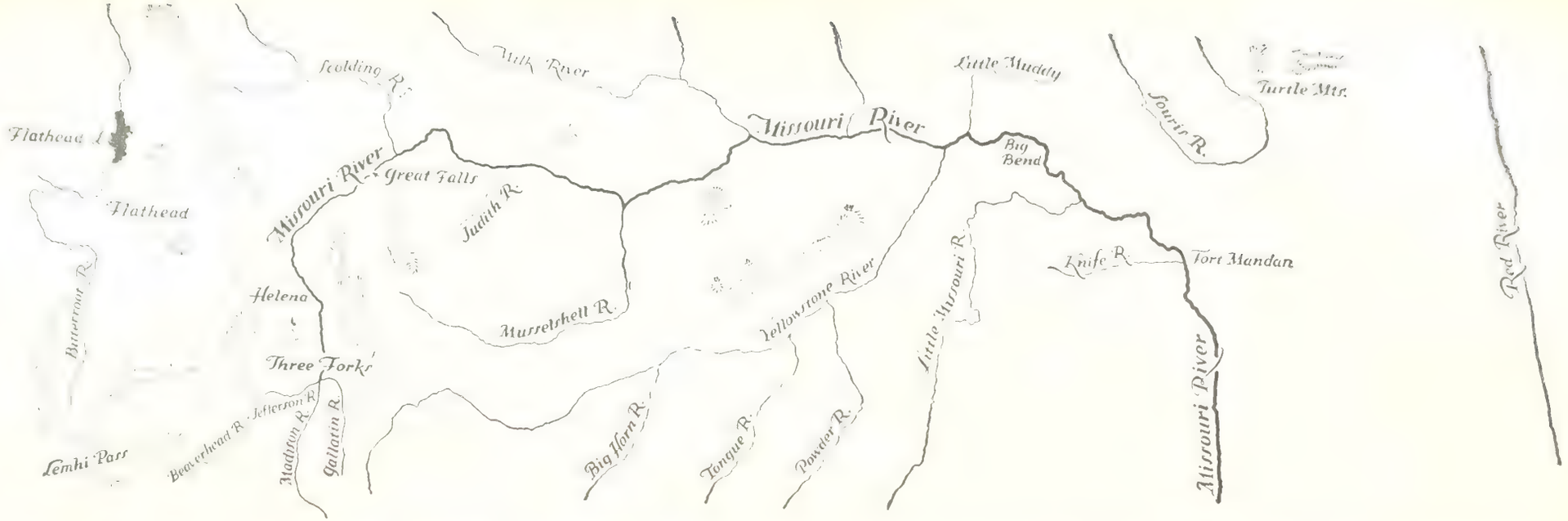
and Clark expedition, forty-five strong, had ascended the Missouri River to the mouth of Knife River, near Stanton, North Dakota. There they had spent the winter in a log post which they called Fort Mandan, near two villages of Mandan Indians and three of Minnetarees—semi-sedentary tribes who lived in great sunken houses called earth lodges. These, the "Mandan villages" of the history books, were the center of British trade penetration from Lake Winnipeg and the Assiniboine River. The two captains had occupied the winter months asserting American jurisdiction over the Indians, cultivating friendship and establishing trade relations with them, clarifying American foreign and domestic policy for visiting traders of the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, and acquiring from the Minnetarees an astonishing amount of information about the country, so far untraversed by white men, between these villages and the Rocky Mountains. Now with the reduced party which they called "the corps of discovery" they were ready to resume their great journey.

Besides Lewis and his fellow officer, William Clark, the exploring party consisted of three sergeants, twenty-three privates, York, Drewyer, and Charbonneau, Charbonneau's Shoshone Indian wife Sacajawea, and her two-months-old son Baptiste or Pomp. They had the two pirogues which grew steadily less handy as the river grew steadily more difficult, and to take the place of the keelboat had built six cottonwood dugouts. These were unquestionably the best craft for the swift and shallow Missouri, choked with snags and sandbars and forever catapulting logs at them. Lewis did not feel easy about the dugouts except when they were being towed, and towing meant staggering through bush and marsh and mire, and climbing or careening along the gullied edges of bluffs when the channel was inshore. That and jumping out to shove the heavy craft off the myriad bars were cold work in April.

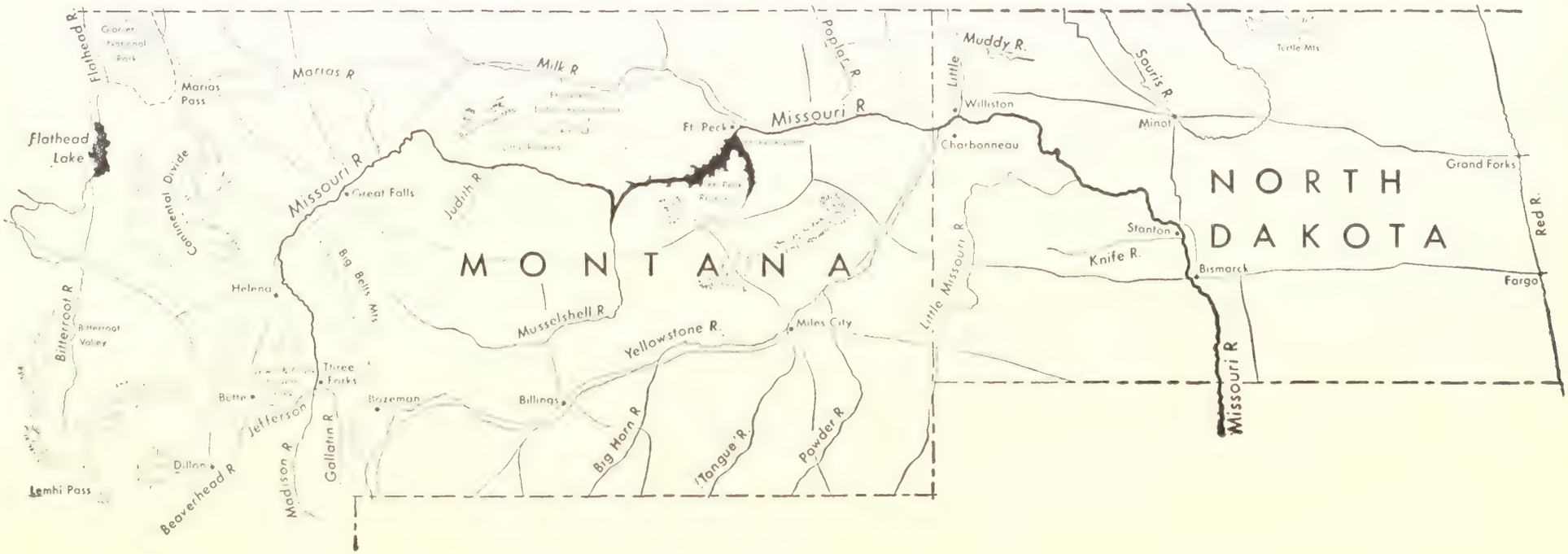
Though there were mosquitoes at once, not a tree had budded. The great flights of wildfowl were arriving, however. One who travels those reaches of the Missouri by boat today can still see remnants of those flights big enough to give him some sense of what the unspoiled time was like—black cormorants trailing their legs as they fly, pure white and stately pelicans, herons, teal, pintails, greenheads, "duckinmallards," geese—everywhere the flash of woodpeckers through matted willows, kingfishers, owls, hawks, gulls, sometimes an eagle. But though many beaver dive from the bank as the boat approaches, there is nothing else to suggest the incredible hosts of game the expedition found in 1805. They had only to walk inland from the bank to kill anything they might want in quantity, Lewis says. It was mere sport for him or Clark to kill meat for thirty-one in the course of a stroll—buffalo, elk, deer, antelope in fabulous numbers—and soon, amazed, they met the bighorn and presently the grizzlies, to which Lewis felt superior till he saw the second one.

Indeed from here to the Three Forks, where the junction of three streams creates the Missouri River, is, despite the intensifying labor of the passage, a fabulous period. Up to the badlands called the Breaks the river forever repeats the same pattern: banks only two or three feet higher than the water and with sliced vertical sides, then a flood plain thick with willows and cottonwood, bluffs beyond the flood plain on one side and on the other usually near and sometimes at the bank. The bluffs are innumerably repeated—pyramidal, truncated, domed, writhen with erosion, some steep slides gullied like the ruffles of a child's dress: white, gray, yellow, red, rust, cobalt, or veined horizontally with gray and black. The banks crumble with a splash or a groan or a roar—Clark marveled that they never engulfed a towing crew or its boat—and the olive-drab water boils and a small or a big wave swells toward the other shore. Tree-roots snapped by the collapse stick straight out from the new raw bank and the trees float off to strand at the next bend, or moor themselves as sawyers, or build new courses on old snags. Sandbars are wedges, the point downstream, and it is toward the point that the driftwood gathers.

Over river, shore, and bluffs is enormousness. Clouds and a quarter or a half of the sky turn black with inconceivable suddenness. A wind strikes out of them, the water begins to hiss, whitecaps or big waves leap at the boat, and navigation is over till the wind drops. The wind is as cold as it is violent; snow comes with it, or hail, or a bat-



ABOVE IS THE AREA OF THE UPPER MISSOURI RIVER AS IT LOOKED WHEN LEWIS AND CLARK FOUND IT IN 1805; BELOW, THE SAME AREA TODAY.



tering and strangling rain. Against the trailing black gauzes of the storm cottonwood trunks are a pale pure silver and their buds the pale green of the sky at daybreak.

Few boats ever travel the river through the Breaks now—not, at least, beyond the hundred-mile reservoir of Fork Peck, Montana. An airplane flight, with the pelican-galleons white below instead of above, shows why they have been called breaks instead of badlands: occasional wide intervals of meadows or even timber interrupt the frantic chaos of the buttes. From above or below, however, they are chaos, tumbled, precipitous, bizarrely modeled, bright-colored, drab, monochrome, or splashed with white or mottled with primary reds, and transformed with every change of light in a vastness where light is never long the same. When the expedition reached the Breaks their strangeness assailed these poised men. In their journals almost for the first time the word "beautiful" means something other than "fine country for settlement."

Wool uniforms and cowhide boots were going or already gone; from now on it would be buckskins and moccasins. Three "Frenchmen," presumably some of those who had wintered at Fort Mandan, traveled with them for a while to trap these entirely untrapped waters, but how far they went does not appear. On April 14, a week out, beyond the mouth of the Little Missouri, coming into the last arc of the Big Bend that turns the river full west, they named a small watercourse Charbonneau's Creek, since he had once camped on it with the Minnetarees. And Lewis wrote, "This was the highest point to which any whiteman had ever ascended except two Frenchmen [one of whom was the Le Page they had enlisted at the villages] who having lost their way had straggled a few miles further." They went on into the wholly new.

II

The river was beginning its spring rise but fluctuated and there was never enough water where it was needed, which meant they must use the towropes. It was flawed spring weather, with snow flurries bursting into days of summer heat and sometimes ice forming on the oar-blades as they rowed. They reached the greatly desired White Earth River on April 21 and it disappointed them—too small. But it widened and had flood water upstream and Lewis wrote that it must extend at least to 50° and must be navigable to its source and must be "no great distance from the Saskashawan [Saskatchewan]."

They *must* find such a river to fulfill the President's mission, but their desire to reach the Yellowstone was greater still and Lewis hurried overland to it ahead of Clark, who brought the boats to the great confluence on April 26. (It is just east of the Montana-North Dakota line.) Now first seen by white men, it was a noble river. The country it flowed through seemed magnificent and both captains summarized in their notebooks all the lore about it they had stored up and written down before. They noted that its curiously colored water was without sediment—today it carries far more silt than the Missouri—and debated the best site for the post that must be built here. It must be a stone or brick post for there was little timber.

On May 3, six days beyond the Yellowstone, the urgency to get behind the British posts found promising substance at last. They reached what seemed to be just such a river leading north. It was the inconsiderable stream now called Poplar River but the heavy winter snows were melting and its flood plain, like that of the White Earth, was handsomely full of runoff. They needed it, and Lewis did not doubt that its source was "not far from the main body of the Suskashawan river and that it is probably navigable 150 miles; perhaps not far distant from that river." By big boats too, and "should this be the case it would afford a very favorable communication to the Athebaskay country, from which the British N. W. Company derive so large a portion of their valuable furs."

On May 8 a bigger river came quietly flooding in from the north and, a hard blow holding them up, they reconnoitered it. It "must water a large extent of country"—from a pinnacle Clark thought he could see fifty or sixty miles "level and beautiful," with big herds of buffalo. It forked and one fork made straight north. So "perhaps this river also might furnish a practicable and advantageous communication with the Saskashiwan river." Now they had three, which ought to be enough. This was a hundred

miles short of where they had expected to find the one they had called the Scolding River, or as the Minnetarees put it "the river which scoalds at all others." Nevertheless it must be that river—they must have estimated the mileage wrong last winter—for the Indians had described only two northern tributaries large enough to satisfy their requirements. Disregarding the White Earth as perhaps too small or too short, they had now passed both, the Poplar and the Scolding. They were satisfied but they rechristened this one, giving it a name for its "peculiar whiteness," like a cup of tea with a tablespoonful of milk added to it. They made it Milk River, and again flood stage had deceived them.

Long habituated to drinking Missouri water, they found the alkali of increasingly bitter creeks strongly purgative when they tried it. They saw some Indian sign but no Indians and were content, for hereabout they would probably have been Assiniboins and therefore troublemakers. By now rattlesnakes were an old story and the fury of grizzlies was just as familiar and had taught everyone respect. And Sacajawea had long since proved her value. She was always busy, digging edible roots they were familiar with and finding novel ones, tailoring buckskins, making moccasins, explaining novelties, cool and swift in emergencies. . . . She is remarkable, this Indian girl who may have been no more than seventeen in 1805, and of whom no word is directly reported since she could speak only Shoshone and Minnetaree. She is better known than any other Indian woman and she has unusual resourcefulness, staunchness, and loyalty, a warmth that can be felt through the rugged prose of men writing with their minds on a stern job, and a gaiety that is childlike and yet not the childishness we have associated with primitives. All the diarists liked her, Lewis gave her a detached admiration, Clark delighted in her, and she has charmed the imagination of readers ever since Nicholas Biddle wrote his book.* In so much that she has become a popular heroine and something of a myth, a Shoshone Deirdre created out of desire. And from Bismarck to the sea many antiquaries and most trail-markers have believed that Lewis, Clark, and their command were privileged to assist in the Sacajawea Expedition, which is not quite true.

On May 19 they saw peaks to the north, the isolated range called the Little Rockies which eager travelers always and mistakenly believe to be the beginning of the Rockies. (A national forest named Lewis and Clark includes them now, and the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation stretches beyond them to the north.) That day a wounded beaver which the dog Scammon was retrieving bit his leg so badly that Lewis feared he would bleed to death. The next day they reached the Musselshell and their information was vindicated, for they had expected to find it just where it was. In the Breaks, loose soil made sandstorms of all gusts of wind and an epidemic of sore eyes ensued. Experience was adding up; Lewis amended ideas about climates and soils that had been too generous and Clark refined Indian geography to closer approximations. On May 25 Clark thought he saw more mountains and the next day climbed a hill and made sure. Like the Musselshell, these mountains were where the data said they should be; they must be the Indians' first range. Perhaps those to the north were the ones now called the Bear Paws and those to the southwest the Highwoods, but the angle of sight joined them to other ranges and they were so far away that only snowy tips could be seen. Lewis wrote, "I felt a secret pleasure in finding myself so near the head of the heretofore conceived boundless Missouri." But a premonition of the strain to come struck through his exultation.

It was nearly always the towrope now and the wind forever full of sand. At the end of the day fatigue felled a man like a club but dinner of buffalo ribs or bighorn chops or boiled beaver-tail was restorative. Driftwood fires bowed and flared to the high wind and Cruzatte, the riverman, would fiddle for dancing till the flames sank and only the glow of embers was reflected from the water. On May 29 a clear bold river came in from the south. Lewis named it Big Horn but Clark pointed out that the map already had a Big Horn emptying into the Yellowstone. So he called it Judith for Judy Hancock, who was only thirteen now but whom he was destined to marry in 1808. There were many signs of Indians, an encampment two weeks old and big

* *History of the Expedition under the Command of Captains Lewis and Clark* (1814), compiled from the notes and journals of the expedition.

—126 lodges, Lewis made it—and another, older camp near by. Sacajawea identified Atsina moccasins, the Fall Indians, probably raiding her own people. The Breaks were magnificent scenery but "the men are compelled to be in the water even to their arm pits" a full quarter of the time and, when they weren't, had to take the rope slitheringly across mire barefooted and drag "the heavy burden of a canoe . . . walking occasionally for several hundred yards over the sharp fragments of rock" that had fallen from the cliffs above. They came out to the plains country again and now the mountains were not so distant and wild roses had bloomed in the bottom and cactus on the banks. On June 2 no one had been able to wear moccasins while towing for the last several days and "many of them have their feet so mangled and bruised . . . that they can scarcely walk or stand." On that day the current was more gentle, a grizzly chased both Drewyer and Charbonneau before Drewyer shot it through the brain—and they reached "a very considerable river."

III

So considerable a river that the Missouri seemed to have forked. To encounter a big river was both dramatic and stunning. For the Missouri was not known to fork below the Three Forks. Above the Scolding River, which they assumed they had passed a month ago, no important tributary entered from the north. Above the Musselshell, two weeks behind them, no tributary of even moderate size entered from the south. Months of inquiry and of analysis had made this clear, and maps sketched in sand by war chiefs and on paper by William Clark had plotted the Missouri all the way to the mountains and the easy pass leading to the southern branch of the Columbia. None of those maps showed such a crossroads as this. And once more it was a big river only because of the big runoff —actually it is small.

So they must determine which fork led to the mountains, which was the main stream of the Missouri, and they must decide correctly. For if they decided on the wrong one and, going up it, eventually had to come back to the other—then that error "might defeat the expedition altogether." With so much time lost there could be no reaching the Pacific, perhaps no getting across the mountains, before winter. Their supplies being steadily depleted, they would have to go back to St. Louis in failure, the continent uncrossed, no route discovered, Jefferson frustrated, and the foreign and domestic policy of the United States perverted.

Almost the entire party, including the expert rivermen, whose top authority was Cruzatte, decided during the first afternoon that the north fork was the Missouri. Dissenting from the first, Lewis and Clark were convinced by the end of the next day that it was not, though convinced too that both must be explored. All but conclusive arguments against both could be drawn from the Indians' information and from the analysis the captains had subjected it to. In every respect except that the Missouri had not been known to trend north (and even this might have been sanctioned by data acquired after Clark made his map) the north fork *looked* like the Missouri. Its water had the same brown-mud color that the Missouri had all the way from the Mississippi to this confluence. Its current appeared to have the same velocity they had recently been facing. Its bed was the exhaustingly familiar muddy bottom of the Missouri. One would say that it was the Missouri continuing. To the contrary, the south fork was "perfectly transparent." It had a swifter current. It flowed over a bed of "flat smooth stones." It was not continuous with the Missouri but an abrupt change and novelty. Yet it was the bigger river, it bore southwest which was the anticipated direction, and the very novelties that changed its character argued that it was the Missouri. For rocky beds and clear water were characteristic of rivers that came down from mountains not far away, and the Minnetarees had made it sure that the Missouri entered mountains at a not much greater distance than the expedition had now traveled. They had insisted too that it traveled through mountains for a long distance. The turbidity and the mud bottom of the north fork argued that it did not penetrate the mountains, or that it made too slight a penetration to bring it as near the parting of the waters as the Missouri was known to come, or that on emerging from the mountains it traveled across plains for a much greater distance than the Missouri was known

to travel up to this point. And for this conclusion there was support in the size of the south fork; it could get so much water only from deep penetration in mountains, not from country so dry as they knew the country to be between it and the Yellowstone River. (The barrenness, the succession of tiny creeks, and the big dry runoff channels all indicated the same thing.) Again, the Minnetarees had said that the Great Falls were on a bearing a little to the south of sunset from Fort Mandan. Determination of the latitude showed that this confluence was only a few minutes north of Fort Mandan. The strong southwestward bearing of the south fork squared with these data, the strong northerly bearing of the other fork would not square. But against the south fork was the weighty fact that, as their Arrowsmith map showed, the Canadian Peter Fidler was believed to have ranged down the eastern foot of the Rocky Mountains to 45° and he had not encountered a stream anywhere near so large. The latitude they had taken was 47° 24′. If Fidler had reached 45° then this south fork must enter the mountains even farther south than that—which was farther south than they had calculated the head of the Missouri and the all-important pass to be. If the north fork was the Missouri, why hadn't the Indians mentioned the south fork? If the south fork was the Missouri, then the north fork must be the Scolding River—and how could the Indians, or they themselves, have so seriously erred about its distance from Fort Mandan?

IV

Thus Lewis and Clark on the first afternoon and the next day. They went to to the top of the highest hill—not very high, only the groundswell of the plains. Snowcapped mountain ranges rimmed the horizon in a gigantic arc southwest, west, and northwest. (The ranges that curve round the small city of Great Falls, primarily the Big Belts.) Above and beyond them was the faintly sketched, spectral substance of farther ranges shining in the diamond air. The rest was "one vast plain," with buffalo herds, "their sheppards the wolves," elk herds, "solatary antelope," and the yellow and pink flowers of opuntia. But they could not make out the courses of the two rivers. . . . They talked it out exhaustively: "thus have our cogitating faculties been busily employed all day." As often as they cared to re-examine their information and the conclusions they had drawn from it, they were compelled to decide, on the sum of the evidence, that the north fork was a plains river and the south fork a mountain river. They would therefore eliminate the north fork. It must rise east of the Rockies and south of the Saskatchewan. It could not penetrate the first range of the Rockies. Most of its sources must be north rather than west, toward the lower and middle reaches of the Saskatchewan (that British river, the key to much of their thinking).

They were right. The north fork *was* the Scolding River. The south fork was the Missouri.

The commanders of a momentous exploration thus answered the question that must be answered right if the expedition was not to fail. At this critical turning point, with immediate failure hanging in the balance, the answer is co-operative and joint. It is Lewis who writes down the reasoning in the *Journals,* but this analysis is as clearly Clark's as his, for it was Clark who had formulated the winter's data, had checked and rechecked and tabulated it, and must now first check it again for unperceived possibilities of error in calculation or in reasoning. And this joint effort is a remarkable act of the mind. Considering all that went into it and all that depended on it, it must be conceded a distinguished place in the history of thought. It is the basic method of science; they searched the information for what it was and what it contained, and what it must therefore be adjudged to mean and imply.

The methods of agreement and of difference had been applied and a conclusion reached. Now for verification. . . . They had sent squads up each fork in a dugout and another one overland; no significant observations had resulted. Now they would themselves go up the forks till they could be sure. They started on June 4, Clark up the south fork, Lewis up the north one. Clark was sure on the second day, after fifty-five miles of travel, forty-five on a true course. Throughout that time the south fork continued to be a mountain river. Its bearing was always much to the west of south and therefore toward the mountains, which were the Big

Belts. It nowhere made so southerly a bearing as it must if Fidler had correctly stated his farthest south. It must be the river that led into the Rockies and on toward Columbia waters: it must be the Missouri. Lewis was sure on the third day. The north fork "had its direction too far north"—it did not make enough westering—to take them a significant distance toward Columbia waters. It could not be the Missouri.

Lewis was right. Yet the river would have led them to Marias Pass, which crosses the Continental Divide. (Just south of Glacier National Park.) Except for the great portal of the West, South Pass through which the American emigration moved to the Pacific, it is the only pass by which wagons could cross the Divide—and the short summer of the north closed it to emigrants. Lewis and Clark could not have taken their boats into Marias Pass, and beyond it to the west they must have traveled a sore distance before taking to a river route again. Yet, theoretically, a water-crossing to the Pacific, that fantasy which had so powerful a hold on the imagination of men, could have been found by that approach. Theoretically only, but truly. From Marias Pass they would have come down to the Flathead River and that would have led them to Clark's Fork, which eventually was as navigable as the Clearwater down which they took their dugouts to the Snake. Clark's Fork would have taken them to Pend Oreille Lake and beyond that its extension, which is sometimes called Pend Oreille River, would have taken them to the Columbia at almost exactly 49°, more than three hundred miles above the mouth of the Snake.

Though not the Missouri, it was in Lewis's judgment a noble river, and he named it the Marias, to commemorate one of his many romantic attachments. He was confident that the land it watered was as fertile as he had seen it was picturesque. It must be rich in furs too. And once more he sounded the compelling—and revealing—theme. With so northerly a bearing it must rise north of 49° and so was "destined to become in my opinion an object of contention between the great powers of America and Great Britin with rispect to the adjustment of the Northwestwardly boundary of the former." And it "most probably furnishes a safe and direct communication to that productive country of valuable furs exclusively enjoyed at present by the subjects of his Britanic Majesty."

This was the fourth river that Lewis and Clark had decided would enable the United States to get behind the North West Company, flank it, and tap the richest beaver trade. They had been looking for one ever since they started talking to the Minnetarees last November. Why? Only one explanation is possible: they had been directed to find a route of water transport that would undercut the British.

Back at camp they put it all together again on June 9 and were, once more, sure. The south fork was the Missouri River and was therefore the route to the Rockies. It must reach them north of 45°. Mr. Fidler must have been wrong. During the winter, on Clark's map, they had already moved his farthest south up to 46°, relying on the sum of what they had learned. Now they decided that he could not have gone farther south than 47°. (Actually he did not reach 49°.) They committed the expedition: they would go up the south fork. The men unanimously believed them wrong. They determined to leave the larger pirogue here, secured it, and made caches for their heaviest tools and for sizable stores of concentrated foods, lead, and powder.

If they were right, then the Great Falls could be at no great distance; in fact Clark could not have been far short of them when he turned back. On June 11, leaving Clark to bring up the boats, Lewis started overland to find out, taking Drewyer, the Field brothers, and Goodrich with him. Suspense was strong on the twelfth but the plains were majestic, the distant mountains beautiful, and they killed two grizzlies at the first shot (which had never happened before); and that night they dined on mountain trout, for Goodrich was a mighty fisherman. Well before noon the next day Lewis heard the sound of a waterfall and, far away, saw spray like a column of smoke rise above the plain, drift, disappear, and rise again. (The river flows in a sunken valley.) He pressed on in the direction of that fluctuant mist and soon heard "a roaring too tremendious to be mistaken for any cause short of the great falls of the Missouri, here I arrived about 12 OClock having traveled by estimate 15. miles."

Krilium and Its Rivals

Harland Manchester

At a press conference in Philadelphia last December, held in connection with the winter meeting of the august American Association for the Advancement of Science, two young chemists passed out jars of dirt and bottles of water and soon had fifty reporters busy making mud pies. Following directions, they first obtained an ordinary sticky mud. Then they stirred in a pinch of creamy powder. Before their eyes the mud lost its pasty consistency, bunching itself into little crumbs which sucked up the water like sponges. The structure of the soil had been completely changed by adding a chemical trade-named Krilium, fresh from the laboratories of the Monsanto Chemical Company.

This was the opening gun in a publicity campaign which has since swept the civilized world. "Soil conditioner," a phrase virtually unknown to the public before the Philadelphia meeting, has been added to the list of magical chemicals which in various ways increase the yields of the land. A lush crop of new trade names chokes newspaper garden sections as a score of firms shout the merits of preparations claimed to improve the condition of soil. They have reaped a rich harvest. Home gardeners from coast to coast have treated their plots with dosages of liquids or powders of different potencies sold at a confusing range of prices. The results of this initial haphazard use still await evaluation. Meanwhile, in scores of controlled tests in independent laboratories throughout the country, the new chemicals have made plants grow in soils once unproductive and have caused sensational increases in crop yields. They show definite promise of becoming an agricultural tool of major importance.

The original Krilium tested by Monsanto, as well as most of the soil conditioners which have appeared since under other trade names, have been derived from acrylonitrile, a chemical obtained from natural gas which is used in plastics, synthetic rubber, insecticides, and other products, and is the basic raw material for Orlon, Dynel, and the other new acrylic fibers.

This chemical soil conditioner is not a fertilizer, and it contains no food for plants. It gets results solely by its physical action on the soil. It converts fine, hard, packed-down clayey soils that are lacking in organic materials into crumbly, easily workable dirt which quickly absorbs water and because of its porous nature makes it easy for air to get to the roots and for the roots to search for food. It also prevents surface crust formation, thus removing a barrier which often smothers seedlings in their struggle for emergence.

There is really nothing new about soil conditioning. Among the traditional methods of loosening up tight soils and improving friability or "tilth" is the addition of organic materials like manure, compost, and peat moss and the plowing in of green crops. No matter how much plant food is added in the form of commercial fertilizer, plants won't thrive if the soil is too dense. But it may take several years to improve soil structure by

In pursuing the story of Krilium, Mr. Manchester checked a wealth of independent sources, including scientists in government experiment stations. He is a roving editor of the Reader's Digest *and author of* New World of Machines.

these methods, and the task is endless because the natural chemicals produced are vulnerable to bacteria. The new synthetic conditioners resist bacteria. The first soil treated with Krilium three years ago still retains its crumbly, growth-promoting form, and chemists see no reason why the effect should not last several years more.

II

THE path which led to Krilium began thirteen years ago in a corn field near Dayton, Ohio, when scientist-farmer Charles A. Thomas, now president of Monsanto, looked over his crop and wondered why large patches were yellow and stunted. He talked to his neighbor Carroll Hochwalt, Monsanto vice president, and found that he was having the same trouble. Fields that looked the same and received the same fertilizer didn't give the same yield. When they analyzed samples in Monsanto's Dayton research laboratory, they found that they contained the same proportions of plant foods as the high-yielding areas. Both soils had the necessary trace elements, and a comparison of a dozen other factors failed to reveal the answer. They talked with other farmers and found that this puzzling condition was widespread. Any farm problem interests Monsanto, a big producer of agricultural chemicals, so Dr. Thomas set a few men to work on a research project.

The war interrupted the quest, but Thomas did not forget it. In 1948, twenty-five-year-old Dr. Ross Hedrick, who was reared on an Illinois farm, joined the research staff, and they told him to put in half his time on the stubborn soil problem. When he got a glimmer of an answer, Dr. David Mowry, another young chemist, was assigned to help him and a long "mud-pie" session began. The villain, they found, was soil structure. You could use the best seed, add plenty of fertilizer, and have adequate rainfall, but unless the soil particles were clumped together in favorable sizes—ranging preferably from the size of a pinhead to that of a pea—you couldn't get a really good yield.

For thirty years soil scientists had been working on the same problem. They had found that decaying vegetable matter produced natural soil-binding "glues" called polyuronides which gave soil the desirable loose, porous structure. These account, in part, for the huge yields obtained for many years from virgin crop land reclaimed from forest. The land is eventually played out unless more organic matter is constantly added, and it takes from fifty to a hundred tons of such matter to produce a single ton of the rapidly decomposing natural glues which keep the soil in shape.

Seeking a more efficient way of doing nature's work, Hedrick and Mowry began testing the effect of various chemicals on soil. Then they heard that Dr. J. H. Quaftel McGill University was working along the same lines. Dr. Quaftel, a chemist, had gone to England during the war to study soils with a view to increasing crop yields, and he had produced a soil conditioner from seaweed which was much more powerful than the natural glue, although too short-lived to be practical. The Dayton men went to see Quaftel and came back full of new ideas. Within five months they had a clue to the solution.

Using what Mowry calls "the Edisonian approach," they tried everything on the shelf. They knew that a long-chain molecule, similar to that of a plastic, was needed to hook up the tiny soil particles. They built hundreds of these molecules in test tubes, and they got other laboratories to build more. They tested thousands of compounds and concentrations, each time making one or more "pies" and feeling the consistency of the soil. To test the ability of the treated soil to conduct air to roots, they raised yeast on it as a fast-growing substitute for plants. They emerged with a number of chemicals that would do the job, and from these they selected the compound called Krilium, which has a long molecule similar to that of nylon.

"You can get an idea of what this compound does to soil," Dr. Thomas explains, "if you think of the molecule as a long stick, bearing several hundred little magnets, which is thrown into a heap of iron filings. In similar fashion, the negative charges on Krilium hook onto the positive charge on particles of clay, forming small lumps. The 'sticks' not only hook the tiny particles together, they brace them apart, leaving little interstices. Soil composed of these particles has a sponge-like structure through which air, water, and germinating plants can easily pass. At least that's how we think it works."

As soon as Hedrick and Mowry checked their results, pilot-plant quantities of Krilium were produced for distribution to dozens of greenhouses and experiment stations. Enthusiastic reports rolled in. In one striking demonstration, a speed-up motion picture was made through the glass walls of two boxes, one holding soil treated with Krilium, the other without it. It is uncanny to watch the long plant roots poke eagerly through the soft crumbly soil of the first box with seedling heads emerging easily, while in the second box fewer seeds germinate, roots fight their way through the hard, compacted soil, and many seedlings bump their heads against the surface crust and give up the fight.

This intimate close-up of Krilium's performance has been duplicated in test field plantings in agricultural experiment stations. At Ohio State University, Drs. W. P. Martin and G. S. Taylor tried it on plots of tough, gummy soil which breaks up into large clods when plowed and which sticks to harrows and planting implements when damp. Rain does not easily penetrate such soils; water forms in puddles and runs off. They sprinkled the powder on the surface and harrowed it in. In twenty-four hours anyone could pick up a handful of dirt and tell the difference, and for two years the results have been dramatic. The treated soil grew 40 per cent more oats than adjoining plots, the yield of marketable carrots rose 21 per cent, and there was an increase of fifteen bushels an acre in field corn. Beets matured faster and came out of the ground cleaner.

Dr. Martin regards chemical soil-conditioning as easily the most important agricultural discovery of the decade, with an important future in increasing crop yields and the workability of soils otherwise structurally unsuitable. He points out that it would be of no value in well-cared-for fields already packed with organic materials, for it does nothing but improve soil structure. Nor would it help out very sandy soil; for chemical reasons it won't hook grains of sand together. There remain great areas of rain-slaked clayey soils which produce poorly—some experts say as much as half our arable land—and in these soils the powerful new "cement" may work miraculous changes.

In Alabama, for example, there is a problem soil called "Lloyd clay loam" which forms a crust on the surface because of the beating action of raindrops during a heavy shower. This crust holds back cotton seedlings and seals the soil so that most water escapes as surface run-off, often digging gullies and causing serious erosion. Dr. Vernon Jamison, soil scientist at the Auburn agricultural experiment station, treated a plot of this soil with Krilium to a depth of two inches. Many more cotton plants came up through the loosened surface, and when it rained, the porous earth drank eagerly, increasing growth and the production of cotton bolls. Surface crust which keeps seedlings from emerging is also a problem on big New Jersey market farms, especially with carrots, lettuce, and spinach, and experiments at Rutgers showed that a very small amount of Krilium prevented crust formation and hastened growth.

Other users add to the story. Last year horticulturists at Purdue University, with no idea of the merits of the unknown powder, obtained a sample and worked it into a patch of soil which had the poorest possible physical condition. Everyone was amazed. The soil stood like a fluffed-up pillow. Chinese cabbage headed up a week earlier, and beets, carrots, and turnips grew to sizes 20 per cent and more larger than in the control plots. The loose, treated soil absorbed water so quickly that it could be cultivated soon after a heavy rain, while untreated plots could not be worked for several days. Purdue scientists believe Krilium may be of great value in Indiana strawberry fields where the soil calls for it, cutting down labor of cultivation, giving plants an earlier start, and increasing yield. It will be tested extensively this year by commercial growers.

Soil conditioners can do a completely different reclamation job in the irrigated ranches of the southwest, where salts leached from the mountains eventually season the soil so heavily that it is difficult to flush them out and good crops will no longer grow. At the U. S. Department of Agriculture's Salinity Laboratory at Riverside, California, tests have shown that the loose soil structure created by Krilium aids in washing out the deposits and putting the soil back in production. The saline soils of dried-up lake bottoms, and large fertile areas on the Netherlands coast which were poisoned by sea water when dikes

were cut during the war, might also be reclaimed by this method.

One must bear in mind that all these experiment-station tests have been made on small plots, and that the Krilium used was supplied free of charge by the manufacturer. After watching it work, soil experts believe that it is technically possible for chemical conditioners to upgrade many millions of acres of farm land throughout the world; but their enthusiasm is tempered by their belief that use on large acreages would probably be economically impossible at present prices. Monsanto chemists estimate that it will take anywhere from 200 to 1,000 pounds per acre to do a satisfactory job on soils lacking in organic matter, and the present price, as sold in five-pound packages, is $1.39 a pound.

III

When Monsanto first announced Krilium no competitor was in sight. The company had applied for use patents to protect its position. In reply to clamorous demands for the chemical, they stated that it would be doled out in small quantities to commercial growers and experiment stations for another year, and that it would not be offered to the general public until early 1953, when the completion of a $50,000,000 acrylonitrile plant in Texas would guarantee an ample supply.

But Monsanto's publicity campaign was too good, and too many millions of home gardeners were itching to try the stuff. By late June some twenty firms had disregarded Monsanto's patent claims and entered the field. Krilium-type soil conditioners were being sold, either wholesale or retail, under such trade names as Aerotil, Agrigair, Agrilon, Acrisoil, Fluffium, Loamium, Orthotil, Poly-Ack, Soilife, Soiloam, and Terra Kem. Many of these acrylonitrile-based preparations were said to be identical with Monsanto's original Krilium or just as good. Their appearance forced Monsanto's hand, and a few weeks after the first one appeared the company set up its own distribution system and put its own soil conditioner on the market. But the situation is further complicated by the fact that Monsanto, no longer able to obtain acrylonitrile under terms satisfactory to it from the American Cyanamid Company (at present the sole manufacturer of the chemical), is now making its soil conditioner from other materials. Chemists report that the effect is identical, but the change permits some competitors to boast that they are selling the stuff which showed such spectacular results in Monsanto's pioneer tests.

Confusion of trade names and glowing, often contradictory, claims have not deterred home gardeners—a tribe as optimistic as advertising copy-writers—from lugging home great quantities of powders and liquids and socking them into their backyard plots. Since not even the experts of the Agriculture Department have had time to evaluate some of the preparations or to determine the best methods of application to secure maximum results per pound, many amateurs have only vague notions of what they are doing. Most gardeners whose soil contains clay and who have neglected to maintain its structure with compost and manure are probably receiving some benefit, even from subminimal dosages wrongly applied, but there are so many variables in plant-growing—among them quality of seed, time of planting, frequency of cultivation, use of fertilizers and trace elements, volume and frequency of rain, and pest control—that it is a rare gardener who can trace cause to effect.

The soil conditioners are now being sold in three forms:

(1) As a powder to be worked thoroughly into the soil when the seed bed is prepared.

(2) As easily soluble flakes to be mixed with water and sprayed upon prepared soil with an ordinary garden sprinkler.

(3) As a premixed liquid which according to some advertisers will cause soil particles to aggregate, assisting the penetration of air, water, and plant roots when sprayed upon unworked ground or existing lawns.

If we take the attitude that there is no substitute for a couple of growing seasons in testing any new soil preparation, we will grade the proved effectiveness of these preparations in the order listed. Many Monsanto tests have shown if the powder is harrowed into clay soil when it is dry to a depth of about three inches in a quantity of at least 200 pounds per acre, and is later sprinkled, an aggregation of particles takes place which appears to last for a long time. Soil thus treated absorbs rain water at once, while on

control plots of untreated soil, water gathers in puddles and runs off.

No deep penetration is achieved by the second method; so far as is known, the effect is limited to preventing the formation of surface crust. This probably assists plants to emerge and helps the soil to absorb more water. But it cannot lighten the soil at the root level and therefore does not aid the process of plant nutrition.

As for the third method, advertised as a labor-saver, there is no evidence that it is of value. The chemical will not break up hard soil. The soil must be well worked before it is applied. It may be that if sod is "spiked" and a solution poured in the holes, the structure of the dirt beneath the sod may be improved to promote growth, but no one knows as yet.

Leading experts disagree with claims made by certain firms that the preparations will improve sandy soil. Sand particles cannot take part in the electrolytic action of agglomeration. To use conditioners on muck or other soil heavily loaded with organic materials is a waste of money, like taking medicine when you are not sick. Gardeners can also get into trouble by misusing the products. Too much of them on the hands may be irritating. Tests have shown that a heavy application on plants that have emerged may blight them. A heavy surface application which is not worked in may form a thick crust, preventing anything from growing. Cases have been reported where the soil has been treated so deeply that rainfall has leached nutrients to a level beyond the reach of plant roots, but at the present prices of the various preparations, that error is not likely to become common.

Phones of Better Business Bureaus throughout the country have been buzzing all summer with inquiries about the claims of various preparations, and the national group has published a preliminary report. The Bureau is uneasy about the vagueness of many labels and feels that the public is entitled to know the exact percentage of each active ingredient in any package. It can find no evidence that the conditioners will improve sandy soils, or will penetrate sod or unprepared ground. And it criticizes sharply the exaggerated claims that are current. Manifestly, assorted hucksters are busily bringing discredit to a major agricultural discovery.

IV

Meanwhile, valuable non-agricultural uses have been found for the compounds. Last fall when the Orange Lawn Tennis Club of South Orange, New Jersey, ran off its club championship finals, the match was interrupted by a heavy downpour which normally would have put a clay court out of commission for hours. Another court had been experimentally treated with Krilium. Fifteen minutes after the rain stopped it was dry enough for play and the match was resumed.

Krilium has also entered baseball—in August of last year it helped the Dayton Indians win a crucial game with the Muskegon Clippers. Although a light rain fell throughout the entire nine innings, the infield remained comparatively dry and definitely playable, much to the amazement of the players, who asked why the field wasn't muddy and why their cleats were not clogged with dirt. They learned that the infield had been treated with the new chemical. Later the St. Louis Browns came for an exhibition game, and proclaimed it the best infield they had used. Balls striking the infield area bounced uniformly and when a player slid to base, he didn't skin himself on hard patches of dirt. Now the Browns plan to Krilium-treat other diamonds in their farm chain, and Branch Rickey of the Pirates has approved its use for Forbes Field in Pittsburgh and the diamonds of several affiliated clubs in the South. Softball, golf, football, and racetrack people are looking into the matter.

Still another use is the stabilization of raw shoulders of new highways and other exposed slopes against gullying and erosion by rainfall. When sprinkled on the surface the chemical forms a film which does not prevent the absorption of water but ties soil particles together so that rain will not carry them off. Krilium has been added to water containing grass seed and fertilizer and sprayed from a tank truck on fresh highway cuts, thus stabilizing, seeding, and fertilizing the soil in the same operation.

Two years ago a bulldozer scraped off the top soil in a Dayton housing project, exposing the hard clay subsoil, the worst growing medium imaginable. Hedrick and Mowry of Monsanto harrowed in some Krilium and commercial fertilizer and grew a good crop

on it which was remarkably free of weeds, since weed seeds had been scraped off with the topsoil. This may lead to a simpler and cheaper method of landscaping the raw grounds of newly-built houses.

But the greatest promise of the conditioners, of course, is in increasing the yield of field crops on land which now produces poorly because of its unfavorable structure. The pace of their adoption on large acreages will be set by the angle of the downward price curve which is expected to result from huge demand. Three big chemical companies are building acrylonitrile plants which will enter production next year. In addition to the Monsanto venture, Cyanamid is building a $40,000,000 plant at New Orleans, and Union Carbide and Carbon is building a plant, details undisclosed. Although much of the product will be used to make fabrics and plastics, the size of the industry's investment definitely indicates solid faith in the future of soil conditioners.

Not merely a new product, but a new principle has been discovered. Thousands of long-chain polymers await testing, some of which may do the job better and cheaper than those now in use. The Hercules Powder Company has treated test plots with a cellulosic powder called CMC; the General Aniline and Film Corporation is trying another chemical; chemists of the pulp and paper industry report that the lignin from wood, now wasted in the pulping process, causes soil particles to aggregate; and at the Mississippi Agricultural Experiment Station they are testing silicates for this same purpose.

This new field of research should attract able recruits; for soil scientists, although they are dismayed by the botched introduction of the discovery, are confident that eventually it will play an important role in boosting world food production.

Safari

EVELYN AMES

Because well people never stalk
Such game, nor start such fiery beauty
Out of the thickets where they walk,
Plucked at by the long briars of duty—

We never dreamed how far from home
He hunted the lean hounds of mind
Along death's beaches fringed with foam,
Into dark jungles, memory-vined—

Nor guessed with what fanatic care
He scanned the tracked and pitted ground
For the one set of footprints there
Whose maker he had never found;

Yet despite will and work and pain,
That fleet and ultimate gazelle
Escaped across the noonday plain
Lost in the dust of getting well.



The Secret Weapon of Joe Smith

A Story by Robert Wallace

Drawings by Oscar Berger

Joe Smith was a gentle, quiet man, no more aggressive than a glass of stale water. He had begun his career at twenty as a reporter for a New York newspaper and at fifty was still a reporter for the same newspaper, writing brief pale stories about the activities of various subcommittees of the United Nations. When the Security Council was in session and heavyweights such as Russia's Yakov Malik were in town, the newspaper assigned a heavyweight reporter to the UN. When the session was over Joe Smith was sent back to pick up the dull fragments of news that remained.

Still, there were three unusual things about Joe Smith. He had actually managed to save some money during his thirty years as a reporter and owned a big, if decrepit, brownstone house not far from United Nations headquarters in east Manhattan. Many years ago, somehow overcoming his paralyzing shyness, he had proposed to an attractive woman who had married him and then presented him with five children, to whom he was a good, quiet father. The third unusual thing about him was that he was, on a small scale, a landlord. He had rented two rooms and a bath to a man named Pyotr Votichenko, delegate from one of the Peoples' Republics.

Joe Smith's associates on the newspaper were not surprised that he had taken in a Communist lodger. It was, they thought, precisely in character. Smith was no more revolutionary than a saucer of Jello. It was his kindliness, his deep belief (sometimes at large cost) in the fundamental goodness of men, that had led him to do it. He had often said that if each man will make an effort to understand the Communists, all may yet be well.

But his idea did not work in practice. Joe Smith had fondly hoped that he might see something of Pyotr Votichenko on a social basis, but as it turned out he rarely saw him at all, except when they passed each other in the corridors of the UN buildings. In the beginning Smith had several times stopped Votichenko and had asked him to dinner, but Votichenko, without smiling, had simply said, "No!" At Thanksgiving and again at Christmas Smith had gone to Votichenko's apartment, which was separate from the rest of the house and had its own entrance, and had asked him to have cocktails with the family. Votichenko had not merely refused; he had slammed the door in Smith's face.

Whenever Votichenko had occasion to get in touch with Smith, which he did once or twice a month when he wished to complain about the plumbing, the ventilation of the rooms, the noise of Mrs. Smith's radio, or some similar thing, he used the telephone. "Hello?" he would say. "Here is Votichenko. I have observed a rat in the bathroom." This would upset Joe Smith, who had several times called in the exterminators and had several times been informed that there were no rats in the building. But Smith would call the exterminators once more, and receive the same information.

Or the tenant would say, "Here is Voti-



chenko. Your children are creating such a crude disturbance that I cannot sleep," upon which Smith would tell his children, who were quiet, studious persons like himself, that they really must not talk aloud after 9:00 P.M.

"He's a good man," Smith would say. "He's alone in a strange country, uneasy and full of mistaken notions. In time, kindness and honesty will win him over."

But Votichenko was not won over. One evening, after he had been a tenant for almost a year, he visited Smith's part of the house for the first time. It was a very strange incident.

"Why, Mr. Votichenko," Smith said, standing open-mouthed in his doorway. "And Patrolman Weiss. Is something wrong?"

Patrolman Weiss, who had worked the beat for many years and knew Smith well, was obviously embarrassed. "I—I'm very sorry," he said. "We've had a complaint. Mr. Votichenko called the station, and the sergeant sent me over."

"Complaint?" said Smith. "I don't understand."

Votichenko stood beside the policeman, saying nothing, his heavy face red, his eyes sullen. He was wearing the same ridiculously-small black fedora, the black necktie, and the black suit, a size too small for him, that Smith had always seen him in.

"Well," said the patrolman. "This man, Mr. Votichenko, says someone broke into his room today."

"Really?" Smith said, amazed. "I'm terribly sorry. Was anything stolen?"

"He doesn't say. But he does say he thinks someone in this house did it."

Smith flinched as though Weiss had struck him. "We?" he said. "We broke into his room? That's—why, that's unbelievable."

"Well, it doesn't seem as though you'd do it," said Patrolman Weiss. "It's just that we've had this complaint. All I'm to do is to tell you, and warn you, since he doesn't say anything's been taken. So I've told you, and I've warned you, and I consider that's all there is to that."

"Mr. Votichenko," Smith said. "In Heaven's name, do you really—?"

Votichenko said nothing. He turned and walked away. The policeman stared after him, then looked blankly at Smith. "I don't know," he said. "I swear I don't know. But I've got to pay attention to him, since he is who he is. Good night, Mr. Smith, and forget it."

Smith went back into his living room and sat down.

"I've never—" began his wife. "I've absolutely never—"

"Nor I," Smith said. "But I think I understand."

"Understand?" his wife said. "You always think you understand everything. The man is either crazy or malicious beyond belief. I've never heard of such a thing."

"No," Smith said. "Look at it this way. He's alone here, except for the other delegates from his country, of course, and they don't live with him. He's frightened."



"Of what?" demanded his wife.

"Of what people think. Not our people, his people—here and at home. He has to keep proving that he doesn't like us, he has to build a case for himself."

Her voice rose in exasperation. "Good Heavens!" she cried. "Has to build a case! Do you suppose that includes calling the police?"



"Please," he said. "Don't be upset. He's got—well, a strange mind. Primitive. Calling the police means nothing to him, except that he can use it to show his superiors that he hasn't gotten soft."

"Joseph," she said. "Joseph Smith. Suppose he takes it into his mind that the way to prove he isn't soft is to set fire to the house?"

"Don't be hysterical," he said. "You really must try to understand."

"I don't understand anything except that you've got to get that man out of this house."

"I can't," Joe Smith said. "I mean, I won't. But I'll talk to him."

NEXT day Smith found Votichenko in one of the UN corridors. He held out his hand but Votichenko instantly brushed it aside. "No!" he said. "I have nothing to say to you."

"I have something to say to you," Smith said. "I'll make it brief. No one will think we're friends if they see us standing here for a minute."

Votichenko glowered but stood still.

"Look," Smith said. "I really do understand. I understand that we can't possibly have any friendly relations, and even that you've got to—that you think you've got to—take certain steps. But I want to warn you. No more police, no more trouble like that. It's too much."

Votichenko looked at the earnest little man beside him and shrugged his shoulders.

"Really," Smith said. "I'm not asking you to like me, or to like my family. I'm not even asking you to give up the rather repulsive attitude you have. But if you go out of your way to make trouble, I'll—"

"You'll what?" Votichenko said.

Smith spoke softly and, he thought, with good dramatic effect. "Look. You can make trouble for me. I admit it. But I can also make trouble for you. A lot of trouble."

"Ha!" Votichenko said. "You are a fascist whelp."

"I'm very serious," Smith said. "Have you ever thought that you could be destroyed? I could destroy you. I could do it—" he paused and appeared to be counting on his fingers. "I could do it with words. Perhaps ten small words."

Votichenko's big face reddened and he made a loud honking sound. Laughter.

"All right," Smith said. "That's all I have to say. But if I were you, I'd remember it."

Within a week it happened again. Smith returned to his office at the end of a day to write another of his small, dull stories and found a note in his typewriter. "Pls see me. Joe T."

Joe T. was the managing editor. When Smith came into his office Joe T. cleared his throat uncomfortably and smiled. "This is a stupid thing," he said, "but I felt I had to talk to you about it."

"What's that?"

"This letter. It's from one of the delegates. He accuses you of falsifying your stories, rifling his room, and several other crimes."

"Votichenko," Smith said.

"Yes."

"You don't believe him?"

Joe T. laughed aloud. "Great day," he said. "I've read the stories. The only crime is that they're dull."

"Well—" Smith said.

"But the trouble is, he threatens to make a formal complaint to the Secretary of State. State can't actually do anything about it, of course, but it could embarrass everybody."

"I see. What do you want me to do?"

"Well," Joe T. said, "be nice to him. Butter him up. You understand, it's a ridiculous thing but there's no sense in—"

"Sure," Smith said. "I understand."

"Good."

Three days passed before Smith found Votichenko again. Once more he held out his hand and once more Votichenko brushed it aside.



"You remember what I said to you before?" Smith said. "I have the list of words I mentioned to you. Ten of them. Tonight I am going to use two."

Votichenko laughed.

"You do read, don't you?" Smith said. "The newspapers?"

Votichenko continued to laugh.

LATE that afternoon Smith sat at his typewriter and began another story. It had to do with the subcommittee on cultural relations, of which Votichenko was a member.

"Pleasant, warm-hearted Pyotr Votichenko —" he wrote, then stopped. Warm-hearted. He thought. I wonder whether that counts as one word, or two? One, I suppose. "Pleasant, warm-hearted Pyotr Votichenko, delegate from—"

Next evening as Smith sat in his living room the telephone rang. "Hello? Here is Votichenko. I have read your lying, filthy story. I forbid you ever to write my name again."

"Forbid?" Smith said. "Really?"

"I forbid it!"

"Ah," Smith replied. "But that's impossible. I have already written the story for tomorrow. It contains two words that may be of interest to you. Good night." The words, which Smith had arrived at after considerable thought, were "constructive" and "co-operative."

A day later when Votichenko called again, his voice had an edge of terror. "Mr. Smith," he said. "I forbid—"

"Forbid?"

"I implore you—"

"Ah. That's a nice word."

"Please do not write any more."

"But that's impossible. I have already written—"

"No!" Votichenko shouted.

"Yes."

Smith paused.

"Please. There will be no more trouble."

"Ever?"

"Never. Upon my word."

"I don't know," Smith said. "Your word—"

"Please. I beg you."

"Very well. But I must ask you to bear in mind that I still have six more words. I have used only four."

"I will bear it in mind."

"Good night, then."

"Good night."

Smith hung up the telephone, then picked it up once more and called the newspaper office. "Composing room, please."

"Yes?"

"This is Joe Smith. I have a little story on the UN that should be on the slab now. Will you make a change for me?"

"Sure."

"You'll find a reference to a man named Pyotr Votichenko. I called him friendly and pro-Western. Will you kill the adjectives?"

"Right. Did you get sore at him or something?"

"No, I'm not angry at him. Just kill them. Thanks."

He hung up the telephone.

"What's wrong with you?" his wife said. "Why are you sitting there looking so toothy?"

"Nothing," Smith said. "I've taken care of Votichenko. There'll be no more trouble, you'll see. Do you know something?"

"What?"

"If I were—if I had the inclination—I could ruin most of the Communists in the world. The ones outside Russia, anyway. I could arrange to have every steamship loaded with Communists being called home to be shot."

"Have you lost your mind?"

"No. It's just a little idea I have. I don't suppose I'll ever do anything with it."



De Gasperi

Statesman of the Dark Hours

G. E. Jones

Once upon a time—and 1945 seems a very long time ago—the Big Five foreign ministers met in London to settle their outstanding problems; among them, Trieste. On twenty-four hours' notice, they summoned the Italian Foreign Minister Alcide de Gasperi, from Rome to present the Italian arguments for retention of Trieste. First, however, there were the Yugoslav arguments to hear, so de Gasperi cooled his heels for a day. When his turn came, he spoke temperately and concisely. No one pressed him to linger thereafter, so he returned, in a bucket seat plane, to Rome—to Rome the Eternal, the wicked, the impenitent; the capital of a nation tormented by poverty, defeat, aspirations, and historic despair.

De Gasperi, on his homeward journey, must have felt a moral oppression as well as physical fatigue. But he has been a mountain climber from his early years in the Alps; once he dangled for twenty minutes over a yawning chasm below the peak of Mount Winkler in the Dolomites. A friend remarks of him: "He always sees the next summit." After his return from London, the Foreign Minister told his countrymen: "The road we must tread to reach peace is still hard and full of dangers. We must not nurse illusions, but we must not let ourselves be disheartened. I believe, firmly believe, that we shall make it, if the rope to which we cling does not snap: the rope of the strength and unity of the Italian people."

Two months later, de Gasperi, almost an unknown, became Prime Minister of his ruined country. A man judged least likely to survive took over the destiny of a country considered least likely to succeed. The lira was on the run, and communism was on the march. Yet de Gasperi survived; Attlee, de Gaulle, and the rest have passed from office and de Gasperi is now the *doyen* of Western European prime ministers.

How he did it is a question which defies political orthodoxy. He is a pale, gaunt, and harsh-featured man; his speeches lack warmth, and they ramble. He commands little technical knowledge; he is called, among other things, "an economic illiterate." Time and again during the nerve-wracking months of 1946 and 1947 he seemed cornered by the Marxists in Parliament; his pale oratory was then no match for the confident jabs of the nimble-witted Communist boss, Palmiro Togliatti.

Much of the time de Gasperi could only temporize, which he does superbly; but temporizing has lost him in popularity what he has gained in breathing space. Almost any Italian you meet will register bitter dislike of one de Gasperi policy or another (or, often, his seeming lack of policy); for example, Italy's heavy burden of rearmament, or his failure to carry out large-scale land reform.

De Gasperi pulled through the continuing Parliamentary crisis of 1946 and 1947, Togliatti's oratorical thrusts notwithstanding. "A

Mr. Jones's study of Alcide de Gasperi is based on his observations during the three years he spent in Rome as head of the Time *and* Life *bureau. He has been a correspondent in Europe and Asia and is author of* Tumult in India.

vote of confidence is worth a hundred epigrams," says one of de Gasperi's associates in tribute to his clever arithmetical calculations. In the 1948 elections, de Gasperi and his Christian Democratic party received the biggest vote of confidence of all: for the first time in modern Italian history, one party gained a clear majority in free elections. True, de Gasperi was assisted in large measure by the active support of the Church and by the intervention of the U. S. State Department against the Communist threat. De Gasperi himself has said that "many people voted for us in order to defeat communism." But the fact remains that millions of Italians, who believe little in anything else, believed in de Gasperi and his purposes.

Many still do. In the past two or three years, neo-Fascism has gained considerable strength on the right; and the Communists, on the left, have never lost their potential appeal to the poorly-fed and poorly-housed millions.

Again de Gasperi, the politician, hangs over the yawning chasm; and next year's nation-wide elections may grant him and Italy survival and nothing more—like an isolated ledge from which there is no escape. Yet a recent survey by the Italian equivalent of the Gallup poll, Doxa, registered an eloquent fact: while only 20 per cent of those Italians questioned on the subject thought that Christian Democracy was the best party for Italy, 44 per cent believed that de Gasperi was the best man. Though his personal prestige had dropped from a high point of 61 per cent just before the 1948 elections, de Gasperi still commands more faith than any other man in the vast horizons of skepticism within the Italian mind.

Some of the prestige, of course, represents a detached admiration for the man's political skills. He is a master of juggling and compromise. But there is also belief in de Gasperi, the man. "He's a good man," one hears; "he's a Christian, he means what he says." Another level of faith in him comes closer to the historic place of this singular politician: he has a faith of his own in a turbulent, divided country which has never had much faith in itself or its future. *Divide et impera* served ancient Rome and haunts its descendants. Against this specter stands the will of one man to unite and govern; and there is an Italian phrase to encompass his political vision: *vogliamoci bene*, let us love one another.

De Gasperi is now seventy-one. His ideal is difficult to fulfill, and it has suffered political setbacks; next year may bring worse. In that case, a remarkable chapter in the bitter narrative of Italian history will come to an end: a brief period when there was at least some reciprocal faith between leader and people in common purpose. It is an inconclusive chapter, but not one of total failure. "In times like these," a moderate Socialist once told me during a cabinet wrangle, "Italy ought to thank God for a democrat like de Gasperi."

II

More than a century ago Metternich, in a contemptuous aside, referred to Italy as a "geographical expression." The disunity of Italy is the pivotal fact of Italian politics; of 1952's neo-Fascist successes in the municipal elections, and of next year's competition in the general elections between the solid Marxist phalanx, the advancing neo-Fascists, and de Gasperi's wavering center bloc.

Italy. There are certain images of solidarity: ancient Roman ruins from Sicily to Verona (this is the Roman heartland in its organic whole); bell towers the length and breadth of the land (these are the elder children of the Mother Church); an auto-racing Sicilian prince and a party-throwing Milanese industrialist (they derive their inspiration from Imperial circuses); the beggars of Genoa and Bari (they have always flocked to the promise of Imperial bread). There is even a common language that covers all of the country called Italy, except for remote regions in Sicily.

And all of these images of de Gasperi's Italy are illusory.

Metternich spoke the truth—as he should have done, for Austria was one of many instruments which have dismembered the Italian community over a period of nearly two thousand years. There were also Alaric, Barbarossa, and Napoleon. The quarreling commanders of Roman armies. The Lombards who settled in the north, the Normans who invaded Sicily, the Spaniards who took over Naples. The Orsinis who fought with the Colonnas, and the Borgias who fought with both. A Piedmontese dynasty which threw off

foreign rule with the help of borrowed Sicilian gold, which it never repaid. And, at the dawn of the new political state called Italy, an embittered Pope retiring into seclusion to brood over the iniquities of the secular State.

A nation cannot thrive as a geographical expression; geography does not make a community. In 1952, Italians still pinpoint each other as Florentines, Milanese, Sicilians, Neapolitans—the identification is never casual. A Roman prince of bluest blood complains: "You know, I don't like Florentines. They think they're better than anybody else." A Venetian is likely to shake his head over the "lazy" Neapolitans, and the Neapolitans to resent the busy Milanese.

The conflicts of loyalties are more than geographical. Nobility draws a line against the *parvenu* industrialist. The friendship of Church for State is always uneasy, and devout laymen mutter that "the place of the priest is in the sacristy, not the public square"; for religion and anticlericalism live side by side. The tiny, century-old Republican party still stands vigilant guard against the Monarchists. Poor against rich; no one can forget this tragic conflict if he witnessed the jitters of the idle rich during the 1948 elections, or heard a tattered Neapolitan hurl the word *"Mascalzone!"* (robber) at a well-fed merchant. But even this conflict is not easily defined; there is little sympathy between a slum-dweller and a peasant.

In these facts, one sniffs the clinging odor of feudalism. Sicily's Mafia, at first an instrument of feudal justice (so Sicilians say), became an instrument against the State. A Catania landlord, of Norman descent, told me: "The politicians speak of *our* homeland. What do they mean? This," he said, picking up a handful of soil, "is *my* homeland."

Beneath all these conflicting loyalties is the individualism of the Italian: his irrepressible instinct to live by his own code, in his own interests. De Gasperi need stroll only across the Tiber to contemplate his problem. *Trastevere* (literally, transTiber) has been a Roman slum since the rule of the Caesars. It looks on other Romans not merely as outsiders, but as foreigners. Each year its people celebrate their aloneness with a jamboree called *Festa di Noiantri*: The Festival of Us Others.

In Italy, "we Italians" is a figure of speech. There are forty-seven millions of Us Others, and in the last general election there were ninety-nine parties, regional and national, on the ballot.

But the dream of unity persists. It inspired the *Risorgimento* of 1848 when, it is said, politics for a moment assumed the character of poetry. Nor have Italian politicians since then been blind to the essential fact of disunity. Giolitti, the master political craftsman at the turn of the century, knew it—and accepted the fact as a cynic should. "I am a tailor," he said in defense of his tactics; "what fault is it of mine if my client is a hunchback?" Giolitti played off one faction against another: *divide et impera.* Mussolini knew the fact of disunity. He exhorted "Us Italians" and applied castor oil as a purgative for conflicts: *credere, obbedire, combattere.* (Believe, Obey, Fight.)

Since Cavour ruthlessly hammered out a geographical expression, the pendulum of its rule has swung from cynical realism to idealistic fantasy. Machiavelli at one end of the arc; Cola di Rienzo, the mad Roman insurrectionist of the fourteenth century, at the other. It has suffered equally from political craft and political adventure: there is something both of craft and adventure in the divided and genius-struck Italian soul.

III

De Gasperi, as skilled in maneuver as Giolitti, has an ideal. Unlike Mussolini, he is a realist; he knew from the beginning that tyranny, even in its subtlest forms, does not heal the Italian conflicts but intensifies them.

In his office, he talks calmly of his problem, using his tight, squeezing little gestures of hands while thinking aloud. (From Palazzo Venezia, where Mussolini postured, to de Gasperi's unpretentious office in Palazzo Viminale is only a few blocks' walk in physical space, but an infinite journey through the corridors of the human spirit.)

"Our problem," he told me in 1948, "has always been that of unity. Of course we must have land reform, eliminate poverty, and so on. But with all these, we must bring Italians together peacefully into a community."

To an outsider, a strange declaration; for the material problems of Italy exclude all else

from the eyes. There is a kind of Malthusian despair among most Italians, and most foreigners, too, when they consider the unchecked birth rate, the lack of raw materials, the scarcity of good land, and an army of two million unemployed.

But de Gasperi was right, of course. History's oddities fascinate: Metternich, an Austrian, gave the Italian political ailment its brutally perfect definition, and in de Gasperi, a former Austrian citizen, Italy found at last a leader who attacked the ailment with both skill and compassion.

His family background was unimpeachably Italian. He was born, in 1881, in the province of Trentino when it belonged to the empire of Austria-Hungary. His father was a tax clerk. Young Alcide went to college at Innsbruck, earning his way partly by tutoring; his record there included a four weeks' stretch in jail for participating in a nocturnal street fight between Austrian and Italian students. He was, of course, a strong "irredentist." But his sober, Alpine mentality drew an important political lesson from the Innsbruck escapade. "It taught me patience," de Gasperi says. "It taught me not to make rash decisions which might jeopardize the ultimate end."

(De Gasperi is a man of monumental patience. Until recently he and his family continued to live in a modest apartment they had occupied before he became Prime Minister. One of his neighbors was an aging, pro-royalist countess, who regarded de Gasperi as personally responsible for monarchy's downfall in the 1946 plebiscite. She put her garbage pail in his hall path, greeted him with abuse when he came home at night, and banged out the "Royal March" and Beethoven's "Funeral March" on her piano while the Prime Minister worked on state papers. Patiently, de Gasperi always stepped around the garbage pail, nodded in response to her abuse, and shut his ears to her musical cacophony.)

After Innsbruck, de Gasperi obtained his Ph.D. at the University of Vienna. In his spare time, he became active in a Catholic students' group; he helped to organize several hundred Italian knife-sharpeners and pattern-makers of Vienna into guilds.

"We had to persuade two kinds of people," de Gasperi recalls. "One was the individualistic group that wouldn't collaborate in forming guilds. The other wanted to go over to Marxism. But we did form guilds. There are still shops in Vienna and the Tyrol belonging to those whom I first organized. But for the guilds, they would have continued to go around the streets, instead of having shops of their own."

He finished his studies at the age of twenty-four, and returned to his home province as editor of an Italian-Catholic weekly. In 1911 he was elected to the Imperial Reichsrat, a multi-lingual body and one of the most complicated in Europe. For seven years he observed the filibustering tricks of which the Hungarian deputies were masters, and he came into contact with the dull, plodding competence of the Austrian bureaucracy. During World War I, while Austria-Hungary was at war, de Gasperi remained in Vienna; he was forbidden to visit his constituency, but he organized a welfare program for Italian refugees from the war zone. Just before the Armistice, de Gasperi fled Austria and within a year was immersed in the turbulent tragedy of postwar Italian politics.

From the first, of course, he was a Christian Democrat. The *Popolari* party, as Christian Democracy was called in those days, was organized in 1919 under the leadership of Don Luigi Sturzo; its appearance broke a longstanding injunction of the Church against Catholic participation in Italian politics (a hangover from the bitterness resulting from the entry of Piedmontese troops into Papal Rome in 1870). De Gasperi, then a somber mustached man, was unanimously elected chairman of the first *Popolari* congress. Two years later, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies; this was in 1921, and the *Popolari* were the second largest party, after the Socialists. Sturzo and de Gasperi labored to form a common front with Socialists and Liberals against the rising Fascists, but their overtures were rejected. The government, torn between Marxist strikes and Blackshirt parades, fumbled through a succession of coalition cabinets; Facta, the last Premier, yielded power to Mussolini with hardly a quiver, and divided Italy entered into two decades of murder and castor oil.

Sturzo fled the country in 1925 and de Gasperi succeeded him as leader. But he was a

marked man: for he had denounced the murder of Socialist Giacomo Matteotti by Mussolini's thugs as a "moral crime" and had publicly called on Victor Emmanuel III to dismiss Il Duce. In 1926 de Gasperi and his wife were thrown into jail. She was freed after ten months; de Gasperi spent a year and a half in prison, until his health failed. The Vatican, which was then bargaining with Mussolini on the Lateran Concordat, arranged for de Gasperi's release and gave him a job, at $80 a month, working on the Vatican library's card-index system. To help support his wife and four daughters, de Gasperi did some ghost-writing for foreign correspondents, and translating, and wrote an interpretive book on Pope Leo XIII's social and economic encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*.

Years in shadow. Merely to survive amid hostility was a breathless adventure. Today the Prime Minister is still careful with his (and the State's) money, makes his clothes go a long way, and has a mania for switching off lights when he leaves a room. The Prime Minister's apartment, until his eldest daughters grew up and moved away, had no private study; he worked in the living room.

Months before the fall of Fascism, de Gasperi was slipping out occasionally at night to meet with old *Popolari* comrades. When the lid blew off Italian politics in 1943, he came out into full daylight as head of the newly-reconstituted Christian Democratic party, and its representative on the Committee of National Liberation. His mustache was gone; and one of his first purchases as a liberated citizen was a badly-needed dark blue suit.

IV

Christian Democracy—the words summon an image of Europe in travail: wallowing in its sodden doubts and anguished pain, and emerging with a brief glimpse of faith. Since the end of the war, Christian Democracy, under one name or another, has come to or near to the top in all Western European democracies with a large Catholic population. It governs in Austria, Germany, and Italy: Figl, Adenauer, and de Gasperi. And this fact may relate, obscurely, to the burdens of guilt: as the desire for penitence relates to a confessor.

In 1944 de Gasperi became a minister without portfolio, but the Christian Democratic party lingered in the corners while the Communists, the Socialists, and the short-lived Action Party strutted in the streets. Then he became Foreign Minister. In December, 1945—only three years away from a murky corner of the Vatican library—he became Prime Minister. In the 1946 elections for a provisional Parliament, the Christian Democrats topped all other parties with eight million votes; in 1948, twelve million.

Who are the *democristiani?* It is a queer party, this conglomeration of Christians, democrats, and opportunists; and its rise is a strange, wonderful, and depressing chronicle. It did not have, nor has it ever found, a precise set of social and economic principles. It evaded the issue of monarchy *versus* republic in 1946, as it has since evaded positive stands on land reform, financial policy, and statism. De Gasperi's followers number some queer birds. It is especially true in Italy that nothing succeeds like success, so the Christian Democratic bandwagon is loaded with latecomers like former Fascists, sharp business men, and idle landlords; old-time Christian Democrats refer to them contemptuously as "*arrivisti.*" Italians talk a good deal about corruption among de Gasperi's bureaucrats; both present evidence and past traditions support the gossip.

The list of imperfections is impressive. Yet within the defects one finds the virtues. The core of Christian Democracy is the quiet middle-class man: the village baker, the town lawyer, the city teacher. More successfully in small places than in large, they have tried—with fumbling hands, to be sure—to unlock the prisons of suspicion with the keys of good will. One remembers a *democristiano* mayor of an Apulian village making repeated journeys to Rome, at his own expense, to plead for a rebuilding project for which he had enlisted the support of leftist unions and businessmen alike. The model of such men, on a large scale, is de Gasperi. He, too, has defects. He procrastinates (he is habitually late to meetings) and temporizes; his platform presence is stiff, and he forgets names; he is anything but well organized. His overriding qualities are painful conscience and courage. During the wrenching days of 1947 when he pondered the perilous step of ousting the Communists from the cabinet, he told a

friend: "I can't sleep nights . . . if we fail here, democracy is finished in Italy." But he took the step, and democracy survived. People are compelled to believe in this awkward, earnest, and uninspiring man. "There is little to the man," says a Roman journalist, "but what there is, is all statesman."

PERHAPS the true test of a statesman is his capacity to make assets out of defects in the instruments at his disposal. Christian Democracy has all kinds of Italians and all kinds of viewpoints within the party, so it does represent all interests. De Gasperi has used its vague program to compromise and cajole policies into being which may not have done the most objective good for Italy, but did the least damage to tender and conflicting susceptibilities. He held out for a gradual land-reform program; it satisfied fully neither landlord nor peasant, but gave some satisfaction to both. His Treasury (later Budget) Minister, Giuseppe Pella, loosened the public purse strings a bit, but not enough to upset the lira. Through his Minister of Interior, tough little Mario Scelba, de Gasperi cracked down on Communist riots and arms caches, but declined to outlaw the party; in June of this year, de Gasperi gave the brazen neo-Fascists pause by pushing through a bill outlawing the open glorification of Mussolinian symbols—the Fascist salute and so on—but again declined to outlaw the neo-Fascist political party, the *Movimento Sociale Italiano*. Better some escaping steam, no matter how offensive the odors, than a blowup, reasons de Gasperi.

A speculative question: could the circumstances of Giuliano's downfall and death have been possible under another Italian regime? Many responsible Italians urged a full-scale drive against the Sicilian outlaw, with troops if necessary; other Italians were muttering that "the government doesn't really want to suppress Giuliano." The government dispatched Colonel Ugo Luca to Sicily. Luca, a former Middle-East adventurer, made an effort to win the support of Sicilians against Giuliano. He succeeded to a remarkable extent, by patience and understanding. "I maintain there is good in these people," Luca once told me, speaking of Sicilians who had hitherto tacitly, sometimes openly, co-operated with the outlaws. Word of his attitude got around; it was a slow process but week by week there were voluntary surrenders of lesser outlaws, voluntary betrayals of the killers. Giuliano, in the end, was shot by one of his own men—a minor triumph for feudal justice, perhaps, but a major precedent in *rapport* between Rome and a hostile island.

In Rome itself, de Gasperi for a time built up an equally unusual *rapport* among the democratic political parties. Even after—indeed, he considered, *especially* after—the 1948 landslide for Christian Democracy, he insisted on a coalition cabinet. It included the democratic Socialists, the Republicans, the Liberals. Each was a small party, each represented a slice of Italian fears and hopes, to which de Gasperi gave a voice in formulation of policy.

With a solid majority of Parliament behind him, de Gasperi should have had ample "political space" in which to achieve his material and moral objectives. Some of them he did achieve. Italy's economy, if uncertain of its future, is stable in the present. Industrial production is well above prewar levels, the lira is more solid than any other continental currency except the Swiss. De Gasperi has insisted firmly on law and order; the terror once concomitant with a Communist riot or strike is past. Police truncheons and state budgets may not be the noblest nor most enduring instruments of de Gasperi's ideals, but they represent concrete value to a country which had tottered on the brink of bankruptcy and revolution.

V

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY, as de Gasperi has used it, is best summarized in its 1946 manifesto: "While communism strives for the supremacy of society, and liberalism for the supremacy of the individual, democracy aims at realizing the synthesis of individual rights and social duties . . . and consequently wants to create a state in which all classes co-operate. . . . We did not fight against the barrack-state [fascism] in order to substitute for it the executioner-state [communism]. We are aiming at the school-state, capable of re-educating character." Or, as one of de Gasperi's associates says, "Good men are more important than good laws."

Against this view stand the impoverished and their advocates, who say that bread and

work are more important than "re-education of character" and good laws are more important than good men. De Gasperi's social reforms are not impressive. Land reform proceeds at a snail's pace; so far less than 125,000 acres (from 3,750,000 acres earmarked from large estates) have been redistributed. Since the end of the war, only 440,000 dwelling units have been built, many of them luxury apartments beyond the reach of families huddled miserably in shacks or caves. Critics feel that de Gasperi overplays his cautious temporizing on such matters. In the past year, rearmament has imposed a double jeopardy on the Prime Minister. It has taken away funds from those social programs most Italians want; and his insistence on firm ties with the Western powers has not helped his popularity among Italians who fear war. (Bitter remark of one upper-class Roman lady: "If there's war, our homes and towns will be utterly destroyed, and America will tell us: 'Have courage.'")

This year's municipal elections register the political result: immense gains for neo-Fascism and little, if any, loss for the Communists. Rienzo, the wild-eyed insurrectionist, was banished from medieval Rome, but he came back after seven years of exile; he always does.

The trouble is to be found in a paradox: the 1948 landslide worked for and against de Gasperi. For the Prime Minister, it was an opportunity—"political space"—to bring Italians together with patience, collaboration, and compromise. For many Christian Democrats, it was a temptation to exercise power; and this was the crack in de Gasperi's defenses.

Not that the dissidents in his party are venal, nor are they all reactionary. Many of them are leftists and, in their way, idealists: fired by the stark image of Italian poverty and resentful of delays and compromise. The leftists are mostly younger men. Their spokesman on the floor of the Chamber of Deputies, Giuseppe Dossetti, is under forty. During the war he fought as a Partisan brigade commander alongside the Communists, and presently teaches canon law in Modena University. [illegible] waged an outspoken war against the policies of coalition and compromise. As early as 1949 he proclaimed that the Christian Democratic party should formulate a precise social program and push it through Parliament. "Should this tug of war go on in the cabinet," said Dossetti, "we shouldn't hesitate to form a 'one-color' (*i.e.*, one-party) cabinet. People aren't interested in how many parties are in the government. They're interested in efficiency."

De Gasperi was stung to action: Dossetti was booted out of the party directorate with the Prime Minister's words echoing in his ears: "We must be well on our guard against repeating the experiment of the Grand Council of Fascism . . . when the party decides to leave government out of the management of the country, it will be as though deputies and Parliament no longer exist."

Dossetti eventually subsided, at least publicly. But the damage was already done. Dossetti's arguments against coalition shook the structure of collaboration: first the Liberals pulled out of the cabinet, then the democratic Socialists, until presently de Gasperi's only ally in the cabinet is the tiny Republican party. Furthermore, Dossetti's words seemed to crystallize the ambitions of another man with different ideological background but similar notions of efficiency: Luigi Gedda, who organized the formidable "Civic Committees" in the 1948 election, and in the last year has become president of Italy's powerful Catholic Action.

Gedda believes in efficiency. His *comitati civici* were admirably organized, and their whirlwind campaign in the precincts against the Communists was probably the major factor in de Gasperi's triumph four years ago. His admirers boast that he controls five to six million Catholic votes. Gedda, a Roman doctor, works with push buttons, charts, and precise schedules; his energy is limitless. Catholic Action, a lay organization, is supposedly nonpolitical (except that it is authorized to propagandize against communism). But many of Dossetti's followers are Catholic Actionists, and Gedda—who neither sits in Parliament nor holds a post in the Christian Democratic party—is up to his ears in politics. He has never seen eye to eye with de Gasperi, and the split between the two is now open: dissident Christian Democrats this year have begun to boost Gedda as Italy's man of the hour, a "God-fearing strong man." The phrase fits him. He is religious, and as chief of Catholic Action has a strong pipeline to the Vatican.

He was also an officer in the Fascist militia, and—unlike de Gasperi—is willing to compromise with neo-Fascism in order to defeat the Communists. His backers argue that the Church should support a new Christian party, with Gedda as its leader, working with other right-wing parties, including—if necessary—the neo-Fascists.

The odd part of this project, should it ever materialize, is that it would draw support from many Catholic laymen who want social reforms. The inconsistency of this is more apparent than real. In the twentieth century, a "strong man" is a plausible instrument of proletarian reform as well as bourgeois stability, and he is never more plausible than in the guise of a "benevolent despot" (a phrase sometimes applied to Portugal's Salazar, whom Gedda's notions seem to fit). But the reconcilitation of despotism and benevolence is at best precarious; for Italy, boiling with irrepressible conflicts, it is an intellectual fantasy. The lid is either clamped down, or it is not. There is either benevolence or despotism. But not both.

Gedda's political ambitions and influence present de Gasperi with two threats. One is direct, the other indirect. The direct danger seems less likely: that Gedda, with Church backing, will lead a break of dissident Christian Democrats from the party to carry out his political ideas. But even if this does not happen, the indirect danger remains and in fact has already damaged the cause of de Gasperi; for Gedda's views have encouraged dissidence within the party whose unity despite conflicts was the cornerstone of de Gasperi's effort to unite his country through collaboration and compromise. Around de Gasperi are a number of thoroughly loyal men like Scelba and Pella who are devoted to his objectives; but many others are beginning to look about them uneasily, and wondering how long he can keep up the struggle for good men as well as good laws, and for a Christian doctrine which operates implicitly rather than explicitly in the building of the state and community.

CAN de Gasperi's courage survive the probabilities of next year's elections? Neo-Fascist gains are likely to reduce Christian Democratic strength, while the Communist bloc maintains or betters its 1947 level. In that case, there will be three large blocs, again subjecting democratic government to wearying uncertainties and perhaps parliamentary deadlock. De Gasperi, the master political craftsman, can survive politically by calculation and temporization—and courage. Not long ago, in a Parliamentary debate, de Gasperi taunted Palmiro Togliatti: "You threaten us with crisis if you don't find a Kerensky who will open the doors to you." The Communist chieftain shouted from his seat: "*You* are Kerensky." With a cold smile, de Gasperi retorted: "I am neither a Kerensky nor a Facta"—an appropriate comparison between the precursors of the Bolshevik coup in Russia and the Fascist coup in Italy.

But there are limits to de Gasperi's strength as well as to that of democratic institutions; and this is especially true when his adversaries number not only avowed totalitarians in front of him but a "God-fearing strong man" behind him, all waiting for the fatal slip. In any event, it seems clear that an era of collaboration in the search for Italian unity is concluding.

The West is likely to remember de Gasperi as a statesman who stood up against the Communist threat in a dark hour and thereby changed history; could Tito, for instance, have dared to rebel against Moscow had a Marxist government held power in Rome? Italians probably will remember de Gasperi in other terms. They will think of a tired, weather-beaten Italian colonel offering good will to Sicilian villagers. Or a village mayor inviting union leaders and businessmen to a discussion of rebuilding plans. Or the Prime Minister himself, playing bowls on a Sunday afternoon with the Communist mayor of Trent (and beating him). Italy's Us Others will, I suspect, remember de Gasperi as a *good* man—which in some ways is more than calling him great.

"I Can't Afford My Wife's Job"

A Case History of Our Time

Frances McFadden

"As far as I can see, we've cut out all luxuries but one," said the lawyer, setling down to his second drink and eying the group defensively.

We were discussing, of course, the high cost of living, a topic unbecoming civilized society, attended as it always is by ill feeling (for who agrees on what is hardship and what is not?) and by morbid curiosity (for who is above being interested in how other people spend their money?).

"I have been thinking this over for some time," the lawyer went on, "and I have come to the conclusion that we'll just have to face facts. I can't afford my wife's job."

The party woke up with a bang. The women hit the ceiling first.

"Nancy give up her job!" said the feminine type. "Why, she's madly successful."

"Nancy stop working!" said the practical type. "How would you ever get along without her salary?"

Even one of the men ventured a protest. "Nancy is one of the most promising copywriters Singer and Fowler ever took on. Fowler told me so himself."

But the lawyer went on, treading doggedly down the pathway of the angels, and we knew we were in for it.

"You misunderstand me," he said. "I like Nancy's job. I am proud of it. But we simply can't make both ends meet if she continues to work. Since we are among friends, you'll forgive me if I quote figures. Nancy earns $100 a week. That's good; I'm not disputing it. She lost out during the years she was having children. She's only been back at work for two years, and with all the competition in advertising agencies, I think she's done splendidly. Her take-home pay, however, after deducting withholding and social security, is not $5,200 but $4,080."

"Four thousand and eighty dollars exactly," said Nancy, enunciating like a telephone operator.

"Right. But the job costs us as a family $4,567 and that leaves us almost $500 in the red." He produced a notebook.

Lawyers are terribly maddening, I thought. I could never be married to a lawyer. They're always right.

"If Nancy did not work," he went on, "I would pay on my $12,000 a year salary, after withholding, exactly $17.60. Since she does work, I pay on our joint return $409.60. The difference is $392. That's the first item on the debit side. If you'd care to verify the facts you can fill out Form 1040 for yourselves."

No one took him up on this. "The second item," he said, "and the largest, is care for the children. In our case it's $2,340 a year."

"But that's ridiculous," I said, childless and superior. "You can get sitters for less than that. Widows who want to earn a little something. DPs. I had a friend who had a Czechoslovakian geologist who was studying for her Ph.D. You can always find someone."

"You might, but it's not likely," he said. "I

Frances McFadden, formerly managing editor of Harper's Bazaar, *arrives at a provocative conclusion about one sort of two-income family. How many families, with other patterns of living, we wonder, have the same problem?*

don't intend to profiteer on an unfortunate, and I am not going to risk my kids on a cut-rate job. In this city a plain woman with two arms and two legs and a head on her shoulders costs $45 a week for a five-day week, and at that she won't stay after six. Nancy cooks our dinner and I wash up."

"How wonderful of you!" murmured the feminine type, trying in her maddening she-woman way to ease the growing tension. "I wish you were *my* husband."

"Ten minutes flat after scraping if you organize the sink properly," he said deprecatingly. "Now let's get on to the other expenses that are necessary to Nancy's job. I am figuring on a fifty-week working year. Busses to and from work: $65. Lunches out: $1.75 a day, including tip. You'll say that's too high, but Nancy tells me that it's important for her to lunch with the gang and that means an off-the-stool *table d'hôte* in the chophouse in the building. I've tacked on twelve something extra, because at least once a month the occasion calls for a drink—the shower for the secretary, the celebration of a raise, the indignation meeting—you know how it goes. Now add $25 for the elevenses. I don't suppose I could prove in court that a cup of coffee at eleven is essential, but to take a look at a good many offices at that hour, I'd have to assume it to be so. Total inevitable expenses: $3,272."

He took a breather and another drink. Then he was at it again. "From here on," he said, "we get into an area that is debatable. Don't jump on me and say that the items to come are not necessary. Just remember I am giving you a case history. This is the way things work out in big-city families in our income bracket, when the wife goes to work. (Query: why do we live in a big city? Answer: because we can't get help in the suburbs, because we can't be so far away from the children in case of emergencies, because both parents can't get home after six.) Take the item of the summer camp for the boy. Oh, I suppose he doesn't really have to go to camp. But what kind of a life is it for an active kid of seven to be dragging around the streets with Mrs. Gam and his three-year-old sister, from June to September? Sure, he could be turned loose on the doorsteps. Sure, if his mother were at home. But she isn't at home and Mrs. Gam has to clean house and look after the baby. Sure, there are charity camps, but I don't happen to want charity for my boy; there are too many others who need it. We settle for a camp that costs $400, $425 with the boy's equipment. For that, I could rent a house for the summer for the family.

"Then there's the item of clothes. You girls may have your own ideas about this, but I've done considerable research on the subject. A girl in Nancy's position has to spend more on her clothes and hair fixes and so on than she would if she lived at home. I don't grudge it; it goes with the job. The day after Labor Day, whether it's ninety in the shade or not, the girls in her office turn out in new black dresses and black velvet hats. I can't expect Nancy to show up in her old summer cotton, as every normal woman does in Indian summer. I can't expect her to mend things either. The hand that pounds the typewriter does not know how to hem. Besides, the poor kid hasn't got time. As a result, there's always something of hers or mine around the corner at the tailor's; his take is $25 a year at least. Then you have to consider the fact that Nancy works in the shopping district. The girls go shopping in the lunch hour. If she stays out of the shops, temptation is still right under her nose. Nancy is sold by her own slogans. She sits there all day, banging them out, and before you know it she's convinced herself that we can't live without a Comfo-Mixer or a Plug-o-Curler. George, but I was glad when they lost the Super-Freeze account. I wouldn't have given our old refrigerator more than two weeks when another agency stole the business and Nancy loyally turned against the whole idea. Nancy's not extravagant. I don't mean to imply that. But every time she sees something that she wants for the house or the children, she kids her conscience by saying, 'I'll pay for it myself.' What the hell, it's her own hard-earned dough, isn't it? I've put down $375 a year for extra clothes and extra store purchases. I think that's a conservative estimate.

"Next. Doctor's bills for the children. Nearly double what they would be if Nancy were at home. Any pediatrician will tell you I'm right. It happens like this. The copy for the Sweeties ad is late, final deadline in one hour. Mrs. Gam comes on the phone to say that Bob has jammed his finger in the door

From the lawyer's notebook:

Expenses resulting from Nancy's job

Extra income tax	$ 392
All-day sitter at $45 a week	2,340
Lunches out	450
Office coffee	25
Busses to and from work	65
Taxis for emergencies	75
Extra clothes and store purchases	375
Summer camp for boy	125
Extra doctor's bills for children	60
Extra food bills and sitter's lunch	360
	$4,567
Cost of Nancy's job to the family	$4,567
What Nancy brings in	4,080
Cost of Nancy's job	$ 487

and is screaming bloody murder. Does Nancy say, "Put on a Bandaid and tell him to shut up"? Of course not. She's a careful mother. She says, "Put him in a taxi and take him to the doctor's office and call me back." Even at that the Sweeties ad is shot for the day. I've put down extra doctor's bills for the two children at $60 a year. Any complaints? No—well my next item will make you burn, I guess, but here it is. Twenty-five dollars a month for telephone marketing. Theoretically, Nancy shops in person after work, but that only happens once or twice a week and then she does it on a wing and a prayer. She forgets her left-overs; she doesn't wait for specials; and when we're having friends to dinner and she's had a rough day at the office, she orders a precooked casserole or a fancy dessert from some cookery joint."

I looked over at Nancy. She showed no signs of exploding. I exploded for her. "She believes in putting first things first," I said coldly. "It is probably more important for her to read *Black Kiwi* to the children and see them to bed and get herself looking divine than to go into a hassle over a *Cordon Bleu* in the kitchen."

The lawyer waived my objection. "And then we have to lunch Mrs. Gam," he went on. "Nancy eats light. Mrs. Gam eats heavy. Mrs. Gam is a meat-eater. What she can't do to a pound of hamburger is nobody's business. It would be cheaper, I sometimes think, if she took to the bottle. Anyway, we toss away about $360 a year on increased food bills.

"Add to that a matter of $75 a year for taxis. At least twice a week, Nancy hires a hack. Maybe she's late to work. Or she has to rush up to school during office hours to hear Bob speak a piece. Or she's kept late at the office and has to get home before La Gam blows her top. There's always a reason. But the habit is growing on her. Hail a taxi today and before you know it you're out there on the curb raising your finger tomorrow. Who supports the taxis of New York? The working women. This leads me directly to the dangers of exposure to the expense account."

THE lawyer rose and stood before the fireplace with his hands hanging onto his lapels. Now he was in dead earnest. I could see why Nancy loved him. His eyes blazed and his voice had the fierce ring of outraged integrity.

"In my office the expense account is used only when traveling. It may be that I will come to the point where I too will consent, with my employer's blessing, to take my wife on a trip and charge her up to the expense account as my secretary, instead of taking my wages in honest dollars. A great many respectable men do to save income tax. But I've not come to that yet, and I still feel uncomfortable when I am wined and dined royally at a stranger's expense, with no audible discussion of business to justify the outlay.

"Nancy has no expense account, but she's roped in on the racket. The account executive takes her to lunch to soften up a client. She's summoned to a dinner for the vice president in charge of promotion and his lady, in from the West. There's no funny stuff behind this—it's a high-class outfit—just the reasonable assumption that a good-looking girl is no hindrance in the private relations of public relations. So, Nancy gets to be an habitué of the Rococo and the Beau Diable and Club Zero. And when sorority sister Jane comes to town, where does Nancy take her? Why, nothing is too good for old Jane. To the Rococo, of course. The food at the Rococo is swell; the food at Rosa's doesn't taste quite so swell after the food at the

Rococo. Blend goes flat on the palate after an evening of good Scotch.

"I mention the Scotch because occasionally I am brought in as straight man on some of these festivities. We drink nothing but the best Scotch, that being the account executive's idea of treating the customer right. I could write a book about some of those evenings. God knows who is paying! In the end, it's probably the chump who is letting himself be entertained. But everyone puts on a fine hospitable front. Everyone, that is, except the waiters. You can't fool those Neapolitan snobs. They can smell an expense account like sour caviar. I can see them sneering over our heads, and I wish I were back at Rosa's where I am treated like a lord. The other night when the menus came round, the head waiter suggested steak. *Steak . . . $7.50,* I noted. My so-called host overrode me. 'Go on,' he said. 'You might as well.' An interesting commentary, I suggest, on the social mores of our time. However, I am getting away from the point. All I meant to suggest was that in uptown business where women workers thrive, the expense account is a threat to an honest woman's pocketbook, because it sets up standards entirely beyond her means."

He paused to pour out another shot of inferior, friendly blend and I took my opportunity. He was getting away with murder. The men were beginning to look on him with respect. Nancy was strangely silent. No sir, he couldn't get away with it as easily as that. I assumed a tone of icy detachment.

"It is perfectly clear," I said, "that some latent inferiority complex makes you resent the fact that your wife is a success in business. Your statistics may add up on paper, but they do not fool anyone. You are merely trying to cover up the perfectly obvious truth that you are an insecure man who wants his wife to bolster up his ego, under his heel."

I was unexpectedly seconded by the feminine type.

"You don't know what it is like to spend your life cleaning house and cooking and airing two children, day after day on city streets," she burst in. "No man knows. It takes hours and hours to get a child into his snow suit and galoshes and all the zippers zipped, and then you have to drag round the streets at a slow walk. That's what's so tiring. You can never really walk. You just drag along behind the velocipede. If you sit in the playground you get frozen. You can't read. You just sit there getting colder and colder, saying, 'Johnny, give the shovel back to the little girl,' and, 'Nasty, Betsey, mustn't pick up dirty old cigarette butts.' And then you go home with the groceries and cook supper. You're not fit company for any man. You haven't seen anyone or talked to anyone all day long. You haven't even put on lipstick, because you know your looks are all gone. It's a terrible life." She was almost in tears.

"She's quite right," said the practical type. "If you're determined to bring the question down to dollars and cents, you might consider what you'll have to pay a pyschiatrist for Nancy when she gives up her job."

The lawyer was ready for that. "Let's not go into the psychiatry routine," he said. "I've read all the books too. I could quote some very good authorities on the damages that can be inflicted on children in their tender years by ignorant companionship. How much superstition, prejudice, and miscellaneous nonsense is indelibly stamped on the subconscious of a child condemned to spend his day with an ever-changing series of Mrs. Gams? Think that over. No, I'll take my risks on Nancy's mental health. I know Nancy like a book. She's a good girl and a tough one. And I want to say right here," he went on, beaming at his wife with solid affection, "that Nancy has been a damned good sport about this. She and I have gone over the figures together and she has admitted to every one."

The party was breaking up. We were in the hall getting our coats. Nancy was tying a little veil over her nose before the mirror. It was an unusually fetching one sprinkled with sparklers.

"But Nancy," I said, "when you go to your boss tomorrow what are you going to tell him?"

"I'll simply say that I am giving up my job because my husband can't afford it," she said.

One spark just below her left eye caught the light and twinkled at me.

"And what do you think he'll say to that?"

"I think he'll give me a raise," said Nancy.

The Man on the Trestle

A Story by Hughes Rudd

Drawings by James Sentz

The first feeling he could remember after it happened was relief. As he looked at the bloody tangle of flesh and flew the airplane he was so glad it was over. He trembled with this unexpected relief, twisting his head to look on all sides for the fighters, not really believing they would come rushing again, monstrous in split seconds behind the oily plexiglass. They wouldn't do that because it had happened and now it wouldn't have to happen to him again. He had not been an optimist like the others and so he was entitled to have this happen only once. He was very glad because it wasn't as painful as he had expected; it felt as though the back of his hand had been struck with a hammer and after the first shock of the blow the pain became duller.

He held the Cub in a shallow dive until he could see the faces of the truck drivers looking up at him and then leveled out, tugging carefully at the black rubber grip on the stick with his middle finger; he glanced at the thumb and forefinger; they were swollen and throbbing with numbness. The stick came back firmly, alive, and he flew over the road at seventy miles per hour, eager for the barley field and almost laughing because in fifteen minutes he would be there and it would all be over. Just like that, all the details, the problems, the planning; the weary effort to keep clean and the search for something to drink each night, all wiped away like a badly written sentence on a blackboard. In its place would be clean lettering, order; they might even fly me home, he thought, and he pushed the throttle forward with his left hand.

Down the valley he sailed, detached from the muddy, inefficient earth with its protracted, never completed toil, aloft in his small universe of linen and duralumin skeleton. Blood dropped slowly from his right hand and spattered on the plywood floorboard, sprinkling the legs of his brown gabardine flying suit, but he felt only the numb throbbing and was so happy he spoke aloud.

"Jesus!" he said. He looked around at the mountains and smiled, saying good-by to the valley he knew so well, the splintered villages and the dark green guns and trucks. They'll be here forever, he thought, it will never change. But I won't be here, it's not my business any more, and he looked at his right hand dangling above the control stick with the thumb and forefinger held delicately apart, the other fingers resting on the tip of the rubber grip. On the inside of the hand, at the base of the thumb, a ball of stark white material stuck out like a wad of medical cotton; fat from the cushion at the base of his thumb. It nauseated him to look at it and he wanted to push it back into the flesh, to keep it from the oily cockpit air.

He moved his left hand from the throttle knob and looked at it. Dirty; in the fine cracks of the skin he saw grease and dirt, and the rims of the nails were black. He lifted it to his nose and sniffed: it smelled of gasoline and hot sweat. He put the forefinger in his mouth then rubbed it on the warm gabardine of his chest, cleaning it. Carefully, his left

arm swaying with the easy lift and fall of the airplane, he pushed the cleaned finger against the ball of white gristle which sprouted from the base of the right thumb.

Agony crackled along his nerves at once, like a charge of electricity, and he jerked the forefinger away, bending over the control stick with pain. His eyes went glassy and he looked through the propeller blur into glittering, unfocused sunlight, dizzy and unable to find the mountains.

"Oh," he said. He swung his head, blinking, feeling that he was sliding, that one wingtip was going down into a slip and that the airplane's nose was rising higher and higher above the horizon. Then his eyes cleared and the vertigo passed; the mountains appeared again, blue in the haze of altitude. He pushed at the throttle knob, but it was already all the way forward.

He wanted to move, to stand bent forward, cradling his torn right hand in his left, to stand first on one foot and then the other, squeezing his muscles against the pain. But the aileron cable rubbed the crown of his cloth flying cap and his knees were jammed against the twelve-gallon gas tank; his feet were pressed against the rudder cables and pedals, and divided by the fire extinguisher. He could move each foot about an inch. Move, move! his nerves urged him, his calves jerked, but he was fitted into the small airplane like a hand in a tight suede glove, trussed by parachute straps and safety belt, walled in by painted linen and smeared plexiglass. He could not move, and for the first time he was outraged by the smallness of his working space. Before it had seemed compact, inviting, and efficient.

"Why the hell," he said. He was furious with someone, the Army, the taxpayers, the designer, the women in slacks and sweaters who had cheerfully glued and wired this box together while they chewed gum and told dirty jokes. The bastards, he thought, and was certain that no one thought of him at all. Frowning, with his mouth open, he looked down at the trucks, tanks, and jeeps hurrying on a thousand errands. He wanted to land at once, but there was no place to land; there was no place flat enough in the valley, or large enough, or uncluttered enough in all of Italy. God, what a stupid, silly, insolent country, and nobody in it cares about me.

Surely I won't make it, he decided. This is too much, you couldn't expect me to get through this. They probably hit something, the elevators or the rudder or the ailerons; the tubing is probably torn like tinfoil, ready to break. He moved the control stick delicately, feeling for danger but not finding any; of course, you wouldn't know about it until it actually snapped. He looked at the jagged hole in the plexiglass and was weak with fear; a small hole was torn in the *cabane* strut near the window, its edges glinting where the paint was gone. It will collapse, the wings will come off, and I'm too low to jump. And if I try to climb . . . I haven't time to



"It's okay," said the driver. "They got batteries, lieutenant."

climb and anyway, God, anyway, God damn it, when was the parachute packed? A month, three months ago, some time in the winter?

Ah, now, he thought, now you're in it, all those things are catching up, the things you could have done but didn't. He saw a dreadful mental picture of a soggy parachute, creased tightly, refusing to fill and balloon over the cushioning air. How wonderful it would be to see strong, dry silk, to feel it slipping through your hands, as dry as hot sand, powerful, perfectly made into a carefully stitched parachute! Instead he sat on a lump of useless fabric. It was probably mildewed.

They expected me to worry about everything, he thought, hating the men at the barley field. They thought I could look after every damned thing, that's the way they are, that's all. Selfish, selfish, they couldn't even bother to get the chutes repacked. Nobody ever cares a damn about anybody else, that's just the way it is. They wanted me to fly and spot targets and direct the guns and worry about trying to keep clean, about washing my socks sometimes, and write letters and look out for fighters, and for Christ's sakes they couldn't even get the chutes repacked. If I ever get out of this, if everything works out, they can go fry in hell, and he was impatient to face the shiftless ones from corporal to colonel and shame them with their frivolity.

And the pain increased, rising from the hand through the bones of the right arm, nudging brutally through his body. His neck was stiff, as though he had slept in a cold wind; his muscles ached as with flu, and a new pain began below his left knee. It was odd: it shifted from a burning feeling like a scald, to a freezing, exposed sensation like a knife slash. When it felt hot he wanted to pull the leg of the flying suit away from the skin, but when it felt cold it seemed he could feel the movement of air around the knife cut, a draught which made his skin pucker with goose flesh.

He put his left hand on the kneecap, then slid it over the cloth below it. Surprisingly, the gabardine was torn, as though he had skinned his knee on a gravel road. What on earth, he thought, fingering the torn cloth, but he was careful not to press against the shin. He wanted to look at his leg before he put his hand there and it was impossible to look: if he moved his head forward and down it struck the instrument panel. What a box, he thought angrily. You can't even look at yourself in the God damned thing, it isn't an airplane it's a bucket, a phone booth. Then his left hand was easing the throttle knob back and the airplane was nosing down as the engine rattle slowed. He was over the barley field, and he was frightened. I'm hurt, he thought, I'm probably hurt pretty bad now and what's going to happen to me?

He cranked the stabilizer back and dragged in toward the field, settling as the



Gradually the pilot saw that all were marked with blood.

engine let him down until the wheels struck and rumbled on the ground. He chopped the throttle back and braked hard, jerking to a stop, then cut the switch. What's going to happen to me, he thought, fumbling at the safety belt with his left hand, holding the right in front of him. I don't like hospitals and what'll happen to all my stuff while I'm gone?

He opened the flimsy door and saw his mechanic walking toward him.

"Hey," the pilot said, not very loudly, and he started shaking as though he had just been in a serious motor car accident. "Help me," he said. "Help me get out of here, damn it," and the mechanic started running.

THEN he was sitting on the ground looking at his shin while somebody tied a fat Carlisle bandage over it. Several people were talking at once. It was the hand, they didn't know what to do with the hand. Someone shook sulfa powder over it, like powdered sugar, but they couldn't decide about a bandage.

"Never mind," he said, unable to understand their foolishness. "God damn it, just get me out of here. I don't want to sit here on the ground, you silly bastards, just get me out of here."

His mechanic put a lighted cigarette in his mouth and he thought, well, for Christ's sake, but then he was very grateful, it was the nicest thing anyone had ever done for him. He had never realized the mechanic was such a sensitive man. But still, the germs; there must be an awful lot of germs around here. He could think about the mechanic later, there would be plenty of time to sort it all out and thank everybody, but the main thing was to get going, to get settled in somewhere, anywhere. It was stupid, sitting in the dirt.

"Will you get going?" he asked them, clenching his right wrist with his left hand. "Will you for God's sake get me out of here?"

Finally he was sitting in the jeep and his leg was hurting more than the hand because he had to bend it getting in. It was becoming stiff, he never wanted to bend it again, and the smoke from the cigarette was stinging his eyes. He worked his mouth, trying to spit out the cigarette, but it clung to his lip.

"Oh, Christ," he said, and it was almost a sob. It surprised him, he felt he might begin crying because things were so perverse. With his left hand he took the cigarette and hurled it away, grudging the time thus lost from holding his right wrist. It was important to hold it, holding kept it in check. He sat in the jeep with his head down, looking at his hand, while the others shouted and ran back and forth for a long time. He decided they didn't realize he was badly hurt; they thought it was a cut finger or a smashed fingernail, that he had been doing a little Sunday carpentering. They believed in Merthiolate and a patent gauze bandage; he didn't, he never could again. Was this a war or not?

"Let's go," he murmured. He never wanted to see any of them again, they were naïve and irresponsible; he had nothing in common with them at all. "Let's go, let's go."

But as soon as the jeep started he remembered something and twisted around in his seat, frightening the driver; the jeep stopped.

"I forgot to turn off the radio," the pilot said. "We'll have to tell them, the batteries will go dead."

The driver looked at him as though all that which had always held them apart had fallen to the ground; the corporal looked into the lieutenant's eyes with sympathy and understanding for the first time in the pilot's memory. He didn't like it at all; the corporal was a stupid man of forty, a truck driver or a bartender who cared for none of the things the pilot had once held dear, and now he looked at the pilot like that.

"It's okay," said the driver. He shifted back into first gear and sent the jeep bucking over the field to the road. "They got batteries, lieutenant."

Never mind, thought the pilot, and he said nothing, but he thought of this easy violation of his privacy as the jeep sped along the road and was unable to excuse it. He recognized it, all right: the familiarity of strangers at a crash on the highway, the sudden unity of the helping hands of strangers, grasping in ready, unthinking sympathy the bodies of other strangers. Weak sentiment, bubbling like easy tears from the magazines, the motion pictures and the blue milk Christianity. Tomorrow, he thought, swaying with the jeep's rapid movement, he'd steal your liquor or your money; right now he's enjoying himself, something has happened to liven things up a bit. He can play a role he likes; why not, he's

seen it in the movies. He looked at the driver and was satisfied: the corporal's commonplace face was set in heroic, determined lines, he drove efficiently and with dash. He needs a siren and a bell, and Lew Ayres in the back seat, the pilot thought. You cheap bastard, am I over here for you? It was a bad thing to think: he felt swindled and bullied. He looked at his hand with tears in his eyes, disgusted because he had not seen the vicious joke in time.

The aid station was in a tent, and although the sides were rolled up it was hot under the canvas. It was crowded with soldiers who stood in groups or sat on the ground, men in dirty, ragged clothing who filled the tent with a cheerful buzz of talk. The pilot stood inside the entrance, thinking this could not be the aid station, and then in the crowd he saw islands of medical equipment, trunks which were opened into cabinets, and metal tables. An officer with a stethoscope dangling from his neck moved calmly through the crowd.

The tent was filled with infantrymen; the pilot had never seen them like this, only resting in the villages, shaved and waiting. They laughed loudly now, they offered cigarettes to each other and smiled when a doctor or a medical aid man passed among them. Some of them lay on stretchers, covered with blankets in spite of the heat; most of these had their eyes closed, although one, lying on his stomach, smoked and laughed like the rest, supporting himself on his elbows. Gradually the pilot saw that all were marked with blood on their skins or clothing; some were bandaged, but the bandages were so darkened by blood and dirt they were almost lost against the rumpled uniforms. The pilot hesitated, startled by the happy air of the tent, and the soldiers near him looked up and smiled.

"An Air Corps guy," one of them said, and they looked at the pilot's zippered flying suit.

"No," he said. "Artillery." He didn't want them to think he was from the far away Air Force; it would be an unpleasant note in this happy place, and he wanted to share in their ease and confidence. He looked back to be certain the driver had not left him.

"Wait for me," he said to the driver. "Maybe it isn't so bad," and then a sergeant took his arm and led him through the crowd, out of that tent and into another. The space in between was roofed with a sheet of canvas, he noticed; everything was neatly done here. He hoped the driver would wait for him, however; perhaps it could be fixed here and they would let him go back to his own tent, which was very sloppy, and he could stay on his cot until everything was all right. The cot was rickety and the canvas was split, but he had slept on that cot in that tent for a long time; everything he owned was piled around the cot. He could get somebody to sew up the split.

The second tent wasn't crowded and he felt conspicuous in it. He looked at the doctor and the sergeant and felt he was being melodramatic, standing there with the blood on him.

"I'm sorry to be so much trouble," he said, and regretted it at once. How ridiculous! The doctor smiled, and took his right hand in both of his, looking at it. The sergeant pushed his left sleeve above the elbow and stuck his forearm with a needle.

"What's that?" he said. He looked at the sergeant, than at the doctor. "Will it hurt?"

"It's all right," the sergeant said, and he smiled as the doctor had smiled. Obviously neither of them was paying any attention to what he said, and he felt a little better.

Then they had him lie on a table while they looked at his leg. He craned his neck: more powder was sprinkled on the leg and then on his hand, and this time they bandaged the hand with gauze. He looked at it when they were finished and decided it was a careless job. It was too loose. Still, he was in expert hands now, they knew about the germs, no doubt about that. He felt better and better; when they lifted him to a stretcher he laughed. That wasn't necessary, he told them, but they smiled and carried him into the other tent.

The driver bent down and asked how he felt.

"Fine," he said, smiling at the driver. "It isn't so bad, I guess," but he wished the man would go away. He was eager to join the happy chatter of the infantrymen. The driver wasn't wounded, they didn't want him here. "Come back tomorrow and check again," he told him. "Maybe they'll be through with me, or you can bring my stuff, it isn't far." He was about to add, "You have nothing else



One, lying on his stomach, smoked and laughed like the rest.

to do," but suddenly it seemed too obvious.

The driver went away and he lay under his blanket, cozy as could be; he wasn't cold, but the blanket felt just right. And he was so happy now! He was grateful for everything, the new blanket and the taut ceiling of the tent and the new bandages, and especially grateful for the infantrymen, the wounded. His heart swelled for these gay, battered men; with pity and admiration he thought of the agonies they had endured on the mountains or in the deadly valley, and now here he was, one of them. He could hear them talking in friendly voices and he felt they shared something withheld from the rest of the world. Now they shared it with him.

He was pleasantly tired, as though he had just finished mowing the lawn or playing eighteen holes of golf on a hot afternoon, a little stiff and sore all over but it was all right since he didn't have to move. The blanket really was just right; it was smart of them to know that. And he was surrounded by trustworthy men, the best anywhere; they had suffered and now they knew everything and they knew each other. No matter where he went from now on, no matter what happened, he would always be a part of these men, the honest, the smiling volunteers. It was no longer necessary to grin.

Really, he thought, lying on the hard stretcher which felt so soft and yielding, it's what I've always been looking for and never found before, it's what I always expected from church. He felt a little dizzy, almost drunk, as though he had been drinking beer in the sun; the pain was no more than an ache, just beyond his reach. The afternoon was mild and safe and comfortable; he believed he would sleep before he talked to the infantrymen.

II

He woke with a grunt and put his hands down to hold the sides of his cot. Pain flared from his right hand as he grasped the wooden edge of the stretcher and then he remembered, and felt he was moving. He opened his eyes as the stretcher was carried out of the tent and the sun burned into his face, blinding him; his eyes watered and the light went out of focus as it had in the airplane. He closed his eyes but the sun still burned painfully through the lids; he was about to say something about it when the sun went away, a gritty shudder ran through the stretcher frame and he felt he was closed up in something. He smelled hot metal and gasoline and realized he was in an ambulance. They had slid his stretcher into a rack and slammed the doors, like a roast going into an oven.

He didn't like it. He opened his eyes and wanted to call out, but he sensed other men in this dim place, and said nothing. A few inches above his face the canvas of another stretcher bulged alarmingly; surely at any minute it would split like his cot and the man above would crash down. Thinking of it made him tense and that hurt; he moaned, and someone else in the ambulance sighed. The sigh startled the pilot; he caught his breath and listened. He missed the laughing infantrymen; something had gone wrong, somehow.

The ambulance began to move, slowly but roughly, and there were more sighs, and more moans. My God, the pilot thought, we'll all be thrown out on the floor. They would be tangled on the steel floor, not knowing each other's wounds, doing terrible damage as they breathed in each other's faces, fighting to

get free. With his left hand the pilot held the stretcher bar as hard as he could. The ambulance's silent passengers frightened him; he was too aware that he had lost all control of matters now, that he no longer had any choice in washing his socks or driving over



"I'm sorry to be so much trouble."

the countryside looking for wine and eggs. He rode blindly in the ambulance and it seemed a long time since he had commanded himself; as he thought about it he was amazed at the freedom he had enjoyed such a short time before, while he was still in the airplane. He kept a tight grip on the stretcher bar and stared at the strained canvas overhead.

III

THE sun was still up when they arrived at the evacuation hospital. It was a group of long tents like those used as cook tents with a circus. As he was carried from the ambulance the pilot recognized the place and was surprised they had not traveled [illegible]. He had often passed the hospital in the jeep, roaming the countryside when he was not flying. It wasn't far from the barley field, perhaps only fifteen miles, but he wasn't certain whether that was good or bad. It was still in his own territory, but surely his hand was more important than this? If I had to go in an ambulance, he thought, if it's that bad.

They carried him into a tent and put the stretcher down at the end of a row of stretchers filled with men. It was like the aid station, but noisier, and bigger, and busier. A girl in green coveralls bent over him and looked at a paper tag which was tied to the zipper pull at the neck of his flying suit.

"How are you, boy?" the girl said, looking at the tag. She had bright red hair and good teeth.

"Fine," he started to say, but she was gone. A Southern girl, he decided. The way she said boy. What the hell is this, anyway? Don't they want to know? Maybe it's on the tag, and he lifted it with his left hand and squinted down his chest at it. He made out his name, his rank, and the letters, "AF"; there was more, but he couldn't read it. AF, he thought, that God damned Air Force. I'm sick of the God damned Air Force.

"Well when I felt it running down my leg into my shoe I figured it was blood you know, a big vein or something, and it scared hell out of me all right. I remember I figured it must've been a slug that flattened out on a rock before it hit me and I thought Jesus! I just lay there on my gut, scared to move."

The voice came from the ground by the pilot's head. He looked and saw a man lying on his stomach on the next stretcher, an infantry lieutenant with a faded 1st Rangers patch on his sleeve. He was supporting himself on his elbows, and in his hands he held a silver object with hundreds of tiny silver spears jutting from it. The pilot was reminded of a sunburst frame around an old mirror; the rays in the metal seemed numberless, the object bristled like an angry silver porcupine in the lieutenant's hands, shining in the gloom of the tent. The pilot saw it had been an aluminum water canteen and he listened as the Rangers officer talked to the infantrymen around his stretcher, telling of the explosion of the canteen when the bullet struck it and of the cascade of water which had run down his leg. It all sounded familiar; had he heard the same story at the aid station and forgotten it, or was this one of the war stories you always heard?

"I got some pieces in the butt, just in the

cheeks, I think," the Ranger said. "Did you ever hear of anything like that? It don't hurt at all. Did you ever hear of anything so screwy?"

"The purple heart and the red ass, lieutenant," said one of the others, and they all laughed.

These people were just as happy as those at the aid station, but it was beginning to annoy the pilot. He closed his eyes and thought about the canteen, not quite able to believe it. The laughing and joking jarred on him; he felt like hell, he decided. The pain was growing steadily and they all kept laughing, calling out to each other, asking questions, greeting new arrivals.

WHAT the hell, the pilot thought bitterly, they all know each other, it's like a locker room after a game. Is it going to be like that all of my life? For God's sake, is it my fault? I should never have learned to read, I suppose, or anyway not so much. Too much but not enough, that's me. I really knew it all along. The whole world is full of football players. I knew that, too. Damn it, anyway!

He tried to be patient. He lay on the stretcher, waiting, the pain making him nervous and irritable. He no longer had to hold himself against it, however; it burned and ached at a steady level, seeming to get worse because it just stayed there, neither rising nor falling. He could live with it. Hours passed slowly while men were taken out of one end of the tent and others were brought in the way the pilot had come. The men around him discussed their wounds, they repeated again and again the story of what had happened to them on the mountain or in the valley, they greeted new arrivals with jokes and questions. The pilot lost interest in everything that was going on, but the story of an attack was told and retold, and he heard it all, and discovered that most of the men were Rangers. The lieutenant with the splintered canteen gradually dropped out of the conversation; he began to consider himself with alarm and to sink into his problem, the pilot noticed. The morphine drained away in the earlier arrivals and they became morose and complaining, but the newer men maintained the high, nervous chatter.

And then it was the pilot's turn. They carried him into the X-ray tent, photographed his hand, and then left him on the ground. That was all right; the abruptness of the move had frightened him, he wasn't ready for the operating business. Now he concentrated, getting ready for it, but before he was really ready they were back and this time they took him into another tent and slid the stretcher onto a table, under glaring, complicated lights which made his eyes water.

He looked down the tent at the other tables, each occupied by a prone figure and surrounded by a small group of people in white, masked and not to be denied. Someone lifted him by the shoulders and slid a board under his shoulder blades, and when he lay back his arms were extended on the board and strapped down. It was terrible. It was done so swiftly, without a word to him, and now he was helpless. Ah, can't they wait a minute? He looked at the faces above him, trying to look into someone's eyes, but he saw nothing but the white surgical gowns and masks, the intolerable lights, and the dark brown rubber gloves of surgery, stern with authority. He swallowed hard, several times; he was frightened and thirsty, and there were tears in his throat.

He kept telling himself these people were



The driver bent down and asked how he felt.

here to help him, but it was hard to believe.

"Start counting backward from twenty-five," a woman said, and he felt the swift stab of a needle in the soft flesh of his left arm. He looked at the syringe, wanting it removed; my God, the size of it. . . .

"Twenty-five," he said, trying to say it confidently, "twenty-four, twenty-three, twenty-two, twenty-one, twenty. . . ." and the table slid upward, tilted, and began spinning, a cold wind blew through his intestines and he wanted to sit up before he vomited.

IV

It was eight o'clock in the morning when he awakened and he felt perfectly calm. He looked at his watch and wasn't too surprised that he had slept so long, because he was aware of everything as soon as he opened his eyes and it seemed natural that he had been unconscious or asleep for more than twelve hours. He was lying on his back with his right arm above his head and it tingled, so he moved it and understood at once the strange heaviness of it. A plaster cast covered his hand and forearm. It was a neat, finished job.

Well, he thought, that's the way to get things done. I don't even have a hangover from the dope. He was lying on a cot, fully dressed except for his shoes and somehow he knew they were under the cot. Everything was fine, his left leg was stiff and sore but he was certain it wasn't serious. Well, now this was more like it.

"Good morning," said a voice, and the pilot nodded at the occupant of the cot across from his. There were two rows of cots in the tent with a little open space running between them from one end of the tent to the other. The pilot looked across this aisle at the man who said good morning. He was an infantry captain, a big man with a large head and thick neck. He was sitting up in bed, leaning back against a full barracks bag, with a cigar clenched between his teeth. He worked his thick lips as he spoke but didn't remove the cigar, and this exaggerated his accent, which was either East Texas or Arkansas; for some reason the pilot decided the captain insisted upon and received certain privileges in this tent; was it the cigar?

"You really been knockin it off," the captain said. He flipped the pages of a flimsy, overseas edition of a news magazine in his lap, then threw it, fluttering wildly, down the aisle. "Damn thing's six weeks old," he said.

"You mean I was snoring?" the pilot asked, not believing it; he was certain he didn't snore.

"Like a P-38," said the captain. He worked his lips around the cigar and frowned in disgust. "When a man cain't even get aholt of a good *se*gar," he said, and he raised his voice to a bellowing tremolo, "When us old bare-assed *he*roes cain't even get a good *se*gar," he roared down the aisle, his voice quivering with mock self-pity, but protesting shouts cut him off, and the pilot was reminded of a college dormitory when the outstanding drunk comes home.

"All right, men," the captain said. "Rest. It's 1943, citizens, and every man jack will be home for Christmas. Ah puhsonally guarantee it. Just keep those V-mails flyin, that's all."

"Keep 'em flyin!" cried someone at the other end of the tent, making the slogan a jeer.

"Now, wait a minute," said the captain. He looked down the tent reprovingly. "Don't talk dirty like that, we gotta Air Corps fella in here."

"No," said the pilot. "Artillery."

"Well, by granny's crack," said the captain, raising his thick eyebrows. "One of them junior daredevils thrashin around in a Maytag. We seen you was all zippered up and we figured you was a peashooter," and he raised his voice again. "At ease, men!" he rumbled. "It's Willie the peeper. Youah wives are safe, Ah puhsonally guarantee it."

Several men turned to look at the pilot, smiled at him, and went back to their letter writing or games of solitaire or poker.

"If Ah'd seen you with your hat on Ah'da knowed anyway," the captain said, and he reached under his cot for another magazine.

The wounded, the pilot thought. Is he one of the wounded? Isn't there more to it than this?

A ward boy brought him his breakfast: a canteen cup of coffee and a metal dish of powdered eggs. It was awkward, eating with his left hand, and he hadn't quite finished the eggs when several ward boys and nurses entered the tent.

The men were carrying a wooden trestle which they placed near him. The plank surface of the trestle was inclined like a ramp, and he saw the boards were splotched with dark stains which had sunk into the grain of the wood. Before he could decide what the trestle meant, a stretcher was brought in and the man on it was lifted onto the trestle; the pilot then realized the trestle was a crude copy of a real hospital bed, almost chest high, but without mattress or springs.

The man on the trestle was unconscious. From his chin to below his hips he was encased in a plaster cast and at first glance he appeared armless. The pilot was shocked, but then he noticed the abnormal broadness of the man's chest and decided the arms were hidden under the plaster, pressed against the sides of the body. For a minute or so the unconscious man lay uncovered on the boards, his bare legs stretched out below the plaster, white and vulnerable; then a nurse threw a blanket over him and the legs were hidden.

The presence of the man on the trestle subdued the others in the tent. They lowered their voices, the card games slackened in intensity, and although the captain allowed his cigar to go dead several times he said nothing about it but continued to thumb through his news magazines, chewing on the cold cigar and glancing often at the man on the trestle. The pilot, who had awakened ready to begin his role as a wounded man, was both awed and annoyed. He received only the most casual attention during the day and when his hand began to pain him about four o'clock in the afternoon he was grudgingly given two white pills which looked like aspirin. They treat me like a stranger, he thought, and he didn't want to be a stranger; he hadn't come here for that. He hadn't wanted to come here at all, of course, but he was here now and surely he had some rights?

I don't consider myself a hero, the pilot told himself, but after all, it doesn't happen to everybody. These people were different, they'd never even been at the line, and there was no doubt about it, the ward boys and the nurses were not his equals. They should be more courteous and considerate, but he didn't want them to behave like the jeep driver, that moron. I was against all this in the first place, that's it, and now it's been done to me, he told the ward boys and nurses in his mind; that makes it even worse. I don't know what I wanted instead, it gets so you can't even think straight, but it certainly won't settle anything, we don't know what we're doing, but I'm ready to forget all that. You can't get away from it, thought the pilot, I've been wounded, after all; the rest of it doesn't make the slightest difference any more. It doesn't matter when they could have stopped it or why they didn't stop it. It's too late now. That doesn't interest me now. The hell with ideas, you can see how silly they are when something like this happens. There's nothing worse than ideas, in fact, when you get right down to it; they're a blind, they just stick your head in a sack and keep it there until somebody comes along and puts a bullet in your butt. All the ideas that ever were won't change that. What a swindle it all is! The pain increased under the plaster cast and the pilot cursed it, wanting the cast removed so he could reach the pain somehow; he felt that touching it would make it better.

The man on the trestle began moaning about five o'clock. At first the others in the tent pitied him, but as the terrible sounds continued they became embarrassed by so much pain. A doctor came but it was obvious he could do nothing; he looked at the man and spoke to the nurses and the red-haired girl stuck a hypodermic needle into the moaning man's neck. It had no effect; the sounds continued with awful regularity and seemed to grow louder. Strange ward boys and nurses looked into the tent; apparently such moans were not the usual thing, the pilot decided. The red-haired nurse came back, walking briskly; she looked angry. She stood by the trestle and bent forward, looking at the moaning man's closed eyes.

"You quit that now, you hear?" she said loudly, making the pilot jump, but the man on the trestle gave no sign that he heard. "You'll just hurt yourself," the nurse said, and she sounded angry. "Don't be such a baby, now, you hear?"

My God, thought the pilot.

"You'll just wear yourself out, now," said the nurse, glaring at the man's face, but his eyes remained closed.

Jesus, thought the pilot, that's the most



The doctors and nurses huddled around.

horrible thing I ever heard of; perspiration broke out over his body and he longed with all his mind for the nurse to go away, for her to stop bothering the man on the trestle. You silly bitch, he thought, can't you see him?

The moans continued, shuddering, gruesome; the nurse's words failed to interrupt them and she finally left the tent. The man on the trestle was beyond her words, he was beyond everyone in the tent, the pilot thought. It was incredible how far away he was, and yet the moans were the most immediate, unbearable sounds the pilot had ever heard. Their rawness was terrible; the pilot was shocked and frightened by such naked intimacy, he felt that nothing in his entire life had in any way prepared him for this and it seemed outrageous he had never even had a hint about it.

"God damn!" said one of the men in the line of cots, and someone else laughed and then sighed. The pilot felt the muscles around his mouth pull his lips into a grin: it sickened him, but he too wanted to laugh.

"Shut up!" yelled a voice from the cots, a strained, anonymous voice, and again someone laughed quickly.

Yes, thought the pilot, gritting his teeth, shut up, shut up, Jesus *Christ,* shut up. But the moans kept on, hideously loud.

The red-haired girl and another nurse came into the tent and stood by the trestle, looking at the man's damp, slack face.

"Listen, sugar," said the redhead, bending forward over the man on the trestle. "Can you hear me? I want you to stop that, now, or you'll hemorrhage. You want to make the doctor mad?"

Sugar, thought the pilot, do you want to make the doctor mad; I've got to get out of here.

"Listen, honey," said the redhead. "You've got to stop that. We can't help you if you don't stop," but the man on the trestle kept breathing and moaning. His face was relaxed, his mouth open; it seemed the great moans came from him with no effort whatever since the cast hid the rise and fall of his chest, and this appearance of relaxation made the sounds much worse to the pilot.

"Oh, hell, he's started," the redhead said. She and the other nurse ran out of the tent and the pilot, looking at the man on the trestle, saw a red stain the size of a hand on the plaster over his stomach. As he looked at it it grew slowly, like a drop of red ink on a blotter, and when the nurses came back with the doctors it was no longer a stain: it was wet.

If only I believed in God, the pilot thought, or if only I understood everything that isn't God; one or the other.

The doctors and nurses huddled around the trestle and worked; it was impossible to see what they were doing and the others in the tent made no attempt to see what was being done.

After a time the moans ceased and there was a rustle of relief in the tent, but in a minute or two the man on the trestle began a wet, thick gargling which increased rapidly in tempo with his breathing and then stopped. The pilot knew he was dead, but he didn't believe it: the trestle was removed and a ward boy brought cups of orange juice to the men in the cots and then stood at the end of the tent to see that they drank it, since it was prescribed by the doctors.

WHAT am I like, the pilot wondered, cradling the canteen cup with his left hand and blowing on the orange juice as though it were coffee. I used to read a lot and then I spent a lot of time looking in mirrors when I didn't have anything else

to do, making faces at myself, didn't I? I haven't seen a mirror for a long time; now I don't even shave very often and when I do I don't need a mirror any more.

"I'm glad that's over," said the captain. He lighted a fresh cigar and glared at the place where the trestle had been; it seemed to the pilot that the captain was trying to decide what to say; he waited.

"He was the *noisiest* bugger," the captain said, and the pilot let out the breath he had been holding. Still, the captain seemed dissatisfied; he continued to stare in the direction of the vanished trestle, his news magazine neglected in his lap.

Of course, thought the pilot, we don't even know who he was, I didn't even get a good look at his face; it could hardly be anyone I knew. Why worry about it? I've often thought of getting hit, even of dying, you can't help thinking about it; it's like being afraid you'll lose your job. Still, like this, so noisy, and my damned hand hurts so; I'm probably crippled for life. The people back at the field are stupid, but this is worse; what happened to the way I felt at the aid station? Where did all those people go?

The redhead came into the tent. She stopped at several cots and finally reached the pilot.

"You're going for a ride, boy," she said, copying his name from the tag on his zipper pull into a book.

"Where?" asked the pilot; he wasn't quite ready to think of moving.

"Africa," said the redhead, closing the book. "By air, first thing in the morning. Now hit the sack, you've got a full day tomorrow."

Oh, no, thought the pilot, but the redhead was gone. Back to Africa, where the whole thing started? He was dismayed at the thought of it, it seemed to undo all the months of war since he had left Africa; he was surprised that anyone was in Africa at all. More than anything else he wanted to go back to his tent and his cot; he would lie there until he was well, why couldn't they let him do that?

The mechanic is stupid, the driver's a moron, he thought, but at least we're accustomed to each other. How terrible to be among strangers from now on; he didn't think he could do it and he saw with maddening clarity what it would be like in Africa, in the backwash of war: the hospital in a colonial barracks like a prison; the thieving ward boys grown soft and easy; the awkward, unattractive nurses as regimented as those at home, jumpy with urges that somehow were never fulfilled, so far from the battle they were no longer even moved by pity; and the doctors, slowly becoming brutalized by boredom, their work done for them in Italy, taking temperatures and feeling pulses, keeping records, inspecting the beds, no longer excited, spending hours at the beach, where they drank too much and sat looking out at the empty sea. The war, the world gone elsewhere; there was nothing to do on the hard edge of Africa.

I'll have to come back as quickly as I can, thought the pilot, and he stirred restlessly on his cot, ready to begin the coming back at once, but then he realized there was nothing to come back to, no one to come back to as there had never been, and the impatience left him as suddenly as it had come. He was not impatient and he felt no pity for the man on the trestle nor, inexplicably, for himself. He disdained pity and impatience in an instant, after living with them for an age and it was a strange, wonderful sensation, as pleasant as morphine: in his mind he saw the billowing, cresting cumulus clouds which hung always over the valley in the north, powerful, solid clouds as mighty as mountains but as light as new bandages, the clouds which always fascinated him because he could never be certain they were empty. And to the pilot, calmed and slowed now in his new disdain, it seemed the clouds explained something to him, he hardly knew what: he thought of their loveliness and of the stinging fighters which sometimes came from their blue and white clefts, of the clouds, towering over the valley and the mountains, and he told himself, I'm ready now, and went to sleep.

And outside of the tent, in the Italian night, where no lights shone that year save the stars and moon, the pineboard skeleton of the trestle crouched with its head lifted rigidly into the wind that blew from the valley in the north.

The Easy Chair

The End of the Stalwarts

Bernard DeVoto

THOMAS CARLYLE speaking: "Unhappy Emigrants, it was their lot and the lot of France! They are ignorant of much that they should know: of themselves, of what is around them. A political party that knows not when it is beaten may become one of the fatallest of things, to itself, to all. Nothing will convince these men that they cannot scatter the French Revolution at the first blast of the war-trumpet; that the French Revolution is other than a blustering Effervescence of brawlers and spouters, which at the flash of chivalrous broadswords, at the rustle of gallows ropes, will burrow itself, in dens the deeper the welcomer. . . . Never till they are cleft asunder can these heads believe that a Sansculottic arm has any vigor in it; cleft asunder, it will be too late to believe."

There were 500 Unhappy Emigrants in the International Amphitheater at Chicago in the second week of July. Ever since the 1912 convention—whose ghosts walked visibly under these lights, whose echoes were in counterpoint with every speech—ever since 1912 we have been calling their lineage the Old Guard. There were 306 of them in 1880, when Roscoe Conkling kept them voting to the same unhappy end for another candidate who never had a chance; they were called Stalwarts then. The 306 had a medal struck to commemorate their loyalty to machine control, political stupidity, and an age that had ended some time before. If our 500 award themselves a medal now, the date stamped on it can be no later than 1896 and could justly be made 1880. For they would be wholly companionable with Conkling's men. They have been gazing with sad nostalgia toward his era for just forty years. The device on one side of the medal may be a farm wagon, made of sound hickory and ash, built to withstand the ruts and thank-you-marms of the road to town. Call it a Studebaker wagon, to remind folks that in the golden era there was no Paul Hoffman to betray the Hoosier heritage by truckling to foreigners. The emblem on the other side must surely be a rural barbershop. While he snips and trims, the sage and precinct leader makes clear to you all the issues of the coming campaign, talking with a wide-ranging awareness that reaches to the creek and beyond it almost to the county line; then he lights a taper and singes your hair to seal it and protect you from catching cold. The Old Guard mind, the Stalwart mind, is the rural barbershop mind.

During those five July days the amphitheater resounded with oratory about a new beginning. But as one watched and listened, a conviction grew that what was being acted out was an end, a final end. And that conviction appears, this time, to be right. The Republican party appears to have been forced into the twentieth century for good, even into its sixth decade.

SINCE 1912 there has been a continuity: the Stalwarts could be depended on to do the stupidest thing possible. In 1932 stupidity began to reap its harvest and from then on could be depended on to lose the election. We have just seen it lose the nomination on which, so the Stalwarts believed, salvation or damnation hinged. Every action of the Stalwarts was as stupid as the circumstances permitted. It was stupid, to begin with, to unite behind Senator Taft. It was stupid to strongarm the Southern delegations; stupid to accept a fight in defense of that stupidity; stupid, once the fight was on,

to try to compromise it. All the Stalwart moves we could not see during the convention must have been stupid, for what issued from them on the floor was of stupidity all compact. And if one blunder was more stupid than the rest it was the one that packed the program, and so filled the radio and television sets of the United States, with Stalwart speakers. The Taft cause died of it. For these speakers pictured the whole Stalwart vision, complete to the uttermost detail. There was no way of not seeing it all and—at last, in 1952—there proved to be no way of tolerating it. There never has been a way of tolerating it, except in the sick fantasy of minds too scared for anything but flight. It was a vision of annihilating the twentieth century and all that has happened in it—of crystallizing out of panic a Currier & Ives print of America before 1896, an America of Roscoe Conkling, of the Studebaker wagon jolting toward town, of the ol' swimmin' hole, of the rural barber-shop mind.

Listening and watching, one felt a kind of awe; one whispered repeatedly, It's not getting over. It flopped before one's eyes; it flopped not only in terms of the campaign to come but even in its own terms. General MacArthur was not the paladin on a white charger he was intended to be. He was only a man making a speech, outworn and at the extreme limit of irresponsibility and anti-climax, talking himself into nonentity and leaving the convention with neither the "keynote," the unity, nor the conflagration he had been expected to produce. Senator McCarthy had been intended to fuse and electrify but he failed even more flatly than the General, getting but perfunctory attention from the crowd that was primed for the spark he could not strike. Yet if the selection of these two proved to have been a monumental blunder, still it was one that, conceivably, could have been made by others besides the Old Guard. Whereas only they, only minds drugged by the twenty years' opiate of their fantasy, could have expected to strike a spark and light a fire by bringing Mr. Hoover to Chicago.

The full strength of the Old Guard vision was concentrated in that selection, and the full stupidity of the Old Guard tactics. Mr. Hoover's tired voice droned along through its prophecies of doom immediately at hand. They were prophecies out of the Apocalypse, peopled with monsters and demons, as packed with disaster as a B picture. But anyone capable of perceiving reality, or of judging the United States today, would have kept Mr. Hoover out of the amphitheater—would have sent him to the ends of the earth and kept him there under guard until November 5. Only Old Guard ears could hear his weary praise of the New Taft Age a-coming or his new prophecies of doom. Far louder in all other ears, jamming the wave length he was speaking on, was the voice of Mr. Hoover telling us that grass would be growing in the streets of our moribund cities if the people should have the folly to choose Mr. Roosevelt over him in 1932.

The dead spoke, hymning alternately the dead past and a never-never past. Then other Stalwarts took up the same refrain. ("The Republicans in this country who are Republicans believe in Hoover," Congressman Buffert roared, and there you had it, all of it.) A representative parade marched past us: Senator Brooks, Senator Bricker, Senator Ferguson, Senator Bridges, Senator Dirksen, ex-Governor Green, a handful of others just as devout, as redolent, and as dream-bound. It was the nature of the Old Guard that they must make this display—their nature and their fate. So the selected orators painted the vision brushstroke by brushstroke till it was complete.

Like the medal which the 500 will design, the vision has an obverse and a reverse, both bounded by the county line. It is minted of nostalgia and fear. It is a vision of the United States before 1896, of a small, contracting United States that does not extend eastward beyond the Muskingum River, crosses the Missouri at only a few places, and stops far short of the Pacific coast. This United States has no seacoasts, for seaboard air carries infections and Republicans who breathe it become false Republicans, consort with foreigners, and embrace abhorrent heresies which they try to foist on the party. It has no cities—its aggregations in such places as Indianapolis and Chicago are villages with many wards—for city Republicans also go whoring after evil things, talking about changed needs for a changed time, talking about adapting a great party to the wayward desires of a bemused people. It is the United States of the village barbershop, the crackerbox, the horse trade,

and the county fair in Roscoe Conkling's time.

Because it stops short of the coasts, it knows no oceans and oceans have no farther shore: it is steamy with xenophobia. True, General MacArthur, though he withdrew the ground forces from Europe, conceded that there are some acceptable foreigners, the non-Communist Chinese and some unnamed people in the Middle East. Yet this was a troubling concession, one which only "the greatest American today" (ex-Governor Green's designation) could be permitted to make. For all other orators of the Old Guard's America, foreigners are evil, to be feared and to be damned. There is Russia, which will be wiped out by an immediate war that will not cost a cent and will involve no fighting. The rest of Europe is the devil and all his works; it is the evil people, who swindle Americans and beg from them and corrupt some Republicans. It is a miasma and a succubus, the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noonday. And beyond the International Date Line—oh, shame that village time should not cover the earth!—there are also foreigners, except only on the island of Formosa. And Senator Taft came tumbling down nine years and eleven months after he voted against extending Selective Service, on the ground that village America was in no danger from Europe or Asia.

The other side of the medal is the New Deal. The Old Guard mind has been unable to accept as a reality anything that has happened since 1929. Every reality of the post-depression world has been too much for it to face, too painful, too frightening. So it has fled from them always deeper into the Currier & Ives fantasy. Thus from the Hundred Days on nothing could convince it that the New Deal was other than a blustering effervescence of brawlers and spouters, which at the word of someone, at the rising of someone else, would burrow itself in dens the deeper the welcomer. This state of mind became so protective that presently it could not accurately be called a fantasy or a vision: it was a delusion created by traumatic shock. Year by year it intensified. Surely some champion would ride over the horizon and erase horror and banish fear. Surely some incantation would be found that would return the jinni to his bottle and the bottle to the sea. Surely 1896 would come flooding back. This delusion made President Roosevelt a more abhorrent figure than Stalin, and made traitors, Democrats, in short Communists of all Republicans who sought to hold the party to reality.

Delusion feeds on itself but for political stupidity there is an inescapable penalty. The Old Guard were "ignorant of much that they should know: of themselves, of what is around them." Never till they were cleft asunder could these heads believe that the realities of the twentieth century had any substance or vigor in them. And "cleft asunder, it will be too late to believe." There was certain to come a time when the delusion would founder on the reality, when the penalty would be assessed. The time came and the heads were cleft asunder.

The Old Guard never surrenders but that does not matter, for it has lost the climactic battle. It learns nothing and forgets nothing but that does not matter, either, for now the twentieth-century Republicans will consolidate the control they have won. In the most virulent speech of the convention, and as it proved the stupidest one, Senator Dirksen raved at Governor Dewey that he had twice led the party to defeat. But one element in Governor Dewey's defeat was that he had recognized and accepted the realities toward which, while Mr. Dirksen spoke, he was now driving the Stalwart cause. Governor Dewey was a vindicated prophet, the one whom time and events now proved right. And Senator Taft's name has been placed in nomination four times—the commentators seem to have forgotten that he was Ohio's "favorite son" in 1936—and he has always lost; each time reality, the times, the currents of the earth, the stars in their courses fought against him. Always a figure of bitterness, he became one of malevolence hardening to obsession, but now he is a figure of futility. All those who paraded with him in our gaze, all those unseen who shared this delusion, a whole catalogue of vestigial and obsolete beliefs, will now go down to what a Republican orator once called the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust. It seems quite certain that the men who have restored to Republican leadership the sense of reality it had already lost in 1932 will bar and triply lock the door against the Old Guard and the old days.

If that is true, then what we saw in the amphitheater was an ebbing tide, one that will not turn again. What we saw was the climax of a drama; a philosophy, an illusion, an era of error come to judgment. Something is ending in American life: an infinitely dangerous anachronism has lost its force, a fantasy that has tried for twenty years to make the rural barbershop mind of 1880 the dominant power in the Republic. Senator Bridges was applying to the State Department his inspired words, "they are building a palace of poison in our midst" (it may be that that kind of oratory is dying too) but the poison that had all but killed his party was the panic hope of turning time and the United States backward to the banks of the Wabash, the scythe and whetstone, and the ever-present menace of George III. Messrs. Dewey, Lodge, Warren, Duff, Driscoll, Thornton, Brownell, Dulles—such men as these have brought their party into the real world and the times we live in. They have made it capable of adapting to the needs of this age. Not only their party but their country owes them a great debt. As the convention was recessing after the Eisenhower forces had won the vote on the contested delegations, the man sitting beside me said, "By God, this was a good day's work." By God, it was.

As for the campaign to come, something like half the world may now release a caught breath. The issue that dwarfed all others has been settled in advance; whichever party wins in November, the continuity of our foreign policy is asssured. (Ironists will enjoy the reflection that it was a Lodge, as much as anyone, who thus asssured our continuance in the community of nations from which, as much as anyone, a Lodge procured our withdrawal thirty-two years ago.) Whichever one wins, there will continue to be trouble with Congress, there will continue to be trouble till all the holdovers die or are replaced, and if General Eisenhower wins he will have to lick a second time some of the Stalwarts he has just licked. But trouble will diminish steadily and no President will ever again have to take on a formidably aggressive bloc of isolationists; this last battle took too much out of them, they have been gutted.

The rest is not predictable now. Though the Taft dynasty has fallen, it contrived to burden the Republican candidate with a dogma which he will have to repudiate. The orators were unanimous in declaring that the war General Eisenhower won and the defense mission in Europe he has just completed were blunders, failures, and indeed catastrophes. This was one more supreme stupidity; aimed at denying General Eisenhower the nomination, it could now defeat the party. He cannot campaign on so blatant a contradiction and, like McClellan in 1864, must begin by throwing his Copperheads overboard.

The nomination of Senator Nixon was designed to make Alger Hiss a paramount issue of the campaign, to achieve all the results that Senator McCarthy might achieve without running the risks to which he would expose the party. The effort may not succeed. In the convention it fell tolerably flat; no great enthusiasm greeted the periodic disclosure that the Truman administration is both honeycombed with Communists and secretly allied with Moscow. And, apart from Hiss, Mr. Nixon's career as a Junior G-Man is unimpressive; in fact, it is open to attack. It seems likely General Eisenhower's success or failure on November 4 will turn on genuine issues of American government in 1952.

Merely to write that sentence is to perceive how momentous is the change signalized by the twenty minutes following 12:25 P. M., Central Standard Time, on July 11, when the delegations were rushing headlong to change their votes. All the depressing oratory one had been listening to was suddenly blown away. If an era had ended before one's eyes, the era that came in was a much better one; the United States was safer, sounder, on a higher plane because of the defeat of the Old Guard and the nomination of General Eisenhower. Whether he wins or loses the election, his nomination marked a decisive point, the beginning of a healthier time. There is no promise here to vote for him. This vote and others estimated to number between four and five million will depend on what he says and does, and on what his as yet (as I write) undesignated opponent says and does. But that it is possible to consider voting for a Republican candidate, knowing that this is 1952, of itself shows how far and how fast we traveled in the five July days. It means that one vestige of the past is no longer a threat and that one kind of fear about the future has been ended.

Tuxedo Park—Black Tie

Cleveland Amory

In view of the importance of clubs in the resort way of life, it is not surprising that more than once resorts have been founded which have been all-club; the greatest of these in America, all club and some five thousand yards wide, was Tuxedo Park, or, as it became more familiarly called, Tuxedo. Located forty miles northwest of New York City in the rugged but picturesque Ramapo Hills overlooking Tuxedo Lake, Tuxedo was incorporated in 1886, originally as a hunting and fishing resort—in the words of its founder, a "short-season place between New York and Newport." Gradually Tuxedo, which was between New York and Newport seasonally but not geographically, became not a resort at all; old-time resorters deserted it because they found it too hot in the summer and too cold in the winter and, in between, neither one thing nor the other. Nowadays, though still clubbable, it is nothing more or less than a year-round community outside of New York which, like the ancient resort of Nahant outside of Boston, still clings to its age-old reputation but is really a social ghost town.

No other community in this country, however, ever started off on a grander social scale and therefore no other may be said to have fallen so hard. Today, with its turreted cottages either in the hands of tax-free institutions or going to wrack and ruin in private hands, with its so-called "Young-Marrieds" living in Stable Row (converted stables of the great estates), and with more than forty families refusing to belong to its heavily mortgaged Club (to which in its great days all belonged), Tuxedo has been called, with some justice, the Graveyard of the Aristocracy. Nonetheless, no other community of its size—roughly two hundred families—still attracts so much curiosity, and no one who has ever lived in Tuxedo for any length of time has ever been allowed to forget it. Governor Thomas E. Dewey, a resident of Tuxedo many years ago, recalls that the most definite bit of advice he ever received concerning his proposed active entry into politics was to get out of Tuxedo. "No one," he was told, "could be elected to anything from such a social place."

The late Price Collier, who made his home in Tuxedo from 1898 until his death in 1915, once said, "The best society of Europe is success enjoying an idle hour or so; the best society here is idleness enjoying its success. . . . Society, to be permanently interesting, must be made up of idle professionals, not of professional idlers." Today Mrs. Price Collier, who ranks as Tuxedo's First Lady, believes that in its great days Tuxedo Park came at least close to her husband's ideal but that it is now far from it indeed. Now ninety-two years old, she has in her lifetime traveled all over the world ever since she first went to China with her father, Warren Delano, at the age of two. "Tuxedo," she says, "has changed more than any place I know of. My father used to say, 'This place is perfection,' and I remember the wife of the Old Squire telling me, 'If

land Amory, author of The Proper Bostonians, *has been making a study of what he calls—and will entitle a forthcoming book—*The Last Resorts. *This account of Tuxedo Park will be followed next month by one on Saratoga.*

you live in Tuxedo one year, you will meet everybody you've ever heard of.' I don't mean to sound crotchety, but, oh dear me, what a change!"

Mrs. Collier, who now spends her winters in two rooms of the Tuxedo Club's bachelor quarters, has of course seen this change at first hand. So, too, has Miss Dorothy Kane, one of the last who still cottages at Tuxedo in the old sense. "I guess you might say," she says, "that I'm a lady—to use an absolutely extinct word." Tuxedo's younger contingent is also vocal. Mrs. Eric Archdeacon, a relative newcomer to the Park, is firm. "Mentally," she says, "Tuxedo has always been constipated. I always think of this place as a beautiful cemetery." Jay Rutherford, scion of a distinguished Tuxedo family and a young man who in 1927, at the age of nine, was editor and publisher of the only newspaper the Park has ever had, is more philosophical. But today he sees vast changes from the Golden Days of his paper which, though it lasted only six months, maintained, right to the end, a circulation of an even four hundred.

"It's the most beautiful place in the world," he says, "but it's full of midgets. The midgets are trying to hold down the tent—and the kings are all gone."

II

The story of Tuxedo Park goes back to the first Pierre Lorillard, original prince of the snuff and tobacco empire, who, in 1814, foreclosed a mortgage upon part of the Tuxedo territory. This Pierre I was a true empire-builder of the old school. On his death in 1843 one newspaper coined the word "millionaire"—which had never before been used—and another newspaper was moved to remark, "He led people by the nose for the better part of a century and made his enormous fortune by giving them to chew that which they could not swallow." His descendant Pierre Lorillard IV came into the possession of 600,000 acres around the present Tuxedo partly by inheritance, partly by buying out others, and partly by defeating his own relatives at poker.

Starting in September 1885, Pierre Lorillard IV proceeded rapidly. It was in the days before strict immigration and labor laws, and Lorillard imported 1,800 workmen direct from Italy. On the almost deserted property, which was then known as the Erie Railroad's "Wood Pile," the first thing these workers had to do was build a small city of shanties for themselves—like an army in barracks. Lorillard, though a severe man socially, was a remarkable general of his army. "He talked rapidly," his architect Bruce Price once said, "and thought twice as fast as he talked and wished his order carried out at a speed that equaled the sum of both." Once, as Lorillard was leaving Price's office he called back, "By the way, make it four cottages instead of two. Show me the plans for them tomorrow and break ground for them next Monday." Incredibly enough, since the workmen had only the simplest equipment and the winter was a severe one, eight months to the day from the September thirtieth start, Lorillard had a 7,000-acre park fenced with eight-foot barbed wire, thirty miles of graded dirt and macadam road, a complete sewage and water system, a park gatehouse described by the architect as looking "like a frontispiece to an English novel," a broad-verandaed clubhouse staffed with English servants, twenty-two casement-dormered English-turreted cottages, each surrounded by a square of new green lawn; and also two blocks of stores, a score of stables, four lawn tennis courts, a bowling alley, a swimming tank, a boathouse, an icehouse, a dam, a trout pond, and a hatchery. The total cost was $1,500,000. On Memorial Day, 1886, three special trains from New York brought seven hundred guests and Tuxedo Park was opened for inspection.

Nothing had been left to chance. Even the streets of the workers' shanties had been named circumspectly; one was "Fifth Avenue," another "Broadway"; the mess hall was "Delmonico's." During the construction of the Park the grounds were carefully guarded and, warned the New York *World,* "Woe to the unlucky stranger who strays across the posted boundaries." As far back as October Lorillard had completed the membership list of his Club. Described at the time as "a guide to Who was especially Who in the Four Hundred," it consisted of William Waldorf Astor, T. Burnett Baldwin, George S. Bowdoin, Lloyd S. Bryce, William P. Douglas,

Robert Goelet, John G. Heckscher, Henry H. Hollister, C. Oliver Iselin, Granville Kane, William Kent, Lawrence Kip, Herman R. LeRoy, Pierre Lorillard, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Ogden Mills, Herbert C. Pell, Allen T. Rice, F. Augustus Schermerhorn, and William R. Travers. These members sported the Club badge which, designed to be worn as a pin, was an oakleaf of solid gold. At first Lorillard had intended to own all the cottages himself and rent them out to his friends, but gradually he was persuaded to parcel them out for purchase on a sort of social first-come, first-served basis. No one who was not a member of the Club was allowed to buy property; the first outsider to be admitted was Sir Roderick Cameron, the British Consul in New York.

From miles around the country folk gathered to witness the coming of the New York trains on the opening day. On their arrival at the Tuxedo station, the seven hundred guests were directed to newly painted coaches and Brewster wagonettes which, sporting the Tuxedo colors with their leaf-green bodies and bright yellow-gold wheels, waited to take the visitors on tour. Architecturally the original idea of Tuxedo had been to blend everything into the surrounding woods; the shingled cottages were stained russets and grays, and the gatehouse, as well as the post office, drugstore, and market, all were patched with lichen and moss and were supposed to look a thousand years old. Beds of flowers lined the roads. As the coaches and wagonettes drove around the Park, private Tuxedo policemen, chosen for their height and good looks, pointed the way; Tirolean-hatted gamekeepers, also in Club uniform, darted in and out of the forest on a regular in-and-out schedule; and out on the lake, crews in blue and white sailor suits manned eight-oared sight-seeing barges. From one hilltop a red flag flew; Lorillard's idea of this flag, said *Harper's Weekly*, was that it would serve as "a warning to hesitating lovers that the beauty of the place will turn their thoughts to love."

The high point of the visit, which included a luncheon reception, an afternoon of sports, and an evening dance before the special trains returned, was the trip to the new Club, or the Old Club as it is called today. Until the time of Tuxedo the few country clubs which existed were relatively simple, small-roomed farmhouse affairs. Tuxedo's Club was something else. Although it would seem primitive by today's standards—there were a hundred bedrooms and only one private bath—it was the marvel of its time. A square wooden building, surrounded by porches, it boasted a large paneled living room, long leather sofas, and wide open fireplaces burning five-foot logs; everywhere the appointments were the last word in smartness. Hallmen, footmen, and waiters were in full Tuxedo Club livery, green with gold-striped waistcoats; the service was excellent and the food generally reported to be the best this side of Paris.

Of all the features of what to Tuxedoites will always remain their beloved Old Club the most remarkable was its large circular ballroom, eighty feet in diameter, which was actually a separate building from the main Club and was connected to it by a long corridor. This ballroom had not only a parquet floor which was reputed the best dance floor of its time, but also a handsome domed ceiling supported on a set of Corinthian columns. Behind these columns were the built-in divans, or high-chair seats, which were reserved for the Tuxedo dowagers who, complete with lorgnettes, spent the dance evenings happily strafing their offsprings. Finally, opposite the entrance of the ballroom, was a stage fully equipped with footlights, drop-curtains, and all the trimmings. There was some irony in connection with this stage since when James Brown Potter proposed the actor Kyrle Bellew for membership in the club, there was such consternation that a special *ad hoc* committee was called of the Tuxedo Governors. Immediately they passed a rule that no actor should ever be permitted to become a member of the club—a rule which has never been erased from the books.

The only feature of Tuxedo society which has continued intact to the present day, the annual Autumn Ball, is still the opening gun of each New York debutante season; a debutante who receives an invitation to it feels confident that she is a member of New York's inner circle. This ball has a justly famous place in the history of American Society, for it was at the first Autumn Ball in October 1886, that young Griswold Lorillard, son of Pierre IV, wore the tailless dress coat to which the resort gave its name. Today all Tuxedoites agree that, once having seen the coat, "everyone wanted one like Grizzy's," but

how the coat came to be worn in the first place, or even whether it was first worn at Tuxedo, can still start an argument in any resort society. Some resorters trace the origin of the coat to James Brown Potter's visit to the Prince of Wales, who wore a somewhat similar smoking jacket; some to the late E. Berry Wall, King of the Dudes, who was put off the dance floor of the Grand Union Hotel in Saratoga for wearing such a coat; and some to an anonymous leader of Irish Society who sported the coat at a dance at one of the Bowery's Chowder and Marching Clubs; perhaps the simplest explanation is that given by Newport's young Louis Lorillard, great great grandson of Pierre IV. "I've always heard," he says, "that they just got tired of sitting around on their tails, so they cut them off."

Two things, however, are certain. One is that the coat which Griswold Lorillard wore was designed by his father and was a scarlet satin-lapeled affair which was tailored, if not tailed, along the lines of the pink coats worn by hunters riding to hounds. The other is that the coat was not an instant success. The society journal *Town Topics* claimed that Griswold Lorillard looked "for all the world like a royal footman" and that he and his friends who wore the coats "ought to have been put in straitjackets long ago." Even today it is an ironical fact that in society the word "tuxedo" is itself taboo, the use of "dinner jacket" in its stead being mandatory.

III

The immediate success of Tuxedo Park, entirely apart from its coat, was a phenomenon of the great resort era. In social prestige Tuxedo quickly outranked other New York resorts such as Richfield Springs and Sharon Springs, Lake Placid and Lake George, and even challenged mighty Saratoga; soon Tuxedo was a rival of Newport itself. Any Tuxedoite, merely by showing his gold oakleaf pin, could have any Erie train, even those which did not stop except at the largest stations, stop at Tuxedo, and Mrs. William Pierson Hamilton, daughter of the elder J. P. Morgan, even had her own railroad station; the last before Tuxedo, it was called "Sterlington" and dutifully the Erie trains stopped there as they did at "Arden," the station beyond Tuxedo belonging to the railroad king, E. H. Harriman.

Gradually, however, there began to be intimations that all was not well with Society's Utopia. The first chink to appear in the Tuxedo armor occurred in 1892 when Julia Ward Howe, author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," journeyed up from Newport and made a visit to the Park. On her return she was asked by her daughter, Newport's beloved Maud Howe Elliot, what she thought of the place. Replied Mrs. Howe briefly: "White of an egg." This opinion, coming from one of the social oracles of the age, was widely repeated at the time. Although Tuxedoites knew they could expect no quarter from confirmed Newporters—Pierre Lorillard IV had deserted Newport to found Tuxedo—they also suffered at this time a severe blow from within. This occurred with the report handed in to the executive committee of the Tuxedo Park Association from another committee which was headed by William Waldorf Astor and was entitled "The Committee Appointed to Examine into the Original Historical Names of the Tuxedo Region." This sort of search for the historic is, of course, a familiar defense in which all the great resorts have indulged in order to take the edge off the purely social; in Tuxedo's case the report, which still reposes in the Tuxedo Club safe and which was supposed to prove that the name Tuxedo meant "beautiful view"—an opinion widely held by Tuxedoites—unfortunately disclosed that the original Indian name must have been P'tauk-Seet-tough, meaning "The Home of the Bear."

Also it was becoming apparent that "The Home of the Bear" was by no means a perfect habitat for sport. Article I of Tuxedo's Constitution had clearly stated that the resort was established "for the protection, increase, and capture of all kinds of game and fish," and a gallant effort subsidized by Lorillard's money was made to carry this out. Fishing, expected to be Tuxedo's main sport, was the first to suffer. Originally Tuxedo Lake had a reasonable supply of black bass; unfortunately German carp were soon added under the mistaken idea that they would breed and that the carp fry would furnish good bass food. Instead the grown-up carp, hungry in the meantime, ate first the bass fry and then the bass

themselves. In the matter of game Tuxedo had an even more difficult time. Though no expense was spared and ring-necked pheasant from New Jersey, quail from North Carolina, and wild turkey from Texas were imported with abandon, all either found Tuxedo's eight-foot fence no bar to their desire for less social areas or else became so tame that sportsmen lacked the heart to molest them.

Tuxedo's white-tailed deer, also an imported item from New Jersey, were particularly pacific. In the early days a favorite story of the Park was of the occasion when a group of eager sportsmen, out from New York to Tuxedo for the first time, were suddenly thrilled by the sight of a doe springing through the woods. Up went their guns, only to come down again when, sighting closer, the sportsmen observed that the animal wore, handsomely bowed around her neck, a large red ribbon.

Still Tuxedo refused to give up. Failing in its fish and game the Park turned to other endeavors. In short order the Park built not only a mile-long, electrically-lit toboggan slide—which was the subject of a famous Tuxedo short story entitled "A Kiss in the Toboggan"—but also a racetrack complete with a grandstand for horse shows and dog shows. On the lake the Park went in heavily for canoeing and sailboating in the summer, and in the winter for both curling and ice skating; old-timers recall with relish the "black ice" days when the lake froze over. Tuxedoites skated as romantically as they tobogganed, often in the evenings by lantern light, later coming in, two by two, to the Club's hot-spice punch and sugared doughnuts.

In 1889 Tuxedo had its first golf course, one which has always been regarded by Tuxedoites as the second oldest in the country, junior only to St. Andrews at Yonkers. Southampton, Saratoga, Bar Harbor, Hot Springs, and White Sulphur are among the resorts which dispute the claim. In 1894, by which time the Park had a new course, Tuxedo sent out invitations to an inter-club match. Four teams competed, St. Andrews, Boston's Brookline Country Club, Southampton's Shinnecock Club, and Tuxedo—with St. Andrews winning. Following this match, which was the major social sporting event of its day, the country's golf craze began in earnest; the days of the so-called "gentleman champions," as were the days of Tuxedo itself, were numbered.

One sport has to this day been kept almost entirely safe from democracy, and Tuxedo played, characteristically, a stalwart role in its promotion. Known as court tennis—not to be confused with lawn tennis or squash tennis, squash or squash racquets, or even just plain racquets—the sport has exceptionally complicated rules and is so aristocratic that it has been played at only a handful of racquet clubs and private courts. From the time when the Park installed its court, in 1899, the Tuxedo fathers of the game appeared to realize that they had in their hands the last sport of the last resorts—in other words, a gentleman's sport, as lawn tennis and golf once were, and one which so few people could understand, let alone have any facilities for practice, that it was almost possible to announce yourself as champion without playing at all. (Even if you did have to play, the chances were good that your opponent would not know the rules, and if he did know the rules, the chances were even better that he would not know how to keep score; no game can be played without a "marker" or umpire, and even then the scoring is so complicated that many people have played for years without understanding it.)

At first serene in their Club Championship, in which good Tuxedoites happily took turns in sharing the honors, Tuxedo gingerly started in 1903 its famous Gold Racquet Championship. For the first year and for two years following this was won, satisfactorily enough, by the neighboring Hudson Valley player Charles B. Sands, a young man who kept the game even more in the family by playing both under his own name and the alias "E. Edwards." When the outlander Jay Gould, however, came over from Lakewood in 1906 and won, not only that year but also for the next two years, the tournament was abandoned, and although it was revived in 1926 following the retirement of Gould—some idea of the sport may be gained from the fact that Gould was amateur champion for twenty straight years—Tuxedo took no chances. The tournament was revived only on condition that no one who had won the national championship could also play for the Gold Racquet.

IV

In the booming nineteen-twenties Tuxedo, believing that the old order would continue *ad infinitum*, dug in. A new clubhouse with long stone lines, contrasting sharply with the old square wooden building, was designed by John Russell Pope; a new swimming pool replaced the old swimming tank; and the resort ushered in a new generation of millionaires—the "bad" millionaires in the view of the old "good" millionaires. By this time also Tuxedo led all other resorts in the recognition of a new difficulty, the servant problem. Because of the Park gatehouse rigmarole—by which no visitor to Tuxedo can get by the gate policemen until his purpose has been checked by telephone with his destination—servants found it extremely difficult to entertain their boy friends; their boy friends in turn usually persuaded them to leave for more accessible areas. Still remembered at Tuxedo today is Newell Tilton's bon mot on a subject which became far from funny with the passing years. "We have ten servants," said Tilton, "five coming and five going."

The era of the twenties was ushered in by at least one specific tempest in the Tuxedo teapot. The year was 1921 and the resort was in a turmoil. Word was passed around that one of the Park's most charming ladies was writing a book; furthermore, as the dark story went, she was putting all her friends in it. Fortunately the fears were unfounded. The book, published in 1922, was *Etiquette;* the author, Mrs. Price Post, better known as Emily. For many years the literary advisor of Funk and Wagnalls had tried unsuccessfully to persuade Mrs. Post, who was the daughter of the architect of Tuxedo and the author of several novels contrasting European with American standards, to undertake such a book; Mrs. Post had steadfastly refused. One day the Funk and Wagnalls man surreptitiously left another book on the subject, published by Doubleday, in Mrs. Post's Tuxedo cottage. Picking it up one night, Mrs. Post was horrified with its gaucheries. "Doubleday!" she says today, recalling the event. "Doubleday! And I knew they were ladies and gentlemen, too!"

Mrs. Post was never one to brook gaucheries. Among other distinctions, she had been named, at the age of eighteen, by Ward McAllister, as one of the ten ladies in New York who could gracefully cross a ballroom floor alone; furthermore, she had learned the art, wearing a sandbag on her head, at Miss Graham's Finishing School for Young Ladies—a school which also taught, in the same manner, the art of curtseying. The next day Mrs. Post sat down and began her book, and today *Etiquette*, born in Tuxedo Park, is currently in its seventeenth edition. Mrs. Post herself, who no longer lives in the Park, still ranks as Tuxedo's most distinguished ex-hostess.

"Tuxedo was the most formal place in the world," she declares. "Nobody ever waved or hello-ed or hi-ed at Tuxedo. You bowed when you shook hands and the manners at the balls were something wonderful. You never slopped. You sat up perfectly straight. And first names were considered very bad form. You might be Johnny in private, but you were Mr. Jones in public. There were only five men in Tuxedo who called me Emily—and never in formal Society."

From the beginning, Tuxedo was for its size the most attractive of all resorts to royalty; even today a spare Hapsburg or a misadventurous Hohenzollern may be flushed, along with the tame quail, from almost any given spot in the Tuxedo woods. In the memory of Tuxedo old-timers, however, one regal visit of the winter of 1927 still stands out. The visit began quietly enough when Mrs. Charles E. Mitchell, wife of the National City banker, innocently playing a double concerto on the piano in her New York home, was summoned to the telephone to receive a long-distance call from Louisville, Kentucky; the call was from a former acquaintance, a man she knew so slightly that she hardly recalled his name. The man informed Mrs. Mitchell that he was on tour with Queen Marie of Romania and that Her Majesty was coming to New York and would like very much to visit Mrs. Mitchell in Tuxedo rather than stay in a New York hotel. When Mrs. Mitchell asked how many people there were in the Queen's party, the man informed her that there were sixteen—including nine servants.

At first Mrs. Mitchell, relatively new to the ways of visiting royalty at resorts, was sure the whole thing was a hoax. Her Tuxedo cottage

was closed for the winter and neither she nor her husband had ever met the Queen of Romania. She merely said politely she should be delighted, hung up the telephone, and returned to her double concerto. But at dinner she received a telegram from the same man who had telephoned her. The telegram was to the point: HER MAJESTY WISHES ME TO EXPRESS HER DEEP APPRECIATION FOR THE HOSPITALITY WHICH YOU AND MR. MITCHELL HAVE SO VERY KINDLY OFFERED WHICH SHE ACCEPTS WITH PLEASURE.

To this day Mrs. Mitchell does not know how she did it. The telegram arrived Thursday night; the Queen and her army were to arrive in Tuxedo Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Mitchell's Tuxedo cottage had no linen or silver in it, the water and electric lights were turned off, and winter shutters boarded all the windows. She does recall, however, her very first step—which was to wire the go-between and ask if Her Majesty preferred seclusion or if she wished to be entertained. Promptly she received an answer in the form of her second wire of the evening—one which contained a list of friends Her Majesty would be happy to see. "It was," says Mrs. Mitchell, recalling the incident, "an abbreviated little yellow edition of the *Social Register*."

By Saturday afternoon the Mitchells were ready on their doorstep—royalty at resorts must always be greeted from outside, rather than inside, one's cottage—when the Queen and party, accompanied by the sirens of police escorts, screamed up the Tuxedo hills. During the entire visit only two mishaps occurred. At the first dinner a novice butler spilled a melon of ice cream down the back of Princess Ileana—who, since the Queen's luggage did not arrive until the next day, was wearing Mrs. Mitchell's black velvet Chanel dress—and midway in the visit Master Craig Mitchell's American cocker spaniel, high-hatted by the Queen's cocker spaniel, bit Her Majesty's dog in the behind. There was also one error in protocol. This occurred at the first dinner when the Queen found herself seated at Mr. Mitchell's right; actually, of course, she should have been on his left—or, in other words, Mr. Mitchell should have been at *her* right.

Evidently such discrepancies did not trouble the Queen at all. Shortly before leaving she confided, with what a friend described as her "infectious wink," that she had completely forgotten the matter of the dinner protocol. "Mr. Mitchell has been so royal," she said, "that I felt common."

V

IN MANY ways the recent story of Tuxedo Park can be summed up in the story of the last of its great estates. Known as "Duckhollow House," a beautiful white Georgian building, directly across the Lake from the Club, it consists, among other things, of twenty-five air-conditioned rooms, an all-mirrored master bathroom, a movie theatre, a swimming pool, a life-size granite Buddha, a boathouse, an electric motorboat, and 300,000 dollars' worth of shrubbery; the total cost was $2,250,000 in 1937. Designed by Architect T. Markoe Robertson, this charming cottage was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke as a wedding present by their parents, the Duke and St. George families. Following the divorce of this couple, "Duckhollow House" was sold to Mr. and Mrs. John Astor Drayton, also of Tuxedo. When Mr. and Mrs. Drayton also reached the end of their marriage, "Duckhollow House" was again resold, but on this occasion for the first time the cottage came into ownership which, by Tuxedo standards, involved an outsider. The new owner, Nathan Berkman, a wealthy New York tax consultant, was charmed with "Duckhollow House." When, however, he went down to his boathouse and put out to sea at a fast ten knots in his forty-battery electric motorboat—since the lake is the source of the Park's drinking water all boats have to be electric—he was promptly informed by letter from the Tuxedo Park Association that since he did not belong to the Tuxedo Club, and the Tuxedo Club claimed exclusive use of the lake for its members, he could not use the lake.

Berkman was promptly disenchanted. Having no desire to buck the Club for membership he was, as a tax consultant, a man who knew his way around in law books; when the Club threatened with an injunction, he decided to fight back. He not only traced deeds to the lake far beyond those the Tuxedo Park Association had ever heard of—one being a manuscript map made for George Washington—but he also declared that if the Club

sued him he was prepared to maintain that if the lake was indeed a private reservoir then it must have an eight-foot fence around it—the same height of fence, ironically enough, which surrounds Tuxedo Park and, even more ironically perhaps, surrounds "Duckhollow House." Finally both the Park Association and Berkman dropped both suits and threats of suits and Berkman was once more permitted to put out to sea. "I found," he says today, above the puttering of his forty batteries, "that I had no less and no more privileges to the lake than the Club itself."

Today at Tuxedo, if the situation in the lake is fraught with peril, the situation in the Club itself is even more so. In the early days so great was the prestige of being a member of the Club's fifteen-man Board of Governors that these Governors cheerfully paid the deficit, which often ran as high as $80,000 a year, out of their own pockets; no statement was ever even rendered to ordinary members. The depression, however—along with the fact the new Club was vastly more expensive than the old—brought an end to this situation. Today's Clubhouse is now supported by all manner of desperate measures, including renting out the premises to the employees of Time, Inc., for a so-called "Time Out." While such heterogeneous outsiders enjoy using the tradition-hallowed facilities, insiders have not taken kindly to the change, and even the trusted old employees of the Club, men like "Chris," "Scott," and "Carter," all of whom have served more than forty years, view the present with distaste and the future with alarm.

Furthermore, coupled with dangerous money-raising programs has come another modernism which to elderly Tuxedoites is equally dangerous—a sort of social inflation in the electing of members. Recently Tuxedoite Charles Coulter of "Wee-Wah" cottage, following the election of a new member of whom he did not approve, announced that he would never cross the threshold of the Club again, and while the Club pondered this blow Coulter's motion was promptly seconded by action on the part of Mrs. E. John Heidsieck of "To the Point." Following the election of a member of whom she did not approve, Mrs. Heidsieck, daughter of the late railroad man James J. Hill, ordered the portrait of Pierre Lorillard V removed from the Club's ballroom, in her opinion Tuxedo's beloved Squire, who was her second husband and of whom she was the second wife, should not have to view, even from the wall, the sort of modern goings-on in the Club he loved so well.

For a while the space was blank. Then quietly one day in the place of Squire Lorillard a new portrait was hung, and all good Tuxedoites breathed a sigh of relief when it turned out to be the familiar, chop-whiskered visage of the greatest of all the Gods of the Club, the Titan of Tuxedo himself, the late George F. Baker. In the opinion of old Tuxedoites no man in his life ever personified better than the great banker the virtues of the era which had passed; in their opinion, also, no man after death was so eminently fitted to warn the moderns, by the stern, disapproving look from the wall, of the wages of their sins.

Tuxedo could not have made a better choice. Certainly the career of Banker Baker, who lived from 1840 to 1931, was the antithesis of the modern, high-pressure, publicity-charged success story of today. Whether or not he was, as Tuxedoites claim, "third or fourth richest man in the history of the country," he was certainly the only man of his eminence who ever led a life so secretive that in the course of his ninety-one years he granted just one newspaper interview and made just two speeches which might even be considered public (six words to the Bond Club, "Thank you and God bless you"; six words to the Tuxedo Club following his gift of a golf house, "God bless you and thank you").

In 1910 at the age of seventy, Baker took up for the first time smoking, drinking cocktails, and golf. Stories of his latter-day links efforts are still part of Tuxedo conversation. Among other things if Baker wished a round before dinner, the train stopped right at the first tee of the golf course. Once playing in the pouring rain with Edward E. Loomis, a man thirty years younger than he, Baker insisted on continuing a tied match. "Mr. Baker," gasped Mr. Loomis, "you are a wonder for a man of your age." Baker teed up his ball. "The difference between you and me," he said, "is that I never began to dissipate until I was seventy."

But even at golf the banker could not forget himself entirely. On losing a ball he would become so distressed that he would hunt for it with his caddy as long as there was even a remote hope of finding it. Nor were tees items to be taken lightly. One of the banker's golfing companions, a Tuxedo "little brother of the rich," made a practice of surreptitiously placing broken tees where Baker would find them; the disappointment on Baker's face on picking up one of these tees was, according to this "little brother," something to see. To players following Baker around the course, the Titan's game, a severe point of which was to let no one else through, was little pleasure indeed.

One Saturday afternoon when the course was crowded and Baker, at eighty-five, was being slowly pushed up a hill by the strong arm of his caddy, a fellow-Tuxedoite cupped his hand in desperation. "Mr. Baker," he called out, "I've got to catch a train." Then, dropping his hand, he added, "Monday morning."

DURING the boom nineteen-twenties Tuxedo joined with the entire country in trying to figure each day the result of the bull market on Baker's personal fortune. When, for example, the First National Bank stock, of which it was common knowledge in the Park that Baker owned some 25,000 shares, touched $8,500 a share, they quickly multiplied it out and found Baker worth $212,500,000 in that stock alone; they knew that besides he was also the largest single stockholder in such companies as American Telephone and U. S. Steel. Few of Baker's friends at Tuxedo actually banked with him. The story was that it took $100,000 to open an account and even today, since the bank is primarily a banker's bank—one for other banks and corporations—the average individual bank balance is something over $300,000.

Although in 1929, 97 per cent of Baker's total fortune was in common stocks, he had but one complaint to make when the market broke. Sick in bed, he begged to be allowed to go downtown. "This is my ninth panic," he protested. "I have made money in every one of them." The following year, true to his word, Baker made, by the estimate of *Fortune* magazine, $50,000,000 at a time when he was ninety years old.

In the last two years of his life, though suffering from diabetes, Baker attended no less than 150 directors' meetings, his favorites being those of companies on the so-called "tontine" system. At these meetings the directors present divide the fees of directors absent; Baker, characteristically, especially enjoyed such meetings in inclement weather. Unfortunately they proved the death of him. In the last week of his life he attended four directors' meetings. At the final one, of the Consolidated Gas Company, which was held on a bad day, he caught the cold which led to the pneumonia from which, two days later, on May 2, 1931, he died.

In October Mr. Amory will tell the story of Saratoga, including the trunk, the chips, the "elegant hells" and "elegant belles" of a former era, and the races.—The Editors.

Footnote to the Class Struggle

ATLANTIC CITY, June 3—The president of the Pennsylvania Bankers Association said today that steelworkers could expect to get bank loans to tide them over their strike provided their pre-strike credit had been good.

"There is no reason to deny credit merely because of the present situation," said the official, Robert C. Downie of Pittsburgh. In a press interview he also said:

"I can say the bankers of Pennsylvania will extend credit to steelworkers who may be on strike if they are otherwise entitled to a loan. Steelworkers are human beings and we are human beings in the banking business."

—*New York Times,* June 4, 1952.

After Hours

Country Gentleman

EARLY last spring while munching on an an ear of frozen corn which was as beautiful to look at as it was tasteless, as golden as it was mealy, I was reminded that some time ago I had a letter from a reader of this column asking whatever became of Country Gentleman corn. Do you remember it? It is white, and sweet, and tender with little irregular kernels like pearls. I don't know when it disappeared from the markets in this part of the country or why, but I haven't had any in years. My nostalgia has led me to some rather superficial research.

I began with a grocer, a man of discriminating taste in foods of all sorts and by reputation an excellent chef. His eyes brightened at the mention of Country Gentleman, and he said, "Ah," in a those-were-the-days tone of voice. His explanation was this: Country Gentleman has a smaller yield per acre than the hybrid corns, and a very short season. Farmers, he said, find it uneconomical to produce it for the markets.

It seemed reasonable to write to the magazine *Country Gentleman* to find out what had become of the corn of the same name, and I have had a letter from its managing editor, Mr. Arnold Nicholson, who says: "Country Gentleman—I mean the corn as well as the magazine—is still on the market. It is and was one of the finest varieties of white sweet corn ever developed. It is, of course, an open pollinated type as opposed to the hybrids that have taken over a great deal of the sorts grown in recent years. . . . It is probably very true that the yields of Country Gentleman are not as high as some of the newer hybrids. Incidentally, Golden Bantam is not a hybrid, although hybrid types of Golden Bantam, known as Golden Cross Bantam, etc., are more commonly grown today. . . ."

I am envious of those readers who live where Country Gentleman is still marketed, both magazine and corn. It is now easy to find the magazine, which has a circulation of about two and a half million copies a month. Mr. Nicholson says that it, like the corn, was hard to come by for quite a few years because the publishers withdrew it from the newsstands. Beginning last April it went back on the stands. I wish the corn would follow suit and go back on the grocery counters.

"Of Her We Sing"

READERS of science fiction will be interested to know that Mr. Ray Bradbury, one of the most accomplished contemporary practitioners of that literary form, has eyes for stars that are only a couple of decades away as well as for those that are several million light-years off in the nowhere. As evidence of this, and also to bring a legend up-to-date, I offer you a letter which he has written me.

Mr. Harper:

The July issue of *Harper's* is at hand, and on page 92, in your After Hours department, you mention a magical name, Lois Moran, and the very fine day you had a long while ago when Miss Moran was delighting New York in "Of Thee I Sing" and you took her tea-dancing at the Biltmore. If memory serves me rightly, I was about twelve years old at the time; "Of Thee I Sing" was a remote parcel indeed, something occurring a great distance away, in New York; and Miss Moran only a very lovely young lady whose picture I saw in the magazines.

I thought you might like to hear of an interesting encounter I enjoyed a few nights before the New Year's holiday six months ago. I was at a party in San Fer-

nando Valley here, the usual bores and pedants were present, the usual radio producers and actors and actresses, a very mixed party indeed, and not a very nice one. But there was one very beautiful woman there; she caught my attention immediately because she was not only lovely but witty, not only witty but intelligent, not only intelligent but comfortable to talk to. I'm afraid I spent most of the evening with her, listening to her tell about the musical therapy work she is doing here at the veterans' hospital with many of the cases in the pathological wards. I felt I had met her or seen her somewhere before. She had been introduced, of course, as a Mrs. So-and-so, the name lost in the usual clamor. Late in the evening I finally got around to telling her that I thought she seemed terribly familiar, and she looked at me and said, "Oh, no, you wouldn't remember me at all, you were probably very young. My name was Lois Moran."

Of course, I *did* remember. I had seen her in films when I was a small boy indeed. And I had heard about her down the years from all the people who had seen and remembered "Of Thee I Sing." So this letter is in the way of being a personal report to you, sir, Mr. Harper, and many people who might have wondered what has happened to Lois Moran. She is married to an air-line official here on the Coast, she has several fine children, as I recall—one, praise the Lord, being a reader of science fiction—she is doing this work that makes her very happy at the veterans' hospital and also beating the drum for more blood for the Red Cross. And she is—above all—very beautiful and very charming, and those who saw, and remember, "Of Thee I Sing," should put their fears aside. Lois Moran, twenty years later, is a miracle of freshness in a world that, all too often, seems to forget what freshness really is and should be. Here is a woman enjoying life with great vigor and zest. Having spent an evening with her, I know now why so many people have remembered the pretty Moran girl after two amazing decades.

So I send greetings and assurances from myself, on this side of Time, in 1952, on this side of the continent, to you, sir, on that side of the continent, in 1932, tea-dancing at the Biltmore with a live and breathing legend. I know you won't mind too much if, on occasion, I cut in. A wave of my hand to you, across the years!

Ten-Strike at Torquilstone

THAT "Ivanhoe," now—I had it all wrong. M-G-M having made a movie version (technicolor, too) in England, it turns out to be a tolerance picture, as though someone were trying to make up to the Anti-Defamation League for Fagin and Bevin at once. During most of the movie Felix Aylmer (Isaac of York), with an accent that sounds to me more north of the Clyde than south of Grand Street, puts on a fund drive to get Richard Coeur de Lion out of a DP camp in Austria, while Elizabeth Taylor (Rebecca) stands around looking Semitic (heavy eye make-up and a pout). After Robert Taylor (Ivanhoe) comes a nasty cropper in a joust, Joan Fontaine (the lady Rowena) nearly loses him to Miss Taylor, who has forehandedly taken a nurse's aide course in Spain but has to be disqualified because she arouses evil impulses in Brian de Bois-Guilbert (George Sanders). George Sanders, not Ivanhoe, is the hero and makes the best speech.

You see, in England there are these two parties, the Normans and the Saxons. The Saxons have been out of power for some time and naturally want to get their General back from overseas. George Sanders' trouble is that Robin Hood has organized the Saxon masses against him, and when he kidnaps Miss Taylor they turn up discharging showers of arrows, a trick they learned from Henry V. Sanders subsequently gives Ivanhoe an exceptionally severe drubbing with a ball-and-chain and seems to have won after all, but at the last moment Ivanhoe cheats by pulling him off his horse and damn near scalping him with a hatchet. Isaac has meanwhile put through a draft on a Viennese bank and Richard arrives, attended by a heavy contingent of Red Cross *male* nurses. He liberates all minorities and restores national unity.

Unconditionally recommended.

Summer Culture

BETWEEN Lee, Massachusetts, and Northampton there is a steep highway called Jacob's Ladder. When I was a boy and automobiles were more like breathing organisms than they are today, it was considered "some hill." You stopped at the top of it (if you made it at all) and while the steam spouted from your radiator you gave the

motor a chance to cool off and had a look at the splendid view of the Berkshires. Now Jacob's Ladder has more than a view; it has culture.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago Ted Shawn, who is best known to most Americans as one half of the core of the Denishawn Dancers (the other half, you'll remember, was Ruth St. Denis) founded a dancing school which he calls Jacob's Pillow. In his own words (and he is a man of many words) the school is a "university of the dance" and is "for graduate students only." Like most twentieth century New England cultural activities it all started in a barn, and like most of them it has conscientiously maintained its hay-seed atmosphere. The barn, which was once both rehearsal hall and theater, has been added to. There is now a theater that is a theater and that is a brand-new barn. It has a steeply pitched floor on which there are metal folding chairs, and a stage, but if you look straight up, you'll see that it is barn construction with hand-hewn (or maybe they are machine cut and then hacked up a bit for appearances) beams. The outside of the new theater is not painted on the theory that old barns weren't painted, and it has silvered prettily from weathering. It must be one of the few intentionally unpainted barns in Massachusetts, where farmers like to paint their barns. It's in Northern Vermont that the barns are generally unpainted, but I suppose we must allow Mr. Shawn this little incursion into folkways. He's a great one for folkways.

Folk dancing is taught at "The Pillow," as it is affectionately called by Mr. Shawn in his regular pre-curtain speech, and so are the classic ballet, the modern dance, and ethnic dancing, which seems to be what you call folk dancing that isn't done by just plain folks but by experts who are pagans. It is not a school for dilettantes; it is for serious dancers. During the intermission of the performance I attended I talked to a young man named Ralph McWilliams who was scheduled to perform that evening but who couldn't because he had twisted a knee. He is more than a post-graduate; he has been a professional for a number of years, has toured with ballet troupes in Europe and South America, and plans to tour with the Shawn group this autumn. I asked him what life was like at the Pillow. "In the morning I go to classes," he said. "After lunch we rehearse all afternoon, and after supper we rehearse all evening."

As we were going back into the theater after the intermission, a man turned and spoke to Mr. McWilliams, who said to me after the man had gone to his seat: "That's a strange thing to say. He's a critic from a paper near here. He just said 'It's terrible.'"

Some of it was terrible, I quite agree. You have to love the dance more than I do or have seen fewer good dancers than I have to take the dance as it was served up the night I was at Jacob's Pillow and relish it. You also have to like to listen to speeches more than I do, for Mr. Shawn in a white dinner jacket stood before the curtain for twenty minutes or more making charm and chit-chat about the art of dancing and about the program that he was delaying. He didn't dance that night, but I'm told he often does—a sort of Bernarr Macfadden of the dance world. Mr. Shawn was born in 1891.

The dance gains nothing from description and I have no intention of describing what I saw—a mechanically perfect ballerina, some folk, some modern, some ethnic. The folk came off best, I thought, largely because a woman named La Meri is a knowledgeable researcher and a performer with personality and vitality. Among other things, she did a portion of "Swan Lake" as a Hindu would interpret it. Fun. Pretty, too. There was also a lady who did comic dances which were not funny except to the students of the Pillow, who evidently got the joke. I didn't. Like most satires, a dance satire has to be funny in its own right and not just funny because it satirizes a style of dancing.

I am glad that summer is over (or will be shortly after this is in print) so that I can take my culture where I usually find it, just around the corner. There is something overelaborate about getting all dressed up on a hot summer Saturday night and driving thirty miles to a place named after a stairway to heaven to put your head on a cultural pillow. I am sure it is very nice for dancers to have a place to dance all summer, morning, noon, and night. Nice for Mr. Shawn too. Also nice for lots of dance lovers. Not nice for me.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

The New Reviewer

Gilbert Highet

Book reviewing is like most occupations in the world, from marriage to mountaineering—you don't realize how complex it is until you get caught up in it. To publish an occasional critique on a book which interests you particularly is pretty painless and unabsorbing—like going dancing every Friday evening with a pair of blue eyes, or driving up Pike's Peak. But as soon as you try even to glance at all the books appearing in a single month, and to cope with the enormous, hitherto unimagined machinery of the book trade, you begin to resemble the climber who spends all winter planning new trips and buying new equipment and all summer hanging half-way up awesome cliffs, wishing he had magnetic nails in his boots; or the young executive so familiar to us from Mr. Marquand's novels, who looks over a seven-room house with first mortgage, first wife, and first two children, and wonders how he ever got involved in this delightful but disquieting situation.

By sheer volume, the books astound you. Hundreds appear every month: many hundreds: something approaching a thousand in the high season. These are new books of general interest in regular format. Hundreds more appear in limited editions with special type and illustrations; as reprints—Aldous Huxley's satire, ***After Many a Summer Dies the Swan***, came out recently with the usual half-bare bosom on the cover (Avon Books, 35¢); as new paper-backs—there is a delightfully easy translation of Chaucer's ***Canterbury Tales*** into modern English by Nevill Coghill (Penguin Books, $1.25); as scholarly and specialist treatises; as digests, half-book, half-magazine. Then how much valuable literature appears every month in periodicals? From other countries too, books reach the review table. Here, for instance, is an earnest pronouncement on Islamic law, published in Karachi, for which *Harper's* will scarcely find space; here is Onians' ***Origins of European Thought,*** thirty years a-growing, imported from England (Cambridge University Press, $9); and here is an early novel by Marcel Proust, ***Jean Santeuil*** (Nouvelle Revue Française, $10.50), which will be worth reading; but when?

Also, the mechanisms of publishing are vastly complicated. One of the first things to stagger the new reviewer is a fat magazine called the *Publishers' Weekly,* which helps to convince him of his ignorance. Its front cover may announce a book quite outside his purview—say a work by Gayelord Hauser (how to avoid stress and strain, how to be happy through health, assisted by posters, window streamers, and statement stuffers). Inside the *Publishers' Weekly* there are many pages of complex financial and legal data; many personal facts (shifts, promotions, and deaths); and the bewildering variety of present and future publications all reduced to neat timetables. All this is familiar to experienced critics, to literary editors, and of course to all publishers; even to some authors. But the ordinary reader knows virtually nothing of it. Nor does the new reviewer.

The odd thing is that it is not discouraging. It is delightful. The "book business" is doing well—far better than the poor old theater, miles better than the movies, less lucratively but more intelligently than radio and



The egg and us

Which end of the egg is laid first—the broad or small end? This question came up in connection with World Book Encyclopedia's article on "Egg." The author thought it was the *small* end. A poultry journal favored the *broad* end.

Differences were resolved by the U. S. Department of Agriculture Bureau of Statistics which pointed out that actual records show it is sometimes one and sometimes the other, but mostly the *small!* Says World Book, "Usually eggs are laid small end first." A small point, perhaps...but to World Book, even the minutest detail is important enough to be presented accurately.

This careful checking and double-checking is standard procedure with World Book. Contributors are chosen with utmost care—each must be an authority in his field. With his article, each submits a list of sources.

All factual statements, statistics, dates, and names of persons and places are checked against original sources by World Book's research editors. Unusually startling statements receive the same stern editorial scrutiny.

Factual accuracy is one important reason why World Book through the years has continued to be first choice of America's schools and libraries.

WORLD BOOK *Encyclopedia*

Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division *35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois*

TV. We shan't starve, neither readers nor publishers. I recall (but, alas, cannot trace) a story about Dr. Johnson which typifies the fears that occasionally afflict keen booklovers. Thrale came to see him and found him beside the fire, reading *The History of Birmingham.* Thrale was shocked. He offered sympathy. Johnson explained. "Why, Sir," he said, "I have read all the books in the house except this. I have a cold and cannot go out for more; and so, Sir, you find me roasting apples and reading *The History of Birmingham.*" Such a predicament is not now threatening. There is plenty to read. The only danger is that, since books are made from timber, we may run out of forests. Still, as the Scots say, "There's aye a something."

Not that all the books, or even a hundredth of them, are permanently valuable. But, just as all real people are interesting and only the fakes are tiresome, so any armful of books honestly written will have enough in it to think about for many happily occupied hours.

"The Triumph of Barbarism and Religion"

This July and August armful contains an appetizing variety, from an incisive biography of the Great Dictator (Louis Fischer, ***The Life and Death of Stalin,*** Harper, $3.50) to a vivid and intelligent story of a journey to the remote islands of the Indian Ocean (F. D. Ommanney, ***The Shoals of Capricorn,*** Harcourt, Brace, $4). At the top are three historical novels, all about the Roman empire and all concerned with one of its most important experiences, its reluctant but finally overpowering acceptance of Christianity. It is the charm of historical books and films that both the blunders and the right perceptions are instructive. For example, the movie of *Quo Vadis?* opens with a piece of monumental asininity: Robert Taylor as a Roman officer, leading a triumphal procession past the emperor Nero. That is like showing Abraham Lincoln wearing plate-armor and dubbing Ulysses Grant an earl for service in the field. (No ordinary citizen was permitted to have a triumph under the empire, for obvious reasons.) And yet the characters of Nero and Petronius, as portrayed by Ustinov and Genn in the same film, seemed to me absolutely right.

The first of these novels is Thomas Costain's ***The Silver Chalice*** (Doubleday, $3.85). Really, it is a juvenile adventure story. Its hero is an Asiatic-Greek sculptor who is chosen by St. Luke to carve a casket for the cup used at the Last Supper—although he is neither a Jew nor a believing Christian. This is vastly improbable. He then marries the lovely daughter of Joseph of Arimathea, but does not sleep with her because the beautiful assistant of Simon the Magician has given him a love potion. This is even more improbable.

The historical detail is rich, but sometimes wrong. Chariots were not driven through the streets of Rome; dancing was not a dull routine, but a highly developed art, in advance of modern ballet; inhabitants of Antioch and other free cities were not governed by the Roman law of the Twelve Tables; no one in the Roman empire could call his wife "my little fuchsia bud," since the fuchsia was still blushing relatively unseen in South America; the Roman army did not use drums any more than ours uses castanets; an *insula* is not a "boarding home," but an ordinary block of apartments; Nero was not described as the Divine One, a title then kept for emperors who were good and dead; and so on. Small things these; but together with the unlikeliness of the story and the occasional woodenness of the style, they break the illusion of reality. However, Mr. Costain's book is worth reading quickly, as an exciting travelogue filled with bold and simple figures, brightly colored.

Three centuries after Nero's death the Empire had become officially Christian. Robert Raynolds describes a late stage of its conversion in ***The Sinner of St. Ambrose*** (Bobbs Merrill, $3.75). This is a much less naïve tale than *The Silver Chalice*—more complex and sometimes bewildering, partly because its author does not organize very well, and partly because he is telling a far more intricate story. It is hard to describe the Roman world, not simply as divided between good little Christians, bad powerful rulers, and uninstructed common folk, but more genuinely as torn asunder by earnest high-minded pagans and earnest high-minded Christians, by Arians, Catholics, Donatists, and other groups within the Christian faith,

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

Plants, Man and Life

By EDGAR ANDERSON

The work of a renowned geneticist, this outstanding book considers the relationship between plants and man in a new and illuminating light, forecasting a wholly fresh approach to the study of mankind's history. "Once in a great while a popular scientific book opens a whole new field. PLANTS, MAN AND LIFE is such a book . . . clear, readable and packed with fascinating facts . . . He is one of those rare scientists not afraid to violate academic frontiers."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Diagrams. $4.00

Man and His Gods

By HOMER W. SMITH

In this book — at once the story of philosophy and the story of religion — an eminent American scientist tells how man has answered his own questions of the meaning and purpose of existence through the ages. "More scientifically sophisticated . . . this book is the twelve volumes of *The Golden Bough* rolled into one."—T. V. SMITH, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* With a foreword by ALBERT EINSTEIN. $5.00

The Tundra World*

By THEODORA C. STANWELL-FLETCHER

Based on the author's own experiences, THE TUNDRA WORLD tells the story of a New England girl who discovered a paradise of natural splendor at the edge of the Arctic. Filled with authentic details of arctic bird and animal life, THE TUNDRA WORLD ranks with the author's *Driftwood Valley* as "one of the most distinguished and consistently absorbing books of the outdoors since the days of Ernest Thompson Seton." $3.50

THE FLIGHT OF THE Arctic Tern

By CONSTANCE and HARMON HELMERICKS

A log cabin in the Arctic mountains is hearth and home to the wayfaring Helmerickses — the routine of their daily life is a series of breathtaking adventures. Now they share with you the thrill of exploring the vast, uncharted northlands in their own plane, *The Arctic Tern.* "They make THE FLIGHT OF THE ARCTIC TERN another book which armchair travelers will enjoy from cover to cover."—*Chicago Tribune.* On-the-spot photos. $4.50

A CREED FOR Free Enterprise*

By CLARENCE B. RANDALL
President, Inland Steel Company

"Very readable, thought-provoking . . packed with wisdom and sound advice."—*Chicago Tribune.* "The first book by a really articulate businessman which I have come across in 25 years . . He becomes not only one of the sharpest critics of industrial management, but a prophet of what may well be the new order of business ethics . . . A remarkable defense of free enterprise and of democracy." — STERLING NORTH, *N. Y. World-Telegram & Sun.* $2.75

At all bookstores

***Atlantic Monthly Press Books**

THE MARK OF GOOD BOOKS SINCE 1837

by vital energetic barbarians (themselves Christians of a kind) commanding the Roman armies and spearheading the Roman troops, and by other barbarians flooding in from outside into the Roman empire, as barbarians always flow into a power vacuum. The narrator himself, Gregory Julian, typifies the conflicts of the era, for he was descended both from a saint and from a pagan emperor; he married a Christian; he almost became ruler of Rome; and he ended as a Christian, once a bishop but then expelled for following the awful heresy of Pelagius—which is that God has made us able to be good by our own will and actions. Not many mistakes appear in this long book; the style contains some odd words and some sloppy arrangement; but the whole is thoughtful and valuable.

THE third of these works promised to be the most interesting because it was on the strangest subject. It deals with the Roman empire which did not fall until forty years before the discovery of America: East Rome, the Greek-speaking world governed from Constantinople, the greatest power in Europe throughout the Dark Ages, the home of superb architecture and of somber, powerful pictorial art, the transmitter of Greek literature to the modern world, the teacher of the Arabs, the Christianizer of the Russians and the Balkan peoples; rich and corrupt but not weak, cultured but fanatical, highly centralized yet full of eccentrics, a fortress of civilization for a thousand years. Harold Lamb, in ***Theodora and the Emperor*** (Doubleday, $4.50), undertakes to describe one of the most remarkable eras in its history—the reign of the emperor Justinian, once a Balkan peasant, and the empress Theodora, once a strip-teaser and tramp. He calls his book a "biographical narrative," which means that it is both novel and history, with the disadvantages of both. Sometimes it is full of dry names and facts ("Under Anastasius the much-detested *chrysargyron,* or gold-tax-on-profits, was repealed"), sometimes of human-interest details ("Slyly he touched her face with his plump finger"), and occasionally of mixed metaphors which show the author's dilemma ("the cleavage . . . at every turn, like a basilisk, faced Justinian"). Mr. Lamb has written some good books in the past, about the barbarian hordes of Asia, where fact and invention do not necessarily diverge so sharply. But this is not a satisfactory work. Readers who would like to approach the subject should try either straight romantic fiction (Masefield's *Basilissa* and *Conquer,* Macmillan, 1940 and 1941) or regular history *(Byzantium,* edited by Baynes and Moss, Oxford, 1948). It is hard enough to understand the Byzantine world without mixing up one's literary standards too.

Love and the Stage

THE most ambitious modern novel in our batch is ***Catherine Carter,*** by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Knopf, $3.95). This is a long, leisurely, decorative tale of the London worlds of society and the theater in the eighteen-eighties and eighteen-nineties. Ostensibly, it describes the rise of a young actress from her first part—an urchin playing ball in a crowd scene—to her marriage and full partnership with the leading actor of the English-speaking world. The star himself is partly based on Henry Irving. The story is punctuated by new productions and fresh roles. It ends with a triumphant joint offering of "Antony and Cleopatra" which will remind some readers of the Oliviers' recent success in that exacting drama. Yet the problems of acting, production, and management are seldom fully and absorbingly described. Really, the book is a love-story in a setting of theaters and travel. As such, it is charming. The three chapters laid in Venice are a model of gracious writing, and the meeting of the lovers, one magnificent in a new knighthood, the other bloated with mosquito-bites, is a delicate feat of comedy.

Darkness and Light

THE Italians write very well, sometimes. Since the war and the death of the Fat Man, they have produced some fine books. It is not that they have found a new set of subjects. Rather, the class relationships of their literature have shifted, from Fascists and from aristocratic attitudinizers like D'Annunzio to the new middle-class writers who also voice some of the problems of the peasantry. That is the strongest impression one gets from recent Italian novels, beginning with Carlo Levi's *Christ Stopped at Eboli.* It is supported by their films. It is confirmed by Carlo Coccioli's new novel, ***Heaven and Earth*** (translated by F. Frenaye, Prentice-Hall, $3.50). This is a heart-searching book: the life-story of a young Italian priest, almost a saint, told by those who knew him. It is hard to be a priest in any church, because if one is sensitive one is always torn between one's individual conscience and sense of unworthiness and one's duty to the tradition of the church and the habits of its local adherents. Coccioli shows this dilemma very boldly. In fact, his story makes a tragic companion to Guareschi's gay new tales about tussles between a priest and a Communist mayor, ***Don Camillo and his Flock*** (Pellegrini and Cudahy, $3); the two even meet, from time to time, in the realm of the grotesque. Coccioli's young priest faces many temptations, miserable and self-distrustful, yet often with success. He is tempted by the easy living of a comfortably devout parish; by the loneliness and hopelessness of a mountain village; by a vision, a miracle, and a suicide; by the admiration of cultured people and the love of a girl; finally by sin incarnate, hatred, and war. Some of the developments in his career I did not fully understand, but that is doubtless my lack of perception, for the author would hardly cheat and he seldom writes obscurely. I shall look forward to more of his work.

Do you notice how many recent books are concerned with similar problems? They are not about money and external achievement. They are not about conflict between individuals and groups. They are not about the search for sensual satisfaction, that impossible ideal. They are about people trying to be good. *Heaven and Earth* reminded me at once of Nevil Shute's *Round the Bend* (Morrow, 1951). That was a silly title for America, since we do not use "round the bend" to mean "slightly cracked"; but it was a good book, the story of a workman who became a sort of saint, and founded

a new religion. Mr. Costain and Mr. Raynolds both write about conversion too, on lower levels of spirituality; there are many more such books, in many lands.

A philosophical approach to the same problem is ***The Great Enterprise,*** by H. A. Overstreet (Norton, $3.50). It is so full of sweetness, light, reason, and charm that as I read it I felt hooked fangs coming down over my lower lip, my brow sloping backwards and bristling with fur, my hairy paws clutching for a jagged stone. Yet this was not what Mr. Overstreet calls "permeative 'against-ness'." It was a natural reaction to his staggering ignorance of history, to his smiling confidence that everyone who does not share his convictions is mentally and emotionally ill, and to his bland trust in an ideal of mental health which would exclude most gifted men and women in our age and every other. Consider this. "If we examine today's terror, we find it to be unlike any war terror of the past. Today, in fact, the traditional processes of military warfare seem, by comparison with present-day methods], clean and honorable." How is it possible for anyone to write such nonsense after reading the history of the wars of religion, the Thirty Years' War, the Crusades, even the Peninsular War? And how can Mr. Overstreet even suggest that "in large sections of a hitherto fairly friendly world, the traditional atmosphere of good will has suddenly vanished"—unless, as seems probable, he ignores the events of the last three hundred or three thousand years and concentrates, like so many aging philosophers, on the twenty or thirty years of his own youth? History and philosophy are two difficult subjects. But to attempt either without the other always leads straight into unreality.

MANY more books are left on our review table. Here are some gusty short stories by Geoffrey Household, ***Tales of Adventurers*** (Little, Brown, $3), and some surgically searching tales by Dawn Powell, ***Sunday, Monday and Always*** (Houghton Mifflin, $3). Here is a grim but toothsome satire on the most recent Italian dictatorship, which—with its brittleness, sensuality, and corruption—so strangely resembled the reign of an inferior Roman emperor: Alberto Moravia's ***The Fancy Dress Party*** (Farrar, Straus and Young, $3). Here is an intelligence report, highly discreet, which still explains something I never understood before—why the Arnhem parachute-drop failed, because it was betrayed to the Germans by an efficient agent, later caught and exposed—this book is Oreste Pinto's ***Spy-Catcher*** (Harper, $2.75). Here is a difficult work, sometimes but not always rewarding, which intends to show how the concepts of science have been misapplied in social studies and history: a good introduction to a vital phase of human error, F. A. Hayek's ***Counter-Revolution of Science*** (Free Press, $4); and, as Milton says, "many more, too long." But we must clear the table, for next month will load it: a little new Hemingway, a big new Steinbeck, and fifty-four volumes of the Great Books themselves, from the clear-sighted Homer to the dreamer, Freud.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

Lament for Four Virgins, by Lael Tucker.

This is the story of the small town of Andalusia, Georgia, over the twenty years between the two wars, and of the daughters of the four leading families, who grew up there. By the time the book is ended the reader feels he has grown up there too. He feels he has lived forever in Andalusia and shared the universal sorrow of watching the bloom fade and the spirit die in Angela, Hope, Ellen Terra, and Carrie. But there has been joy along the way. A novel worth savoring word by word—and *Harper's* readers will recognize that it is the short story, "The Kiss, the Tree, and the Bullet" (April 1949), in novel size. Random House, $3.50

Joachim of Babylon, by Marnix Gijsen.

The story of the beautiful Susanna and the peeping Elders in the garden in Babylon has fascinated artists and writers for centuries. Now a

Fuchs
Allan Nunn May
Pontecorvo
why?

Why did these men in particular turn traitor when the majority of their colleagues did not?

Can the British and American security services really safeguard our future against such men as these?

Read

THE TRAITORS

By Alan Moorehead

A behind-the-scenes story that is stranger than fiction ever dared to be. *At your bookseller, $3.50*

SCRIBNERS

Get the BEST! Get
FUNK & WAGNALLS
DICTIONARIES

New College Standard Dictionary EM'-PHA-TYPE Edition
Most complete college-size edition —145,000 definitions—at-a-glance pronunciation.
$5.50 plain $6.00 thumb-indexed

New Desk Standard Dictionary EM'-PHA-TYPE Edition
Perfect for home and office use. 100,000 definitions—synonyms, antonyms, secretarial practice, charts, tables, etc., etc.
$3.75 plain $4.25 thumb-indexed

New Standard Dictionary Unabridged Edition
Accepted all over the world as unquestioned authority. 2,927 pages; 7,000 illustrations.
$30.00 Buckram binding
$35.00 Sheepskin binding

At Your Bookstore or Direct From

FUNK & WAGNALLS
153 E. 24 St. New York 10, N. Y.

the new book almanac

Literally hundreds of books are published *every single week*. In this flood of print that sums up so much learning and so much wit, many a fine book goes unreviewed . . . almost unannounced. Some are privately printed, others too special for the literary column. Many more are missed simply because there are so many new books that critics can find time and space for only a few with broad appeal. The New Book Almanac is planned as a reference place where publishers can call to the attention of *Harper's* readers, who are bookhounds of a specially eager breed, good books, reviewed or unreviewed, which they may have missed.

HISTORY

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ECONOMIC THOUGHT: Great Economists in Perspective, edited by Henry William Spiegel. An illuminating history containing the writings of 40 of the world's greatest economists —from Plato to Pigou. Each discusses the work of another outstanding economist, presenting in stimulating perspective the progress of economic science. **John Wiley & Sons**.....$6.50

LIVING IDEAS IN AMERICA edited by Henry Steele Commager. An outstanding American historian edits a treasury of expressions of American ideas and institutions, with connecting commentary. Here are basic documents of the American idea—state papers, speeches, essays, poems, historical accounts, etc., which demonstrate that the problems we face today are actually those we have met and solved before. **Harper & Brothers**.....$6.00

SCIENCE

THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE by Fred Hoyle. Every aspect of our expanding universe, by one of the world's great astronomers. "Nothing so daring has appeared in the field of cosmology since Jeans and Eddington."—*Time*. With 12 astronomical photographs. **Harper & Brothers**.....$2.50

ORDER ANY OF THESE BOOKS FROM YOUR OWN BOOKSELLER

UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE

Literary Agent, established 35 years. Manuscripts [illegible] marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.

AGNES M. REEVE,

FRANKLIN, O.

ATHEIST BOOKS

32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO.

38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

SELL YOUR LITERARY SERVICES

[illegible] highly interested audience active in the writing field. Rates for [illegible] times; or $22.05 per [illegible] per [illegible].

HAND[illegible]

[illegible] New York 16, N. Y.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Dutch novelist has approached the legend from the point of view of Susanna's husband, Joachim, and made of it a witty and telling dialogue on the never-ending battle between the seeker-out-of-beauty and the seeker-out-of-virtue. It sounds an elaborate conceit, but the novel has charm. Farrar, Straus and Young, $2

The Bride, by Margaret H. Freydberg.

This is the story of the first day of a marriage, told, of course, from the point of view of the lady. (Gentlemen, it is wisely said, do not tell.) The Bride (and the author) have neatly isolated the gentleman by putting him alone with her on a boat, so that anything her sensitive intelligence (and she is very sensitive indeed) sees in this situation can be denied by nobody . . . except the groom, who probably will not write a novel called *The Groom*. It appears that the bride's parents were against this marriage, as bride's parents almost always are in novels. This provides the book with a plot. The fact that it all happens in one boat on one day provides it with the classical unities. A last-minute hurricane provides a climax. This book has a little of almost everything.

Harper, $2.75

Head Against the Wall, by Hervé Bazin.

The interiors of sanitariums and asylums have in the past few years of fiction become as familiar as our own living-rooms. But the reader's *frisson* on entering remains the same. This novel, in and out of French mental institutions, is by a French author but the geography of the mind and spirit is all that matters. It is not, however, principally a horror story of mistreatment or misunderstanding though there is some of that. The real horror is in the disintegration of the main character, who escapes his doom again and again only to return to it with tragic inevitability. The suspense is built up in a quiet and convincing way and the final "escape" is aided and super-dramatized by the German invasion in 1940. A beautifully handled tragedy by the author of *Viper in the Fist.* Prentice Hall, $3.95

The Distant Shore, by Jan de Hartog.

Those who manned the substantially unarmed tugboats which rescued the convoy casualties on the Western Approaches in the last war, will never quite get over it. Their love for the danger and beauty of the sea, and the strange affection that bound them together in their fight against it, are bonds that peace seems to find no equivalent for. At least not for most of them. This is the story of one young Dutch sea captain and it is hard to say whether Mr. de Hartog, author of *The Lost Sea,* excites more with his astonishing gift for narrative or with the beauty and almost mystic quality of his perception. Literary Guild choice for September. Harper, $3.50

NON-FICTION

Judge Medina, by Hawthorne Daniel.

Here is the life story of a man who decided to go into the law before he left prep school and who has stayed in the law to become one of our most distinguished federal judges—even before he took on the trial of the Communist leaders. It is a forthright and intelligent portrayal of his Brooklyn boyhood, his four years at Princeton, his early struggles as a young lawyer and teacher, and, finally, the dramatic months of the trial of the Communists. One wonders that he kept alive at all, escaping not only murder threats but the more dangerous nervous fatigue which, as the author points out, the Communists did everything in their power to build to the breaking point. An able biography of an able and exciting personality. Funk, $4

South of Freedom, by Carl T. Rowan.

In 1943 Mr. Rowan, a Negro, left his home town of McMinnville, Tennessee, to become a student in an officers' candidate school of the U. S. Navy. Eight years later he returned there as a reporter on the Minneapolis *Morning Tribune.* He was making a 6,000-mile tour of his native South, and reporting, in a series of articles for his paper, what it was like to be a Negro in what many have begun to call "the new South." His report is quiet, matter-

of-fact, restrained, and well written, and one understands with renewed clarity from this reasonable critique, the dreadful *uncertainty* that is perhaps the heaviest load the Negro has to bear—in any part of the United States. Where can he sleep, eat, rest, or live, in any new town he enters? This constant nagging burden on top of all normal human fears, takes on new weight and new validity in Mr. Rowan's book. Knopf, $3.50

FORECAST

Biography, Biography

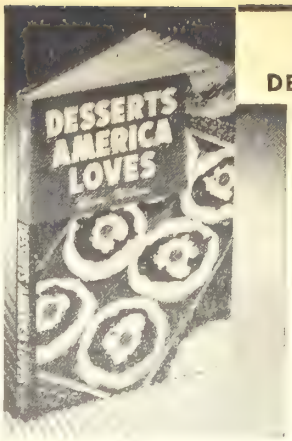
Though not one to fret that fiction is on the wane and that non-fiction will soon take over, I can't deny that the coming crop of biographies is stupendous. And what subject leads all the rest? Why, Abraham Lincoln and his family, of course. . . . On November 10 Knopf will publish *Abraham Lincoln: A Biography* by ***Benjamin P. Thomas.*** They call it "the first comprehensive one-volume Life of Lincoln . . . since Lord Charnwood's . . . in 1917," for the author has had access to two hitherto inaccessible Lincoln collections. One of these is *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln,* prepared by the Abraham Lincoln Association, which Rutgers University Press will publish on Lincoln's birthday next year. . . . On September 17 from Harper comes *Lincoln, A Picture Story of His Life,* compiled by ***Stefan Lorant.*** 500 pictures, 100,000 words of text. And again in February 1953 (we'll wager on the 12th) from Little, Brown, comes *Mary Lincoln: Biography of a Marriage,* by ***Ruth Painter Randall,*** wife of ***James G. Randall*** who is nearly through his multi-volume biography, *Lincoln the President.* . . . The next most-written-about man after Lincoln seems to be Franklin Roosevelt, at least just now. On November 6 Little, Brown is publishing the first of what is to be a six-volume biography, by ***Professor Frank Friedel*** of the University of Illinois who has been working on the project since 1945. The first volume will be called *Franklin D. Roosevelt: The Apprenticeship* and goes through the first world war. . . . Another project, tentatively called *Roosevelt and His Influence: A Contemporary Appraisal,* is being prepared for Lippincott by ***Edgar Eugene Robinson*** of Stanford University. This will be a much later book. . . . Other miscellaneous biographies or memoirs will be (in September): a biography of Keats' Fanny Brawne by ***Joanna Richardson*** (Vanguard); *Willkie,* by ***Joseph Barnes*** (Simon and Schuster); *Oscar Wilde: A Present Time Appraisal,* by ***St. John Ervine*** (Morrow).

The Twenties Go On

When we have a literary revival we apparently go on having a literary revival. For several years we have had an insatiable appetite not only for Scott Fitzgerald and all his works but for everything that he represents. And the end is not yet. In October Lippincott will publish *The American Twenties, A Literary Panorama,* an anthology of American writing in the Twenties, compiled by ***John K. Hutchens,*** book columnist and reviewer for the New York *Herald Tribune.* In the same month comes *The Shores of Light, A Literary Chronicle of the Twenties and Thirties* by ***Edmund Wilson***—a collection of his essays and reviews written at the time as well as a new memoir of Edna St. Vincent Millay. (From Farrar, Straus, and Young.) In October from the Princeton Press comes *Hemingway: The Writer as Artist* by ***Carlos Baker,*** and for November, Dial Press has announced the memoirs of ***Caresse Crosby,*** who published, with her husband, so much of the literature of the Twenties in the Black Sun Press in Paris. Her book will be called *Always Yes.*

La Vie Sportive

But the publishers know that life is not all historical biography or literary nostalgia. Early in the fall Scribner presents *Sport Cars of the World* by the automobile editor of *Argossy,* ***Ralph Stein;*** in November comes *The Big Game Rifle,* by ***Jack O'Connor*** (Knopf); Barnes announces (November) a *Pictorial History of American Sports* by ***John Durant*** and ***Dr. Otto Bettman.*** Its 434 illustrations and voluminous text will cover all the sports in which Americans have taken part since colonial days. There will be a special limited gift edition.



You'll Love These NEW DESSERT IDEAS

Fluffy cakes and crunchy cookies . . . tingling frozen desserts . . . melt-in-your-mouth confections . . . steamed, chilled and baked puddings with tasty sauces . . . frosty and piping hot beverages . . . and many other taste-proved recipes! These are the ones that add the final touch to your parties and everyday meals. DESSERTS AMERICA LOVES *by Mary Wilson* is a guide-book to cookery compliments! Plastic binding, $1.95; cloth binding, $2.75.

COOKING WITH MAGIC

There's sheer enchantment in cooking with the rediscovered "magic ingredients"—sour milk, sour cream and buttermilk. Here are more than 400 low-cost recipes that range all the way from down-to-earth apple pie and baked chicken to exotic dishes such as Borscht, Blini, Chlodnick, etc.—culinary triumphs for all meals and all occasions. *By Sumption & Ashbrook*

$3.95

FREE 10 Days' Examination

Chas. A. Bennett Co., Inc.
4302B Duroc Bldg., Peoria, Ill.

Send ☐ DESSERTS AMERICA LOVES (cloth) ☐ COOKING WITH MAGIC
☐ $.....enclosed. ☐ Send COD.
☐ Send Int'l Coupons.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State.....

NORWAY TODAY
Written by Leading Specialists

The best book yet published about Norway, dealing with every aspect of Norwegian life and culture, art, music and the theatre, literature and science, economic life, sports and pasttimes. Leather spine, $5.50.

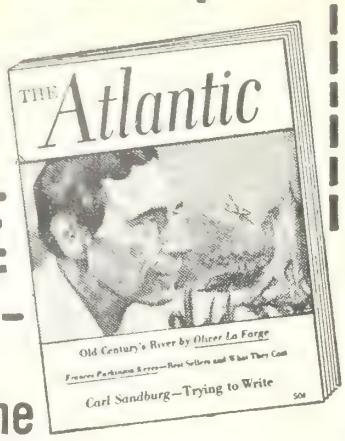
NORGE BOOK SERVICE
1215 Fifth Ave. New York, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS
supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices.
(We also supply all current books at retail store prices —Postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of Harper's Magazine.)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 36, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines.

BOOKPLATES
AMERICA'S MOST UNUSUAL DESIGNS
Write for free samples and catalog.
CULLEN RAPP STUDIOS, Dept. 11
150 W. 34 St., New York 1, N. Y.

STUDENTS—PARENTS
GUIDANCE DIRECTORS
One 1952-53 School and Camp Guide has just been published. For information on many of the better schools and camps—also tips on Home Study—write for your free directory.
SCHOOL AND CAMP DEPARTMENT
HARPER'S MAGAZINE

A trial subscription for HALF PRICE



Invite the world's best writers into your home each month

For a fraction of its regular price you can "discover" and enjoy America's most distinctive magazine. The world's best writers, and great thinkers and doers make The ATLANTIC America's most fascinating and informative periodical. Thousands of smart ATLANTIC readers enjoy each month the best combination of news, fun, information and adult entertainment available anywhere today. Invite The ATLANTIC into *your* home for a few months at a spectacular saving, and see for yourself how much real reading enjoyment is packed between the covers of each issue.

RECENT CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:

Barbara Ward — John Hersey
Walter Lippmann — David L. Cohn
Sir Osbert Sitwell — Louis Bromfield
Sumner H. Slichter — James B. Conant
Archibald MacLeish — Hanson Baldwin
Agnes Newton Keith — Robert Moses
Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. — Al Capp
Frances Parkinson Keyes — F. P. Adams
Catherine Drinker Bowen — John Marquand

Benjamin Fairless
and Many Others

The regular price of The Atlantic is 50¢ per copy, or $6.00 per year. By accepting this offer now you will receive:

1. A 5-month trial subscription—regularly $2.50—for $2 (you save 50¢);
2. *PLUS* two free complimentary copies (regular price $1.00);
3. And, if you enclose the $2 *with* your order, which saves us bookkeeping and billing, we will return the favor by giving you an ADDITIONAL copy free—making a total of *eight* copies for $2—which gives you each copy for only 25¢, or HALF PRICE, and saves you a total of $2.00.

Because of its unusual nature this offer can be kept open for only 20 days. It is, therefore, to your advantage to return the attached coupon to us TODAY!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY • Offer Expires in 20 Days

The ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.
Please enter my trial subscription to The ATLANTIC ☐ for 8 months (I enclose $2.00) ☐ for 7 months and please send bill.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Z-68

The New Recordings

Edward Tatnall Canby

Ever since Eldridge Johnson devised a clockwork motor that could turn a phonograph record for three minutes without slowing down, people have been enchanted by the possibilities that then became apparent: the sounds of the public concert hall, the opera house, of great voices and long symphonies brought incongruously into the parlor—incongruous at first, though today we find it commonplace enough.

But then the idea was preposterous and inspiring, and as greater varieties of music were brought to records, imagination took hold of it happily, ignoring all the technical shortcomings in the sound. Breathless realism! Look at any of the old Victor and Columbia ads of the twenties: parades of the musical great, tripping mistily into our living-rooms on the cover illustrations. Always it was the "realism" we wondered at, the illusion of the artist himself, the living presence of a musical performance unreeling itself time after time for our private appreciation. Even when novelty wore off, new recording exploits kept the magic alive. In the nineteen-thirties, a summit was reached in the monumental albums of Wagner, Bruckner, Handel, or Bach. Was not this the final miracle of illusion? What more could imagination do?

And it was then, after the second war, that the technicians bowled over the whole conception. The new kinds of records and the newly-available equipment to play them on improved the quality of sound beyond anything heard in the home before. Suddenly we discovered a new aim—not illusion, not suggestion, but literal fidelity. Now at last it was possible to have *all* the music, and have it we must. Hence the tremendous and ever-growing interest in assembling one's own "high fidelity" phonograph.

But now that we have "hi-fi" we must ask ourselves if it is really *literalism* we want? It did not bother the early record buyers that Caruso recorded from no opera stage but bellowed his arias in shirtsleeves down a horn in a clothes-closet of a studio. It did not concern them that the "orchestra" which contributed to the illusion was made up of grotesque contraptions, that players and singers piled up on chairs and tables and shoulders to get near the myopic recording horn. But now that the recording process has become literal, we are faced with incongruities.

The sound of a symphony, for instance, cannot be literally reproduced in any parlor. As a sound source, a symphony is wide as a house; to reproduce it literally we need a source of the same width, the instrumental sounds properly distributed to left and to right. A symphony exists at a distance of hundreds of feet from the listener, its normal sound reverberating from every side and corner of a large hall, from above and behind and all about. How are we to reproduce—literally—these attributes of real music in a mere living-room? Above all, a symphony is heard by two ears in perspective, the sound arriving at one ear minutely unlike that at the other—a tiny difference as vital as that between two eyes, giving depth and roundness to sight.

And what of the parlor itself, which has its own irrelevant effect upon every sound within it? If we are to be literal, these problems must be solved, and yet they never can be. We have reached literalness merely in the transferring, from a microphone (or several blended as one) to a record and so to a loudspeaker system, of a pattern of vibrations. What goes in does come out, in purely physical terms, but we should not suppose that this constitutes literal reproduction of the original music! That we will never have—nor do we need it. Back to using our imaginations, then, as in the old days, and let us take the boon of heightened fidelity for what it is, a new aid to musical consciousness.

It's time we thought of recorded music as an art in itself, not as a substitute for something else, and in succeeding months I trust you will find it so treated here. In introducing this new department, I suggest that imagination is as good as ever, even now that we have high fidelity, and that it can be trusted.

LONG playing records have now so multiplied that one can profitably evaluate them in families. Where one album was released in prewar days there are now many. The Toscanini recordings and the Prades Festival series were earlier examples; the remarkable Gieseking series, below, is a recent one.

Beethoven: ***Piano Concerto #4;*** **Franck:** ***Symphonic Variations;*** **Mozart:** ***Piano Concerto #23 in A,*** K. 488 (Philaharmonia Orch., von Karajan): **Debussy:** ***Preludes,*** Books 1 and 2, ***Children's Corner Suite, Suite Bergamesque;*** **Schumann:** ***Scenes from Childhood;*** **Brahms:** ***Three Intermezzi,*** op. 117; Columbia ML 4535-37, 538, 4539, and 4540.

A series of extraordinary interest. The piano recording is as fine as any I've heard, ultra-natural, unpercussive, steady. There is a parallel between the performing Geiseking of this postwar era and the composing Strauss of a similar period. Both were great German musicians who went along rather easily with the Nazi tide. Both emerged again into the larger world, still great artists, and both seemed strangely mellowed. The Gieseking fire is here as before, but there is an utter self-effacing dedication to the music in each performance. The Mozart is as fine as the old Long performance and a world above the several Rubinstein versions, stylistically faultless, deeply expressive, without an affectation. The Franck is the purest unassuming Romanticism, the Schumann is perfect, as few big pianists have ever played its simple music; Brahms is suitably heavy, Germanic, yet sincere and unshowy. And the Gieseking Debussy (excepting a few of the chestnuts, which go a bit too quickly) is still the finest there is.

Strauss: ***Taillefer,*** op. 52 (1904): ***Divertimento after Couperin*** (1940); ***Violin Concerto*** (1881); ***Oboe Concerto*** (1945); (Berlin Radio Symphony, Rother; soloists, Rudolf Lamy Choir) Urania 7042, 7032.

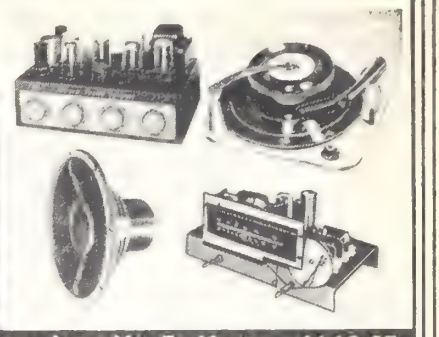
Two records in a series that we can hope will continue. All the music is virtually unknown; each disc pairs an earlier work with one of the postwar period, when the aged Strauss, still composing, seems to have shed all the hard, imposing cruelty, the self-esteem, the glittering preoccupation with horror, of his earlier life. The Divertimento is a sweet, unpretentious, tremendously skillful orchestration of a series of short Couperin pieces, unassumingly amplified here and there; a credit to Strauss and an affecting glimpse into the subtlety of the French composer. The Oboe concerto is sweet too, a gentle, nostalgic work, one long oboe song with a few quietly humorous touches. An unmodern work that grows poignant in the listening, nonetheless.

"Taillefer," a major work from the big Strauss period just before the great operas and a lyric choral exposition of the story of 1066, turns out to be an interesting choral piece, a milder sort of "Electra"-style music. The violin concerto—sixty-four years older than its disc mate—is a pompously Romantic but expert youthful product, astonishingly mature for a teen-ager. The recording of these is acoustically excellent, technically erratic, with some fuzziness and breaking up of loud parts. Not bad enough to spoil the music, however; and the performances are top rank.

Bach: ***Cantata #210,*** "O holder Tag" (Wedding Cantata): ***Cantatas #106,*** "Actus Tragicus"; ***#84,*** "Ich bin vergnugt"; ***Cantata #198,*** "Trauerode" (Funeral Cantata); (Vienna State Opera Orch., Scherchen; Magda Laszlo, Hilde Rossel-Majdan, Waldemar Kmentt, Alfred Poell; Vienna Academy Choir) Westminster WL 5138, 5125, 5123.

The three most recent of a continuing series with the same artists and conductor, these are technically outstanding examples of the finest recording, wide in range, low in distortion, natural in acoustics and balance. Scherchen is a considerable conductor of the old school; these records are never unmusical, never less than positive in interpretation and expression. But Bach lovers, especially choral singers, will often find the Scherchen approach distressing. Briefly, Scherchen seems to ignore the words—a cardinal sin in Bach; text indications of mood, melodic figures typical of a hundred other Bach works, are strangely altered, for a convincing but un-Bach-like expression. Yet—the music is beautiful still, for its fine solo singing and instrumental playing, and for its splendid recording.

Classical or Pop . . . Here's Hi-Fi for You!



Complete Hi-Fi Unit . . . $149.95

Yes . . . the booming bass of a Beethoven symphony . . . the thrilling peaks of a Goodman solo . . . are yours with Hi-Fi! Enjoy the thrill of music *exactly as recorded* . . . every tiny nuance, every haunting note faithfully, unbelievably reproduced! Now Leonard gives you Hi-Fi at its finest . . . free of troublesome installation or complicated, expensive wiring! Your set includes a Meissner High Fidelity tuner with complete FM coverage . . . a Bogen High Fidelity amplifier . . . a Jensen 12" coaxial High Fidelity speaker . . . and the amazing VM 3-speed automatic phonograph with GE triple-play needle—the high fidelity phonograph that intermixes any size record and even shuts itself off! Here's the complete Hi-Fi unit . . . ready to give you hours and hours of listening thrills you never dreamt possible! Remember . . . with Leonard Hi-Fi there's no installation . . . just plug in and play! MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED . . . 25% DEPOSIT . . . BALANCE C.O.D.
Leonard Audio Experts are always on hand to help you with all your audio problems. SEND FOR OUR FREE 48 PAGE FULLY ILLUSTRATED HI-FI GUIDE!

LEONARD RADIO INC
69 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK 7, N.Y.
The House Built On Service
DEPT. H-1

See and Hear it at HUDSON in our Ultra-Modern Sound Studios!

Famous BROOK All Triode Remote-Control AMPLIFIER for Radio, Phono and TV



A Treasure in Listening Pleasure is YOURS with BROOK . . . . . the "Stradivarius" of Amplifiers. Magnificent instruments that provide the closest possible approach to actual "presence". Features the exclusive BROOK 8-position stepped bass and treble control circuits. Harmonic and intermodulation distortion reduced to the vanishing point. In 10 or 30 watt models with remote-control.

MODEL 12A3, 10-watt, complete $198.00

Great New HI-FI CATALOG

FREE!



Complete 1953 Hudson Buying Guide

Latest and greatest of all Hudson Catalogs! Complete buying guide . . . value-packed with world's finest High-Fidelity and Audio Equipment . . . Amplifiers, Speakers, FM-AM Tuners, Record Changers, Tape Recorders, Packaged Systems, Custom Furniture etc. for professional and home installation. Select from the Largest stocks of All Standard Makes AT LOWEST PRICES!

Send for your FREE Catalog today! (Dept. C9)

VISIT OUR MODERN SOUND STUDIOS

HUDSON RADIO & TELEVISION CORP.
48 WEST 48th STREET NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
212 FULTON STREET NEW YORK 7, N.Y.
Circle 6-4060

fine books

CLEARANCE OF DESIRABLE TITLES

Exceptional Values...Dependable Recommendations

101. The **SUPPRESSED BOOKS of the BIBLE and the Forgotten Books of Eden.** 2 Vols. complete in 1 large fully illustrated vol. **562 pages.** The fascinating Apocryphal Books of the New Testament.
Only **1.98**

723. **THOMAS PAINE, The Writings of.** The Age of Reason: The American Crisis: Common Sense: Rights of Man: The Agrarian Justice. **632 pages.**
All in 1 vol. for only **1.98**

187. **A WORLD-FAMOUS SURGEON. George Crile: An Autobiography.** 1st Ed. In 2 handsome vols. The fascinating memoirs of a brilliant, internationally famous surgeon. Illus. **624 pages.** Boxed. Pub. at $10.00. The set only **1.87**

332. **AMBROSE BIERCE.** The Collected Writings of. With Intro. by **Clifton Fadiman.** Containing: The Devil's Dictionary; Can Such Things Be; The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter; etc. **810 pages.**
Only **2.89**

701. **PLATO, The Works of.** Trans. by B. Jowett. "Emerson awards to Plato's 'The Republic' the words of Omar about the Koran; 'Burn the libraries, for their value is in this book.'" **1738 large type pages.** Formerly pub. at $12.00.
Only **3.88**

727. **THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA.** A Subjective Approach by D. W. Cory. Intro. by Albert Ellis, Ph.D. Index. **326 pages.** "This book is likely to take its place with classics of sexual literature on a shelf with the contributions of Krafft-Ebing, Havelock Ellis, Freud and Kinsey." Only **3.88**

183. **THE ART OF LOVE.** By Ovid. Trans. by Henry Riley. Illus. throughout. "The amatory confessions and love counsels of Ovid, who 2,000 years ago, was the High Priest of Love." Only **1.98**

208. **Rodin NUDES.** By Rainer Maria Rilke. Profusely illus. with photographs. Size 6⅛" x 10⅝". Beautiful reproductions of the human form by the greatest sculptor of modern times. Special, only **98c**

731. **ATLAS of HUMAN ANATOMY.** By J. F. Williams, M.D. Illus. with the **famous color plates** by Franz Frohse. "The color plates alone, in this work, sell in charts at $140.00 per set."
Only **1.79**

507. **100 STUDIES of the FIGURE.** By John Rawlings. Magnificent nude photographs by a leading Vogue photographer. **100 illustrations,** beautifully printed on heavy de luxe paper. A splendid book for artists, photographers and lovers of beautiful books.
Only **5.49**

540. **SEXUAL ANOMALIES.** The Origins, Nature, and Treatment of Sexual Disorders. By Magnus Hirschfield, M.D., President, World League for Sexual Reform, etc. Sales restricted to doctors, lawyers, educators, criminologists, and adult students. **538 pages.**
Only **6.49**

261. **SEX LIFE of the UNMARRIED ADULT.** An Inquiry Into and an Interpretation of Current Sex Practices. Ed. by Ira S. Wile, M.D. "This courageous volume attacks a problem hitherto carefully avoided by students of social problems." **320 pages.**
Only **2.89**

144. **25,000 BIOGRAPHIES.** Mostly Autobiographies. Who's Who—1948. A Biographical Dictionary. 100th Year. More than 25,000 biographies, mostly autobiographies of world's leading men and women. Not restricted to one country this work covers the entire world. Published at $19.00. Only **2.89**

520. **WORLD-FAMOUS RECIPES.** The Escoffier Cook Book. By A. Escoffier. With **2,973 world-famous recipes,** the identical recipes used by the famous Escoffier himself, one of the greatest chefs of all time. Index **923 pages.** Only **2.89**

443. **WORLD'S BEST DISHES and DRINKS.** The Gentleman's Companion. By Charles H. Baker, Jr. In 2 vols. Boxed. "The **700 greatest masterpieces** of food and liquor—the finest recipes of the best chefs and barmen **in the world.** The out-of-print Derrydale Press limited edition of this fascinating work fetches, in the rare book market, a price of $125.00. The 2-vol. set, only **5.88**

498. **ITALIAN COOKERY.** The Talisman Italian Cook Book. By Ada Boni. Trans. by Matilde La Rosa. No other nation in the world can equal the Italians in their preparations of **such dishes** as Ravioli, Spaghetti, Macaroni, Risotta Milanaise, and their delicious soups, sauces, pastries, etc. are **world famous.**
Only **2.89**

4, 5, 6, 7, 8. FOREIGN LANGUAGE Records and Books. Learn Foreign Languages by listening. Each record is a 7" **unbreakable** 78-RPM vinylite two-sided disc. With these records and books (the only phrase books available with a good Index) **anyone** can acquire a basic vocabulary and general familiarity with these languages: **4. Spanish; 5. French; 6. German; 7. Russian; 8. Italian.** Both record and book, for **each** language. Only **1.24**

462. **The Story of JESUS in the WORLD'S LITERATURE.** By Ed. C. Wagenknecht. Illus. throughout by Fritz Kredel. 7¾" x 10¼". "The best available single storehouse of readings about Jesus suitable for all occasions in the year." **473 pages.** Pub. at $5.00. Only **1.49**

601. **The TALMUD, The Wisdom of.** By Ben Zion Bokser. "The Talmud represents about 1,000 years of Jewish thought . . . a treasury of history, science and folklore and it abounds in lofty proverbs and beautiful parables."—**N. Y. Times.**
Special, only **2.49**

419. **The Famous ROTH MEMORY COURSE.** "If you forget the names of people you have met, telephone numbers, addresses, etc., this book is a **'must'** for you. David M. Roth's work is the most famous memory course ever published." (Formerly pub. in 7 paper bound books at $7.50). Complete, only **2.49**

432. **BEST PLAYS of the Modern American Theatre.** Contains the **complete** texts of: Life With Father; Born Yesterday; The Voice of the Turtle; The Man Who Came to Dinner; The Philadelphia Story; Arsenic and Old Lace; The Glass Menagerie, and 10 other outstanding plays of the American theatre 1939-1946. **774 pages.** Purchased separately these 17 "hit" plays would cost you $34.00.
Complete, only **4.49**

174. **The LOVELIEST COUNTRYSIDE in the WORLD.** Panorama of Rural England. With **172 illus.** of remarkable beauty including 42 full-page **color plates.** England's enduring charms are here, portrayed by such distinguished writers as: V. Sackville-West, C. Henry Warren, Christopher Marsden and others, the villages, cities and towns, gardens, ports and harbors, as well as the formal country houses. In 5 handsome books. Pub. at $10.00.
All 5 books, for only **2.89**

315. **WORD ORIGINS, Dictionary of.** By J. T. Shipley. Read about Captain Boycott; Peeping Tom the tailor, the only one who saw Lady Godiva take her famous nude ride at Coventry, in 1040; etc. Pub. at $5.00. Only **1.98**

304. **LOST LANGUAGE OF SYMBOLISM.** By Harold Bayley. In 2 vols. with **1,400 illus.** "The Origin of Certain Letters, Words, Names, Fairy-Tales, Folklore, and Mythologies. Does for symbolism what Fraser's 'Golden Bough' does for religious anthropology." Secondhand copies have fetched $50.00. The set, only **12.49**

166. **THE GOLDEN BOUGH.** A study in Magic and Religion by Sir James G. Fraser. Index. **864 pages.** "One of the greatest books of all time." Contains the wealth of the 12-volume edition. Pub. at $30.00. Only **4.88**

476. **YOGI.** Autobiography of a. By Parambansa Yogananda. Fully illus. **498 pages.** "The subtle but definite laws by which Yogis perform miracles and attain complete self-mastery are explained with scientific clarity." Special, only **2.49**

503. **NOSTRADAMUS.** The Complete Prophecies of. The World of today . . . and beyond! 1555 to 3797. For the first time, all the prophecies of Nostradamus, 16th century European astrologer and prophet. **Foretold major events of past 400 years.** In one volume—his predictions to the year 3797. Only **2.89**

406. **H. RIDER HAGGARD Novels, Five Thrilling.** She—King Solomon's Mines—Maiwa's Revenge—Allan Quatermain—Allan's Wife. By H. Rider Haggard. **Five** Thrilling stories, each **complete** and unabridged, in one large volume. 821 pages.
Only **3.88**

749. **THE "CHINESE DECAMERON."** Chin Ping Mei. The adventurous History of Hsi Men and His Six Wives. China's Forbidden Classic has been called the "Chinese Decameron." For centuries on China's list of Forbidden Books. A complete translation now in one volume. **863 pages.** Only **4.88**

919. **TORTURE GARDEN.** By Octave Mirbeau. **Unexpurgated** edition, long unavailable. "A thriller and shocker that will cause the blood to creep."—Chas. Hanson Towne. Only **1.98**

989. **JUSTINE** or The Misfortunes of Virtue. Written by the Marquis de Sade in 1791. Illus. throughout with drawings by Mahlon Blaine. "The world-famous Dr. Krafft-Ebing adopted the term 'sadism' from de Sade, the Author of Justine."
Special, only **2.89**

249. **VENUS IN FURS.** Masochism is derived from the name of the author of this work. By Leopold Van Sacher-Masoch von Lemberg. **Limited ed.** superbly bound in rich black morocco-grained fabrikoid, being a faithful reproduction of hand-tooled binding. Size 8¾"x10¾". This world-renowned classic is the strangest love story in the world. Pub. at $10.00. Only **2.89**

802. **"The Strangest Book EVER WRITTEN."** La Bas. By J. K. Huysmans, author of "Against The Graine." **Unexpurgated** translation. With illus. throughout by Felicien Rops. "'La Bas' (Down There) is the masterpiece of this greatest of French decadents. There is no other book in the history of literature remotely similar to this volume."
Special, only **98c**

705. **SCOTTISH CLANS and Their Tartans.** By Robert Bain, former City Librarian, Glasgow. **130** splendid full-page **color plates** of tartans, also history of each Clan. 4¼"x6¼". Magnificently bound in full padded silk Royal Stewart tartan, gen. gold top & edges. **314 pages.** Boxed. Imp. from Scot. Only **3.49**

377. **SCOTLAND.** Life Among the Scots. By Jane Adam Smith. 29 Superb Illus. 8 full page **color** plates. A vivid account of Scotland and her people. Imp. from Gr. Brit. Pub. at $2.00. Only **59c**

359. **ROBERT BURNS, The Complete Poems of.** With 30 illustrations. Magnificently bound in full padded silk **Royal Stewart tartan,** genuine gold top. **704 pages.** Boxed. Imported from Scotland. Only **2.49**

157. **$4.00 to $5.00 WORTH of ALL OCCASION CARDS for ONLY 98c.** "Jumbo Bag" containing 50 attractive all occasion greeting cards for birthdays, sick friends, etc. with envelopes packed in attractive drawstring moisture proof, plastic bag, so convenient for many after purpose uses. Reg. retail $4.00 to $5.00.
All for only **98c**

336. **$3.00 to $4.00 WORTH OF CHRISTMAS CARDS. For Only 98c.** "Jumbo Bag" containing 50 attractive Christmas cards with envelopes. Packed in attractive drawstring moisture proof, **plastic bag,** so convenient for many after-purpose uses. Reg. retail value $3.00 to $4.00.
All for only **98c**

447. **SCOTS KITH and KIN.** Revised edition. Will enable everyone, even without knowledge of Scottish History, to trace his Clan, Family and Tartan. Over **4,000 names.** With **full-color** pictorial folding map. 17" x 23" showing **Clan locations,** etc.
Only **1.49**

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

The UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

123 East 24th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me, postpaid, the items I have circled. I enclose $....

1		6	7	8	101	144	157	166	174	183
187	208	249	261	304	315	332	336	359	377	406
419	432	443	447	462	476	498	503	507	520	540
601	701	705	723	727	731	749	802	919	989	

Circle items desired

Please send me FREE 56-page Bargain Catalog 380 HM containing hundreds of other Book Bargains—just off the press!

Name.....
(Please print)

Address.....

City ..... Postal Zone ..... State. . . . HM-6-26

EXTRA SAVINGS when you select six books or more!
Take an extra 10% off on orders for 6 to 12 items; 15% off on 13 to 19 items; 20% on 20 items or more. (These special discounts apply only to items listed on this page.)

YOU CAN RELY ON AMERICA'S OLDEST MAIL ORDER BOOK HOUSE — EST. 1884



A magnificent story of a man
who loved danger, two women—and the sea

THE DISTANT SHORE

By JAN DE HARTOG, author of *The Lost Sea, The Fourposter*, etc.

They call him the Skipper — a man whose life is torn between the binding spell of the sea, the strange world under the sea, and the promise of peace and love on "the distant shore." Reading his story, you will be caught in a breathtaking rush of adventure and excitement, for here — striking a new note among the great tales of the sea — is a fresh and exuberant novel, rousing, reckless and compelling as the mighty sea itself.

"THE DISTANT SHORE is a book that will have a different meaning for every person and will give the reader a sense of having, for a time, stepped into a new world . . . One of the most enthralling and compelling books ever written."—WINGS, *The Literary Guild Review*

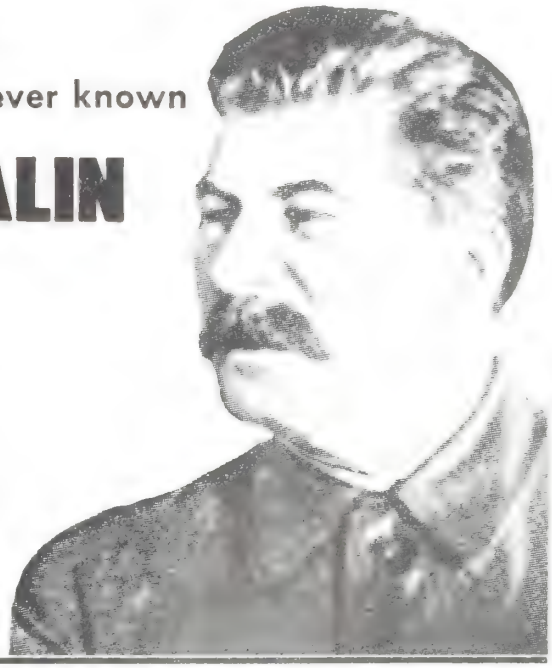
THE LITERARY GUILD SELECTION FOR SEPTEMBER. $3.50

revealing biography of the former seminary student
who became the most powerful czar the world has ever known

HE LIFE AND DEATH OF STALIN

By LOUIS FISCHER, author of *The Life of Mahatma Gandhi.*

From the first-hand knowledge gained during fourteen years in Russia, plus much new Soviet material hitherto suppressed, Louis Fischer presents a detailed portrait of the living ruler, and a prediction of what may happen when he dies. Who are the candidates to succeed Stalin? What will happen when the western nations are stronger militarily than Russia? These and scores of other questions vital to the survival of the world are answered authoritatively in this analysis of the Soviet empire and the man who built it. *Illustrated with 8 pages of photographs.* $3.50





The new novel by
the author of THE GALLERY

A CRY OF CHILDREN

By JOHN HORNE BURNS. In his first two novels John Horne Burns showed a power to capture and shock the imagination which brought him to the forefront of American writers. Now, in this new novel, he tells the story of a man who explores a world of emotionally threadbare would-be bohemians, tolerant of every vice and depravity, and with unflagging appetite for shabby sex and liquor. Penetrating, fierce in its honesty, here is unvarnished fiction for those who can acknowledge the frailty of the human soul. $3.00

At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16



EVERY VOYAGE *a cruise*

every cruise a **GAY HOLIDAY**

Fortnightly sailings all year from New York by

S.S. *Brazil* · S.S. *Uruguay* · S.S. *Argentina*

for TRINIDAD · RIO DE JANEIRO · SANTOS · SAO PAULO · MONTEVIDEO · BUENOS AIRES

RAVEL ARRANGEMENTS TO MEET EVERY EQUIREMENT—*for business*—One-way passages to any port • Round-trip passages with beral stopovers and travel connections for all arts of South America • Combination sea-air ound trips via East or West Coast of South merica . . . *for pleasure*—28-DAY CRUISES Buenos Aires and return • 21-DAY CRUISES Rio de Janeiro and return • Round trips with topover privileges at all ports of call • 'Round outh America Cruises (all-sea or sea-air) nd extended South Am

Sailing on regular schedules essential to business travel . . . offering the most glamorous of holidays to those who travel for pleasure . . . the Good Neighbor Liners make a voyage for any purpose a relaxing and merry vacation. Planned and staffed for your enjoyment . . . offering congenial companionship . . . gay parties . . . deck sports . . . big outdoor swimming pools . . . complete comfort and the finest of food and service. *Consult your Travel Agent or*

MOORE-McCORMACK Lines

Five Broadway New York 4

Harper's MAGAZINE

OCTOBER

FIFTY CENTS

DEC 6 52

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.



The Ordeal of General Ike . . . . . David F. Schoenbrun

The Drafting of Adlai Stevenson . . . . . J. B. Martin & E. Larrabee

Do Women's Colleges Turn Out Spinsters? . . . . . Lynn White, Jr.

Saratoga: Swan Song for a Spa . . . . . Cleveland Amory



he Man Whistler, beginning a series by Hesketh Pearson

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock... QUIETLY AGED TO PERFECTION!



SUPPOSE we don't try to put in words what happens with your first taste of this great whiskey. Instead, do this . . . Imagine you have started with the basically finest whiskey ever made in old Kentucky . . . Then you have waited for 6 full, round years to ripen it slowly, perfectly . . . Then take from your memory the finest-tasting whiskey you have ever known and imagine one still silkier, still mellower, still smoother. Do all these things . . . and *then* taste Old Charter!

OLD CHARTER

KENTUCKY'S FINEST
STRAIGHT BOURBON

6 YEARS OLD

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 6 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF • BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A list like this





will save you time

when you call out-of-town



Long Distance calls go through faster when you Call by Number

When you give the Long Distance Operator the out-of-town number you want, it saves time. She can then put your call through without first calling "Information" in the distant city to get the number.

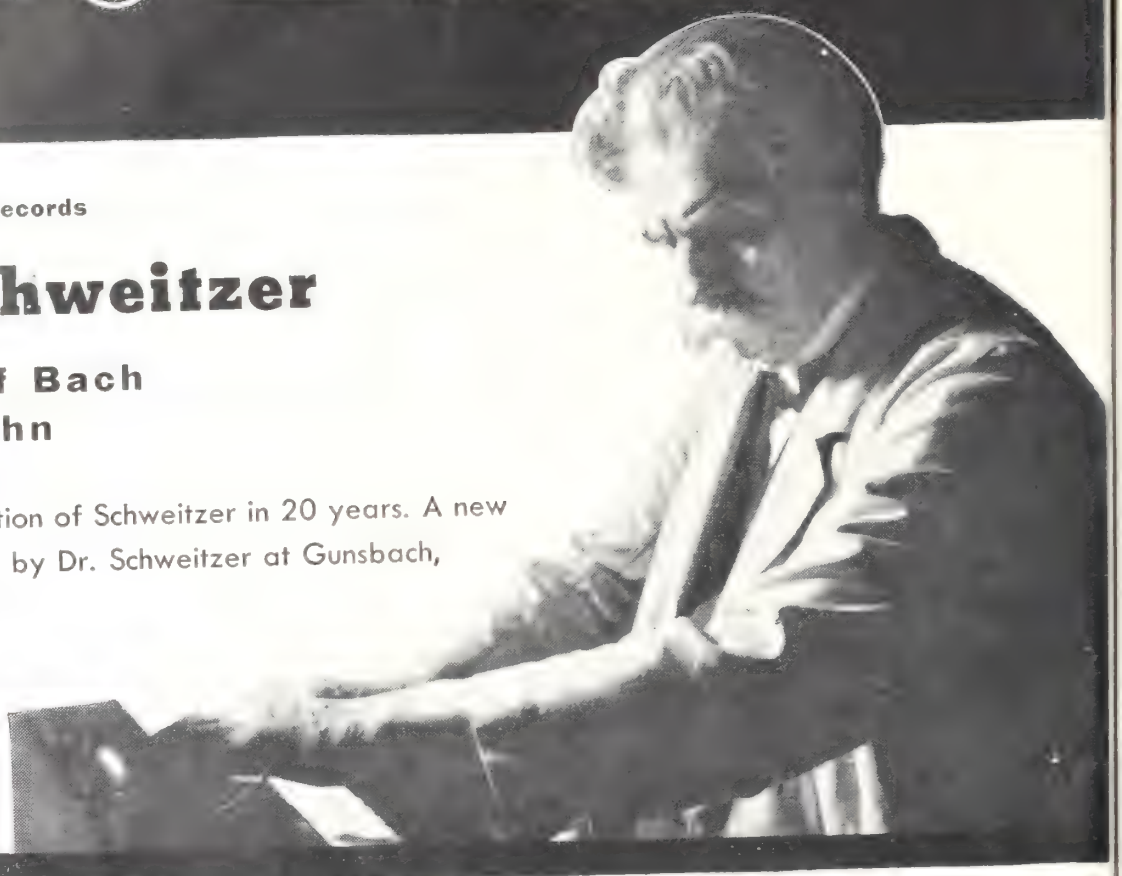
So write down the local and out-of-town numbers you already know. If there's a new number you don't have — or an old one you've forgotten — be sure to add it to the list when the operator gives it to you.

The Bell Telephone Company in your community will gladly give you a free Telephone Numbers Booklet.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

music of the masters—
by the masters—

newly recorded on Columbia (lp) Masterworks



Exclusively on Columbia Records

Albert Schweitzer

Organ music of Bach and Mendelssohn

The most important collection of Schweitzer in 20 years. A new series recently performed by Dr. Schweitzer at Gunsbach, France, on an instrument built to his own design. On three 12 inch long playing records.



Exclusively on Columbia Records

The complete quartets of Beethoven

The Budapest String Quartet

performing on Stradivarius instruments in the Coolidge Auditorium of the Library of Congress.

This complete new anthology is on 12 long playing records available singly or in 3 volumes of Early, Middle and Late Quartets. The performances and record quality are unmatched.

(lp) The extensive trademark of Columbia Long Playing Records—symbol of highest quality. Trade Marks "Columbia," "Masterworks," ® Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marcas Registradas

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
Editor in Chief

RUSSELL LYNES
KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON
ERIC LARRABEE
CATHARINE MEYER
ANNE G. FREEDGOOD
Editors

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN
JOHN FISCHER
RICHARD H. ROVERE
Contributing Editors

JOHN JAY HUGHES
Assistant to the Publisher
Circulation Director

HARPER & BROTHERS
PUBLISHERS

CASS CANFIELD
Chairman of the Board

FRANK S. MACGREGOR
President

RAYMOND C. HARWOOD
Executive Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
WILLIAM H. ROSE, JR.
EDWARD J. TYLER, JR.
Vice Presidents

For advertising data, consult HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC., 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y. Telephone: Murray Hill 3-5225.

Harper's Magazine, issue for October 1952. Vol. 205. Serial No. 1229. Copyright 1952 in the United States and Great Britain by Harper & Brothers. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.
Published monthly by Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y. Composed and printed in the U.S.A. by union labor at the Williams Press, 99-129 North Broadway, Albany, New York. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: 50¢ per copy; $5.00 one year; $8.00 two years; $10 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan America—$1.50 per year additional.

Change of Address: Four weeks' advance notice, and old address as well as new, are necessary. Address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to: Subscription Dept., 49 E. 33d St., New York 16, N. Y.

Harper's MAGAZINE

Vol. 205 OCTOBER 1952 No. 1229

PERSONAL & OTHERWISE 4

LETTERS 20

THE ORDEAL OF GENERAL IKE
David F. Schoenbrun 25

POEM FROM A CAGE—*A Poem*
Dilys Laing 34

THE DRAFTING OF ADLAI STEVENSON
John Bartlow Martin and Eric Larrabee 35

DO WOMEN'S COLLEGES TURN OUT SPINSTERS?
Lynn White, jr. 44

THE HOLLOW BOY—*A Story*
Hortense Calisher 49

THE MAN WHISTLER—*Part I: The Personality*
Hesketh Pearson 58

THE EASY CHAIR—*An Old Steal Refurbished*
Bernard DeVoto 65

SARATOGA: SWAN SONG FOR A SPA
Cleveland Amory 69

EPISODE IN MALAYA
Michael Keon 80

WHO SHALL PAY FOR OUR ROADS?
Richard L. Neuberger 86

GOODBYE MEANS *GOD BE WITH YOU—A Poem*
Patricia Martin 91

THE DEATH OF THE MAID—*A Story*
Niccolò Tucci 92

AFTER HOURS
Mr. Harper 97

NEW BOOKS
Gilbert Highet 101

THE YEAR IN POETRY
Lloyd Frankenberg 106

THE NEW RECORDINGS
Edward Tatnall Canby 110

Cover by George du Maurier

Personal & Otherwise

THERE is no telling how long the mood will last, but as we go to press there still seems to be a sort of gentlemanly calm on the national political scene. Of course, Senator Dirksen has turned upon the Democratic candidate some of the leering innuendoes which he earlier applied to fellow-Republicans who were not in favor of Senator Taft. But the rival candidates themselves give the impression that they rather admire one another, as human beings. What's more, we have heard Bronxville, New York, Republicans cheerfully admit that Governor Stevenson is an able and worthy man; and a Kansas City Democratic boss has said that if the Democrats have to lose, they would rather lose to General Eisenhower than to any other Republican in the country.

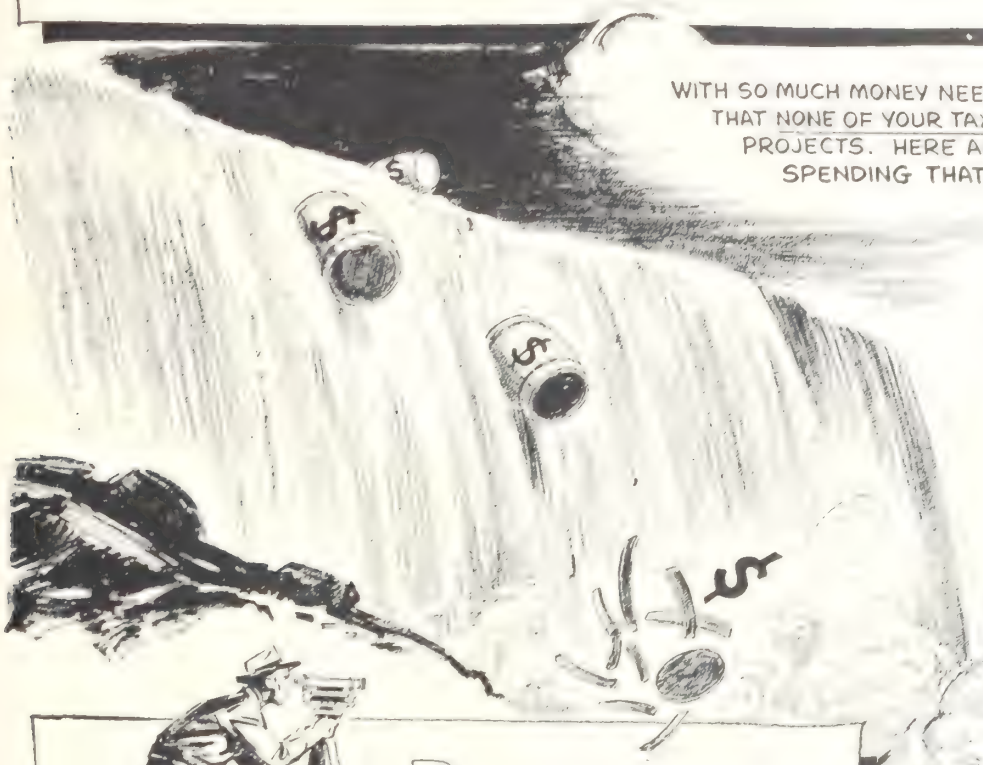
This cannot go on, of course. For a political campaign is an automatic generator of heat. Campaign oratory without the salt of denunciation would be a dull dish. Vicious whispering campaigns will doubtless continue to disfigure our election-year scenes so long as there remain voters who choose their candidates by their alleged private lives rather than by their public competence. As October passes and Election Day approaches, what was originally a somewhat synthetic fight will presumably become a genuine one, with enthusiasm rising sky-high and tempers flaring.

Yet if and when this happens, it will only tend to obscure what seems to us perhaps the most remarkable fact about a remarkable campaign year: that the really vital political battle of 1952 was fought out in the spring, not in the fall, and was brought to a conclusion when General Eisenhower beat Senator Taft for the Republican nomination. Even in that battle, the candidates' opinions began to converge long before they reached Chicago, as each man modified his position in the hope of snatching votes from the other. The Taft of the spring of 1952 was much more of an internationalist than the Taft of 1951, and the Eisenhower of June on occasion borrowed expletives from the Taft dictionary when he wanted to show how regular he was. But it was in the Republican contest at Chicago that the ex-isolationists, the bomb-Manchuria boys, the lynch-Acheson boys, the Joe-McCarthy-is-right boys, went down to defeat before the play-ball-with-Europe boys and the Dulles-could-manage-things-better boys. That the candidates will sing different songs from now to Election Day goes without saying; but that the result of the July conventions was to select two men who on the vital issues of foreign policy seemed, at the time they were chosen, to be about six inches apart is a fact that calls for wonder when one considers how deep was the cleavage in America during the months after the recall of General MacArthur.

After that battle ended in the Republican choice of General Eisenhower, the interest of the Democratic convention lay largely in its testing of the principle that nature abhors a vacuum. With President Truman out of the running, the Democrats who were willing and able to run appeared to be merely a bunch of potential Vice-Presidential nominees—good men, doubtless, in their several ways, but hardly intoxicating to the electorate; and the delegates felt in their bones that their one hope of victory was to catch up with and snare a man of more formidable proportions who

HERE'S WHERE YOUR MONEY GOES...

WITH SO MUCH MONEY NEEDED FOR DEFENSE, IT'S IMPORTANT THAT NONE OF YOUR TAX MONEY GOES FOR WASTEFUL, SOCIALISTIC PROJECTS. HERE ARE A FEW EXAMPLES OF GOVERNMENT SPENDING THAT IS UNNECESSARY...



BARRELS OF TAX MONEY—

OVER $350 MILLION -- WOULD BE NEEDED FOR THE POWER PLANT IT IS PROPOSED THE GOVERNMENT BUILD AT NIAGARA FALLS. FIVE LOCAL ELECTRIC COMPANIES HAVE OFFERED TO DO THE JOB WITHOUT SPENDING ONE CENT OF TAX MONEY.



PAYING THE BILL TWICE!

TWO COMPETING DEPARTMENTS OF THE GOVERNMENT EACH MADE COSTLY SURVEYS FOR THE SAME DAM IN HELL'S CANYON, IDAHO. IN THE RECORDS OF FEDERAL BUREAUCRACIES, THERE ARE SCORES OF SUCH WASTEFUL DUPLICATIONS -- AT YOUR EXPENSE.

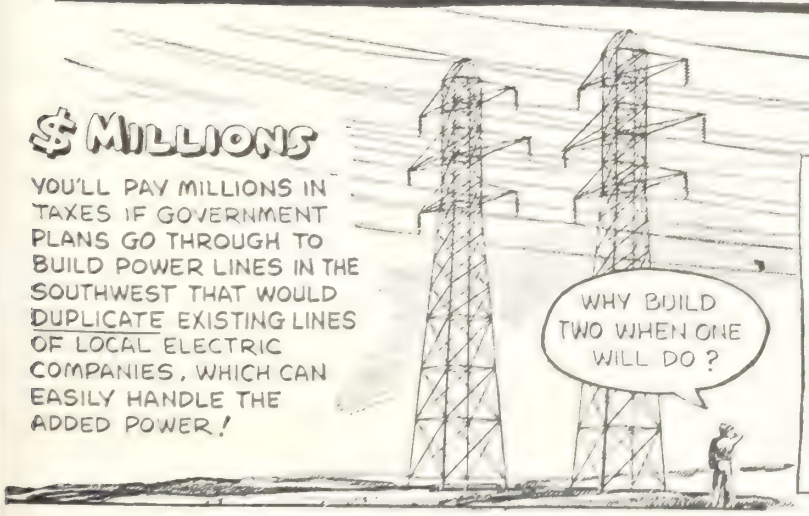


DIG DEEPER!

WHEN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT UNDERTAKES AN ELECTRIC POWER PROJECT THAT ELECTRIC COMPANIES COULD DO, YOU PAY TWICE -- NOT ONLY FOR THE COST OF THE PROJECT, BUT TO MAKE UP FOR LOCAL, STATE AND FEDERAL TAXES THAT ARE LOST.

$ MILLIONS

YOU'LL PAY MILLIONS IN TAXES IF GOVERNMENT PLANS GO THROUGH TO BUILD POWER LINES IN THE SOUTHWEST THAT WOULD DUPLICATE EXISTING LINES OF LOCAL ELECTRIC COMPANIES, WHICH CAN EASILY HANDLE THE ADDED POWER!



YOUR TAXES ARE HIGH ENOUGH ALREADY.

THEY WILL GO HIGHER IF THE GOVERNMENT TREND TOWARD SOCIALIZED ELECTRICITY CONTINUES. WE WANT YOU TO BE AWARE OF THIS DANGER. THAT'S WHY THIS MESSAGE IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY AMERICA'S

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*

LISTEN TO CORLISS ARCHER — *Names of sponsoring companies from this company
— new time effective October 3rd — Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. — ABC Network

was running away from the nomination even more energetically than Eisenhower had previously tried to run away. They caught Adlai Stevenson. He filled the vacuum with room to spare. And the principles of political physics were vindicated.

So when we present, in this issue of *Harper's*, articles on "The Ordeal of General Ike" and "The Drafting of Adlai Stevenson," we may be presenting, not simply retrospects of bygone episodes of this campaign year, but the two stories that will make the politics of 1952 memorable—the story of a General who bade a reluctant good-by to the career which had made him a popular idol in order to gamble on a career quite strange to him, and succeeded in winning the biggest battle of the year, and the story of how political precedents were smashed when an unwilling Governor was nominated in spite of himself.

Of the two candidates, Eisenhower was of course, much the better known. Yet almost everything we knew about him was as a soldier and military leader. As a civilian leader he faced new problems, and it is with his transformation into a civilian that ***David F. Schoenbrun*** deals in his article on "The Ordeal of General Ike" (p. 25).

Mr. Schoenbrun has been Paris correspondent for CBS since shortly after the end of World War II and has served under and reported on General Eisenhower for a good part of the past ten years. Listeners to the CBS World News Roundup and other Columbia newscasts are familiar with his Paris reports. Early this year when the correspondents accredited to Eisenhower's SHAPE command formed their association, Mr. Schoenbrun was elected chairman for radio and television, representing the combined networks of the fourteen countries participating in that headquarters. He came back to this country when the General came and followed him step by step to the end of the Chicago victory.

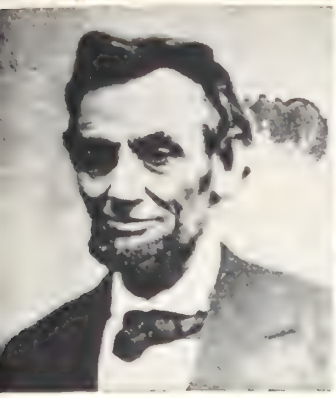
A native New Yorker, Mr. Schoenbrun was teaching Romance languages in the New York City high-school system before he broke into the field of reporting. After a start on the newspaper *PM*, he did broadcasting in French for the OWI for a time, then in 1943 was shipped overseas as a GI. In Algiers, Mr. Schoenbrun, then a sergeant, was news chief of the United Nations Radio, set up by the Army's Psychological Warfare Division, that furnished Eisenhower's command with world news. He was subsequently a combat correspondent in France, became the first American soldier to reach the Rhine River in the war, and was decorated by the French command with the Croix de Guerre, bronze star. He was recently made a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor.

The authors of our article about the Democratic candidate, "The Drafting of Adlai Stevenson" (p. 35), are both well known to *Harper's* readers. ***John Bartlow Martin,*** an Ohio-born, Indiana-reared free-lance writer, has been a resident of Illinois for the past fourteen years. His firsthand knowledge of Governor Stevenson's home state and its problems has provided us with such pieces as "Colonel McCormick of the *Tribune*" (October 1944), "Who Killed Estelle Carey?" (a crime-in-context story of the murder which lifted the veil on the Chicago Syndicate, in our June 1944 issue), and —most notably of all—"The Blast in Centralia No. 5" (March 1948), a relentless narrative of the events leading up to and following upon the mine disaster which needlessly killed one hundred and eleven men. As a matter of fact, the revelations in the Centralia article made it a powerful document in the Illinois gubernatorial campaign that year, in which Republican Governor Dwight H. Green was defeated by a political newcomer named Adlai Stevenson.

Mr. Martin became so interested in the new Governor that he began, more than a year ago, to write a biography of Stevenson. Recent events have, of course, made the Governor an even more interesting subject for a biographer, but they also necessitated a delay in publication, with the result that the book will appear not long before this issue of *Harper's* is published.

Mr. Martin's collaborator on this article is our fellow-editor, ***Eric Larrabee,*** who put up at the Martins' home outside of Chicago when he went out to the Democratic Convention. Mr. Larrabee attended the Convention as special correspondent both for *Harper's* and for that ninety-two-year-old Denver weekly paper, the *Rocky Mountain Herald,* edited and (mostly) written by the Ferrils, man and wife. In announcing that Mr. Lar-

Lincoln's last photograph. Booth's bullet ended his life three days later.



"Panic sweeps Wall Street", says *N. Y. Graphic* cartoon in 1870's. Scores of other cartoons!



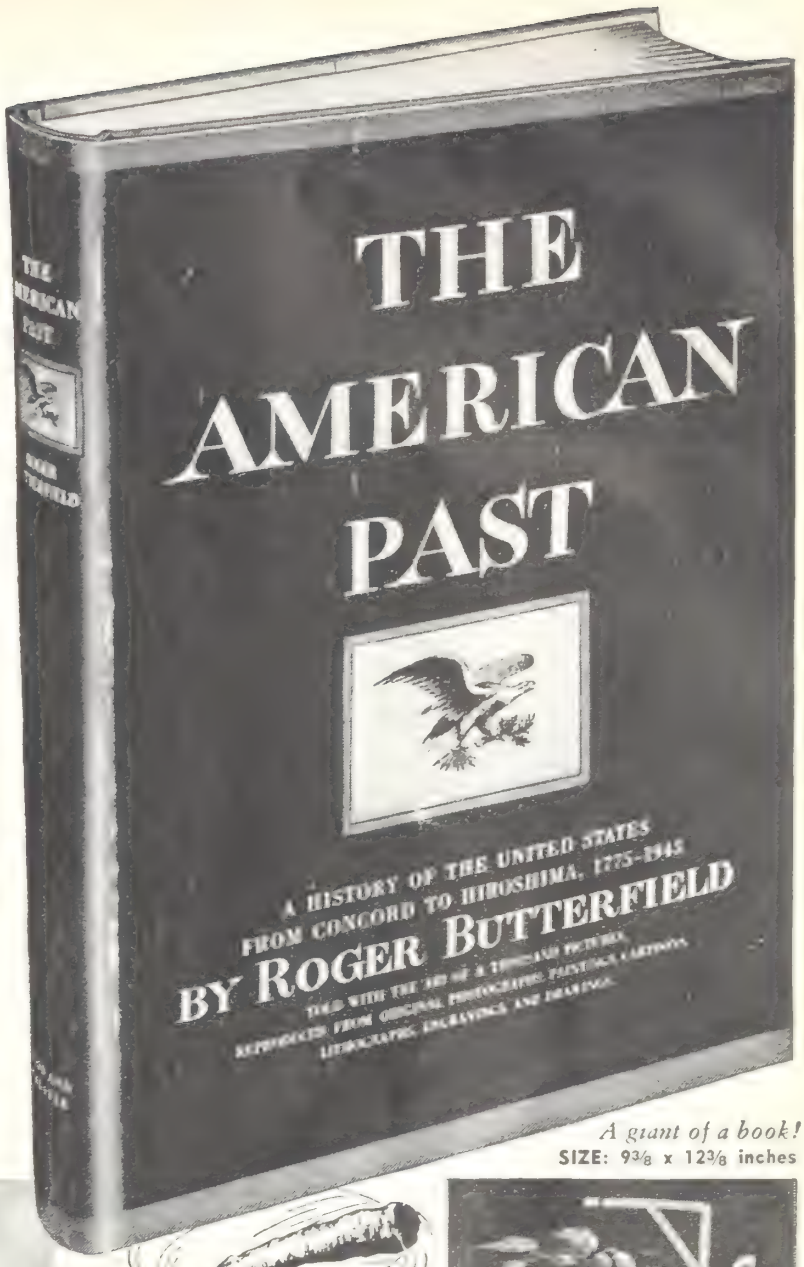
The ORIGINAL History Book Club offers the Gift you've been waiting for

FREE

TO NEW MEMBERS

YOU have probably seen and admired this huge, handsome volume in the home of some discriminating friend—*and well you might admire it!* For here is the pageant of America in OVER ONE THOUSAND fascinating pictures—the heroes and villains, the politics, folk humor and epic moments from the Boston Tea Party to the Japanese surrender. You see them in contemporary drawings, photos and cartoons beautifully reproduced with some in full color. Over 100,000 words of absorbing text.

THE AMERICAN PAST (Publisher's edition: $10.00) is richly bound in heavy red buckram, stamped in pure gold. It is a book to be treasured by every family lucky enough to own one. Send coupon for your FREE Membership Gift copy.



A giant of a book!
SIZE: 9⅜ x 12⅜ inches



At his first inaugural, Washington wore a made-in-America suit to encourage textile industry.



Cal Coolidge knew he looked funny in an Indian bonnet, but he was willing to give the people a laugh.



"T.R." swung his Big Stick at the "trusts" and other assorted targets, preached the "strenuous life."



Bostonians tar and feather a tea-tax collector. This is the way it looked to a contemporary artist.

Members get their choice of new books at cash savings — Valuable bonus books FREE—Other important advantages.

YOU may be sure of this: You will find membership in the History Book Club truly stimulating experience! You will enjoy the cream of the worthwhile new books about our heritage—not cheap historical novels, but *intensely interesting* volumes of *permanent value.* In fact, this is the only club which offers you such an exciting *variety* of fine books of history and biography about America and other parts of the world.

As a member you take ONLY the books you want, and you save real money on them. (In 1951, the actual cash savings, including bonus books, averaged $3.81 per selection.)

The Club's high standard is maintained by a distinguished board of editors composed of Dumas Malone, Walter Millis and Louis B. Wright. Every month, they select a current book which seems to them most interesting and worthwhile. They present it to you in a careful advance review, and if you are not *sure* you want the selection, you merely return a form (always provided) and it will not be sent. The purchase of as few as four selections a year keeps you a member in good standing. You may resign at any time after accepting four such books.

With every four selections you purchase at the club's money-saving price you also receive a valuable bonus book, usually worth $5.00 or more, at no extra charge!

If you wish a FREE copy of THE AMERICAN PAST (Value: $10.00), please mail the coupon without delay, since this offer may not be repeated. Begin now to enjoy History Book Club membership. Send coupon to THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, 45 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York.

As your first selection
JEFFERSON and the RIGHTS OF MAN
by Dumas Malone

Reveals Jefferson as a statesman, philosopher, and delightful human being! Illustrated. Retail price: $6.00. Member's price: $4.50.

Or, check one of these as your first selection.

☐ GEORGE WASHINGTON and AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE
Member's price $4.00

☐ THE ENGLAND OF ELIZABETH
Member's price $4.75

MAIL COUPON TO:
THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, Dept. H-10
45 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Please enroll me in The History Book Club and send me FREE *The American Past,* together with my first selection at Special Club Price. Additional selections will be described in advance. I will accept only those I wish to own and I will get a valuable FREE Bonus Book each time I accept four books. I may resign any time after purchasing four selections. **GUARANTEE: I can return books in 7 days and membership will be cancelled.**

NAME _____ PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



1: Take a resort vacation *right, in* lovely Victoria! 2: Here, every day is a golfing day! 3: Here, year 'round, you can enjoy hospitality at the gracious Empress!

15 ways to relax in evergreen **Victoria** B.C.

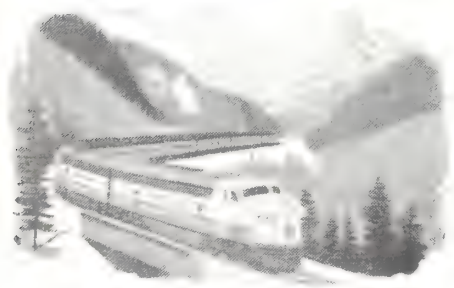
Travel by Canadian Pacific transcontinental train *for service*

4: Roses, roses, from April to January! 5: The Empress is throned in a 10-acre garden... prize flowers bloom in its great conservatory!



6: Near the ivied Empress are "finds" in imported woolens... silver, crystal, china... antiques. 7: Tours start here for famous Butchart's Gardens. 8: A friendly Empress custom is afternoon tea in the lounge. 9: Delicious food—beautifully trained service in *Canadian Pacific* style.





15: Canadian Pacific Diesels travel through Banff and Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies. Lounging comfort, wider berths. You *relax!*

Wonderful relaxers!
10: Swimming in the fabulous Crystal Gardens, largest sea pool under glass! 11: Turkish baths, Swedish massage. 12: Putting green, shuffleboard. 13: Riding facilities. 14: Seasonal "Empress" celebrations, like Old English Christmas.

Ask your travel agent about this world of service:
To Europe by White Empress sailings. To the Far East—or New Zealand, Australia—by fast airliners. Canadian Pacific train-and-hotel service across Canada!



Canadian Pacific

See your local agent or Canadian Pacific in principal cities in U. S. and Canada.

rabee would cover the Convention for the *Herald*, Tom Ferril wrote that he had sent Mr. Larrabee three Rhode Island Red roosters and two Plymouth Rock pullets. "He will slay them on the Convention floor and examine their livers," he announced. "This, in the best Roman tradition, will enable him to predict the foreseeable future."

We don't know where Mr. Ferril got the pullets, unless from the Pulitzer committee (which should have been impressed by his *New and Selected Poems*, just published). But in any case, Mr. Larrabee's haruspications in his pre-balloting dispatches to the *Herald* were so accurate that we have every reason to listen with respectful attention to the account which he and Mr. Martin have given of what went on at Chicago.

Academic Hoods and Spinsterhood

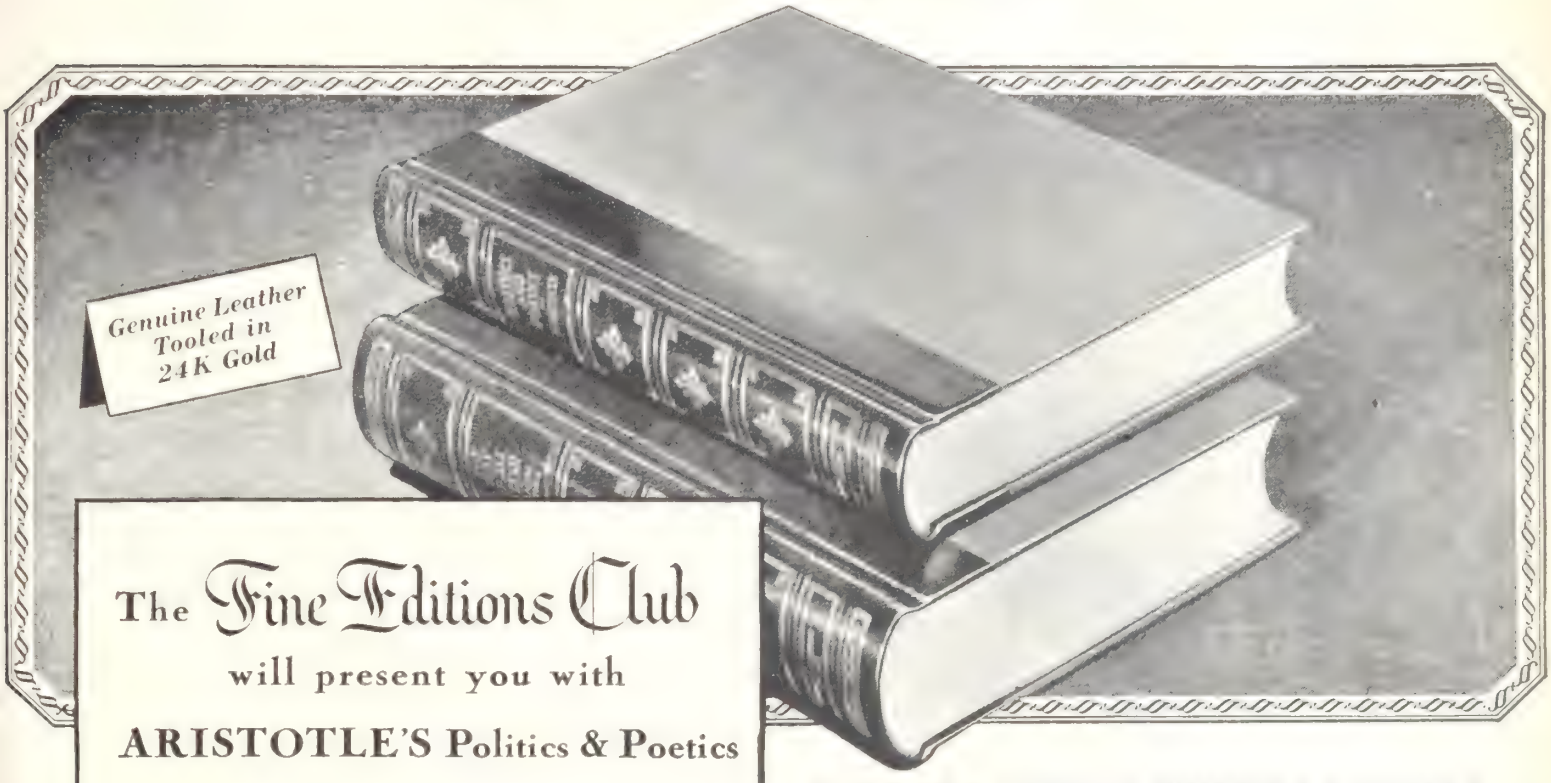
ABOUT a year ago *Life* magazine published a pair of articles on life in a women's college *vs.* life in a co-educational college. The articles themselves and the letters-to-the-editors which they produced revealed, once again, that the folklore of higher education for women still includes as one of its favorite characters the unmarried and unmarriageable graduate of the women's college, the lettered spinster. "Do Women's Colleges Turn Out Spinsters?" (p. 44) answers its own question.

As president of a women's college (Mills College, in Oakland, California), ***Lynn White, jr.,*** is out to do what he can to exorcise this old-maid spook which still haunts the corridors (or at least the admissions offices) of the women's colleges. And he has figures and facts to back him up in an argument which boils down to saying that a girl who goes to a women's college stands a better chance of marrying than a coed.

The spook, of course, had some historical justification. Recent statistics from Vassar indicated that only about 66 per cent of her graduates from 1865 to 1910 eventually married. In the past two decades, however, almost 90 per cent have married—considerably more than the national average—and only 3 per cent have been divorced. As a matter of fact, a good many undergrad

Absolutely FREE

No "strings" to this offer —the only condition is your love for fine books



The Fine Editions Club

will present you with

ARISTOTLE'S Politics & Poetics

and Samuel Butler's

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

YOU ARE INVITED to accept these two fine editions as a gift of the Fine Editions Club, and receive on approval the first selection of these handsome new editions of favorite classics of all time. Each has a special introduction that highlights its meaning for today's reader.

Classics are not determined by writers or publishers —but by you—the *reader*. The lasting popularity of these books is testimony to their humanity, creative thought and eternal verity, Here are luxury editions, in bindings worthy of their great contents . . . which you can acquire to build a beautiful matched library of your own. Send for your gift volumes today.

POLITICS & POETICS—*Aristotle*

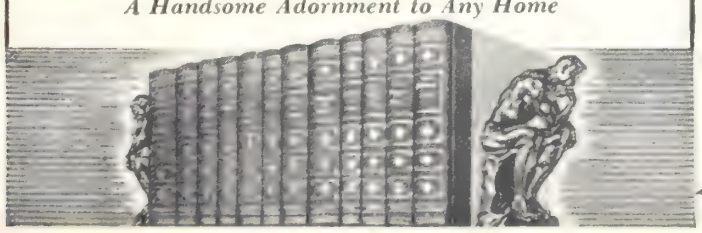
Two books in one. Among great thinkers of the ages, Aristotle towers like a beacon of light. His ideas on man as a "social animal" and on dramatic theater still exert vital influence.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

An absorbing novel of revolt against Victorianism by a brilliant satirist. "Anyone who cares a great deal about George Bernard Shaw will find in Butler everything Shaw wanted to say and couldn't."

BOOKS OF RARE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION

A Handsome Adornment to Any Home



BOUND WITH GENUINE LEATHER HAND TOOLED IN 24K GOLD... PAGE TOPS ALSO 24K GOLD

These new Fine Editions are *triumphs* of the bookbinding art . . . handsome, full-library-size collectors' editions to cherish for a life-time . . . to lend grace and distinction to your home. Superbly bound in maroon Genuine Leather and beautiful Oxford Library Cloth, page tops edged in 24K gold, yet they cost no more than you would pay for an ordinary novel. The Fine Editions Club will send you the two supreme volumes illustrated above FREE. . along with the first regular selection which you may return without any obligation, if you are not completely delighted. As a member, you need not take any special number of books. You may drop your membership at any time.

"GREAT CLASSICS ARE THE MARK OF AN EDUCATED MAN"

This Coupon will make them yours

THE FINE EDITIONS CLUB, Membership Dept.
2230 West 110th Street, Cleveland 2, Ohio

Please send me ABSOLUTELY FREE the two Fine Editions of POLITICS & POETICS and THE WAY OF ALL FLESH, along with your Invitation to Membership, approval copy of the first monthly selection, and advance information about future selections.

It is understood that I may cancel my membership at any time and that I need not take any specific number of books For each selection I decide to keep I will send you the special Members' price of $3.95, all postage charges paid.

Even if I decide not to become a member, I may still keep the two free gift copies.

MR.
MRS.
MISS (Please print name)
ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

Only one subscription to any family or household

H10-2

Membership Rolls Now Open to CANADIAN and FOREIGN Subscribers

Come to *joyful* Spain



Beautiful Spain



Hospitable Spain



Relaxing Spain



A richly historic past and modern travel comfort



"Different" Spain



Romantic Spain



A gay atmosphere of fiesta enhances your visit



Spain is in season all the year. It is easy to reach, easy to travel through, difficult to leave behind.

All-expense 15-day, 1600-mile tour of Spain (de luxe motor coaches and hotels) for only $11 per day.

Consult Your Travel Agent or

SPANISH TOURIST OFFICE

485 Madison Avenue
New York 22, N. Y.
NEW YORK

39 South La Salle Street
Chicago 3, Ill.
CHICAGO

68 Post Street
San Francisco 4, Calif.
SAN FRANCISCO

uates at women's colleges these days marry while they are still in college. The *New York Times* reported last June that twenty-seven members (12 per cent) of the graduating class at Barnard College were married already, and a fifth of these had children.

Mr. White describes himself, deprecatingly, as "a medieval historian gone wrong." He did teach history, at Princeton and at Stanford, from 1933 to 1943, and he published a book on *Latin Monasticism in Norman Sicily* in 1938. But, as he confesses, he "got so much concerned with the present problems of liberal education (of which the middle ages thought highly)," that he accepted the presidency of a college for women ("less highly thought of in the middle ages") which was firmly rooted in the liberal arts tradition.

> It was only then [he says] that I began to discover what I should have known all along: that in terms of creativity the motivations of a woman student in particular, and her attitude toward herself, are vastly more important than what is studied. And by and large we do badly by our girls. My little book, *Educating Our Daughters,* originally had a better title, *Unfitting Women for Life.* But Harper & Brothers (your firm!) didn't think it sounded respectable!

Saratoga—In the Chips?

LAST month, in our pages, ***Cleveland Amory*** took a fond though dry-eyed look at the departed glories of Tuxedo Park. This month he contributes a piece on "Saratoga: Swan Song for a Spa" (p. 69).

There is something mournful about the decline of the great nineteenth-century resorts. Their vast hotels, like the Grand Union which Mr. Amory describes, are haunted by melancholy ghosts, soundlessly moving down the endless carpeted corridors, invisibly creaking in rockers on the warped boards of the colonnaded porches. And anyone who remembers, or has inherited the memory of, their great days will be touched as well as amused by Mr. Amory's nostalgic reporting.

And yet, maybe we are getting sentimental too soon about the decline of such resorts as Saratoga. Saratoga itself has been "not wha

Why the *American History Publication Society*

Established 1951

A BOOK CLUB DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO AMERICAN HISTORY

now offers you this great 2-Volume Set (Retail Price $12.00) FREE! with membership



Deluxe Boxed Set Retail Price $12.00 Both Books FREE to new members

This remarkable offer is made to introduce the many benefits of membership in the *American History Publication Society*. The prime purpose of this distinguished book club is to help its members build a library of *Americana* — books of permanent worth — at savings of 40% or more!

The Society encourages publication of important new works by offering awards to outstanding writers in American history . . . and reprints rare, out-of-print classics that are now in the libraries of only a few fortunate collectors.

Each month the Society selects an outstanding current book. This and other important books are described in *Americana*, a monthly publication which you receive *free*. Every selection offered is new, complete and in the original publisher's edition.

On joining, you receive the 2-volume set of *The Life of Billy Yank* and *The Life of Johnny Reb* FREE with your first selection *Rag, Tag and Bobtail* and *Valley Forge*. For every four additional selections you accept, you receive a valuable Bonus Book FREE!

It is *not* necessary however to accept every selection — as few as four a year fulfills your sole membership obligation. You pay the member's special, reduced price for the books you want *after* receiving them, plus a small fixed mailing charge. If you do not want a forthcoming selection, you simply return a printed form which is always supplied.

It costs nothing to join and you may cancel your membership at any time after accepting four Society selections. Just sign and mail the coupon below today.

The Life of BILLY YANK

The Common Soldier of the Union

By BELL IRVIN WILEY

This composite biography of the two million Yanks who crossed Mason and Dixon's line answers the long-unanswered questions about the human side of the rank-and-file fighting man. From private letters, diaries and other unpublished documents, Dr. Wiley has drawn a vividly clear picture of the life and attitudes of the "little people," the important but heretofore neglected men of the nation's past.

The Life of JOHNNY REB

The Common Soldier of the Confederacy

By BELL IRVIN WILEY

A companion volume to *The Life of Billy Yank*, here is the analysis of the wartime, day-by-day life of the Confederate soldier. Compiled from original sources, it candidly studies the gray clad fighters who were in many respects similar, in many ways different from their opponents. Against the flood of history, the doings of common soldiers have generally been recounted only as a superficial backdrop for the drama of major campaigns and leaders. In this fascinating account the man of the ranks at last receives his rightful measure of consideration.

Combined Retail Price $12.00 — *FREE to new members*

Start your membership with this superb dual selection

RAG, TAG AND BOBTAIL

The Story of the Continental Army

By LYNN MONTROSS

A stirring, immensely readable, impressively authoritative recreation of the turbulent years 1775-83 during which the valiant little army out-fought, out-maneuvered, out-baffled solidly-entrenched British forces to forge a new nation. With maps and plans of major campaigns.

"A rapid-paced narrative . . . distinguished throughout by wit, urbanity and literary skill."
—John C. Miller

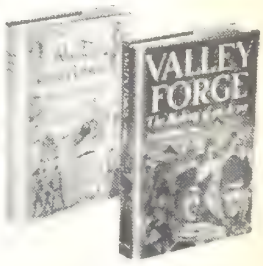
VALLEY FORGE

The Making of an Army

By ALFRED HOYT BILL

Illuminating the single, terrible winter that made final victory possible, this perceptive book reveals Valley Forge as part of our struggle for independence and as an eternal symbol — the crucible in which our strength as a nation was fired.

"A penetrating study . . . sharply focused, yet possesses balance and perspective."
—Willard M. Wallace



Combined Retail Price $8.50

Member's Price Only $6.75

FOUR BOOKS! Worth $20.50 Yours for only $6.75 if you join now

This coupon makes you a member

AMERICAN HISTORY PUBLICATION SOCIETY, INC.

Dept. H-6, 11 East 36th St., New York 16, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive FREE, as a gift upon joining, *The Life of Billy Yank* and *The Life of Johnny Reb*. With this 2-volume set, send as my first selection *Rag, Tag and Bobtail* and *Valley Forge* at the member's special, low price of $6.75 plus 30¢ postage and packing charge. I will receive *Americana* free every month and a FREE Bonus Book for each four additional selections I buy. My only obligation is to accept four Society selections the first year I am a member.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

2 minute quiz... *for Investors!*

It's easy enough to take—but may be more difficult to pass. The questions are those that any prudent investor should ask himself from time to time—the kind that he should have good answers for. We put these six together to help you clarify your own thinking—to help you decide how sound *your* investment program may be.

Here's the quiz:—

1) Have the prospects for the industries—and companies—represented by my holdings, changed materially in the past six months?
2) Do present earnings adequately cover current dividend rates—the income I'm counting on?
3) If I were selecting stocks today, would I buy the same ones I own now? If not, should I consider selling them?
4) Have I maintained a proper balance between protective, income producing, and growth type securities?
5) Have there been any recent changes in management — or business — that alter the outlook for companies that concern me?
6) Am I thoroughly satisfied that the securities I own are the best that money can buy—for my purposes?

If you aren't satisfied with *your* answers—perhaps ours might help.

Our Research Division will be glad to send available facts and information on any stock that interests you . . . will be glad to examine a list of your holdings—tell you just what it thinks in terms of *your* needs, *your* objectives, *your* particular situation.

There's no charge, no obligation, whether you're a customer or not. Just tell us something about yourself in a confidential letter to—

WALTER A. SCHOLL, *Investment Inquiries*

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 101 Cities

it used to be," socially speaking, for more than a century. An English barrister named Alexander Mackay, who visited the spa in 1847, reported that although Saratoga was "still" (a hundred and five years ago) to a considerable extent a place of fashionable resort, it had "lately been losing caste."

> For a time [he wrote] the "select" had it all to themselves, but by-and-by "everybody" began to resort to it, and on "everybody" making his appearance the "select" began to drop off, and what was once very genteel is now running the risk of becoming exceedingly vulgar.

The process Mackay observed was for a long time a standard pattern of democratization in the United States, and it is the pattern which we usually think of as "normal." Resorts, residential areas, recreations (such as tennis and golf), higher education, fashions in dress, and other perquisites of the select have one by one been "usurped" by everybody, to the horror of those who believed that nothing was any good if many could have it. Yet this process has always been paralleled by another one, which is probably even more significant though less frequently remarked.

This other process is the obverse of the "normal" one. By it, "everybody's" blue jeans become so popular among the select that "everybody" runs the risk of being mistaken for "somebody." So also the lowly movie becomes an "art form," the gas-house district becomes a "good" address, and Jones Beach becomes the delight of debutantes who no longer care about Southampton because "everybody" goes there. In a society so fluid as ours, who can tell what will happen to a resort like Saratoga? For a hundred years, apparently, it has been "running the risk of becoming exceedingly vulgar." Maybe, with its great public baths and its pari-mutuel windows at the track, it is now vulgar enough to become fashionable again.

Mr. Amory's article, one of a series which has included pieces on Newport, Palm Springs, and other playgrounds of the rich, will be included in a volume to be called *The Last Resorts: A Portrait of American Society at Play,* to be published next



MEXICO

Pulsing with life and progress, abreast of the times in the arts, social services, and sciences... Mexico! Thrill to the surging-forward new world, from the newest and best in hotels to gayest of seasons at beaches, spas, and resorts. You'll never forget Mexico because its ancient culture is framed in a modern life full of attractions.

MEXICO

Where life is different!

DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO

Av. Juarez 89 Mexico, D. F.

- New York, 630 Fifth Avenue
- Chicago 333 N. Michigan Blvd.
- Los Angeles, 511 W. 6th St.
- San Antonio, 518 W. Houston
- New Orleans, Whitney Bldg.
- Miami, 40 Columbus Arcade
- Houston, Pan American World Airways Bldg.

onth. His first book, *The Proper ostonians* (1947), established him as disarmingly impudent commenta- r on the social scene. He is also e author of a satiric novel, *Home own*, published in 1950.

Steinberg, who made the drawings Saratoga, has visited that spa veral times, but he has not dis- osed to P & O what has attracted m there. The pictures themselves ay give the reason. Some highlights Mr. Steinberg's recent peregrina- ons were the following: a trip to urope lasting eight months in 1951; trip to Florida last winter; a trip England, France, and Italy in e spring of 1952, with an exhibi- on of his American pictures in ondon; a trip to Chicago to attend e political conventions this past mmer.

Born in Romania, Mr. Steinberg as educated in Italy and was a acticing architect before coming to is country in 1942. He served th the Navy and the OSS during e war and is a U. S. citizen. Two lumes of his drawings have been ublished—*All in Line* and *The Art Living*. He is now collecting and iting a book of the cartoons of e late Sam Cobean.

ersons, Portraits, Problems

• "The Hollow Boy" (p. 49) is the ird story by ***Hortense Calisher*** appear in *Harper's*. Her collec- on of stories, *In the Absence of ngels*, which was published a year o by Little, Brown, was recognized the critics as one of the really cellent books of the year, and s past spring she was granted an ard for creative writing by the ggenheim Foundation. She is ex- ting to go abroad this fall.

Though Miss Calisher's earlier ries in this magazine ("One of Chosen," December 1948, and ight Riders of Northville," Sep- ber 1951) dealt with people of ater education and means than characters in "The Hollow Boy," re are similarities of theme in m; but the warmth and affection family life in the new story is different element, and so is the ly of minutiae of background—ere the change in atmosphere n the Bronx to Washington ights is more than meets the eye.

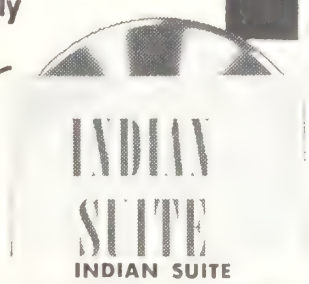
The American Recording Society invites you to

Accept One of These Long-Playing Records

FULL 10" SIZE, 33⅓ rpm

Regularly $4.35 Yours for only $1.00

To Introduce These Distinguished Recordings of "200 YEARS OF AMERICAN MUSIC"



INDIAN SUITE
by EDWARD MacDOWELL

Ever since its first performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1896, this lovely and melodic suite has been a great concert hall favorite throughout the world. Each of the fascinating five sections is based on genuine Indian themes—legends, festivals, war dances, romances and sorrows.



SYMPHONY NO. 4
by HOWARD HANSON

The deeply expressive Pulitzer Prize-winning work by one of America's foremost composers. Since its first performance on Dec. 3, 1943 by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the *Symphony No. 4* has been regarded as "one of the noblest works ever written by an American" *(Serge Koussevitsky)*.

SINCE the last war a great musical awakening has electrified the music-loving world—a sudden realization that the foremost music being written today is *American music*—and that American composers have been writing enjoyable melodies, important music *for the past 200 years!* In all the great concert halls the most famous orchestras, conductors, soloists, chamber groups are performing this music for delighted audiences.

And now an outstanding musical organization has embarked on a program of creating high fidelity recordings of 200 years of American music! Every form of musical expression is included in this program — symphonic, choral, instrumental and chamber works, folk-music, theatre music . . . music of America at work and at play; music of America growing, laughing . . . music born of the love of liberty and the love of fun, the love of good living and the love of God. Whatever your tastes—here is music for you!

HOW THIS MUSIC CAME TO BE RECORDED

Recently, the directors of the renowned Alice M. Ditson Fund of Columbia University awarded a substantial grant which made possible the founding of the American Recording Society, whose sole purpose is to record and release each month a new full-frequency recording of American music, on Long Playing records.

ARE THE RECORDS EXPENSIVE?

No, to the contrary. These recordings which are pressed for the Society by the custom department of RCA Victor are priced below most L.P.'s of comparable quality—only $4.35 for 10" records, and $4.95 for 12" records. The American Recording Society Philharmonic Orchestra engages the finest available conductors and artists, and all recordings are made with the latest high-fidelity equipment, and pressed directly from a limited number of silver-sputtered masters.

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

Your purchase of either of the Long-Playing records offered above for only $1.00 does not obligate you to buy any additional records from the Society—ever! However, we will be happy to extend to you the courtesy of an Associate Membership. Each month, as an Associate Member, you will be offered an American Recording Society recording by a famous American composer, at the special Club price. If you do not wish to purchase any particular record, you need merely return the form provided for that purpose.

FREE RECORDS OFFERED

With each two records purchased at the regular Club price you will receive an additional record of comparable quality *ABSOLUTELY FREE*. However, because the number of records which can be pressed from silver-sputtered masters is necessarily limited, we urge you to mail the coupon at once!



AMERICAN RECORDING SOCIETY
100 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS, N. Y. 13, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN RECORDING SOCIETY, Dept. 741 H-10
100 Avenue of the Americas, New York 13, N. Y.

☐ "INDIAN SUITE", *by MacDowell* ☐ "4th SYMPHONY", *by Hanson*

(Check one)

Please send me the record checked above, for which I enclose $1.00 as full payment. As an Associate Member in the American Recording Society, I will receive the Society's publication which will give me advance notice of each new monthly Society Long-Playing selection which I am entitled to purchase at the special Membership price of only $4.95 for 12" records, $4.35 for 10" records plus a few cents for U.S. tax and shipping. However, I may decline to purchase any or all Society records offered to me. With each two Society recordings I do purchase, you will send me an additional record ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Canadian Address: OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO

Shaw's only rival — is Shaw!



Pygmalion was merely great.
Major Barbara was only wonderful.
But Androcles and the Lion
(to quote the modest master
himself) is unsurpassed!

GABRIEL PASCAL presents
BERNARD SHAW'S

"ANDROCLES AND THE LION"

starring
JEAN SIMMONS · VICTOR MATURE
ROBERT NEWTON · MAURICE EVANS
and ALAN YOUNG as Androcles

RKO RADIO

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE THEATRE

Produced by GABRIEL PASCAL • Directed by CHESTER ERSKINE
Screen Adaptation by CHESTER ERSKINE and KEN ENGLUND

Britain's New 9-Day "Guest Ticket"

TRAVEL AS MUCH AS YOU PLEASE

ANYWHERE...ANY TRAIN

(except "continental" boat trains)



in Britain

ONLY $30.00 THIRD CLASS
$45 FIRST CLASS **For Nine Full Days!**

Use de luxe "named" trains or little country locals to explore the charming far corners of Britain — with this ticket your "passport" to *unlimited* train travel. Be sure to purchase your "Guest Ticket" *here*—not obtainable in Britain.

See Your Travel Agent!
He'll supply transportation and train, channel steamer and hotel reservations.

For literature and further information, write to Dept. 23 at any British Railways Office.

BRITISH RAILWAYS



NEW YORK 20, N. Y., 9 Rockefeller Plaza • CHICAGO 3, ILL., 39 So. La Salle Street

P & O

Perhaps the fruitful years which Miss Calisher spent doing family case-work in New York during the Depression accounts for the rich reality of this piece.

Miss Calisher was born in New York, went to public school in that city, and was graduated from Barnard College. She is married to an engineer, has two children, and now lives in Nyack, New York.

The illustrations for "The Hollow Boy" are the work of ***Oscar Liebman*** who was born in Brooklyn and educated in New York, as a scholarship winner under William McNulty at the Art Students League. Mr. Liebman was a machine operator before the war and an Army medic in the Pacific. His previous drawings for *Harper's* have been about life in India and in a Kansas small town.

•••"As long as I can remember, ***Hesketh Pearson*** said in his reminiscences, *Thinking It Over*, "I have always been more interested in real human beings than in anything else on the earth or beyond it." Even at the age of fourteen, Mr. Pearson—who has now become one of the foremost biographers of our time—was finding his way toward his future vocation, when he devoted the larger part of two numbers of a magazine he wrote for family consumption to "summarys of famous men's lives."

Just how Mr. Pearson was led from one subject to another in the series of biographies that have made him famous would be a study in itself; the clues are scattered through the books and in the facts of his own life. After a brief period in the commercial world he went on the stage in 1911 and he returned to it as an active career after serving for three years in the British forces in Mesopatamia and Persia during the first world war. His first biography, published in 1930, dealt with a maternal ancestor, Erasmus Darwin, and several of his best known books—those about Shakespeare, Gilbert and Sullivan, and G. B. S.—must have grown out of his passion for the theater.

Many of his later books have presented the brilliant personalities of the Victorian era, Dickens, Disraeli, Conan Doyle, and Oscar Wilde. To follow these studies, the artist and eccentric, James McNeill Whistler

is a natural and attractive subject. Mr. Pearson's new book, to be published next February, will be *The Man Whistler,* and *Harper's* presents from it this month and in forthcoming issues several delightful sketches, beginning with "The Personality" (p. 58).

George du Maurier's drawing of Whistler on the cover of this number of *Harper's* appeared originally in the March 1894 number, in an illustration by du Maurier for his serial, "Trilby." The figure of Whistler, who was satirically sketched in the story as "Joe Sibley" ("the king of Bohemia . . . a most exquisite and original artist . . . the most irresistible friend in the world as long as his friendship lasted—but that was not forever . . ."), was standing usually in the background of a full-page drawing of a gay studio scene containing some twenty-one figures. The one identified as Whistler and reproduced on our cover is not quite two inches high in that 1894 illustration; the fact that it blew up so well to its present height should have been gratifying to du Maurier.

Perhaps Whistler would have liked it less, for when "Trilby" appeared in the magazine, he was so furious at the description of "Joe Sibley" that he threatened du Maurier with physical violence, demanded an apology of *Harper's,* and compelled the author to omit all reference to "Joe Sibley" in the book version of *Trilby.* (Mr. Pearson gives the full background of this incident in his forthcoming book.) Our next installment of this series by Mr. Pearson will be "The Artist," in the November issue. The drawings of butterflies on the cover and in the text of "The Men Whistler" are reproductions of several versions of Whistler's own characteristic trademark.

• ***Michael Keon's*** "Episode in Manila" (p. 80) came to *Harper's* from Baguio City in the Philippines, where Mr. Keon is now living in what we assume is the quiet needed by a man engaged in writing a novel. The years of his life since 1918, when at the age of fourteen he went to work as a copy boy on a Melbourne daily newspaper, sound in summary anything but quiet. He did some farming in his native Australia dur-



No Foolin'!



"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE REAL THING, WHITEY!"



"YOU CAN'T FOOL THE PUBLIC ABOUT SCOTCH WHISKY, BLACKIE. THAT'S WHY BLACK & WHITE IS THE FAVORITE! IT'S QUALITY AND CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE."



"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS



WINS WRITING SUCCESS THOUGH CRIPPLED WITH ARTHRITIS

"When I became almost crippled with arthritis, N. I. A. training proved its value. I began acting as local correspondent for two papers. Then, I started a publication of my own. 'The Beekeeper' became a reality and a success. Were I physically able, I would crawl to the top of the house and shout the merits of N. I. A. training."—Elmer Carroll, Route 3, Box 540, Lansing, Mich.

What Makes WRITING ability GROW?

of America has been giving free Writing Aptitude

Sometimes it seems half of the people in America who are fired with the desire to write have taken advantage of this offer to measure their

What the tests show

Up to date, no one who could be called a "born writer" has filled out our Writing Aptitude Test. We have not yet discovered a single individual miraculously endowed by nature with all the quali-

One aspirant has interesting ideas—and a dull, uninteresting style. Another has great creative imagination, but is woefully weak on structure and technique. A third has a natural writing knack—yet lacks judgment and knowledge of human behavior, in each case, success can come only after the missing links have been forged in.

Here, then, is the principal reason why so many promising writers fail to go ahead. Their talent is one-sided—incomplete. It needs rounding out.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on journalism—continuous writing—the sort of training that turns out more successful writers than any other experience. Many of the authors of today's "best sellers" are newspaper-trained men and women.

One advantage of our New York Copy Desk Method is that it starts you writing and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week, you receive actual assignments just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily.

All your writing is individually corrected and criticized by veteran writers with years of experience "breaking in" new authors. They will point out those faults of style, structure or viewpoint that keep you from progressing. At the same time, they will give you constructive suggestions for building up and developing your natural aptitudes.

In fact, so stimulating is this association that student members often begin to sell their work before they finish the course. We do not mean to insinuate that they skyrocket into the "big money," or become prominent overnight. Most beginnings are $50, $100 or more, for material that takes little time

business, hobbies, sports, homemaking, local, club and church activities, etc. — things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of

VETERANS: THIS COURSE APPROVED FOR VETERANS' TRAINING.

For those who want to know—Free writing aptitude test

If you really want to know the truth about your writing ambitions, send for our interesting Writing Aptitude Test. This searching test of your native aptitudes is free—entirely without obligation. Fill in and send the coupon. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Approved for Veterans Training.

Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Ave.,
New York 16, N. Y.

Miss .....

.....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.)

57-S-512

P & O

ing his years of apprenticeship as a writer and reporter, but entered a still more active service when he was invalided out of the Air Force and became wartime Deputy Chief of the Political Warfare Division of the Australian Department of Information. After an immediate postwar assignment in China with the Australian Embassy, he went back to journalism in 1947 and began a series of forays into Communist-held areas of China which he reported for the Chicago *Daily News* and the United Press. He left Peking in a hurry to avoid being taken by the Reds on spy charges—one of the last correspondents to leave that city.

He then wandered through Formosa, Hong Kong, Indochina, Indonesia, Malaya, and the Philippines. The novel to which he is devoting the present spell of work will be published next winter; called *The Tiger in Summer,* it deals with life in Peking before and after the Red occupation.

When one considers the complexities of the Malayan situation and of the other Asiatic countries where Mr. Keon lived, one can understand why he wrote recently to a friend describing humorously his idea of a good life: "It would have been nice to be a wealthy landlord in Shantung in the time of the Sung, and to cultivate as hobbies painting ring-necked pheasants and orchids, retiring to mountain-tops for contemplation, and drinking warmed yellow wine in the evenings."

P & O is reminded, less humorously, of the remark of a sober friend who once stated to us that the best condition into which a human being might be born today would be that of a male white child in the United States of America. Threatening, isn't it? But not more so than the bitter conviction of Mr. Keon's "Wu" in "Episode in Malaya."

•••Two years ago in *Harper's* Myron Stearns, in an article simply called "Our Roads Are Going to Pot," quoted the United States Bureau of Public Roads' estimate that the cost of bringing America's paved highways up to standard would be 60 *billion* dollars, stretched over fifteen years. And in analyzing the factors which had brought about this dangerous decay of the highway

An occasion rare and wonderful

Humor is so rare, humor is so precious, that the appearance of a new, *genuinely* humorous work should be embraced and proclaimed.

Such a work is now appearing in the pages of HOLIDAY magazine. It's a new series by Ruth McKenney, who gave us her unforgettable *My Sister Eileen*. This is about another Eileen, sister's niece, and her brother, mother, father, nurses, and their impact on a surprised, but enchanted, Belgium.

Several have already appeared in HOLIDAY, more are to come. They're warm, they're funny, they're beautifully written, they stand an excellent chance of going on to fame and permanency, as did *My Sister Eileen*. If you have not already been exposed to the series, it is strongly recommended that you latch on to the October HOLIDAY now on the stands.

P. S. Also in this issue of Holiday you'll find other outstanding articles and features by such writers as Richard Llewellyn, Debs Myers, David Scherman, Irving Stone and Phil Stong, along with regular contributors such as Clifton Fadiman and Al Hine.

Freighter Cruises



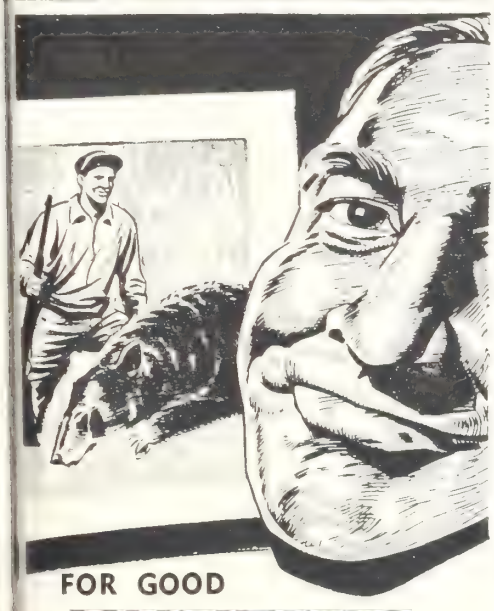
Leisurely jaunts through the CARIBBEAN

Visit exotic, out-of-the-way ports on a modern, comfortable Alcoa freighter. Informal atmosphere—only 12 passengers per sailing. Eat with ship's officers. Meals are simple, but bountiful and well prepared. All staterooms outside with private baths. Cruises average 3 to 4 weeks; cost $400 to $595. From New Orleans and New York. See your travel agent, or . . .



SEND *for Alcoa "Freighter Cruise" Folder*

ALCOA
STEAMSHIP COMPANY, INC.
Desk 4, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.



FOR GOOD
HUNTING
COME TO QUÉBEC

indeed! I am heading for Québec again this fall! also can be one of the happy hunters who count the to their next trip to Quebec Province.

and game around in the countless miles of virgin sts, lakes and rivers of Québec. Competent guides and ortable accommodations will help make your stay in nch-Canada a memorable one.

help in planning your hunting trip, write for maps booklets to: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament ldings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, York 20, N. Y.

LA PROVINCE DE
Québec

system, Mr. Stearns pointed to inadequate financing and increased truck traffic. Sure enough, Mr. Stearns' article brought a flock of protesting letters, many of them from trucking companies.

This month, once again, *Harper's* brings up the touchy problem of the responsibility of trucks for road deterioration and maintenance. A new method of attempting to distribute the costs equitably is presented by ***Richard L. Neuberger*** in "Who Shall Pay for Our Roads?" (p. 86). In an election year no candidate is going to be caught advocating federal subsidizing of the roads; yet a motorized economy in war or peace depends greatly on its highways, and some authority will have to take on the problem. Mr. Neuberger proposes a means of solving it on the state level.

As a member of the Oregon State Senate Mr. Neuberger played an active part in inducing his colleagues to adopt a stiff schedule of weight-distance fees on heavy trucks at the 1951 session. For this effort he received the customary appellation of railroad "stooge," although during the 1949 session he had led the opposition to a bill which the railways were promoting to harass barge lines on the Columbia River.

Mrs. Neuberger also is a member of the Oregon legislature, in the House of Representatives. She once taught swimming and physical education in the Portland schools. After she had been criticized for being photographed in a bathing suit—as unbecoming a legislator—she was renominated this last May with the largest vote ever received by a candidate for the House of Representatives in a contested Oregon primary election.

Both Neubergers—Senator and Representative—spent the summer's end in the solitudes of central British Columbia, where Mr. Neuberger was gathering material for a forthcoming *Harper's* article on a power project second in size only to Grand Coulee Dam, which he described in this magazine more than fifteen years ago under the title of "The Biggest Thing on Earth."

•••In "The Death of the Maid" (p. 92), as in most of his other stories in *Harper's*, ***Niccolò Tucci*** writes of

From the moment you arrive at

The Greenbrier



. . . you'll appreciate the warm, congenial atmosphere which welcomes each guest. Add the comfort of your spacious bedroom, the delight you'll take in wonderful meals, and the sense of well-being that gracious service imparts. These are the things that bring you utmost enjoyment of the varied sporting and recreational facilities at The Greenbrier. Be sure, also, to take The Greenbrier's famed sulphur baths—they do for the body what a stay at The Greenbrier does for the spirit. Rates are from $19 per person (meals included) and nowhere will your pleasure dollars bring you so much.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA.
Telephone: White Sulphur Springs 110
Telctype: White Sulphur Springs 166

Or Inquire of Greenbrier Offices in:
NEW YORK, 588 FIFTH AVENUE • JU 6-5500
CHICAGO, 77 W. WASHINGTON ST. • RA 6-0625
WASHINGTON, INVESTMENT BLDG. • RE 2642
BOSTON, 73 TREMONT STREET • LA 3-4497



SEND FOR
Free
WINE
AND
FOOD
Newspaper

Vineyard Vignettes

—a sprightly little four page newspaper with unusual information about fine wine, delightful recipes by famous amateur chefs, etc.

For your complimentary copy of Vineyard Vignettes, write

CRESTA BLANCA
WINE COMPANY • LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA



Consistent Winner of Major Wine Awards Since 1889

FREE TRIAL OFFER

on the famous

Manchester Guardian

YOU ARE INVITED to read the next four issues of the *Manchester Guardian*, weekly air edition, *at our risk.* This famous publication brings you a *fresh viewpoint* on British and world affairs—especially on the confusing questions of Korea, East vs. West, and the internal situation in England today. You will also like the *Guardian's* lucid editorial style . . . its brilliant dispatches by Alistair Cooke (Peabody Award Winner, author of *A Generation on Trial*, and *one Man's America*) . . . its global reports . . . its special political and literary articles . . . its music, art and drama section. Above all, you'll like its sincere outspoken journalism, its courageous thinking, its refusal to succumb to mob hysteria. Want to sample this unusual newspaper—*at no risk?* Accept our Free Examination Offer by mailing the coupon below.

"The Guardian is far more important than its circulation indicates . . . it is known and read throughout the world." (N. Y. Times) "Unquestionably, one of the world's half-dozen great newspapers." (Time Magazine).

Mail Coupon for Special Free Offer
THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, H7
53 E. 51 St., New York 22, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to the Manchester Guardian, Weekly Air Edition, as checked below. If not satisfied after seeing the first four issues, I may cancel and get a full refund. My payment is enclosed.

☐ 1 year, $6.50 20-week trial, $2

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone.....State.....

P & O

Italian life. This story goes back to 1925, a time when he was himself a young man in Italy, and it carries the feeling of a past that is distant indeed but not dead.

Mr. Tucci was born in Lugano, Switzerland; his Italian father and Russian mother settled in Florence and then in the countryside of Tuscany, but they sent their sons abroad occasionally—"in order to remember that we were cosmopolitans and not just nationals of one country alone." He began early to practice writing in German and English as well as Italian. The Tuscan flavor suits this story well.

Since 1938 Mr. Tucci has been in this country; he is married and has children of his own. (See "The Schemers" in *Harper's* for August 1946.) He writes for the *New Yorker*, for *Partisan Review*, and for various Italian magazines, and has written a book for children.

Rudi Lesser, who made the drawings for "The Death of the Maid," was trained in art in his native Berlin; he has worked in Scandinavia and, since coming to this country six years ago, has had one-man shows of his prints in the Smithsonian Institution and the Baltimore Museum.

Poetic Origins

"Poems from a Cage" (p. 34) actually came from ***Dilys Laing*** in Norwich, Vermont; its name is symbolic of the inspiration and limitations of art and the artist. Mrs. Laing, who is the author of a novel and three volumes of verse, as well as the wife of poet-novelist Alexander Laing and mother of the rocketeer and stamp collector, eleven-year-old David Laing, told us that the history of this poem parallels its meaning. "The first part came, like the angel, all glory and no work. At the line, 'Go—poor creature!' the creature went. I was left in my cage alone to work out the ending. And I've never worked harder."

"Goodbye Means *God Be With You*" (p. 91) came from ***Patricia Martin*** in Philadelphia. Mrs. Martin, whose verse has appeared in a number of magazines, is the wife of Gustav J. Martin, the author of *Biological Antagonism,* a scientific reference work.

KNOW PLACES & PRICES
Get The GIMLET
For 24 Years
THE GUIDE AND HANDBOOK
FOR SMART TRAVELERS
Where to go. What to see. The Costs. How to Get There

CANADA thru FLORIDA, and Enroute, Nassau, West Indies, includes New York City. 208 Pages, 300 Pictures. *Hotels, Restaurants, Prices. Hiway Data, Cruises. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS: Silver Springs, Fla. Florida's Underwater Fairyland, Bellingrath Gardens, Charm Spot of Deep South, Mobile, Ala., Natural Bridge, Va., etc. Price, $1.00; Doubledays, Brentanos or send $1.00 for postpaid copy or $1.50 (year's subscription) (2 issues) to The Gimlet, Dept. 80, 551 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*

Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

Ste. Adele, Canada — STE. ADELE LODGE
Ste. Marguerite, Canada — ALPINE INN
Boston, Mass. — SHERATON PLAZA
North Conway, N. H. — EASTERN SLOPE INN
New York, N. Y. — SHERATON PLAZA
Philadelphia, Pa. — BARCLAY
Baltimore, Md. — SHERATON-BELVEDERE
Washington, D. C. — SHOREHAM
Jacksonville, Fla. — GEORGE WASHINGTON
Daytona Beach, Fla. — SHERATON PLAZA
West Palm Beach, Fla. — GEORGE WASHINGTON
Miami, Fla. — THE COLUMBUS
Miami Beach, Fla. — TOWERS
St. Petersburg, Fla. — ISLE DE CAPRI
Tampa, Fla. — GULF WINDS VILLAS & APTS.
Jamaica, B. W. I. — TIDES FLORIDIAN
MYRTLE BANK TOWER ISLE

Typical Recommended Restaurants

N. Y. City — CAVANAGH'S, GAME COCK, MADELEINE'S, KING OF THE SEA, LUM FONG, DAVY JONES SEA-FOOD HOUSE, OLD BREW HOUSE, PRESS BOX
Washington, D. C. — HARVEYS
Jacksonville, Fla. — GEORGE WASHINGTON RAINBOW ROOM
Miami, Fla. — COLUMBUS HOTEL DINING ROOMS
Tampa, Fla. — LAS NOVEDADES

Use American Express Travelers Cheques To Protect Your Travel Funds.

Impartial Advice

on SCHOOLS and COLLEGES is offered by our Information Bureau. No fees involved. Use coupon below.

Address **Mrs. Lewis D. Bement,**
Director of Educational Guidance

Information Bureau
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me catalogs of the following schools and colleges:

.....

.....

.....

I would be glad to have you suggest schools or colleges. (Check)

Boys ☐ Girls ☐ Coed ☐
Age ☐

Location preferred.....

Other requirements.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....10-52

Tallulah

BY

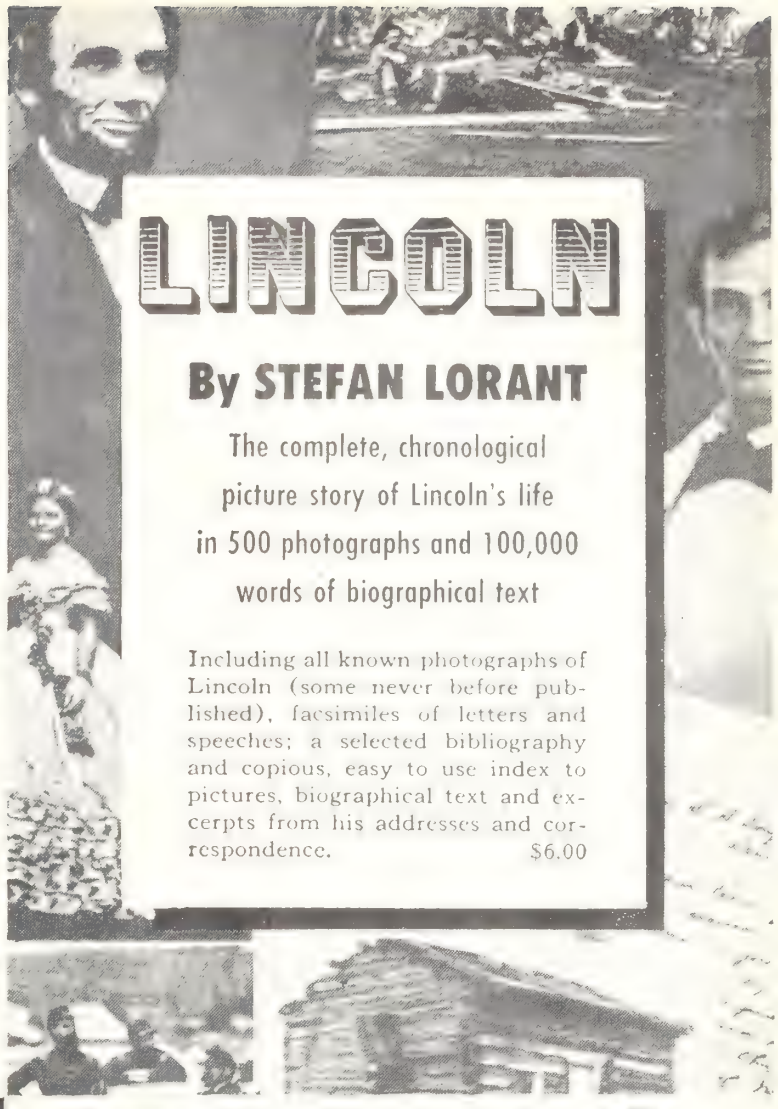
Tallulah Bankhead

AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHY



MARCUS BLECHMAN

A whirlwind of a book, written with the free-swinging independence that has made its heroine the most talked-about figure in show business. Illustrated with 24 pages of photographs and a full-color frontispiece. $3.95



LINCOLN

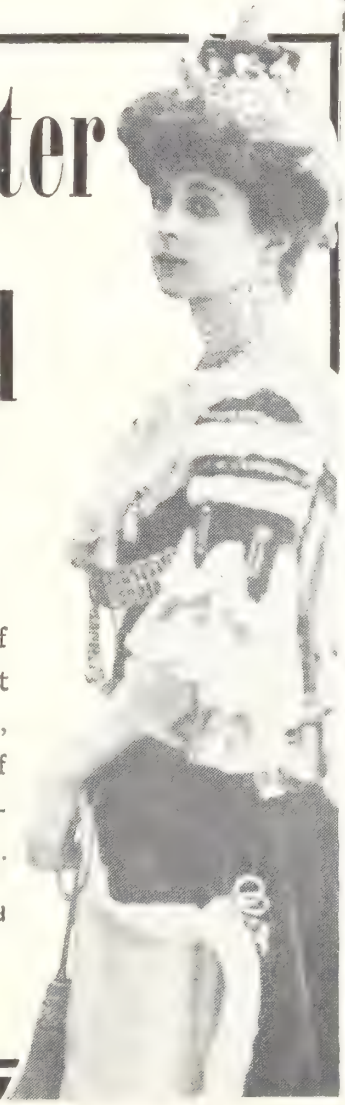
By STEFAN LORANT

The complete, chronological picture story of Lincoln's life in 500 photographs and 100,000 words of biographical text

Including all known photographs of Lincoln (some never before published), facsimiles of letters and speeches; a selected bibliography and copious, easy to use index to pictures, biographical text and excerpts from his addresses and correspondence. $6.00

The Glitter and The Gold

By CONSUELO VANDERBILT BALSAN



The autobiography of Consuelo Vanderbilt who, at the age eighteen, became the Duchess of Marlborough and mistress of Blenheim Palace.

With full-color frontispiece and 32 pages of photographs. $4.00

PRISONER OF GRACE

By JOYCE CARY

Author of The Horse's Mouth, etc.



A brand-new novel, brimful of surprises, abounding in vitality and bounce, wherein the creator of Gulley Jimson paints the portrait of a political titan — as his wife sees him. $3.50

At all bookstores **HARPER & BROTHERS**

L E T T E R S

Children and God—

To the Editors:

It was of great interest to me to read Mrs. Priscilla Robertson's article, "What Shall I Tell My Children?" [August]. I, too, belong to that group of persons brought up without a belief in God.

Mrs. Robertson touches on an important problem for parents like us. I agree that one must be frank with children. But I feel that children have a right to become acquainted fully with the varied religious heritage of the race, regardless of their parents' personal stand on the matter. Mrs. Robertson does not mention this.

I began to read extensively in order to broaden my religious knowledge for my children's benefit. This led to close self-examination and personal struggle. I discovered that I no longer held the views I had grown up with.

Mrs. Robertson relies upon science, but science alone cannot provide the answer. Science deals with facts and is not concerned with interpretations of facts or with moral values. An ethical code is not an end in itself but more a part of man's response to his affirmation of God. . . .

Many people like Mrs. Robertson and her father (and my mother) have not encouraged the belief in God for still another reason: they did not want their children to experience its loss. I do not believe that it is kind to attempt to spare someone from the upheaval of soul-searching experiences. It is out of such periods of doubt and depression that spiritual growth and rebirth are possible.

My three children are aged ten, seven, and one. I have chosen the Christian faith.

Mrs. William Robert Kapp
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

I found Mrs. Robertson's article most provocative. I hope you will publish other articles by parents with different outlooks who are struggling with this important problem with as much integrity as Mrs. Robertson is.

Although there are more fundamental points at which I take issue with Mrs. Robertson, there is one of her arguments which I particularly deplore. It is doubtless true that there are neurotics inside the church as well as out, and people of enormous courage, compassion, and honesty outside the church as well as in. But the conclusion she seems to draw from such observation does not seem to me legitimately to follow. For example, that religious faith "does not make people live happier or die easier or accept the deaths of their beloved ones with more equanimity."

If our Christian churches were more exclusive, we would doubtless make a better showing than we do now. But as most of our churches are open to all who realize their need for salvation, it is not surprising that we are, as we admit, groups of sinners. . . . Yet my experience as a Christian minister makes me believe that those few who have gone deepest in our faith and most truly devoted themselves to God *do* live happier, die easier, accept the deaths of their loved ones with more equanimity—and also live far more loving lives—than those without deep Christian faith. . . .

The Reverend Laura Berthold
Hanover, N. H.

To the Editors:

I have just read with much pleasure Priscilla Robertson's article. I think it can be fairly said that Mrs. Robertson is a Christian in the substantive sense of the term. She evidences what is to me . . . essentially a fundamental Christian approach, divorced from the formalism and resultant traditionalism which have combined in the past to obscure and distort the basic teachings of Christ. Her entire article is permeated with the spirit of Christ—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Certainly if Christ sought to teach mankind anything, it was the meaning and value of love. . . .

From what Mrs. Robertson tells us of the philosophy which she does teach her children, it seems to me she is, perhaps unknowingly, teaching them a most important part of the philosophy of God and His Son without directly identifying Them to her children as, in my humble opinion, the best source of that philosophy.

John S. Bottomly
Boston, Mass.

To the Editors:

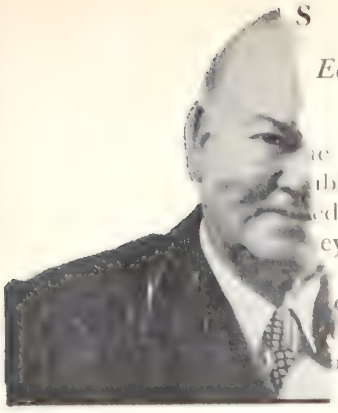
Priscilla Robertson's article certainly did not convince or move me to tell my child her unholy beliefs. I can't imagine life being happy or worthwhile without believing in a Supreme Being. . . . I would merely be existing without cause instead of preparing myself with good works and prayer for a jubilant after-life in Paradise. I'm glad Mrs. Robertson's sympathizers and free-thinkers are a minority group.

Mrs. John G. Quinn
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

"What Shall I Tell My Children?" by Priscilla Robertson says what millions of parents need to say and to hear from other parents. Congratulations to you and the author for meeting a real need that is so often answered with timidity and evasion instead of the courage and truth shown in this article.

Mrs. Martha P. Poole
Washington, D. C



S

Economist

e Econo-
blish in-
d in the
eynes has
British
come to
's head
bout the

here are
ngerous
ler Pro-
danger
lems and emergencies wi he en-
nce he is
This is the complet Advisory
Hoover administration a for Eco-
followed.

A remarkable exp ORTNEY
Memoirs will be eagerly k, N. Y.
above all as a vital staten

n —

THE GREAT DEPR
political testament, provi

" . . . perhaps the bes to get
man of letters our c ce on
duced." — *The Saturdc* lazar,"
e best
resent
at has

« Schools and Colleges »

NEW YORK

Peekskill
MILITARY ACADEMY
119th yr. Successful preparation for all colleges. Fully accredited. *Grades 3-12.* Non profit. Military — Jr. ROTC program. Small classes. Athletic program for all. Swim pool. **Separate Jr. School,** grades 3-8. Housemother. *Mention grade & interests when writing for catalog.* **Enter now.**
HEADMASTER, BOX 710, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

NEW JERSEY



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS
INDIVIDUALIZED PLAN— EACH STUDENT A CLASS
For those with educational problems — successful college preparation and general edu-

MAINE

OAK GROVE A Friends' School for Girls. Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious, Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Speech. Grades 7-12 and P.G. for H.S. Grads needing intensive review before College. Riding included. Beautiful new fireproof Quadrangle. MR. and MRS. ROBERT OWEN, Box 120, VASSALBORO, MAINE.

VIRGINIA

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY
ONE SUBJECT PLAN upper school has increased honor students 50%. Develops concentration. Accredited ROTC highest rating. Mode'n bldgs., 2 gyms, pool. Separate Jr. School, grades 1-7. ONE SUBJECT PLAN booklet and catalog. DR. J. C. WICKER, Box 810, FORK UNION, VA.

NORTH CAROLINA

PINELAND COLLEGE - EDWARDS MILITARY INSTITUTE
Every age, every grade. For boy and girl: Kindergarten through Junior College. Fully accredited. Military for boys. Small classes. All-inclusive cost: $765, boy or girl, for 9 months term (plus uniforms for boys). Also Summer Session. For catalog, write
W. J. BLANCHARD, President, SALEMBURG, N. C.

ILLINOIS

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS
Fashion Merchandising with Modeling. Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Interior Decoration, Commercial Art, Photography, Window Display. Coeducational. Attractive residence for girls. Entr. monthly. Write Registrar Room 750.
RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS, 750 N. Michigan, CHICAGO 11

WISCONSIN

ver's
ob-
he
h

$5.00

y one of the finest historical
ir time." — *John K. M.*

HUG tevens
e sur-
ly be
which
WALPC artin
iga

by

Rupert Hart-Davis

A jovial, myopic, best-selling bachelor lives again in this richly entertaining biography. From Walpole's journals and his extensive correspondence, Rupert Hart-Davis has created an intimate and living study of a novelist at work and has captured the spirit of British literary life in the first half of the 20th century.

$5.00



MAN ON
DONKEY

by

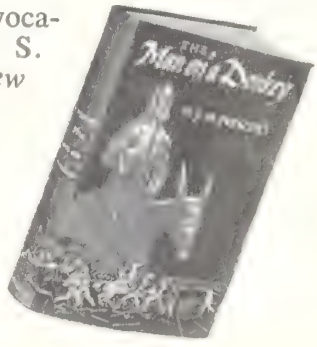
H. F. M. Prescott

"GREAT AND SHATTERING . . . it has the power of translating anguish into vision." — *Helen Wadell*

"POWERFUL . . . learned and moving." — *Mark Van Doren*

"BRILLIANT . . . evocation of life." — V. S. Pritchett in *The New York Times*

A tremendous chronicle of 16th century England. $5.00



at all bookstores

The Macmillan Company

THERE'S AN *Easier Way* TO GET UPSTAIRS



Yes, people who should avoid stair-climbing can get up and down stairs easily and comfortably by installing an INCLIN-ATOR, the stair-climbing lift. Installation is simple, leaving stairs unobstructed when not in use.

INCLIN-ATOR . . . Designed for the straight stairway. Operates on house current and folds neatly against the wall when not in use. Installed without architectural change. The most economical home lift.



"ELEVETTE", for those who prefer a Vertical lift, is a small household elevator, easily installed in stairwell, hall, room-corner or closet, in new or existing homes.

Write for literature and name of nearest dealer.

INCLINATOR COMPANY OF AMERICA

2214 Paxton Blvd. Harrisburg, Pa.

GO PLACES

LISTEN and LEARN A LANGUAGE by LINGUAPHONE IN 20 MINUTES A DAY

World's-Standard CONVERSATIONAL METHOD

You can step into a whole new world of business and cultural opportunities—double your travel enjoyment, increase your chances for specialized work in the Armed Services—when you speak another language.

FRENCH
SPANISH
GERMAN
RUSSIAN
JAPANESE
NORWEGIAN

—any of 29 LANGUAGES available

NO TEXTBOOK CAN TEACH YOU TO SPEAK

With Linguaphone, you bring a foreign land right into your own home. You learn another language the same easy, natural way you learned English as a child, long before you went to school. You listen—you hear native men and women speak about everyday matters. You understand—you SPEAK! You read and write.

WORLD-WIDE EDUCATIONAL ENDORSEMENT

Used internationally by thousands of schools, colleges, Armed Services, government agencies, and over a million home study students.

FREE book gives fascinating facts. STOP WISHING—START TALKING. Mail coupon TODAY!

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
410 Radio City New York 20, N. Y.
Approved for VETERANS' Training

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

Linguaphone Institute
410 Radio City, N. Y. 20, N. Y.
Send me your FREE book. I want to learn .....
language, for ..... purpose
Name ..
Address .....
City .....Zone ...

LETTERS

To the Editors:

I found Mrs. Robertson's article most provocative. I hope you will publish other articles by parents with different outlooks who are struggling with this important problem with as much integrity as Mrs. Robertson is.

Although there are more fundamental points at which I take issue with Mrs. Robertson, there is one of her arguments which I particularly deplore. It is doubtless true that there are neurotics inside the church as well as out, and people of enormous courage, compassion, and honesty outside the church as well as in. But the conclusion she seems to draw from such observation does not seem to me legitimately to follow. For example, that religious with "does not make people live happier or die easier or accept the deaths of their beloved ones with more equanimity."

If our Christian churches were more exclusive, we would doubtless make a better showing than we do now. But as most of our churches are open to all who realize their need for salvation, it is not surprising that we are, as we admit, groups

All for the Duchess—

To the Editors:

I love you for Pamela Frankau's story, "The Duchess and the Smugs" [August]. It's so beautifully written and all the more effective for following Priscilla Robertson's "What Shall I Tell My Children?"—as you knew of course when you planned them in that order.

Those two women apparently agree on the essential points of a common philosophy—importance of love and openness to experience—and as it comes out in two different forms of writing one is impressed with the power of fiction. . . .

MRS. WILLYS W. FOLSOM
San Antonio, Tex.

To the Editors:

I cannot resist writing to say how

wife and I enjoyed "The d the Smugs." . . .

PAUL E. MEEHL
Minneapolis, Minn.

ditors:

convey my thanks and con- ons to Pamela Frankau for y, "The Duchess and the

KENNETH HARWOOD
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Editors:

article isn't ordinarily care much fo of Chris ie fiction, but enjoyed th neighbor by Pamela Frankau ver Christ sou . . thing, it of love. .

MRS. ANGELA CAMERL
Glendale, Cal.

nonious Accident—

From us of the

e Editors:

teach he she is, her suffering because my tw ing the e magazines which lie on m the phil have had covers whose colo without this month they both have her chi iful mauve.

opinion s that an accident? I'd like t philoso the *Atlantic* and *Harper* ed this harmony. I want t ou how much I appreciate th iful color of your Augu zine.

FLORENCE MAE WOLF
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

ngerous Inflation—

To the Editors:

Prisc tainly to tell I can' nth.

I suggest that "How Capitalism Committing Suicide" would ha been a more appropriate title the article by Professor Slichter th "How Bad is Inflation?" [August].

Words cannot convey to you t indignation aroused by this artic among business men and economi who manage somehow to keep th good sense despite the outpouri of insanities by some of our colle professors.

You are probably aware of a sim lar article which appeared in t *Economist* of London under the ti "An Age of Inflation" by an anon mous writer. However, the editor the *Economist* refuted the argume in the article concluding in fav of inflation as a way of life.

When Professor Charles Rist, joying a well deserved world-wi

reputation, read the *Economist* article, he wrote to me:

> For a magazine like the *Economist* to have come to publish insanities like those embodied in the article simply proves that Keynes has befuddled the minds of the British to a point where they have come to believe that to walk on one's head or to walk on one's feet is about the same thing.

Among the professors there are many "irresponsible and dangerous thinkers." However, I consider Professor Slichter particularly dangerous because of the reputation he enjoys among business men, since he is a member of the Research Advisory Board of the Committee for Economic Development. . . .

PHILIP CORTNEY
New York, N. Y.

Portuguese Reaction—

To the Editors:

I'm glad that you were able to get Edmund Stevens to do a piece on Portugal ["Portugal Under Salazar," August] because the result is the best and clearest report on the present condition of that country that has been published anywhere.

You realize that what Mr. Stevens reports is a mere scratch of the surface; the details would probably be the kind of tragic story at which your writer John Bartlow Martin excels.

Chances are that again your magazine will be confiscated from the mails and even denied permission ever to enter Portugal again. Under the present regime that may be considered an honor, and for that matter you may recall that when last September you published a report on Spain ["Spain Against Franco"], Franco's partner in Portugal, Salazar, suppressed your magazine from the mails and shadowed anyone who did receive it.

I think that Mr. Stevens need not be afraid of any expected protest that officials of the Portuguese regime might send in to you. All of his facts are easily substantiated. In the case, however, the name of a general that should be Godinho appears as Gordinho. . . .

CHRISTIAN F. RENDEIRO
Hartford, Conn.

« Schools and Colleges »

NEW YORK

Peekskill
MILITARY ACADEMY
119th yr. Successful preparation for all colleges. Fully accredited. *Grades 3-12.* Non profit. Military — Jr. ROTC program. Small classes. Athletic program for all. Swim pool. **Separate Jr. School,** grades 3-8. Housemother. *Mention grade & interests when writing for catalog.* **Enter now.**
HEADMASTER, BOX 710, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

MAINE

OAK GROVE A Friends School for Girls. Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious, Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Speech. Grades 7-12 and P.G. for H.S. Grads needing intensive review before College. Riding included. Beautiful new fireproof Quadrangle. MR. and MRS. ROBERT OWEN, Box 120, VASSALBORO, MAINE.

VIRGINIA

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY
ONE SUBJECT PLAN (upper school) has increased honor students 50%. Develops concentration. Accredited. ROTC highest rating. Modern bldgs., 2 gyms, pool. Separate Jr. School, grades 1-7. ONE SUBJECT PLAN booklet and catalog. DR. J. C. WICKER, Box 810, FORK UNION, VA.

NORTH CAROLINA

PINELAND COLLEGE - EDWARDS MILITARY INSTITUTE
Every age, every grade! For boys and girls. Kindergarten through Junior College. Fully accredited. Military for boys. Small classes. All inclusive cost $750; boys & girls, for 9 months term (plus uniforms for boys). Also Summer Session. For catalog, write
W. J. BLANCHARD, President, SALEMBURG, N. C.

ILLINOIS

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS
Fashion Merchandising with Modeling, Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Interior Decoration, Commercial Art, Photography, Window Display. Coeducational. Attractive residence for girls. Entr. monthly. Write Registrar Room 730.
RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS, 750 N. Michigan, CHICAGO 11

WISCONSIN

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY
Graduates in 135 colleges, service academies. Accredited. Small, conference type classes. Highest War Dept. rating. Modern buildings. Sports include golf, flying, riding. In Wisconsin's Land o'Lakes. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Catalog.
12102 DE KOVEN HALL, DELAFIELD, WISCONSIN

MINNESOTA

SHATTUCK SCHOOL
Accredited, grades 9-12. Balanced educational, religious, military program. Preparatory or general. Small classes. ROTC. Sports for all: gym, pool, armory, golf. Many activities. Episcopal. Est. 1858. Summer School-Camp. *Catalog.* Director of Admissions.
529 SHUMWAY HALL, FARIBAULT, MINN.

NEW JERSEY



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS
INDIVIDUALIZED PLAN— EACH STUDENT A CLASS
For those with educational problems — successful college preparation and general education. **Our tests discover causes of difficulties** and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and the science of study.
Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 46 years' experience
Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster
OXFORD ACADEMY
Box H-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

HOME STUDY

YOU CAN EDUCATE YOUR CHILD AT HOME
Kindergarten through 9th grade. With Calvert courses mothers can give their children a sound education at home. Calvert-guided instructions. All lessons, books provided. Students transfer successfully. Start any time. Unique Crafts Course. **Catalog.** Give child's age and grade.
CALVERT SCHOOL 710 Tuscany Rd. Baltimore 10, Md.

SPECIAL SCHOOL

PERKINS SCHOOL
A year round residence school for the Scientific Study and Education of children of retarded development. Constant, sympathetic supervision. Individual training. Five home-like, attractive buildings. 30 acres of campus and gardens. Summer session in Maine.
FRANKLIN H. PERKINS, M.D., Dir.,
BOX 11, LANCASTER, MASS.

DENNISON SCHOOL OF SPEECH CORRECTION
Stammering or Stuttering corrected by modern scientific methods. Dormitory and summer camp. Our helpful 48-page booklet gives full information. Write today for free copy.
WM. DENNISON, Director
543-R Jarvis St., TORONTO, CAN.

THE SPEECH CLINIC AT MARTIN HALL
Opens 3 times every 15 weeks in residential clinic for persons with serious speech problems. Also certified teacher training courses. Write
MARION BOUMAN GILES, Director, BRISTOL, R. I.

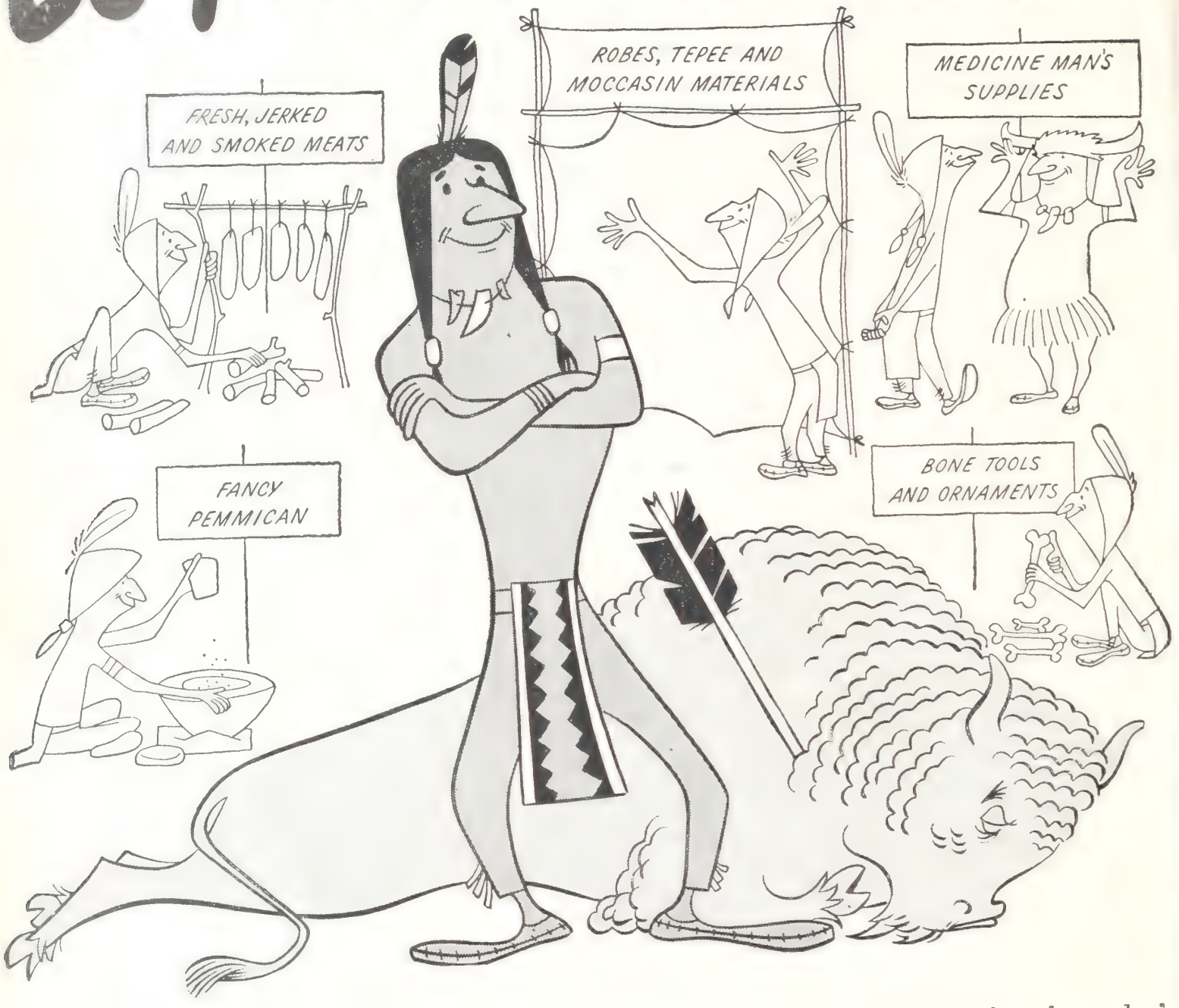
TRAVEL

MRS. HARWOOD KAMMERER
February 1 - July 1, 1953 Europe - 9 countries. The Coronation. Travel, classes in art, languages under experienced native teachers. Recreation, social contacts. Group of 10 girls, ages 18 to 25.
MRS. KAMMERER, TYRINGHAM, MASS.

PARENTS

Are you considering a new school for your boy or girl for next year? Now is the time to start investigating. Mrs. Lewis D. Bement, our educational advisor, will be very glad to suggest schools for you to become acquainted with. A personal visit to a school during the regular term is always advantageous for then you not only see the manner of teaching in action, but also have a first hand view of the children themselves. It is wise not to delay choosing the right school for your child, for this is not a matter to be handled hurriedly. Write the details of your school problem to Mrs. Bement.

LO! the first Meat Packer



When an Indian brave got sick, the medicine man used a fancy buffalo-horn headdress to scare out the evil spirit.

Today, your physician uses insulin, cortisone, epinephrine and other "wonder drugs" that are considerably more effective, but come from the same source—*meat animals.*

This, and other examples in the cartoon above, shows that our first citizens depended on meat animals in many ways—just as we do today.

But there's a big, important difference (aside from modern efficiency and the fact that today's packers have to pay for their raw materials). The Indian tribe had to follow its meat supply from one hunting ground to another.

Now, more than 4,000 meat packing companies, serving as assembly points for livestock and distribution centers for meat, allow us to stay put, and let the meat come to us.

Meat packers not only provide meat *where* we want it—*how* we want it—*when* we want it, but they do so at the *lowest service cost* of almost any food.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Headquarters, Chicago • *Members throughout the U. S.*

Harper's MAGAZINE

The Ordeal of General Ike

David F. Schoenbrun

THE toughest six months of General Eisenhower's life began on the night of January 6, 1952. As it happened, he himself was asleep when the event took place that was to change his whole way of life and plunge him into a difficult period of outward adjustment and inner torment.

At eleven o'clock on the evening of Sunday, January 6, the silence of the almost empty press room at SHAPE, the General's headquarters in the Marly Forest in France, was broken by the shrill ring of a telephone. Only one man was there to answer, Lieutenant Colonel Harry Connally, an Air Force public-relations officer, who was assigned as late duty officer that night. The "Little Pentagon" of Europe was ablaze with light but the long low corridors were empty.

The voice on the telephone came from Paris, twelve miles away—the dry voice of a news agency editor: "Hello, Harry? Just got a bulletin from Washington. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. has announced formation of an Eisenhower-for-President movement. What about it—what's your comment on Ike becoming a candidate?"

Colonel Connally bit into his cigar firmly and growled in reply: "So what?"

This short brush-off caused considerable merriment afterward, and the official spokesman became jocularly known throughout Paris as "So-what Connally." But at the moment he was accurately reflecting the attitude of most people at SHAPE and indeed of the Supreme Commander himself. General Eisenhower was a military man and any political agitation on his behalf was none of his business. Even the next day General Eisenhower did not deign to see reporters to comment on the start of his Presidential campaign. It was not until late in the afternoon of Monday, January 7, that we got any kind of reaction from him, and then it was a statement read for him by his chief P.R.O., Brigadier General Charles Lanham. Ike had left his office about an hour and a half early, ducking the crowd of clamoring newsmen.

It seems difficult to believe now, in retrospect, that when Lanham read the Eisenhower words, "I am a Republican," there was a rush to put the news on the wires; that this was the first time the General had ever publicly revealed his political affiliation; and that up to this moment there had actually been speculation about the Democrats offering him the nomination on their ticket.

David F. Schoenbrun, CBS correspondent in Paris, is the only American reporter who "covered" General Eisenhower both at SHAPE and after his return to the United States, clear through to the end of the Republican convention.

The communiqué continued with a statement that was to cause the General much subsequent anguish—that he would not seek relief from his military duty, would not actively seek the nomination, would not "engage in the preconvention activities" of his friends, and would only "respond to a clear call to higher duty." This was tantamount to saying, "Draft me if you like, but don't expect me to lift a finger to help you."

For weeks thereafter those words of Ike's were to come back to taunt him, as it became increasingly clear that the Republican party would not draft him, but that he would have to seek relief from military duty and come home to campaign. But at the moment he really felt he could hold himself aloof.

ALMOST at once, however, we began to realize that something was wrong, that Ike was off balance. He threw around him what we soon began to call a "khaki curtain." He surrounded himself with a twelve-man staff of public-relations officers, headed by "Buck" Lanham, whose chief mission it was to prevent any correspondents from seeing the General; or, if they did, to prevent any talk of politics. Lanham personally sat in on every interview, and all of them were off the record. Each reporter was sternly warned in advance to avoid political subjects, and at the first mention of politics he was ushered out of the General's presence.

To those of us who had known Ike during the great years of the liberation campaign this was bewildering. He had always enjoyed the most friendly relations with the press: easy, informal, trusting on both sides. Few men in public life had been as accessible or as free and informative when talking with reporters. But now, suddenly, he had become a clam. And Lanham, normally an amiable man, became gruff and short-tempered, harried not only by pressures from the regular press corps but by dozens of long-distance calls from the States, from columnists, commentators, and editors who wanted to get an interview by phone or a series of answers to questions. This was a new Eisenhower and a new public-relations policy.

His managers back home went ahead hoping he would help them. A giant rally was organized for Madison Square Garden, New York, complete with movie and radio stars and distinguished citizens. The evening of the rally, word was circulated that Ike himself would be listening in by special short-wave radio in his house at Marnes-la-Coquette, and was even going to send a word of greeting by radio telephone. I called the duty officer that night to check on the report. Said Major Robert Cranston, in reply: "Oh nuts, Dave, you know Ike won't do that. He's fast asleep, been asleep since 9:30, and he's not going to get up at 4:00 A.M. to listen to New York."

The first big test of the Eisenhower candidacy came in the New Hampshire primary on March 11—the first open test of strength with Taft and the first indication of Eisenhower's vote-getting appeal. He won it handily and his managers rejoiced. But not Ike. He said politely that he was of course honored to learn that so many fellow-Americans thought so well of him that they could recommend him for the highest office in the land; but that was all. The General was still a general, still thought that politics could be sealed off from his military headquarters.

He told friends in Paris that politics and the Army *must* be kept apart; that if the day ever should come when American officer-candidates were chosen not for their military ability but for their political potential, our Army would be ruined; and that if the Army became political, then our democracy would be ruined.

But he was finding that politics could not be sealed off.

II

THE Lisbon Conference was called for February. It was to be the climactic conference of the Atlantic Pact, settling schedules for rearmament for the next three years, and settling, too, the problem of Germany's association with that Pact.

Eisenhower, as Supreme Commander, had a key role to play at Lisbon. He had a vital stake in the decisions to be reached there, for the success of his command depended on them. But the Lisbon Conference and the Atlantic Pact were targets for sharp criticism by leading Republicans including Senator Taft, the General's chief rival for the Republican nomination, and Herbert Hoover, who was strongly in favor of reliance upon air power rather than collective security pacts. If

the General went to Lisbon, his presence there would dramatize his advocacy of collective security and his position as the executor of Democratic Administration policies. After considerable soul-searching—during which he wrote for advice to his former assistant, Omar Bradley, who had become chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—the General decided not to go to Lisbon. Instead, he sent his chief of staff, General Alfred M. Gruenther. Later he sent Gruenther to Washington to testify on the Administration's foreign-aid programs. For he realized that in Washington, as in Lisbon, anything he did would inevitably take on a political coloration.

During the next few weeks Ike was manifestly going through the inner torment of a man who could not come to a clear-cut decision, and who realized that by trying both to do his military duty and to "be available" for political candidacy, he was coming as close as he had ever come to violating his own basic principles of honesty and straightforwardness. He had thrown a khaki curtain about himself at SHAPE, but there were glaring holes in it; for he was writing letters, and it seemed as if every letter that he wrote to the States immediately burst into print there. The newsmen at SHAPE protested hotly at the publication of political letters, like one giving his views on the tidelands-oil question, at a time when they were still being told that the General would not talk politics when in uniform. As the protests and pressures mounted, Ike became even more inaccessible. His smile was gone, lines formed on his forehead, and you could see the nervousness and fatigue in his face. His harried condition became so obvious that his personal physician put out a special communiqué about the General's health, insisting that he was in perfect form, just at his best "fighting weight"—a most unusual communiqué about a Supreme Commander.

Pretty soon a new phenomenon appeared at this schizophrenic military-political headquarters. A mysterious, gray-haired, professorial-looking civilian was to be seen walking the corridors of SHAPE and ducking in and out of the Supreme Commander's office. This was Kevin McCann, President of Defiance College in Ohio, an old-time friend of Ike's and a wartime staff assistant of his. Newsmen soon discovered that he had no military assignment; instead, he was writing a biography of Eisenhower—to be published on May 19 as *The Man from Abilene*—a highly political panegyric. McCann had an office in SHAPE and saw the General frequently. He also produced a series of articles printed by the New York *Herald Tribune* to show where the General stood on the major issues of the day; it included one long letter written to an "anonymous friend" with a mine of information on Ike's views. The "anonymous friend" was never officially revealed; but correspondents at SHAPE soon became convinced that he was McCann himself, who had got Ike to write the letter to clarify his political ideas.

Surely for a man who believed in keeping military affairs and politics separate, and who refused to talk with reporters about political matters, such close co-operation with the author of an approved biography and a series of political articles meant skating along the thin edge of honesty. And no one knew this better than the General himself. No wonder he had become irritable, short-tempered, and worried. Unwittingly he had maneuvered himself into an untenable situation, in which he was inevitably miserable.

III

THEN came a new turning point on the General's political road. Late in March the wires brought the news that over a hundred thousand Minnesotans had taken the trouble to write in the name Eisenhower on that state's primary ballot. It was the biggest write-in in American political history. Hundreds did not even know how to spell his name, but wrote in "Eisenhauer" or "Isenhour" or just plain "Ike."

The General was deeply moved. This, to him, meant far more than the New Hampshire vote. It meant that there was a real groundswell for him. He knew now that he had made a mistake on January 7 and that he would have to do something about his candidacy; he could no longer remain wholly non-political. Yet he still clung stubbornly to the belief that he would not have to become an active campaigner. And he was bewildered as to what to do.

He called in Buck Lanham and told him the time had come to see some of the newsmen. Not only must he comment on the

extraordinary Minnesota phenomenon, but he felt that he needed help and advice from those reporters whom he had in the past regarded as his friends. He had to "talk it over with the boys." So Lanham called up a dozen correspondents representing the major American agencies, networks, and daily papers, and invited them to an off-the-record luncheon. (The off-the-record restriction was the usual one enforced for military security, but we knew we would be able to make general use of the information for background purposes.)

The restriction on that luncheon has never been lifted and I am still not at liberty to quote what took place there, though by now most of what Ike told us has become public. But at least I can say that he told us that Minnesota had caught him by surprise, that he knew now that he could not keep politics and the Army separate, and that he would have to take off his uniform and go home. He wanted our advice on what sort of statement we expected him to make.

An hour after he left us, Lanham put out a statement in which the General said that he had been "touched" by the spontaneous movement for him in Minnesota, and that the result there had forced him to reconsider his statement of January 7. But beyond that he would not go. Naturally this set off a chain-reaction of speculation as to what his reconsideration would lead to.

What he was actually doing was writing to the President and the Secretary of Defense asking to be relieved of his assignment as Supreme Commander. But we were not to know this until many days later. Not until April 11 was the news released from the White House. And meanwhile there was going to take place, on April 2, the celebration of the first anniversary of the activation of his SHAPE headquarters, with a major address by the Supreme Commander to be beamed by radio to all the fourteen member nations and to the United States, and by sound-film recording for nation-wide television release in the United States.

However, the General was still in no position to announce his decision to give up his European job; he insisted, as always, that this celebration was to be a military event; but the fact that he knew he would be listened to as a political candidate rather than as the Supreme Commander made him more uneasy than I had ever seen him before. It was my unpleasant duty, as chairman of the SHAPE Correspondents' Association for radio and television, to deal with Lanham and Ike on the arrangements for recording this speech on tape and on film. Lanham made no secret of the fact that Ike hated the whole idea, that he hated cameras above all, that he would do the thing in his own way and we would have to take what he gave us.

At first he wanted to do his radio, television, and newsreel recording in the privacy of his own office, with his own military assistants in charge and with no newsmen present. And even though a howl of protest led to my being admitted to observe and recommend proper procedures, the occasion was a strange one.

We were brought into the conference room hours in advance, set up our equipment, and waited. At last the General strode in flanked by a dozen or so officers. His reading of his speech was a poor performance technically: he read it from a notebook on his desk, so that he was constantly bending down with his bald head to the camera and the lights glinting on it (he wore no TV makeup). When I intervened twice to ask him to keep his head up, and then suggested close-up retakes of the four major points of the speech, he scowled and his eyes blazed with anger. General Lanham pulled me away, saying, "Listen, Dave, cameras make Ike nervous. He's so jumpy now that he might explode at any minute and then we'll get nothing from him. Take what you can and be satisfied."

This was not the familiar Eisenhower. And it occurred to me that what made him most uncomfortable was the fact that our suggestions were designed to help him by presenting him at his best. He was in a mood of self-flagellation, as though he were punishing himself for having even as little to do with politics as he did; he seemed stubbornly determined to put his worst face forward. The Great Compromiser, who had built his career on his charm, amiability, and knack for getting people to pull together as a team, found himself in a situation like that of a general having to meet a two-front attack; he was angrily doing everything wrong, almost willfully wrong, as if he hated himself for the spot he had got himself into. This was a stranger we were dealing with, not good old Ike.

When the news broke of his request for relief from his assignment, on April 11, I headed immediately for Lanham's office for another conference on how we were to handle the General's comment on the event the next morning. I thought that this time he would be relaxed. He had got over that big psychological hurdle, the request for relief; now he should be easier in his mind. But he was edgier than ever. Since he did not intend to have his job at SHAPE wrapped up before the end of May, we must still just treat him as the Supreme Commander and not as a politician. He would not pose for personal pictures—no golf-course shots, no bridge-game shots, and above all, no shots of Mamie. Just keep away from the house, gentlemen, it's off limits. And when he read his prepared statement for radio and television, we had the same difficulty as before: he insisted on reading it wearing black horn-rimmed glasses, with his head bent over the text during the delivery; his public-relations officers, knowing his mood, had tried to bar everyone from the filming, and only an angry conference with Lanham made it possible for three of us to get permission to stand in the back of the studio and watch what was going on.

Despite all his precautions, his calendar began to show the infiltration of politics. His campaign manager, Senator Lodge; his old friend and new political backer, Paul Hoffman; General Lucius Clay, Darryl Zanuck, and Colonel Bertie McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune* came to see him, and not even Ike's loyalest spokesman could pretend that they had come to discuss the state of Western defenses in Europe. The newspapers on his desk were full of accounts of his showings in the primaries, and of editorials and syndicated columns telling him what he ought to do.

During those difficult days the advisers who seemed to have the most influence upon him were Kevin McCann, Cabot Lodge, Lucius Clay (who served, strangely, as a sort of liaison officer and buffer between him and his political managers), Bill Robinson of the *Herald Tribune,* the *Herald Tribune* editorial page, and especially Walter Lippmann's columns. According to Lippmann, Ike must not "put on a ten-gallon hat and barnstorm the country on his return"; he must make only a few set speeches; as the "great unifier," he need not be specific about every issue, but should merely present his fundamental beliefs and general attitudes, relying upon the record of his life as testimony to his fitness to end the divisions between his fellow-citizens. The General read and re-read Lippmann's columns. They fitted his own concept of his unwilling mission in politics. And he began to sound, when he spoke, as if he were quoting from Lippmann.

The truth was that he had very little idea of what politics was like or what he would have to do when he got home. He had the military man's traditional dislike of politics and politicians. More than once you could see the question in his eyes, "What am I doing with these people?" He still felt intensely concerned over the danger that the Army would get mixed up with politics and would be hurt thereby. He remarked several times that there were too many generals mixed up in politics—MacArthur, Wedemeyer, Clay, and Eisenhower. He did not want to resign from the Army that had been his whole life, though he realized now that if nominated he would have to resign. He confided to friends that he had come very close to throwing the whole thing up, and only his sense of loyalty to the people who had launched his campaign kept him from that last desperate step.

It came as no surprise to most of us that, in May, he was actually taken ill—with what we were told was a strep infection of his throat which later got into his eyes, giving him conjunctivitis—more generally known as "pink-eye." It was a bad case, which lasted for weeks, bothering him even after his return to the States; and his swollen and inflamed eyes did nothing to sweeten his disposition. In Oslo, Norway, his irritation reached such a point that he exploded with one of the rudest statements of his career. When pressed by a reporter there for a statement on his plans to return home and campaign, Ike, obviously at the limit of his patience, blurted out, "If the American people want me they know where to find me." That harsh remark —completely out of character for a man who had devoted himself to the service of the citizens of the United States—gave vivid evidence of the frustration and inner turmoil he was going through.

IV

His friends and managers hoped that, once he got home to the States, he would become again the charming, pleasant Ike of the broad grin, the farm boy from the plains of Kansas who never lost his head no matter how many honors were heaped upon him, who met prime ministers and kings without losing the common touch—the simplicity, freshness, and homespun Americanism of the Middle West. But this did not happen all at once. For he had new difficulties to face.

When he landed at the airport in Washington on June 1, his eyes were still strained and swollen and his grin forced; and despite a promise to stop a minute in front of the newsmen's stand on the field, he strode past us and our microphones and cameras with a stiff-legged military step and never paused a second.

His mood was better when he made a surprise visit to Republican headquarters in Washington just before he left for Abilene. Ike and Mamie headed a reception line in a crowded office and shook hands with a hundred or so political workers and stenographers and clerks; I was standing right behind them, and was amazed to see that they actually seemed to be enjoying themselves. Later Mamie said to me, "You know we really do like people, and that part of politics is a real pleasure to us." But a few minutes later, at the Washington airport, he got an annoying reminder of what it was like to be a civilian in politics. The ubiquitous little girl who always turns up with a bouquet of flowers was there to say good-by to Ike for the photographers' benefit. As he accepted the flowers a photographer shouted, "Go on and kiss her, Ike, kiss her!" Ike hesitated a moment, started to bend down, then straightened up again, pleading with the cameramen, "Wait a minute, fellows—it takes a man time to get used to this baby-kissing routine."

He was deeply troubled about the maiden speech he was to make in Abilene. On his special train from Kansas City to Abilene he had an after-breakfast chat with us reporters, and admitted that he had waked up very early that morning, tight and nervous. He reminded us that on another June 4, eight years earlier, he had faced the decision whether to give the signal which would send a million Allied soldiers, sailors, and airmen against Hitler's Atlantic Wall—and had decided, on account of the stormy weather, to wait a day. He said that the next day, after the order had been given, there had been nothing left to do but pray; and he added, rubbing his chin, "I did a little praying this morning, gentlemen. I don't mind admitting that I am much more nervous than on D-Day. This is a strange new world for me."

It was a world in which he did not know the rules and was fighting on unfamiliar terrain. And now he was facing a new perplexity. In the Army he had kept, from the early days of his career, a card-index of first-rate officers. Every time he met an officer who impressed him, he had recorded the man's name and talents on a card ready to be pulled out when needed. He could rely fully upon a man like Walter Bedell Smith or Alfred Gruenther because he knew all about their capabilities. But he had no card-file of politicians. He did not know who the real experts were, did not understand their arguments.

He had no chief of staff on whom he could place unquestioning reliance. Henry Cabot Lodge was the nearest thing to one. But there was also Dewey, the man in the shadows, the "king-maker" of the Eisenhower movement. There were Dewey men such as the astute Herbert Brownell, Jr. and Thomas Stephens; there were Lodge aides such as Paul Hoffman and Robert Matthews; there was what might be called the Kansas Cornbelt Group, including his brother Milton, and the veteran Kansas politician Senator Frank Carlson, and Senator Fred A. Seaton of Nebraska, and the more flamboyant Governor Dan Thornton of Colorado; and there was Arthur Vandenberg, Jr., whom he made his chief administrative assistant. But it was a loose organization, did not operate as a team. There were differences of opinion in it, as between the Dewey group, who wanted him to concentrate upon meeting and winning delegates, and the Lodge-Hoffman group, who wanted him to get about the country and build up public enthusiasm behind the delegates. He was uncertain whose advice to follow, whom to count upon completely. He was like a man playing by ear upon an unfamiliar instrument.

When he reached Abilene—a town swollen

to ten times its normal size for his homecoming—he was obviously ill at ease, thrown off his balance by the carnival atmosphere of the town and by the abominable weather. Some weeks later I was chatting with him at the Cherry Hills Country Club in Denver when someone in the party said he pitied Ike for the terrible strain he was under in learning to be a candidate, and Ike replied:

"Well, I never feel sorry for myself. Self-pity is a sin, a sin of egotism. Still, a feller can't help saying, why the devil did it have to rain that day in Abilene?"

The Abilene speech almost ended his campaign before it had begun. The raging rainstorm turned back most of the crowd and made Ike look like a tired old man when he faced the cameras, wrapped in an oilskin slicker with his few sparse hairs streaming down his face, as with his steel-rimmed glasses he tried to read his rain-soaked text. His performance seemed wooden. The famous Eisenhower charm didn't come through. But I caught a glimpse of the real Eisenhower a moment before he made the speech. His managers had called me aside and said they would bring Ike under the stand where our cables and cameras were, so that his speech could still be carried across the country even though the rain kept him from making it outdoors in the stadium.

Ike came in, took one look at the maze of wires and the bleak, cold eyes of the cameras, and said: "No, get me out of here, this is no good at all. Besides, there are still a lot of people out there waiting for me. If they can get wet so can I."

That quick reaction was typical of him—of his basic dislike for the impersonal machines of modern communications, and his deep feeling of responsibility to people, his liking for them, and his willingness to share with them.

On Eisenhower's return from Abilene, the Dewey group took him over the hurdles in New York. Installed in his Columbia University house on Morningside Drive, he spent a whole week meeting hundreds of delegates from all over the country, learning what questions interested them most, how to talk with them, and what public life in these United States was really like.

He described that New York experience about ten days later in Detroit. He said: "Have you ever had what the press calls a 'death watch' put on your door? You can't go anywhere without a dozen newsmen following you. They know whom you see and listen in on your conversations. You have no privacy except in the intimacy of your bedroom—and then, you'd better look under the bed first." Ike paused a moment, grinned, and added, "I had to learn the hard way, but I do believe it's right. If a man is presenting himself to the people to be the highest magistrate in the land, then he has no right any more to privacy. You have a right to know all about him. That's part of our democracy."

But for him it was a hard way indeed.

One day he came near exploding. He was having his picture taken with the Vermont delegation on the steps of his Columbia house, holding a can of maple syrup that the delegates had given him as a souvenir of Vermont. A photographer shouted, "Hey, Ike, get Mamie out—she ought to hold the maple syrup, not you." Ike winced at the familiar use of his wife's name and at the peremptory manner in which he was being ordered what to do. Five-star generals don't get treated that way. But he took a grip on himself, turned round, and asked the butler to ask Mrs. Eisenhower to come out.

Mamie came out, took her place, and dutifully held the maple syrup—whereupon the same photographer reached over to the man next to her, pulled an I LIKE IKE button off his lapel, and then grabbed the blouse of Mamie's dress and stuck the button on her.

Ike turned crimson with rage and started toward the photographer with arm stiffened and fist clenched. Then somehow, in mid-air, he caught himself. And all he did was to growl in a low voice, "Don't ever do that again, son."

In those days of his introduction to politics he was always worried about Mamie—about her health, about how she would react to the rough-and tumble of politics and of its smear campaigns. He need not have worried; she was one of his greatest assets—a natural campaigner, pretty, charming, and natural, who demonstrated that she likes and is instinctively liked by people. When I asked her one day how she managed to take it so well, she said, "It was a lot rougher not to be able to follow him during the war, wondering where he was,

wanting to be with him. And you know, in peace time we Army women are used to following our men halfway round the world to all kinds of posts. It's nice to be home again, even on the road."

V

It was on the night of June 13, when the General was on his way by train from Gettysburg to Detroit, where he was to make a major speech the next evening, that Eisenhower's managers found that he had definitely dropped his "draft-me" attitude and was going to wage a fighting campaign.

Ike was tired and disgruntled. He had spent the day meeting the important Pennsylvania delegation on his Gettysburg farm, going through the act of climbing fences for photographers, inspecting his small herd of cattle, and watching his beautiful old farm get cluttered with flash bulbs. His right hand had been twisted by an enthusiastic admirer at the station, and was inflamed and aching from a thousand handshakes.

His chief administrative assistant, Arthur Vandenberg, Jr., wanted the Detroit speech to be a humdinger, and kept scuttling through the train seeing how the ghost-writers, Kevin McCann and Stanley High, were doing. Finally he went into Ike's compartment carrying three final versions for him to choose from. Ike read them with mounting impatience and anger, threw them down, and snapped, "These don't sound like me at all, and besides I tell you frankly I don't have the slightest idea what they mean. It's all a lot of double talk and I'm fed up with it."

Vandenberg asked him what he intended to do, with the speech only a few hours away. "I'm going to sleep," said Ike, "and there isn't going to be any text. I will talk ad-lib—no text at all—right from my heart. It's about time I spoke for myself. I'll know what to say."

Ike's decision, announced to the public the next morning, caught the nation's attention. It was dramatic, unorthodox; it seemed like a breath of fresh air in politics.

And his speech that night was excellent, lived up to its dramatic billing. He lashed out at the Democrats, "a party too long in power," said he wasn't afraid to be a crusader for peace and honesty no matter what the sophisticates thought, and came up with a brilliant slogan: "I am strictly a no-deal candidate." His managers were delighted.

But when it was all over the realization struck home that Ike had not said the kind words about labor that he had been expected to say in Detroit. There had been no labor men among his advisers, and for this reason his managers had been all the more eager for him to pay tribute in Detroit to labor's contributions to victory in war and security in peace. And why hadn't he done it? When I asked him later, he answered, "Well, I was going to, but as I got round to it the prompter signaled me that I had one minute of air time left so I couldn't start that late."

This was the result of his decision to abandon text and speak "from the heart." It was the act of the amateur, full of fire, fervor, and forgetfulness.

All three—fire, fervor, and forgetfulness—characterized his journey from Detroit on to Denver and then Dallas, and the last whirlwind whistle-stop tour through Nebraska and Iowa that carried him on to Chicago and the nomination. His foreign-policy speech at Denver was the intellectual highlight of his entire tour, with no concessions of any kind to the stereotypes of Old Guard Republicanism. Three nights later, at the Denver Coliseum, he yielded to the pleas of his managers—or of some of them—and after a dramatic entrance into the Coliseum in a shining white convertible that circled the floor slowly with the spotlights focused on him, made a speech that might have been characterized as his initiation address into the Republican party—a cliché-ridden collection of tributes to Lincoln, God, and the Republican past, combined with suggestions that the Democrats were responsible for the war in Korea, the "tragedy" of Yalta, and all the sins of our times.

In the course of this tour the ignorance he displayed in his off-the-cuff remarks sometimes astonished reporters, as when he told a group of farm editors that he had no farm policy—wanted them to tell him—would be glad to learn; and when he asked a group of soil and conservation experts what were parity prices, and what was a sliding scale? But such disclosures of ignorance did not seem to shock the delegates themselves; many of them en-

lightened him at length, and you could almost see them getting ready to go home and tell their friends what they had told Ike when he asked them what to do. He produced some astonishing gaffes, too, as when, talking to the Nebraska delegation at Chicago about the importance of religion to a nation, he attributed the weakness of France to the large proportion of atheists and agnostics in France —a remark that he did not seem to realize would at once be cabled abroad, with damaging results. But the last-moment decision to make the whistle-stop run to Chicago produced brilliantly successful results.

His managers' idea was, first, to whip up such popular enthusiasm for Ike in the delegates' home towns that these men could not afford to ignore it; and, second, to take every major fight in the Convention itself—Texas, Louisiana, and Georgia especially—to the floor, where Ike's forces could muster majorities for fair play in the full view of television, to overthrow the decisions of the Taft-controlled committees.

This successful plan was not without its ironies. In the first place, there was Eisenhower's own acute distaste for radio and television. As I have already indicated, he rebelled against the mechanical nature of the media. He has often said that appearing before a camera makes him feel like an actor, insincere and uncomfortable. He was slow to realize that he has the plastic face and the genuine warmth of personality which should make him a television natural if he could get over his uneasiness in the presence of the machinery. In addition, he was and is far from convinced that television is good for our public life. He wonders whether television viewers will judge a man's worth by the way he looks rather than by more solid virtues. And he asks what use of the medium might be made by a demagogue like Huey Long who happened to be a great public speaker and actor. And there was a further irony in the fact that his own managers, at Abilene, had tried at first to bar radio and television from his news conference there—only to end the tour to the Convention uttering cries of "steal" and "iron curtain" when the National Committee kept its doors closed at Chicago.

Nevertheless it was an excellent idea for the Eisenhower people to campaign in favor of opening up the Republican decision-making to the fullest scrutiny of radio and television audiences. But they hadn't counted on their candidate's forgetfulness.

We were on the train en route to McCook, Nebraska, where Eisenhower was to make his charge of "steal," when his chief public-relations officer on the train, Robert Mullen, gave us correspondents some advance notes of the speech—a statement by Ike that an "iron-curtain mentality" was now evident in our country too, in Chicago, where a small group of bosses were trying to keep the truth from the people, and so on. Well, when we got to McCook, we dashed off the train to file our stories while Ike was delivering his rear-platform address—only to learn, when we boarded the train again, that he had forgotten to mention the radio-television ban. He had charged that an iron-curtain mentality was operating in our country, but hadn't explained how, which must have somewhat mystified his McCook audiences.

Mr. Mullen promised us that Ike would repair the error at the next stop, Hastings.

He went out on the platform at Hastings all primed to do so, but once again forgot.

As he came back to the lounge car I stopped him and asked him why he had this peculiar block about mentioning the radio and television ban. He laughed and said, "Oh, Dave, I always forget to mention it. Look, why don't you give me a piece of candy as a present for mentioning it? Then next time I'll hold the candy in my hand and remember why you gave it to me."

I sent him a bar of chocolate—but he never did get round to making the statement that already was becoming front-page news all over the country.

Nevertheless the whistle-stop tour was a thumping success. Always at his best with small audiences with whom he may speak informally and affably, Ike came into Chicago on a wave of popular acclaim; and when his managers won their big test vote on "fair-play" on opening day, those of us who were assigned to his headquarters could see the bandwagon begin to roll.

Eisenhower had survived triumphantly his tormenting ordeal, making the difficult transition from military man to civilian, from aloofness to political aggressiveness, from igno-

ramus in political affairs to successful nominee: he had come through his first harrowing experiences with the fierce light that beats upon the Presidential candidate: and he had adjusted himself to the mechanics of campaigning—even going along with the belief of his managers that he should use television to the utmost. He was aided in this transition by his pliability. He is a man who bends readily with the wind: in fact a strong breeze can tilt him. He is the kind of fighter who is willing to change his tactics as much as may be needed so long as his long-range strategy is kept intact. He will make almost any concession on methods and procedures so long as the goal is left unchanged, so long as his basic concept of honor, integrity, and broad objective is inviolate. For instance, he abhors McCarthyism but will not attack McCarthy; his solution—as it appears at this writing—is not to campaign for him, although he has said that he will support every Republican candidate for office.

But the test Ike faces is not over. For he has not yet really found himself. So far, he has been play-acting the part of candidate. It still comes hard. And he will never achieve such peace of mind and steadfastness of purpose as he knew in the Army until he finds the way to be real and a candidate at the same time. This is hard enough to do even for a professional politician who has long ago made his peace with the exigencies of his practice. It is overwhelmingly difficult for a man like Eisenhower, who with his fame achieved and his place in history secure, is now risking a lifetime of achievement and honor in a new adventure in a strange new world.

Poem from a Cage

DILYS LAING

BETWEEN the lion cage and the antelope cage
I found the angel cage.
There a fine specimen of Homo pneumaticus
with great fullfeathered wings and empty eyes
huddled in a corner, the wings folded about it
like a pair of silver dishes.
I threw it a peanut and snapped my fingers at it in
a friendly way.
Here Angel! Nice Angel!
But it turned to me its terrible void eyes
and I knew that my image did not fall into those pupils
which nevertheless were not blind
but saw another thing by another light.
Feeling with surprise the key to the cage in my hand
I unlocked the door.
Go — poor creature!
The angel departed in a thunder of wings and robes.

The gate clanged.

The cage encloses me like ribs.
Where is the key I turned to set the angel
free from a cockeyed clockwork zoo?
Lion and Antelope look in
at Homo ridiculus trying to pick the lock
with this cut quill snatched from escaping wings.

The Drafting of Adlai Stevenson

John Bartlow Martin and Eric Larrabee

On the evening of January 22, 1952, in Washington, the Governor of Illinois held a two-hour conversation with the President of the United States. At this meeting Adlai Stevenson was encouraged to seek the Democratic Presidential nomination, with the implication that if he did so Harry Truman would back him. Governor Stevenson did not accept the offer of support, either then or later, either from the President or anyone else. He said that he was seeking re-election as Governor. He said repeatedly that he did not want the Presidential nomination. None the less, almost six months later to the day, he received it—in what seemed to be the first genuine draft in modern American politics.

Was it? If it was genuinely a draft, how did it come about? If Adlai Stevenson's reluctance was real, why did he later give in? How was the Democratic party able to swallow its pride and disregard his rebuffs? Was he drafted by the entire party or by only a portion of it, as his opponents claimed? Was the Convention free or rigged? Though the Stevenson story has been elaborately reported, these questions have continued to puzzle people. The circumstances of his nomination were so unprecedented, so intractable to simple answers, that they have themselves become an issue in the fall campaign.

The Democrats' choice of Stevenson has been attributed to one or another of the factions within the July Convention—to a coalition of bosses and Dixiecrats, to the President personally, to the federation of Northern liberals loosely identified with the Americans for Democratic Action, the ADA. Or it has been said that Stevenson was a "compromise," implying that none wholly desired him but he was innocuously acceptable to all. The word "draft" itself has been variously interpreted. Some of the Governor's own supporters thought that if the draft was to be "genuine," he would have to be nominated on the first ballot; others argued, to the same end, that a deadlock must develop first among the other candidates. What these arguments ignore is that the drafting of Adlai Stevenson did not occur at the Convention itself.

A nominating convention is not a popularity contest. It is a device not merely for picking a candidate but for subjecting the party to self-scrutiny. It puts on public view, with an urgency and drama found nowhere else, the conflicts of interest which must resolve themselves before a candidacy can have substance. If Stevenson was truly drafted, he was drafted not by the delegates in the sweaty Chicago stockyards but by a configuration of the forces that make up the Democratic party. He was not drafted in July but in April, when the necessities behind the nomination were already evident. He was not drafted by lucky circumstance but by a series of intelligibly ordered events.

II

The discussion at Blair House between Governor and President was supposed to deal with coal-mine safety legislation —an unsuccessful fiction. The question now

Messrs. Martin and Larrabee, both frequent contributors to Harper's, *joined forces in Chicago to observe the Democratic Convention and report the nomination. Mr. Martin is the author of* Adlai Stevenson, An Intimate Portrait.

is not what was said but how the meeting came about. It is reported that Joseph Rauh, executive director of Americans for Democratic Action, together with James Loeb, a former ADA director who was then working White House, called Stevenson to Truman's attention. Then there is a story that Colonel Jacob M. Arvey, the Democratic leader in Chicago, arranged the meeting. There is another that former Senator Scott Lucas of Illinois, long a Stevenson booster, did it to thwart the Presidential ambitions of Senator Estes Kefauver, whose investigation of Illinois crime Lucas believed cost him re-election in 1950. All these "inside" stories, however, imply that Truman and Stevenson were strangers before January 22, which is absurd.

To begin with, Governor Stevenson had cordially introduced President Truman at a Chicago dinner in 1950 (and had come close to stealing the show). More important perhaps, Truman knew well who got the votes in 1948: Stevenson had carried Illinois by 572,000, Truman himself by 33,000. The truth would seem to be that late in 1951 the party brass, including the President, had begun to feel about for a candidate for 1952, should he not be Truman. Many had found themselves, each in his own way, gravitating toward Stevenson; and the President, who possesses the party's most sensitive set of political antennae, had done likewise. No canvass of the possibilities could pass over the Governor of Illinois. In political terms, Stevenson was "available"—that is, he fitted the requirements—from the beginning.

He was not well known, of course, outside his state. In retrospect it is difficult to remember how little known he was nationally, how few there were (other than politicians) who viewed him as a politically highly-charged personality. Stevenson became before long a center of journalistic attention, but as a candidate who was "reluctant" for apparently complex reasons. He is not a simple man, by any means, but his position vis-à-vis the Democratic party was really much less complicated than it appeared. He felt bound by an obligation to run for Governor of Illinois from which he was unable to release himself, even had he wished to, which he did not. Once decided on this course, he had to stick to it, which he did. "I've made my bed," he said on June 14, "and I'm going to sleep in it."

At the same time, rumors of this resident's reluctance made it possible that Stevenson would be offered the nomination even if he did not run for it. Truman's own withdrawal would leave a vacuum. Many politicians prepared to rush into it, each thinking that if he were agile enough he might be able to capture the party leadership. They mistook the nature of the void. It was not merely a potentially empty place at the head of the ticket. Truman's decision served notice on the Democratic party that it must take account of a new alignment of the powers in American life. The Roosevelt coalition, so-called, in all its strength and weakness, could not survive in its present form. A candidate who proposed no more than to continue the Fair Deal could be nominated and very possibly elected, but without a broad and newly-formed base of popular support he would be unable to govern. The next President, if a Democrat, would have to be Stevenson or something like a facsimile of him.

And so the President tapped him, which cannot have been easy. In doing it the President sought to relinquish the reins to a person considerably unlike himself, whose policies (and, more, the expression of them) differed from his own—and to do it gracefully, without wrecking the party. He could not "dictate" the choice of Stevenson; he might have exerted tremendous pressure, but long before the Convention he had ceased to try. By that time there had been a great circling dance, in which numberless people took part but none seemed to stay put—a political free-for-all, amateurs mixed with professionals. This chaotic period will make the most sense if divided at its mid-point about April 16, when Governor Stevenson announced that he "could not accept" the nomination and made a speech, two days later in New York, at a testimonial dinner for Averell Harriman.

This was the watershed of the Stevenson draft.

THE Blair House meeting between Truman and Stevenson in January set up all sorts of shock waves. Professional Democrats, acting on the President's reported preference, began to investigate Stevenson's strength through the country. In Washington, with no inspiration or encouragement of any kind from Springfield, George Ball (a law-

yer and close friend of Stevenson's) began to promote his candidacy. Two business men in New York formed a Stevenson-for-President Committee, largely dedicated to sending telegrams to their candidate, urging him to run.

One of the shock waves, as you might expect, was felt most sharply in Illinois. There a group of citizens formed the Illinois Committee for Adlai E. Stevenson for President, which held its first meeting February 18. These men, none of them Stevenson's close friends or advisers, were leaders of the Independent Voters of Illinois. The IVI, a by-product of the intellectual heat emanating from the University of Chicago, antedated the ADA, had affiliated with it, and by 1948 had come to form a group of precinct-by-precinct doorbell ringers who helped Stevenson and Senator Paul Douglas amass their majorities. The pre-eminent figure in IVI was Leo Lerner, a rotund publisher of Chicago neighborhood newspapers. Together with a number of young men of means and intellect like Richard A. Meyer and Marshall Holleb, Lerner started the draft-Stevenson committee (its co-chairmen were George Overton, a lawyer, and Walter Johnson, head of the University of Chicago history department). It was this committee that kept bobbing up all spring, conducting what Lerner called "the campaign without a candidate," and that later set up the "Stevenson Headquarters"—over their candidate's declared annoyance—at the Convention.

On February 21 the Committee published a full-page ad in the Chicago papers proposing Stevenson for President. The Governor, through an intermediary, expressed disapproval, though (having learned of the ad in advance) he had not forbidden it. Through March the Committee met two or three times a week, and at the end of the month Lerner and others attended an ADA board meeting in Washington. They took with them two thousand buttons which said merely "Stevenson" and so could be worn by Stevenson's staff members who were helping him run for Governor as well as by those who were trying to draft him for President. In Washington Lerner got rid of the buttons in a few hours. "And some of the guys that took the most," he recalls, "turned up at the Convention supporting Harriman."

That night, March 29, at the Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner, the President interpolated a surprise paragraph into his speech, renouncing renomination. Afterward Stevenson, who had been present, went to the Metropolitan Club, where Averell Harriman and a group of friends steadily urged him for several hours to become an avowed candidate. He said he just couldn't do it. Lerner and his friends hurried home, still on their own, to turn the Illinois Committee into a national committee. They brought James Loeb to Chicago, invited him to lead the new organization, and laid out an ambitious program that would have cost several hundred thousand dollars. Loeb said one thing was lacking: the Governor's approval. He asked Stevenson for it. Stevenson turned him down. Within the week the draft-Stevenson movement suffered crippling blows. The Washington group, which had sent emissaries to the West Coast and to an AFL convention in Florida, disintegrated. Lerner and Overton and Johnson went wistfully on with plans that seemed hopeless. Loeb went over to Harriman; and Stevenson, on April 16, issued a statement that seemed to say he'd refuse a draft. What happened?

THE trouble with the Stevenson boom between January and mid-April was a surfeit of success among the professionals, independent of the amateurs. As soon as the President's decision not to run became public property, no one but Stevenson really stood a chance within the party hierarchy. He was known to be the first choice—or, where the first choice was a formality, the second—of every major faction in the Democratic coalition. The Northern "liberals" supported him, the Southern "conservatives" would accept him. He was understood to have the backing of the President, Chairman McKinney, Senator Lehman and Chairman Fitzpatrick of New York, Senator Benton and the late Senator McMahon of Connecticut, Senator Humphrey of Minnesota, Senator Murray of Montana, Governor Dever of Massachusetts, Governor Schricker of Indiana, Governor Byrnes of South Carolina, Governor Williams of Michigan, former Senator Alexander of New Jersey, Mayor Lawrence of Pittsburgh, other powerful party leaders in California, Missouri, Oregon, and parts of Ohio—and, not least, Jack Arvey of Illinois.

If he went into the convention with the delegates thus represented it was all over but the shouting.

However you looked at it, Governor Stevenson had to do something drastic. No one believed him when he said he was not a candidate. Increasingly he was surrounded and harassed by politicians and reporters who tried to make him admit that he was. Stevenson, aware that such people do not ask the same question over and over again because they want the same answer, tried every possible way of putting it. This was good publicity—magazines and newspapers were summarizing his biography and beliefs—but bad politics; before long the process would become tiresome. He could not continue to appear "coy," for this was fair neither to himself nor to his admirers. Yet he could not abandon his position merely because the heat was on. Perhaps Adlai Stevenson was fortunate in that Duty spoke to him with many voices but all said the same thing: he had to spike the boom—and spike it hard.

Stevenson's careful choice of words—he "could not accept"—was grammatically complicated but precise in meaning. The first clause of the sentence bore examination: ". . . in view of my prior commitment to run for Governor and my desire and the desire of many who have given me their help and confidence in our unfinished work in Illinois, I could not . . ." etc. Under these circumstances he couldn't. Were there other circumstances? Only the Democratic Convention, after settling on no other candidate, could create them; and unless Stevenson got out of their way none of the other candidates would arrive at the Convention with strength comparable to his. If he was in fact willing to be drafted by a "free" Convention, then every moment he allowed enthusiasm for his candidacy to grow, the less free the Convention would be. If the logic of events led to him and to no one else, as enthusiasts for his candidacy kept telling him, then nothing would be changed by forcing the pro-Stevenson forces to disband—and, in the process, forcing the Democratic party to adapt itself to a new set of conditions. So he made it as strong as he could.

Having done so, he was free to be himself again. He had been talked into speaking at the Harriman dinner, after first refusing the invitation on the grounds that he would seem to be pushing himself forward, and his appearance there—on the same dais with every other major Democratic candidate except Senator Richard Russell of Georgia—set off an extraordinary demonstration. Stevenson came to the dinner thinking he might be booed and hissed, that the Very Important Persons who had offered him their support, from the President down, would now be offended with him. They cheered him hoarse, before he had said a word. The air was electric with it: this was the man. And when his speech was over—a virtuoso performance, saturated with vitality, that ranged from witty to profound with no loss of ease—Adlai Stevenson had to all intents been "drafted." They were not going to pay any attention to his refusal; they were going to have him if they had to twist his arm off.

III

The President, aware that nothing of lasting importance had been altered by Stevenson's statement, refused at first to take it seriously. "I haven't seen it," he told reporters, "and I don't intend to look at it." When he and Stevenson had met at the airport in Omaha, where there had been a meeting of governors from the states then stricken by floods, Truman smiled and said, "Adlai, I don't believe it." He and Stevenson each thought he had reached, more than a month before this, an understanding with the other; the difficulty was that each man had a different sense of the meeting. Presumably the President would have been satisfied with a private admission that Stevenson would accept the nomination, yet it is obvious he never got it. Before too long Harry Truman apparently sensed the danger of having, or even seeming to have, all his irons in a fire that threatened to go out, and he started other conflagrations. Concurrently, Democrats everywhere were forced to consider their own condition, exclusive of Stevenson. From now on it was largely taken for granted that if Adlai wanted it he could have it, but neither the party nor the President proposed to expire on the spot if he refused. From now on every maneuver would be planned against the two possibilities: he will or he won't.

Averell Harriman—having tried so hard, he thought unsuccessfully, to get his friend

Stevenson to run—commenced to campaign in earnest for himself. When Harriman had first become a candidate, it was promptly assumed that he was a Favorite Son behind whom the New York delegation could be held for Stevenson (or, at a minimum, away from Kefauver). This was loudly denied. People who believe it anyway say that in the process of acting as a dummy candidate Harriman came to enjoy the role and to take his chances seriously. In any event, he did his party a great service. Praised by the President and encouraged to espouse an out-and-out Fair Deal program, Harriman took over and stabilized large parts of the liberal branch that (without Stevenson) had no candidate. Kefauver took over other liberals, roughly definable as those who liked Truman's program but not Truman. The liberals' conservative counterpart—the "dinosaur wing" of the Democrats, who liked the President but didn't like the Fair Deal—converged on Vice President Alben Barkley.

THE role played in the meantime by Colonel Arvey is hard to identify. It would be easy to suspect that Arvey (whose support gave Stevenson the nomination for governor in 1948) master-minded a Stevenson drive. Only there is no evidence to prove it. Shortly before the convention Arvey, a man who savors irony, said, "If he is nominated I am going to enjoy a reputation as a very astute politician—and I won't deserve it." He claimed he had not bought a single postage stamp or made a single telephone call to promote his candidate: he didn't have to, of course. As soon as Truman withdrew, Democratic leaders all over the country began writing and telephoning Arvey about Stevenson: "Will your boy go?" Several times the Governor forbade Arvey to line up delegates for him; and Stevenson always possessed the ultimate weapon, an unequivocal statement of withdrawal like Sherman's. Each time his strictures were more severe, until in the end Arvey was compelled to take refuge with Barkley.

But Stevenson could not prevent him from answering reasonable inquiries (many that later turned out to be the most reasonable came from Pennsylvania, from Mayor David Lawrence of Pittsburgh, former Senator Francis J. Myers, and James A. Finnegan, city chairman of Philadelphia). Thus Arvey "kept the situation fluid," as he put it, during the spring and early summer.

From the start Arvey seemed more aware than anyone else that Stevenson's reluctance was no pose. Arvey had said in January that the Governor would not "lift a finger" to get the nomination. In March, after Truman took himself out, he said privately of Stevenson, "He's no candidate." In April he said that the "could not" statement did not surprise him. Yet always, to everyone who asked, Arvey said that he thought Stevenson was the best man for the job and could not, as a "patriotic American," refuse it. He said this would be true whoever the Republicans nominated. (There was then a rumor in circulation that Stevenson would not run against Eisenhower, thus making it seem that he wanted to choose his opponent.) For many, to be sure, Arvey's word was all they wanted.

Five weeks before the Convention, Arvey said he was convinced that Stevenson honestly didn't want the nomination but might get pushed into a corner where he'd have to accept. "He wouldn't take it if I and the other leaders engineered the draft," Arvey said. (An extremely skillful and in some respects humble man, Arvey is acutely aware that his support can be both indispensable and fatal.) "I doubt if he can be drafted unless he says he would accept," Arvey said. "For the party to draft a man and then have him refuse would be, in effect, to forfeit the election. But he doesn't have to say publicly that he'd accept. If he'd just say it to me, privately." (Arvey, who needless to say never received such assurance, might easily have answered "yes" instead of "no" when other party leaders asked if Stevenson had privately given it to him: to his credit, he never did so). "If he would say privately he'd accept I'd bet $100,000 he'd be nominated."

Arvey's unhappy feeling, like the President's, that if only he were let to manage the "draft" it would be so easy, typified the Democratic bosses' dilemma. It made the situation in June seem strangely unreal. Yet one aspect of it was beneficial both to Arvey and to Stevenson's candidacy, in a way no one anticipated. Other leaders, not knowing Stevenson, wrongly assumed that things worked in Illinois as they worked elsewhere, that Arvey was holding Stevenson back (instead of vice versa) and would smack them down with Stevenson

if they came out for other candidates. (One delegate later confessed he had been afraid Stevenson would be nominated by Mrs. Roosevelt.) This had the unexpected effect of keeping the draft alive though out of sight, like a fire burning under the leafy floor of a forest, menacing to those who tried to stop it.

IV

In the lull before the convention Stevenson's chances seemed to be at their lowest. The Governor was incommunicado for the final week. The President's intentions were less clear than ever. (Oddly, both had entered hospitals.) People who were for Harriman, including Harriman, thought the President was for Harriman. People who were for Barkley, including now a number of White House intimates, were sure that Barkley was it. (The Palace Guard was split several ways, compounding confusion.) Colonel Arvey appeared to have given up hope. "I have failed," he announced, "in my efforts to persuade Governor Stevenson to allow his name to go before the Convention." He thought the chances for a draft were "very, very slim." It looked as though he meant it, yet the statement performed an essential act. Stevenson had long since shrugged off the burden of being "Truman's man." Now Arvey had been shrugged off, too. His pronouncement convinced the remaining skeptics that the coming contest was wide open and that anything could happen. The Stevenson bandwagon was to roll into Chicago out of gas, no one driving, and with only a handful of people aboard.

And now, at the last moment, Arvey and other Illinois Democratic leaders waited on the Governor. After the conference a spokesman for the politicians held a press conference, with curious results: the Chicago *Tribune,* which opposed Stevenson, understood him to say that Stevenson's candidacy was dead; but the *Sun-Times,* which supported Stevenson, thought he said it had been revived. What had happened was that the party leaders had assured themselves that the Governor's position was unchanged—that is, he did not intend to make any firmer public declaration of his non-candidacy. Thus the professionals cleared a way for the delegates to vote for him, claiming only their rights as private citizens to act as conscience directed rather than as he wished—and, ironically, finding themselves in the end on a par with the amateurs, who had all along relied on the same last-ditch prerogative.

Ever since April the amateurs of Leo Lerner's Stevenson-for-President Committee had limped along loyally in pursuit of their candidate, while their former friends in the ADA around the country (evidently feeling the need to act like politicians) had scurried to cover with Kefauver, Harriman, and others. Stevenson had ignored the Committee. Worse, through emissaries, he had requested it to disband—it was embarrassing him. Four explanations have been offered: first, that Stevenson simply didn't want the nomination; second, that out-of-state people would assume that any Stevenson draft movement in Illinois was being run by Stevenson's associates and therefore by Stevenson himself, which would belie his sincerity; third, if he were nominated willy-nilly the support of a committee based on the IVI, an ADA affiliate, would do him no good; and fourth, if he had to be nominated it should be after a deadlock, and no delegates under any circumstances should be encouraged to vote for him on the early ballots. For whichever cause, Stevenson several times sent word to Lerner and his assistants to pack up and go home.

The Governor's own close friends had earlier set up a Stevenson-for-Governor Committee. This committee and Lerner's glared at one another all spring. People with money didn't know which to give it to. The state campaign couldn't get started; Stevenson wouldn't let the Presidential campaign start. And at the same time that he was sending cease-and-desist orders to the Lerner committee, his aides were referring to it requests for information about Stevenson, and so was the Stevenson-for-Governor Committee (which received at least one pledge of delegate support for the Presidency), and so was Arvey. For a time Arvey had worked with the committee, but as Stevenson's pressure on him increased he shunned it. So did many people. Lerner has said, "We learned what our candidate was doing through the newspapers."

A few days before the Convention, on the fifteenth floor of the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Lerner and Johnson set up the only "Steven-

son Headquarters" there was. They had written all delegates soliciting support and asking them to "come and see us" in Chicago; there were about thirty replies from those who said they would be for Stevenson from the outset. "It was a lonely moment," Lerner says. "We took over the old Warren headquarters. They had sixteen rooms, and a forty-trunk switchboard, and furniture that rented for $3,000. Posture chairs for all the typists. We had two employees. We said we'd need three rooms and one big desk and two typewriter desks. The hotel was very nice about it, but I'll never forget the telephone man's face when we told him to take out the switchboard and put in two phones."

Until then the Committee had raised and spent some $5,000. The hotel bill was $3,400. In all they spent about $16,000. (Three hundred thousand dollars is said to have been spent on behalf of another Democratic candidate, at least three times that for one of the Republican candidates.) "We made badges by hand out of paper," Lerner says, and they did. The fifteenth-floor headquarters was a hollow square of tables in front of the elevators, plus the three rooms. The hall was always crowded at first, not with visitors but with Stevenson volunteers, girls and college kids with crew cuts, most of them under voting age.

A note of desperation crept in. Two days before the convention began Stevenson's press representative, William Flanagan, called at the fifteenth floor to order Lerner and Johnson once again, in the name of the Governor, to break it up. And as Flanagan was leaving, someone who had got in the elevator with him clutched his arm and said tensely, "I wish you'd talk to that man." He was small of stature and tears were streaming down his face. "I've got tears in my eyes, he's the only man, the only one. He can command the South, the North, everybody ——" and he called the roll of Stevenson's merits, his shrill voice rising until it filled the crowded elevator. "I've been to six different hotels in the last two days, talking to delegations. Louisiana said if he was a candidate Louisiana will vote for him. Senator Sparkman himself told me, 'You've got the man we want.' Bill, you've *got* to talk to him." Flanagan, impassive and embarrassed, tried to escape him, but the man followed him across the lobby of the Conrad Hilton, imploring; and a delegate with a Southern accent who had been in the same elevator said, "That fellow is all upset but the funny thing is, everything he said is true. Stevenson is the only man."

THE Convention was not one day old before the boom was on again, stronger than ever. There were several reasons for this. First, the Governor's welcoming address was exceptionally eloquent, and before it began his appearance alone produced another unpremeditated demonstration, longer and more impressive than the one at the Harriman dinner. Second, no one could talk to delegates without realizing that many wanted the Governor who were nominally committed elsewhere. Third, the pros and the amateurs, in an awkward way, had now joined forces.

On Sunday, the day before the Convention began, certain party professionals visited the fifteenth floor; these were former Senator Myers and other gentlemen from Pennsylvania. They complimented Lerner and his associates on the high plane of citizenship at which they had conducted their campaign. And they asked to see the card-file. The card-file was a state-by-state file on delegates. (It was a good one. Using it, the Committee estimated that Stevenson would get 272 votes on the first ballot. He got 273.) Thereafter the Pennsylvania professionals worked closely with the amateurs at the "Stevenson Headquarters," and Myers became the Stevenson floor-leader at the Stockyard. For the first time, though Myers' position was no more authorized than anyone else's, there was someone to talk to about voting for Stevenson on the floor of the Convention itself.

This does not mean, however, that all went smoothly. Indeed, almost complete confusion surrounded the actual Stevenson nomination, the dual nomination by two governors, one of whose speeches couldn't be heard over a demonstration so unorganized that the word "spontaneous" fails to describe it. There was no cheerleader. At the last moment the band, not knowing what to play, sent word to the Governor's box asking if anyone there knew his favorite songs. Of his half-dozen friends and relatives present, none could think what to suggest; until Mrs. Hermon Dunlap Smith remembered a parody written for the Governor's birthday in 1950 by J. Edward Day,

director of insurance for the state of Illinois, to the tune of "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy." Mrs. Smith jotted down a revised set of words on a slip of paper, which was passed to Phil Reagan, and the Stevenson demonstration acquired a song.

Stevenson himself was spending the week at the home of his appointment secretary, William McCormick Blair, Jr. (whose father is a cousin of the publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*), on Astor Street in Chicago, a sedate Gold Coast block now invaded by hordes of reporters, photographers, television men, and policemen. Hermon Dunlap Smith, one of Stevenson's several personal friends and aides who were with him during the week, recalls that it was almost as though the friends of the deceased had gathered for the wake. "We would watch television for awhile, then wander into the next room. People would gather in little groups in the corners and whisper together, as you do at a funeral. Adlai himself was upstairs most of the time. Now and then he'd come down and spend a time with us or lie down on the couch, then he'd go back upstairs. Once he came down and asked how to pronounce 'schizophrenia' "—a word he used in his acceptance speech. Stevenson is a lonely man who keeps his own counsel. "He seemed very quiet," Smith said.

For a few hours it had even looked as though there would not even be a nomination. All week Lerner had talked to people about nominating Stevenson, and as fast as their names had appeared in the newspapers the Governor had picked them off and they had come whimpering back to Lerner: "Gee, he's a friend of mine. It he doesn't want me to do it I better not do it. I don't want to make him sore." There was, to further chaos, a factional fight within the Indiana delegation (although in the end Governor Schricker, who had volunteered to nominate Stevenson, did so, along with Governor Carvel of Delaware). And there was, so dangerously alive that it made the Monday-Tuesday boom seem premature after all, a "Stop Stevenson" movement—a countervailing effort to entangle him in the issues under debate, to put roadblocks in his way. This Lerner had feared, and it was no joke. "You said to compromise," one of his aides told him, "And I am willing to compromise, but how the hell can you compromise with hysteria?"

V

Some time earlier it seems to have occurred to many people—including Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, who was supporting Kefauver—that the place to attack Stevenson was at his point of greatest strength: his acceptability to the South. By making a major issue of civil rights, the Kefauver forces might be able to make it appear that Stevenson's stance was less "liberal" than Kefauver's, a distinction previously unremarked. Their effort to align the Northern "liberal" elements—most of which had initially supported Stevenson—against the "bosses" and the Dixiecrats produced most of the excitement of the Convention and all its surprises. It caused labor to turn on Barkley, who had thought his labor record irreproachable; it caused Senator Kefauver to make two grandstand plays, which backfired, by entering the Convention hall at dramatic moments but contrary to decorum; it nearly pushed Representative Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. of New York, who had been intent on forcing the "irreconcilable South" to walk out of the Convention, into walking out himself—a near-bolt of the "irreconcilable North"; and it brought Leo Lerner, a member of the national board of ADA, to a meeting which the ADA dominated but where he was distinctly out of place.

This was the famous 4:00 A.M. caucus at the Congress Hotel between the Thursday and Friday sessions, at which the liberals supporting Harriman and Kefauver tried to combine forces against Stevenson, on the grounds that "his man" Arvey had switched the Illinois delegation and voted to seat Virginia. Lerner got wind of the meeting and decided to attend. An ADA friend pleaded with him to stay away: "If you come here you'll get lynched; you don't know the temper of these people." Lerner went anyway, accompanied by a bodyguard of three or four gentle-spoken intellectuals from his office. "I was the only one who wore a Stevenson button," he says. "The others went incognito." Before going, Lerner telephoned Walter Reuther of the CIO, who had been for Stevenson all along, and asked him to attend too, and to speak in Stevenson's behalf.

"The meeting," Lerner recalls, "was wild. They had gone crazy. I just got inside when

a guy grabbed me and said, 'You're in the wrong place, aren't you?'" Lerner took him aside and reasoned with him, arguing that there had been no "sell-out to the Dixiecrats," as was charged. Meanwhile speeches began. Frank Roosevelt denounced Stevenson bitterly. Lerner has said, "I think they had got their platform adopted without a struggle and they just couldn't bear to go home without a good fight." Then Reuther spoke in Stevenson's favor. And so did Hubert Humphrey, arguing that they must not let Stevenson be taken over by the conservatives. And the "Stop Stevenson" movement at last became, in the early morning, a "Save Stevenson" movement.

Yet the caucus was noisy and near violence. No fight is so bitter as a family fight. And it was the excitement the caucus stood for that made the Democratic Convention seem so different from the Republican. The latter was a collision between the two juggernauts of Taft and Eisenhower, pounding each other down. The Democratic Convention was splintery, kinetic, nervous, working up a feverish quarrel that in due course simmered down to a legalistic quibble over whether Virginia should give a written or oral assertion of her intention to stay within the fold.

It is in the conflict within the majority party, as Samuel Lubell has said, "that the key to the political warfare of any particular period will be found. . . ." The Democrats are now that party; it is within their ranks that the debate of major issues takes place. The Democratic Convention of 1952 did not fly apart over civil rights. It arrived, after much wrangling, at a moderate position—and nominated a man who has said that democracy cannot continue to be color-blind, but who does not rail at Southerners with abolitionist fury. On this issue as on others Adlai Stevenson is no hothead, yet he is certainly no stand-patter. That is why he is so hard to pigeon-hole—hard for his friends to describe, hard for his enemies to hit. Both are thinking in outworn terms. Stevenson is a new kind of man, nominated because the problems today are of a new sort.

It seems clear now that Stevenson was drafted because the political base on which the Democratic party had stood for twenty years had been crumbling and by 1952 had fallen to pieces. The old bogymen, the old evils, the old problems that Roosevelt had dealt with were gone. A "liberalism" which unquestioningly backed every traditional underdog against the traditional upperdogs was outdated, and the standard harangue of a Democratic spokesman was getting to sound like a carbon copy of a 1936 speech. The new problems of today—their shape as yet but dimly apprehended—were products of the new triangular relationship between labor, management, and government, and of the new kind of war that was not a war. And a whole new generation of voters had grown up who knew instinctively that a new sort of leadership was needed which could meet these problems in a new way. In effect, Stevenson was drafted—as Eisenhower, for that matter, was nominated by the Republicans—because this new generation had come of age.

Liberalism, for them, will not be quite what it was in the nineteen-thirties. Already some must have had the feeling that at Chicago many officially liberal Democrats acted like anachronistic adolescents. But perhaps there is one thing to be said for their having whipped up an enthusiasm which then had to be unwhipped—it gave the so-called "moderates" something to be moderate about. The fight tested the maturity of the party, and in the test nearly everyone came off well.

The high point, as may even now be remembered, was the bonfire that started on the floor after Governor Byrnes had been announcing that he refused to be cross-examined further. The tension had been building up for hours, until the amphitheater seemed ready to combust spontaneously. Yet neither the bonfire nor Governor Byrnes' assertion detonated an explosion. The delegates did not stampede for the exits and they did applaud Byrnes. If at any one moment they began to think of the Democratic party as a new organism, more massive and more mature than the party of a few months before, this was it.

And eventually, other business being disposed of, they settled down and nominated Governor Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois as their candidate for President.

Do Women's Colleges Turn out Spinsters?

Lynn White, jr.

BACHELOR and *spinster* are not just the masculine and feminine forms of the same word. Most people, including most women, think of a bachelor as a gay blade who has eluded female efforts to domesticate him. But a spinster is simply a woman who can't get herself a man. When the feminists tried to find a term which would give status and approval to the independent unmarried woman, they compounded the insult to their sex by calling her a "bachelor girl." In our society most praise-words are masculine and blame-words are feminine. (Contemplate *stag party* vs. *hen party, tomboy* vs. *sissy*.) Yet surely a woman has as much—or as little—natural right to spurn matrimony as a man has.

Nevertheless not many of us today care to sing the praises of celibacy. One may live alone and like it, but a vast and increasing majority of Americans feel that two may live together and like it better. They believe that, for most temperaments, personal cultivation and success in a career are chill satisfactions apart from a warm hearth. Every census shows that a larger proportion of adults is getting married. Even our divorce rate is in part, at least, evidence of the greater emphasis which this generation is putting upon congeniality and mutual faithfulness in wedlock. Today we as a people set more store on marriage than ever before in our history.

This growing sense of the value of matrimony has boosted the prestige of coeducation among us. Except on the Northeast seaboard, most people assume that campuses where young men and women study and play together day by day free from the artificialities of dating and party clothes—campuses where they can develop common interests and common acquaintances—are the ideal places for forming friendships which may ripen into happy and stable marriages. By contrast it is suspected that separate colleges for women (there is little criticism of colleges for men), by supposedly cloistering the girls and reducing their contacts with men to social events, cut down chances of marriage.

In defense, the advocates of women's colleges have been a bit sniffy and condescending about the "matrimonial bureaus" which they say are operated on coeducational campuses. They have claimed that the constant presence of men distracts women students from the things of the mind. At times they have even implied that in this brave new world of business and professional opportunities for women, marriage is a second-best, and that only college girls of relatively feeble intellect will let themselves lapse into domesticity.

The American public has enough common sense to see that most of this is an elaborate whistling in the dark. Its prejudice against women's colleges is merely confirmed by such talk. And on the women's campuses many a

Lynn White, jr., whose answer to the above question may startle you, is president of a women's college—Mills—and author of the highly controversial book—Educating Our Daughters—*which jostled a good many old ideas about women and college.*

girl has developed a gn... some blonde and flashy hussy ... out with her dream man of the future. ... dread of not getting married has been heightened by recently publicized statistics showing that, whereas in the past America had more men than women, today we have more women than men—statistics which usually fail to add the fact, consoling to youth at least, that this surplus of women is found not in the marriageable years but in the last decades of life.

There seems to be no such restlessness in the men's colleges. In our society men do the asking and there is a strong taboo against a "nice" girl's making advances. A man is confident that he can make his opportunities in his own good time when he starts looking for a wife. But most girls feel that they must rely on mere passive association with men if they are to find husbands. The result is that American young women are emotionally dependent upon men to a far greater degree than men are dependent upon women. In terms of women's self-confidence there is much to be said for the old-fashioned European and Oriental system of the marriage broker. Indeed, many nervous girls—and their parents!—seem to believe that the coeducational campus has taken over his ancient epithalamic role, whereas to attend a women's college is to take the veil and renounce, if not the world and the devil, at least the flesh.

But what are the facts? Do coeds really have a better chance of marrying than graduates of women's colleges have? In 1940 a large cross section of American college graduates was surveyed in detail, and it was found that women students were about as likely to get married, and to stay married, regardless of whether or not they shared a campus with boys. In 1947 an even more elaborate study (published in 1952) reached the same conclusion. Moreover, the Population Reference Bureau, a private research organization in Washington, D. C., has recently been studying fertility rates among college graduates. In the course of its investigation, the Bureau gathered figures on the percentages of women who got married after graduating in the ten classes 1921-1925 and 1936-1940 from a large number of colleges and universities chosen at random from all ... portion of the study. And very simple calculations based on the Bureau's tables give interesting results.

The figures confirm the earlier findings that the graduates of women's colleges marry in as high proportion as do the coeds. But closer analysis shows that the graduates of the Catholic women's colleges which were studied had a marriage rate lower than that either of the coeds or of the graduates of the non-Catholic women's colleges. The same rather surprising fact was unearthed by the 1947 study mentioned above.

This cannot be explained by the small group of girls who enter the sisterhoods. Probably the chief reason for it is that Catholicism in America is overwhelmingly a faith of city-dwellers, and it has been shown many times that urban life cuts down the marriage rate for both men and women. The attitude of the Catholic Church toward birth control and divorce may likewise encourage caution in getting married: the marriage certificate of a Catholic has no escape clauses in fine type on its back. Likewise the Catholic insistence on the importance of marrying within the fold of the Church eliminates a large number of otherwise eligible young men from consideration by many a girl. Moreover the colleges conducted by monastic orders have an atmosphere quite unlike that of other campuses, and it can hardly be doubted that constant contact with kindly, devout, and often learned women who have deliberately renounced the possibility of marriage frees some girls from a sense of social compulsion to marry.

Passing on to other types of institutions, we find that while 73 per cent of the coeds married, 76 per cent of the graduates of non-Catholic women's colleges married. (It may be noted that these percentages are a bit higher than those found in the 1940 and the 1947 studies, which were based on a cross section of all living college graduates. No one graduating earlier than 1921 is included in our figures from the Population Reference Bureau: further evidence of the increasing tendency of college women in general to get married.)

Now 3 per cent may not seem much of a difference, but in this case it is really note-

graduated 10 per cent more confirmed bachelors than the coeducational colleges and universities. This is almost certainly a reflection of the unfortunate effect of urbanism on the tendency to marry. The coeducational campuses are nearly all west of the Appalachians and serve the less thickly settled parts of the nation. The separate colleges for both men and women are chiefly found in the most densely populated parts of the country. Their students come out of cities and their graduates live in cities.

But if the men's colleges produce 10 per cent more bachelors than the coeducational campuses, why don't the women's colleges turn out 10 per cent more spinsters? Clearly the 3 per cent *advantage* which the graduates of the non-Catholic women's colleges enjoy over the coeds in the husband hunt does not begin to represent the true situation; for if the figures had shown a 10 per cent matrimonial advantage in favor of the coeds, we could have accounted for it in terms of geography and sociology without charging that the kind of education found in the women's colleges turns potential wives and mothers into spinsters. It follows that the women's colleges must give their students something so attractive to the kind of men they want to marry that they more than overcome the handicaps which reduce their chance of marrying, and which would reduce it even if these particular girls did not go to college.

II

There are two explanations. The first is probably superficial. The second is fundamental. To begin with, there is no system for organizing the social life of a campus which can avoid all heartbreak. A survey made in a large urban coeducational college, the students of which lived at home and thus had the advantage of family friends as well as campus acquaintances, showed that a considerable part of the women students felt socially neglected. On coeducational campuses the minority of sorority girls has a much gayer time, at least as regards dates, than the larger group of non-sorority girls. Some years

expected (since one talks, as a rule, about what one doesn't have), it was found that the sorority girls spent less time discussing men than did the non-sorority girls.

When this study was mentioned in an advanced psychology course at Mills, the class was so interested that it decided to conduct a similar survey on its own campus where, as in all women's colleges, there are no sororities. Without telling what they were up to, they carefully clocked the bull sessions in their residence halls over a long period and found that as for the amount of time spent talking about men, the conversation pattern was very like that of the sorority girls examined in the earlier study. As a rule, the social life of women's colleges is livelier than the denizens of coeducational campuses can believe. Moreover it involves a larger percentage of the students, since it does not center in exclusive clubs. It may be that this has something to do with the higher marriage rate of the graduates of women's colleges.

The chief reason, however, for the matrimonial advantage which the women's colleges give their students is to be found in the difference in atmosphere between such colleges and the coeducational institutions, and in what this difference does to a girl's thinking about herself and her potentialities. In a society like ours where masculinity has the prestige, where it is considered a compliment to say of a woman that "she thinks like a man," it may not be particularly important to have men's colleges, since so much in the air a boy breathes spurs him to pride and exertion. But in such a society it is essential to have women's colleges, even though, like churches, they are dedicated to the task of making themselves unnecessary.

The contrast between the women's colleges and other institutions has nothing at all to do with what is taught or how it is taught. It lies entirely in the deep-lying and usually unspoken assumptions which surround a girl as she lives and studies.

With the exception of one woman who heads a Catholic college for Negroes, I believe no woman has ever been president of a four-year coeducational campus, and today there are practically no women in policy-mak-

ing positions in such institutions. Some years ago, to be sure, there used to be a dean of women who had immediate access to the president, could pound his desk, call him a fool, and battle for women's interests. She was so often right that she has been abolished. During the past decade in scores of colleges and universities the jobs of dean of men and dean of women have been combined in a dean of students who is—guess what!—a man, and who has a "women's counsellor" on his staff. Her ideas must be filtered through the masculine mind of her boss before they can reach the masculine mind of his boss. On a coeducational campus a girl studies in an environment in which it is assumed that all important decisions are made by men, and that this is the way things should be.

What about the faculty? It is a very rare coeducational college or university which has as high as 5 per cent women among its full professors. Somewhat more are sometimes found in the lower ranks, but there seem always to be reasons for not promoting them. In elementary and secondary school a girl has usually had almost none but women teachers. Now that she has got into the higher and tougher realms of learning, she finds that the great majority of her professors are men, and that the few women are in the academic proletariat of instructors and assistant professors. How can she fail almost unconsciously to conclude—unless she is very resilient indeed—that women's brains are not so good as men's, and that, since she is a woman, her brain can't be very good; so why try?

On a coeducational campus every relationship seems designed to undermine a girl's self-confidence and sense of autonomy. In extracurricular activities a man is chairman and a woman is vice-chairman, maybe. When there is a job to be done, the girls tend to hold back their ideas until they see what the men want to do. The only valid argument for sororities is that here at least is something for the girls to run by themselves, free of masculine dominance. Even in the classroom a girl defers to the men around her. When a boy asks a question, he is thinking about the question. When a girl asks a question she is thinking not only about the question, but with equal emphasis, "What will the boys think of me if I ask this question?" The result is that usually she doesn't ask it.

The structure of a women's college is entirely different, and is designed in detail to build a girl's self-confidence. She sees women as well as men participating in policy-making. Even where, as at Mills, the president is a man, he is very obviously surrounded by powerful women who make themselves both heard and felt. It is a symptom of our cultural values that while no one would dream of proposing a woman for the presidency of Princeton, and few have even bothered to notice the gradual elimination of the token-woman who formerly influenced policy on coeducational campuses, critics of the women's colleges often charge them with being "matriarchies." We shall disregard the theoretical question of whether such a matriarchy would be any worse than the patriarchy which in the coeducational and men's colleges is assumed to be part of the moral order. The fact is that most of the top women's colleges include both men and women in responsible administrative positions. On their campuses a girl absorbs the feeling that it is proper for women and men to work out decisions in consultation as persons.

In the women's colleges the make-up of the faculty differs sharply from that of the coeducational campuses, and this difference has a powerful effect upon a girl's motivations. In a women's college a student sits at the feet not only of learned men professors, but of eminent women as well. When a man arouses the intellectual enthusiasms of a girl, he does it in terms of a set of ideas, interpretations, interrelations. A woman scholar does this, but she does something more, which the conditions of our culture prevent any man from doing. The student says to herself (although seldom in words): "A woman's brain is capable of that. I am a woman. My brain can't be so bad after all. So why not try?" And often she does.

Those who watch the inner workings of the better women's colleges are agreed that the most extraordinary spectacle in them is the way the students run their own affairs. When a problem arises, they sit down on the floor and settle it with a clarity and efficiency which often disgraces the meanderings of the adults on the same campus. Since no men are involved, they lose the habit of waiting to see what the boys are going to do.

Above all, in class discussion—which is the heart of any good educational process—the students in women's colleges learn to ask questions straight, and without reticence. Stephen Leacock was a great humorist because he was a keen observer. After teaching economics for many years in coeducational classes at McGill, he records that his visits to such places as Wellesley and Bryn Mawr had led him to believe that the girls there "do infinitely better by themselves. They are freer, less restrained. They discuss things openly in their classes: they lift up their voices and they speak, whereas a girl in such places as McGill, with men all around her, sits for four years as silent as a frog full of shot."

THE fact that so many women of energy and independent mind have graduated from coeducational institutions is prime evidence of how hard it is to slay the soul. For, despite its claims to sex equality, coeducation as it now operates in America is socially and psychologically designed to produce women who are merely docile. The women's colleges, on the other hand, are set up in such a way as to develop in their students those qualities of self-confidence, directness, and initiative which too many people think of as masculine traits, but which are in fact human.

And it seems to be this which gives the graduates of the women's colleges their notable advantage in finding husbands. When an American man is looking for a cute date, just something cuddly, he is in one state of mind; when he starts searching for a wife, he is looking for this, but something more. Indeed it is strange that, in a society so dominated by men and masculine values, we should have developed such a real sense of mutuality and affectionate independence between husband and wife. No one knows just how it started, but it seems to have been a frontier development. In 1865 a Britisher named Frazer, fresh from observing the still crude communities of the Middle West reported, "I feel that there is an indefinable something that makes quite a difference between the relationship of man and wife in America, and the relationship of man and wife in England. . . . I think the secret of the difference lies in this, that the American husband has more respect for his wife's mind."

Not long ago a young Englishman, an American college man, and a mature Canadian woman were talking about marriage. The Englishman was glowingly painting the portrait of the hypothetical girl whom he planned to marry. It was clear that her sole purpose in life was going to be keeping her husband happy. The Canadian woman turned to the American: "What kind of girl are you going to marry?" "That," said he, "will be up to her." "The Atlantic," said the Canadian woman, "is wider than it looks on the map."

The traditional picture of the pioneer woman driving a Conestoga wagon over rough tracks, bearing and rearing children in an isolated clearing, planting and harvesting, fending off the depredations of wild beasts and skulking savages—all this is not a myth produced by the yearning of our complex present for a supposedly simpler past: it is historic fact. Our men came to want women of independent character. As *Life with Father* shows, the European idea of the patriarchal family—a little kingdom with Papa as despot—had been transplanted to our shores. But even on the Atlantic coast it gave way to the new Midwestern invention of the family as a community of equals. As a result American men have increasingly been looking for wives endowed with that essential quality which our women's colleges, because of the way they are organized, are best able to encourage and develop in their students: self-confidence based on self-respect. Perhaps the marriage rate among their graduates is not so surprising after all. And perhaps some day both the men and the women in coeducation will decide that it is to their common advantage to make it *co-*.



The Hollow Boy

A Story by Hortense Calisher

Drawings by Oscar Liebman

When I was in high school, my best friend for almost a year was another boy of about the same age by the name of Werner Hauser, who disappeared from his home one night and never came back. I am reminded of him indirectly, sometimes, in a place like Luchow's or Cavanaugh's or Hans Jaeger's, when I am waited on by one of those rachitic-looking German waiters with narrow features, faded hair, and bad teeth, who serve one with an omniscience verging on contempt. Then I wonder whether Mr. Hauser, Werner's father, ever got his own restaurant. I am never reminded directly of Werner by anybody, because I haven't the slightest idea what he may have become, wherever he is. As for Mrs. Hauser, Werner's mother—she was in a class by herself. I've never met anybody at all like her, and I don't expect to.

Although Werner and I went to the same high school, like all the boys in the neighborhood except the dummies who had to go to trade school or the smart alecks who were picked for Townsend Harris, we were really friends because both our families had back apartments in the same house on Hamilton Terrace, a street which angled up a hill off Broadway and had nothing else very terrace-like about it, except that its five-story tan apartment buildings had no store fronts on the ground floors. Nowadays that part of Washington Heights is almost all Puerto Rican, but in those days nobody in particular lived around there. My parents had moved there supposedly because it was a little nearer to their jobs in the Seventh Avenue garment district than the Bronx had been—my father worked in the fur district on 28th Street, and my mother still got work as a finisher when the season was on—but actually they had come on the insistence of my Aunt Luba who lived nearby—a sister of my mother's, of whom she was exceptionally fond and could not go a day without seeing.

When Luba talked about the Heights being higher class than the Bronx, my parents got very annoyed. Like a lot of the garment workers of that day they were members of the Socialist Labor Party, although they no longer worked very hard at it. Occasionally, still, of an evening, after my father had gotten all worked up playing the violin with two or three of his cronies in the chamber music sessions that he loved, there would be a vibrant discussion over the cold cuts, with my mother, flushed and gay, putting in a sharp retort now and then as she handed round the wine; then too my older sister had been named after Ibsen's Nora—which sounded pretty damn funny with a name like Rosenbloom—and of course nobody in the family ever went to a synagogue. That's about all their radicalism had amounted to. My younger sister was named Carol.

The Hausers had been in the building for a month when we moved in on the regular moving day, October first; later a neighbor told my mother that they had gotten September rent-free as a month's concession on a year's lease—a practice which only became common in the next few years of the Depression, and, as I heard my mother say, a neater trick than the Rosenblooms would ever think of. Shortly after they came, a sign was put up to the left of the house entrance—Mrs. Hauser had argued down the landlord on this too. The sign said, "Erna Hauser. Wed-

dings. Receptions. Parties," and maybe the landlord was mollified after he saw it. It was black enamel and gold leaf under glass, and about twice the size of the dentist's. When I got to know Werner, at the time of those first frank questions with which boys place one another, he told me that ever since he and his mother had been sent for to come from Germany five years before, the family had been living in Yorkville in a furnished "housekeeping" room slightly larger than the one Mr. Hauser had occupied during the eight years he had been in the United States alone. Now Mrs. Hauser would have her own kitchen and a place to receive her clientele, mostly ladies from the well-to-do Jewish families of the upper West Side, for whom she had hitherto "helped out" at parties and dinners in their homes. From now on she would no longer "help out"—she would cater.

Most of what I learned about Werner, though, I didn't learn from Werner. He would answer a question readily enough, but very precisely, very much within the limits of the question, and no overtones thrown in. I guess I learned about him because he was my friend, by sucking it out of the air the way kids do, during the times I was in his house before he was forbidden to hang around with me, and during the dozens of times before and after, when he sneaked up to our place. He was at our place as often as he could get away.

Up there, a casual visitor might have taken him for one of the family, since he was blond and short-featured, like my mother and me. He was a head taller than me, though, with a good build on him that was surprising if you had already seen his father's sunken, nutcracker face and bent-kneed waiter's shuffle. It wasn't that he had the special quiet of the very stupid or the very smart, or that he had any language difficulty; he spoke English as well as I did and got mostly nineties at school, where he made no bones about plugging hard and was held up as an example because he had only been in the country five years. It was just that he had almost no informal conversation. Because of this I never felt very close to him, even when we talked sex or smoked on the sly, and sometimes I had an uneasy feeling because I couldn't tell whether he was stupid or smart. I suppose we were friends mostly out of convenience, the way boys in a neighborhood are. Our apartments partly faced each other at opposite sides of the small circular rear court of the building; by opening his bedroom window and our dining-room window we could shout to each other to come over, or to meet out in front. I could, that is, although my mother used to grumble about acting up like riffraff. He was not allowed to; once, even before the edict, I saw the window shut down hard on his shoulders by someone from behind. After the edict we used to raise the windows very slightly and whistle. Even then, I never felt really close to him until the day after he was gone.

SATURDAY mornings, when I was that age, seemed to have a special glow; surely there must have been rainy ones, but I remember them all in a powerful golden light, spattered with the gabble of the vegetable men as they sparred with women at the open stalls outside their stores, and ringing with the loud, pre-Sunday clang of the ash cans, as the garbage collectors hoisted them into the trucks and the trucks moved on in a warm smell of settling ash. It was a Saturday morning when I first went up to the Hausers', to see if Werner could get off to take the Dyckman Ferry with me for a hike along the Palisades. I already knew that he helped his mother with deliveries evenings and afternoons after school, but I had not yet learned how prescribed all his hours were. The hall door of the Hauser apartment was open a crack; through it came a yeasty current as strong as a bakery's. I flicked the bell.

"Come," said a firm, nasal voice. Or perhaps the word was *"Komm."* I was never to hear Mrs. Hauser speak English except once, when Werner and I, who had not heard her come in, walked through the parlor where she was dealing with a lady who had come about a daughter's wedding. That was the occasion at which I saw her smile—at the lady—a fixed grimace which dusted lightly over the neat surface of her face like the powdered sugar she shook over her coffee cakes.

I walked in, almost directly into the kitchen. It was very like ours, small and badly lighted, but it had two stoves. Rows of copper molds and pans of all shapes hung on the walls. One graduated row was all of *Bund* pans, like one my mother had, but it

was the first time I had seen utensils of copper, or seen them hung on walls. Supplies, everything was in rows; nothing wandered or went askew in that kitchen; even its choke-sweet odor had no domestic vagary about it, but clamped the room in a hot, professional pall. Werner and his mother, bent over opposite ends of a cloth-covered table, were carefully stretching at a large plaque of strudel dough which almost covered its surface. Both of them glanced up briefly and bent their heads again; the making of strudel is the most intense and delicate of operations, in which the last stretching of the dough, already rolled and pulled to tissue thinness, is done on the backs of the hands, and balances on an instinctive, feathery tension. I held my breath and watched. Luba and my mother made strudel about once a year, in an atmosphere of confused merriment and operatic anguish when the dough broke. As I watched, red crept up on Werner's face.

Almost opposite me, Mrs. Hauser bent and rose, angularly deft, but without grace. I had expected some meaty-armed *Hausfrau* trundling an ample bosom smeared with flour; here was the virginal silhouette of a governess, black and busked—a dressmaker's form collared in lace. From the side, her face had a thin economy, a handsomeness that had meagered and was further strained by the sparse hair spicked back in a pale bun.

Suddenly she straightened. The paste had reached the edges of the cloth; in a few whisked motions it was dabbed with butter, filled, rolled, cut, and done. She brushed her hands together, blew on the spotless front of her dress, and faced me. She was not handsome at all. Her nose, blunt-ended, came out too far to meet one, her eyes protruded slightly with a lashless, committed stare, and the coin-shaped mouth was too near the nose. She wore no make-up, and her face had the triumphant neatness of the woman who does not; next to it Luba's and my mother's would have looked vital, but messy. Her skin was too bloodless though, and her lips and the nails of her floured hands were tinged with lavender, almost stone-colored, as if she suffered from some attenuation of the heart.

Werner mumbled out my first name, and I mumbled back my errand.

Mrs. Hauser, holding her hands lightly in front of her, still gave me her stare, but tidal perfume of the that she spoke at last.

"*Sag ihn*iness. / she said, and turning on her heel, she le[illegible]he room, still holding away from her dress the hands with the stone-colored nails.

AFTER that, I knew enough not to go to Werner's unless he asked me to, usually on evenings when his father was on night duty in the restaurant where he worked, and Mrs. Hauser had an engagement, or on Sundays, when she had an especially fancy wedding and Mr. Hauser, dressed in his waiter's garb, went along to help her serve. I never got used to the way their apartment looked, compared with the way it smelled. When there was no cooking going on, and the hot fumes had a chance to separate and wander, then it was filled, furnished with enticing suggestions of cinnamon, vanilla, and anise, and the wonderful, warm caraway scent of little pastries stuffed with hot forcemeat—a specialty of Mrs. Hauser's, of which her customers could never get enough. Standing outside the door, I used to think it smelled the way the house in "Hansel and Gretel" looked, in the opera to which my parents had taken me years before—a house from whose cornices and lintels one might break off a piece and find one's mouth full of marzipan, an aerie promising happy troupes of children feasting within, in a blissful forever of maraschino and Nesselrode.

Actually, the four dim rooms, curtainless except for the blinds which the landlord supplied—one yellow, one dark green to a window—had an almost incredible lack of traces of personal occupancy, even after one knew that the Hausers never thought of the place as anything but temporary. It was furnished with a bleak minimum of tables and chairs like those in hired halls. Mr. Hauser had procured everything from a restaurant supply house, all except the beds, which were little more than cots, and wore hard white cotton spreads of the kind seen in hotels. Here, in the bedrooms, some of the secondhand surfaces were protected with doilies, on which a few European family photographs had been placed. Years later, when I was staying in the luxurious house of a family which had managed to keep on its servants in the old-fashioned way, stumbling inadvertently into the servants' wing, one morning, I came upon a

[illegible] Receptions. Parties," and maybe the Hausers would be mollified when he saw her had a homely chignon and [illegible]wdry jewelry, dime-store boxes, and letters.

Even so, when Werner and I hung around awhile in his room, we never sat on the drill-neat bed. Usually we sat on the floor and leaned back against the bed. Except for the times we did our homework together, we either just talked or exchanged the contents of our pockets, for it was the kind of house in which there was simply nothing to do. Once or twice we smoked cigarettes there, carefully airing the room and chewing soda-mints afterward. I supplied both the cigarettes and the soda-mints, since it was an understood thing that Werner never had any money of his own; the considerable work he did for his mother was "for the business." The rows of cakes, frilled cookies, and tiny *quenelles* that we sometimes passed, going through the kitchen, were for the business too. I never got anything to eat there.

Usually, after we had been there a short while, Werner, wriggling his shoulders sheepishly, would say, "Let's go up to your place," or I would invite him up. I knew why Werner liked to be there, of course, why he could not keep from coming even after Mrs. Hauser had forbidden it. It may sound naïve to say so in this day and age, but we were an awfully happy family. We really were. And I never realized it more strongly than during the times I used to watch Werner Hauser up there.

I GUESS the best way I can explain the kind of family we were is to say that, although I was the only nonmusical one in a family that practically lived for music, I never felt criticized or left out. My father, although he tired quickly because of a shoulder broken when he was a boy and never properly healed, was the best musician, with faultless pitch and a concertmeister's memory for repertoire. Nora played the cello with a beautiful tone, although she wouldn't work for accuracy, and Carol could already play several wind instruments; it was a sight to watch that stringy kid of ten pursing her lips and worrying prissily about her "embouchure." Both Luba and my mother had had excellent training in piano, and sang even better than they played, although Luba would never concede to my father that she occasionally flatted. My mother, contrarily, tended to sing sharp, which so fitted her mock-acid ways that my father made endless plays on words about it. "Someday," he would add, striking his forehead with his fist, "I am going to find a woman who sings exactly in the middle; then I will steal the company's payroll, and take her to live at The Breakers in Atlantic City!"

"*Mir nix, dir nix,*" my mother would answer. "And what kind of music would be at The Breakers?"

"A string quartet," Luba would shout, "with a visiting accordion for the weekends!" Then the three of them would pound each other in laughter over the latest "visiting accordion" who had been to our house. All kinds of people were attracted to our house, many of whom had no conception of the professional quality of the music they heard there, and were forever introducing a protégé whom they had touted beforehand. Whenever these turned out to be violinists who had never heard of the Beethoven Quartets, or pianists who had progressed as far as a bravura rendition of the "Revolutionary *Etude*," our secret name for them was "a visiting accordion." Not even Carol was ever rude to any of these though; the musical part of the evening simply ended rather earlier than usual, and dissolved into that welter of sociable eating and talking which we all loved. When I say I wasn't musical, I don't mean I didn't know music or love it—no one in that family could help it—I could reproduce it and identify it quite accurately in my head, but I just couldn't make it with my hands or my voice. It had long ago been settled upon that I was the historian, the listener, the critic. "Ask Mr. Huneker here," my father would say, pointing to me with a smile (or Mr. Gilman, or Mr. Downes, according to whatever commentator he had been reading). Sometimes, when in reading new music the group achieved a dissonance that harrowed him, he would turn on me: "We should all be like this one—Paganini today—Hoffman tomorrow—and all safe upstairs in the head." But the teasing took me in; it never left me out. That's what happened to Werner at our house. They took him in too.

We had our bad times of course. Often my father's suppertime accounts of his day on Seventh Avenue, usually reported with a deft,

comedian's touch, turned to bitter invective, or were not forthcoming at all. Then we knew that the mood in which he regretted a life spent among values he despised had stolen over him, or else the money question was coming up again, and we ate in silence. Luba and my mother quarreled with the violence of people who differ and cannot live without one another; their cleavages and reunions followed a regular pattern, each stage of which pervaded the house as recognizably as what was simmering on the stove. My sister Nora, eighteen and beautiful, was having trouble with both these contingencies; each month, just before her periods, she filled the house with a richly alternating brooding and hysteria that set us all to slamming doors and leaving the house. A saint couldn't have lived with it. And Carol and I bickered, and had our pint-size troubles too.

I can see how we must have seemed to Werner though. No matter what was going on, our house had a kind of ruddiness and satisfaction about it. Partly its attraction was because there *was* always something going on. If any one had asked me about the state of my innards in regard to my family, I guess I would have said that I felt full. Not full of life, or happiness, or riches, or any of those tiddly phrases. Just chock full. I would have said this, most likely, because, as I watched Werner hanging, reticent but dogged, to the edge of our family, watched him being stuffed by my mother, twitted by my father, saw him almost court being ignored by Nora and annoyed by Carol, I had the awful but persistent fancy that he must be absolutely hol low inside. Literally hollow, I mean. I could see them, his insides—as bleak as the apartment where his parents were either oppressively absent or oppressively around—and scattered with a few rag-tag doilies of feeling that had almost no reason to be there.

There would be nothing inside him to make a feeling out of, unless it were the strong, tidal perfume of the goodies that were meant for the business.

One evening at the beginning of that summer, Werner was with us when my father scooped us all up and took us to the concert at the Stadium, only a few minutes' walk from home. We went often to those concerts, although, as everyone knows, open-air music can rarely have the finish of the concert hall. But there is something infinitely arresting, almost pathetic, in music heard in the open air. It is not only the sight of thousands of ordinary faces, tranced and quiet in a celebration of the unreal. It is because the music, even while it is clogged and drowned now and then by the rusty noises of the world outside the wall, is not contaminated by them; even while it states that beauty and the world are irreconcilable, it persists in a frail suggestion that the beauty abides.

Werner, at his first concert, sat straight-backed on one of the straw mats my father had rented for us, taking in the fragments of talk milling around us with the alertness of a person at a dinner, who watches how his



"And what kind of music would be at The Breakers?"

neighbor selects his silver. During the first half, when an ambulance siren, combined with the grinding of the trolleys on Amsterdam Avenue, clouded over a pianissimo, he winced carefully, like some of those around him. But during the second half, which ended with the Beethoven Fifth, when a dirigible stealing overhead drew a thousand faces cupped upward, Werner, staring straight ahead with a sleepy, drained look, did not join them.

As we all walked down the hill afterward, Carol began whistling the Andante. As she came to that wonderful breakthrough in the sixteenth measure, Werner took it up in a low, hesitant, but pure whistle, and completed it. Carol stopped whistling, her mouth open, and my father turned his head. No one said anything though, and we kept on walking down the hill. Suddenly Werner whistled again, the repetition of that theme, 23 bars from the end, when, instead of descending to the A flat, it rises at last to the G.

My father stopped in his tracks. "You play, Werner?"

Werner shook his head.

"Somebody plays at your house?"

"*Nein*," said Werner. I do not think he realized that he had said it in German.

"How is it you know music?"

Werner rubbed his hand across his eyes. When he spoke, he sounded as if he were translating. "I did not know that I know it," he said.

In the next few weeks Werner came with us almost every time we went. I didn't know where he got the money, but he paid his own way. Once, when he hadn't come to go with us, we met him afterward, loitering at the exit we usually took, and he joined us on the walk home. I think he must have been listening from outside the Stadium wall.

He always listened with a ravenous lack of preference. Once he turned to me at the intermission and said with awe, "I could hear them both together. The themes. At the *same* time." When I spoke sophomorically of what I didn't like, he used to look at me with pity, although at the end of a concert which closed with the "Venusberg," he turned to me, bewildered, and said. "It *is* possible not to like it." I laughed, but I did feel pretty comfortable with him just then. I always hated those triangles in the "Venusberg."

Then, one time, he did not come around for over a week, and when I saw him in the street he was definitely avoiding me. I thought of asking why he was sore at me, but then I thought: "The hell with it." Anyway, that Sunday morning, as my father and I started out for a walk on Riverside Drive, we met Werner and his mother in the elevator. Mrs. Hauser carried some packages and Werner had two large cartons which he had rested on the floor. It was a tight squeeze, but the two of us got in, and after the door closed my father succeeded in raising his hat to Mrs. Hauser, but got no acknowledgment. My father replaced his hat on his fan-shaped wedge of salt-and-pepper hair. He chewed his lips back and forth thoughtfully under his large, mournful nose, but said nothing. When the door opened, we had to get out first. They passed ahead of us quickly, but not before we heard what Mrs. Hauser muttered to Werner. "*Was hab' ich gesagt?*" she said. "*Sie sind Juden!*"

Anybody who knows Yiddish can understand quite a lot of German too. My father and I walked a long way that day, not on the upper Drive, where the Sunday strollers were, but on those little paths, punctuated with iron street lamps but with a weak hint of country lane about them, where the city petered out into the river. We walked along, not saying much of anything, all the way up to the lighthouse at Inspiration Point. Then we climbed the hill to Broadway, where my father stopped to buy some cold cuts and a cheese cake, and took the subway home. Once, when my father was paying my fare, he let his hand rest on my shoulder before he waved me ahead of him through the turnstile, and once he caught himself whistling something, looked at me quickly, and closed his mouth. I didn't have a chance to recognize what he whistled.

We were at the table eating when the doorbell rang. Carol ran to answer it; she was the kind of kid who was always darting to answer the phone or the door, although it was almost never for her. She came back to the table and flounced into her seat.

"It's Werner. He wants to see you. He won't come in."

I went to the door. He wasn't lounging against the door frame, the way he usually did. He was standing a couple of paces away from it.

"Please come for a walk," he said. He was looking at his shoes.

"Gee, whyn't you come in?" I said. "I'm dead."

"Please," he said, "I want you please to come for a walk."

I was practically finished eating anyway. I went back to the table, grabbed up a hard roll and some pastrami, and followed him downstairs.

Summer in the city affects me the same way as open air music. I guess it's because both of them have such a hard time. Even when the evening breeze smells of nothing but hot brick, you get the feeling that people are carrying around leaves in their hearts. Werner and I walked down to our usual spot on the river, to a low stone wall, which we jumped, over to a little collection of bushes and some grass, on the other side. It was an open enough spot, but it reacted on us more or less like a private cave; we never said much of anything till we got there. This time it was up to Werner to speak. I had the sandwich, so I finished that.

The electric signs across the river on the Jersey side were already busy. Werner's face was turned parallel with the river, so that it looked as if the sign that gave the time signal were paying out its letters right out of his mouth. "The time is now . . . 8:01. . ." Ordinarily I would have called his attention to this effect and changed seats with him so he could see it happen to me, but I didn't. The sign jazzed out something about salad oil, and then paid out another minute.

Werner turned his head. "You heard . . . this morning in the elevator?"

I nodded.

"Your father heard too?"

I nodded again.

He pressed his knuckles against his teeth. His words came through them with a chewed sound. "It is because they are servants," he said.

"Who do you mean?"

"My father and mother."

"You mean . . . they don't like Jews because they have to work for them sometimes?"

"Maybe," said Werner, "but it is not what I mean."

"It's no disgrace, what anybody works at, over here." I wasn't sure I believed this, but it was what one was told. "Besides, they have the business."

Werner turned his back on me, his shoulders humped up against the Palisades. "Inside them, they are servants."

He turned back to face me, the words tumbling out with the torn confiding of the closemouthed. "They do not care about the *quality* of anything." His voice lingered on the word. He jerked his head at the Mazola sign. "Butter maybe, instead of lard. But only because it is good for the business."

"Everybody has something wrong with his family," I muttered.

Werner folded his arms almost triumphantly and looked at me. "But we are not a family," he said.

I got up and walked around the little grass plot. The way he had spoken the word quality stayed with me; it popped into my mind the time in spring when he and I had been sitting near the same old stone wall and two scarlet tanagers lit on it and strutted for a minute against the blue. You aren't supposed to see tanagers in New York City. Sooner or later, though, you'll see almost everything in New York. You'll have almost every lousy kind of feeling too.

The river had a dark shine to it now. It smelled like a packing house for fish, but it looked like the melted, dark eyes of a million girls.

"I wish we were going up to the country this year," I said. "I'd like to be there right now."

"I hate the country!" Werner said. "That's where they're going to have the restaurant. They have almost enough money now."

Then it all came out—in a rush. "Come on back," he said. "They're out. I want to show you something."

All the way up the hill he talked: how his mother had worked as a housekeeper for a rich merchant after his father had left for America; how he had always been the child in the basement, allowed to play neither with the town children nor the merchant's; how his mother would not agree to come over until his father had saved a certain sum, and then required that it be sent to her in dollars before she would sail. Then, in Yorkville, where they had only taken a larger room because the landlady insisted, they used to walk the garish streets sometimes, listening to



"Of course, I did not expect it."

the din from the cafés; *"Ist das nicht ein . . .? Ja, das ist ein. . . ,"* but never going in for a snack or a glass of beer. "We breathed quiet," I remember him saying, "so we would not have to use up too much air."

And always, everything was for the restaurant. At Christmastime and birthdays they did not give each other presents, but bought copper pans, cutlery, equipment for the restaurant. They had their eye on an actual place, on a side road not too far from some of the fancy towns in Jersey; it was owned by a man whose wife was a cousin of Mrs. Hauser's. It already had a clientele of connoisseurs who came to eat slowly, to wait reverently in a waft of roasting coffee, for the *Perlhuhn* and the *Kaiser-Schmarn*. The cousins were smart—they knew that Americans would pay the best for the best, and even wait a little long for it, in order to be thought European. But they had let the place get seedy; they did not have enough discipline for the long, sluggish day before the customers arrived, and they had not learned that while the Americans might wait out of snobbishness, they would not do so because the owners were getting drunk in the kitchen. The Hausers would be smarter still. They would serve everything of the best, at a suitably stately pace for such quality, and they would not get drunk in the kitchen.

He stopped talking when we got to his door. The whole time, he hadn't raised his voice, but had talked on and on in a voice like shavings being rubbed together.

His room was dark and full of the cloying smell. He stood in front of the window, not turning the light on, and I saw that he was looking over at our place. I saw how it looked to him.

That was the summer radios first really came in. Almost everyone had one now. We hadn't got one yet, but one of Nora's boy friends had given her a small table model. There were a couple of them playing now at cross purposes, from different places on the court.

"Thursday nights they are broadcasting the concerts, did you know?" he said softly. "Sometimes someone tunes in on it, and I can hear, if I keep the window open. The echoes are bad . . . and all the other noises. Sometimes, of course, no one tunes it in."

I wondered what he had to show me, and why he did not turn on the light.

"Today was my birthday," he said. "I asked them for a radio, but of course I did not expect it. I am to get working papers. When they leave, I am to leave the high school."

He walked away from the window and turned on the light. The objects on the bed sprang into sharp black and white: the tie disposed on the starched shirt, which lay neatly between the black jacket and pants. That's what it was. It was a waiter's suit.

"Of course I did not expect it," he said. "I did not."

It was after that, that Werner, when he whistled across the court, started using themes from this and that. Sometimes it was that last little mocking bit from "Till Eulenspiegel" when Till's feet kick, sometimes it was the Ho-yo-to-ho from "Valkyrie," sometimes the horns from the "Waltz of the Flowers." It was always something we had heard at the Stadium, something we had

heard together. When my father, to whom I had blabbed most of that evening with Werner, heard the whistle, his face would sometimes change red, as if he were holding his breath in anger against someone; then this would be displaced by the sunk, beaten look he sometimes brought home from Seventh Avenue, and he would shrug and turn away. He never said anything to Werner or to me.

The last night, the night it must have happened, was a Thursday a few weeks later. It was one of those humid nights when the rain just will not come, and even the hair on your head seems too much to carry around with you. We were all sitting in the dining room, brushing limply now and then at our foreheads. Nora was in one of her moods—the boy who had given her the radio had not phoned. She had it turned on and sat glowering in front of it, as if she might evoke him from it.

My father was standing at the window, looking up at the sky. The court had its usual noises, children crying, a couple of other radios, and the rumble from the streets. Once or twice some kid cat-called from a higher floor and a light bulb exploded on the alley below.

My father leaned forward suddenly, and looked across the court, watching intently. Then he walked slowly over to the radio, stood in front of it a moment, and turned it on loud. We all looked at him in surprise. He didn't think much of the thing, and never monkeyed with it.

I looked across the court at Werner's window. I could not see into its shadows, but it was open. I thought of the look on his face when he met us outside the Stadium walls and of his voice saying, "Sometimes no one tunes it in." I would have whistled to him, but I couldn't have been heard over the music—"Scheherazade," it was—which was sweeping out loud and strong into the uneasy air.

My mother whispered a reproach to my father, then took a side look at his face, and subsided. I glanced around at Carol, Nora, all of us sitting there joined together, and for some reason or other I felt sick. It's the weather, I thought, and wiped my forehead.

Then, in the square across the court, the blackness merged and moved. The window began to grind down. And then we heard Werner's voice, high and desperate, louder even than the plashing waves of the Princess' story—a long, loud wail.

"No! Please! Scheherazade is speaking!"

Then there were two figures at the window, and the window was flung up again. My mother clapped her hand against her face, ran over to the radio and turned it down low, and stood bent over with her back against it, her fist to her mouth. So it was that we heard Werner again, his words squeezed out, hoarse, but clear. *"Bitte, Mutter. Lass mich hören. Scheherazade spricht."*

Then the window came down.

The next evening the house was like a hive with what had happened. The Hausers had gone to the police. There had been one really personal thing in their house after all, and Werner had taken it with him. He had taken the whole of the cache in the wall safe, the whole two thousand dollars for the restaurant.

The detectives came around to question me—two pleasant enough Dutch uncles who had some idea that Werner might have made a pact with me, or that I could give them some clues as to what had been going on inside him. I couldn't tell them much of use. I wasn't going to tell them to look over at the Stadium, either outside or in, although for years afterward I myself used to scan the crowds there. And I wasn't fool enough to try to explain to them what I had hardly figured out yet myself—that nature abhors the vacuums men shape, and sooner or later pushes the hollow in.

Mr. and Mrs. Hauser stayed on, and as far as anyone could tell, kept on with their usual routine. They were still there when we moved—Luba had decided the air was better in Hollis, Queens. During the months while we were still at Hamilton Terrace though, my father acquired an odd habit. If he happened to pass the open dining room window when our large new radio was playing, he was likely to pause there, and look out across the court. Sometimes he shut the sash down hard, and sometimes he let it be, but he always stood there for a time. I never decided whether the look on his face was guilty or proud. I knew well enough why he stood there though. For it was from our house that the music had come. It was from our window that Scheherazade spoke.

The Man Whistler

Part I: The Personality

Hesketh Pearson

Hesketh Pearson, the eminent biographer of Disraeli, Dickens, and Shaw, has chosen for his new subject The Man Whistler. Harper's *presents this month the first part of a series from the book, which will be published next February.*

In a fist fight in Waterloo Station one evening in 1866 the artist James McNeill Whistler, one of the instigators of the row, sustained a black eye, and, in a figurative sense, the injury was permanent. Whistler always felt that other people were trying to hit him, and he was seldom without a sense of injury in his social relationships. Part of this feeling was due to the anger of one who has injured his opponent, but the greater part came from something deeper in his nature. He was an American who had no roots in his own country and had even disowned the place of his birth. His English ancestry gave him something in common with the Londoners among whom he chose to live, but his nationality and upbringing placed him at a disadvantage with them. He acknowledged no influence as a painter and no ascendancy as a personality: he was an isolated phenomenon.

This attitude was caused, in the first place, by his Southern sympathies which he inherited from his mother's North Carolina family and his Northern domicile (he was born in 1834 in Lowell, Massachusetts, where his parents lived for some years) in a country where two nations lived at variance soon to meet

> in the intestine shock
> And furious close of civil butchery.

It was strengthened by his impressionable years in Russia, where the family moved when he was nine and remained until he was thirteen while his father, chosen by a Russian commission from a long list of engineers of many countries, laid out the first railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow. It was further strengthened by his repeated failures as a young man in America to make a success of the potential careers, suggested by his mother, of army officer, engineer, or government map-maker. It was added to by his frolicsome phase in Paris, where he went when he was twenty-one with a small income from his family and where he immediately established himself as one of the most Bohemian young artists of a Bohemian age; and by his ultimate residence in London, where he settled in his mid-twenties.

He was a citizen without a city, a stranger in his surroundings, something out of place, a tropical flower in a temperate climate. The one fixed point in his life was West Point, which he entered when he was seventeen, and from which he was expelled three years later for failing a chemistry examination.

In Whistler the pride of an American went with the pugnacity of an Englishman and the prickliness of an alien. Also he was an original artist in a country that revered and rewarded conventional art: and since his own work was extremely individual, his genius was not recognized either by the French painters who were breaking away from the fashions of their time, nor could he give them the recognition which they withheld from him. Add to all this that he was reacting against an inborn puritanism, and there is quite enough to account for the perpetual friction between himself and his contemporaries.

Whistler was often called conceited, and

Copyright 1952 by Hesketh Pearson

there is no doubt that hostile criticism, by putting a man on the defensive, sometimes creates the effect of self-esteem. To the question, "Do you think genius is hereditary?" he once replied, "I can't tell you, madam. Heaven has granted me no offspring." And when someone, annoyed by his bragging, grumbled, "It's a good thing we can't see ourselves as others see us," he rejoined, "Isn't it! I know in my case I should grow intolerably conceited." But though he was also reported as saying, "I myself am compelled to stand on tiptoe to reach my own height," we must remember that such remarks, made on the spur of the moment with the intention of startling a bore or deflating another's pretentiousness, must not be taken as the expression of his true feelings, which will be apparent when we consider him as an artist. All that need be said here is that a modest man often seems conceited because he is delighted with what he has done, thinking it better than anything of which he believed himself capable: whereas the conceited man is inclined to express dissatisfaction with his performances, thinking them unworthy of his genius.

Of vanity, however, Whistler had a full share. He was intensely concerned with the impression he made on the world, especially with his wit and appearance. His wit, the armor of a sensitive being who thinks himself misunderstood, was of an arrogant and biting kind. "I am not arguing with you: I am telling you," was the attitude he adopted to all who did not share his views; but when a girl asked him why he was so unpleasant to so many people, his explanation lacked conviction: "My dear, I will tell you a secret. Early in life I made the discovery that I was charming, and if one is delightful one has to thrust the world away to keep from being bored to death."

CERTAINLY he succeeded in keeping the the world at a distance, but it was because people at close quarters could be so very annoying. Nevertheless his personal appearance was carefully calculated to attract the wonder of the world, if not its approval. "If I had only an old rag to cover me, I should wear it with such neatness and propriety—with the utmost distinction," he once declared. And this was true. Even when working in his studio he looked neat and trim, and when walking in the streets or paying calls or lunching at a restaurant he was smart to the point of dandyism. The silk hat, with its tall crown and straight brim, the perfectly fitting frock coat, the yellow gloves, and the slim wand-like cane, twice the length of an ordinary walking-stick, marked him out as a man of fashion and wealth, though the fashion was singular and the wealth imaginary. In the summer he might be seen wearing a short black coat, white waistcoat, white duck trousers, pumps, a low collar, and a thin black tie with one long end across the waistcoat.

The total effect was obtained with the utmost care. He spent hours at his tailor's shop, closely attending to the cut of his clothes, looking at himself in the mirror from every angle, posing and preening himself. "You know, you must not let the master appear badly clothed; it is your duty to see that I am well dressed," he would say to the tailor if one of his disciples was present. He even solicited the interest of other customers who happened to be in the shop, asking for their opinions on the fit of his coat. Once the tables were turned and his advice was sought. A customer rushed into the hat shop which he patronized and mistaking him for an employee lodged a complaint: "I say, this 'at doesn't fit!" Raising a monocle, Whistler eyed him carefully all over and went further: "Neither does your coat."

The barber was another to be kept on his toes while attending to Whistler, who directed the cutting of every lock of hair, after which he dipped his head into a basin of water, half dried his hair, carefully picked out his single white lock with a comb, wrapped it in a towel, and walked about for some minutes pinching it dry. This white lock, which he said was inherited, appeared fairly early in life and became a sort of flag. It was over the right eye. He called it his "white feather" and said that it should be seen first whenever he entered a drawing-room. In the street his hat was tilted back to make the white lock visible. Having given it special treatment, either at home or at the barber's, he then allowed the rest of his hair, which was both thick and black, to fall around it in decorative ringlets. At the conclusion of the performance he would admire

the effect in a glass and sum up his feelings with the word, "Amazing!"

He was fastidiously tidy in everything concerning his personal appearance and, when visiting people, would stop in the hall to straighten what might have been displaced by wind or movement, giving a touch to his cravat, a stroke to his hair, and so forth. In this respect he was like a woman, and if it had not been so much a part of his personality even his disciples might have considered him ridiculously affected; but somehow he carried it all off without people thinking him in the least effeminate. He always dressed for dinner, and was inclined to be censorious of those who did not. He had a quicker eye for clothes than for their wearers. "So you recognized me from behind?" said a poor American artist when Whistler called after him in the street. "Yes, I spied you through a hole in your coat," was the answer.



The make-up revealed the man, who was as smart as his clothes, as glossy as his hair. He was short and dapper. Not more than five feet four inches in height, he was excessively alive and alert, and his aggressive qualities may have been emphasized by his lack of inches. His complexion was bright and fresh, his gray-blue eyes were sharp and restless, his eyebrows black and thick, his nose and mouth sensitive, his chin prominent and pugnacious, his brow wide, his hands slender, his fingers tapering, and his long nails a trifle claw-like. Perhaps the head was a little too large and the feet were a trifle too small for the body, but otherwise he was well-proportioned. He reminded one man of a brisk ring-master, whip in hand; another, of a magician, nimble, vigilant, sprightly. There was a sparkling, perky air about him, and his challenging manner was as arresting as his voice, which was strident, high-pitched, and so piercing that "even genius could not excuse such a voice," someone complained.

He spoke with a queer accent, inclined to be English when talking to an American, definitely American when talking to an Englishman, but when not put on for a purpose it was a combination of American, English, and French. His manners were very courteous; he never swore, never used vulgar language, never told coarse stories even in a club smoking-room, though he let off steam occasionally by writing bits of Rabelaisian doggerel. His conversation consisted largely of stories, mostly of himself, occasionally about other people, all told with enormous animation and zest, and punctuated with vivid little gestures, darting glances, telling pauses, the fixing and dropping of his monocle, the quick "Eh, what?" of his demand for approval, the rising inflection of his "Oh! oh!" to express surprise or skepticism, the sudden delighted "Ha-ha!" of his sympathy, the rasping and very disconcerting "Ha-ha!" of his enmity.

The stories were a strange mixture of fancy, comedy, and artificiality. The majority were founded on fact, though all were heightened and adorned for effect, and most were transposed from the third to the first person. There was, for example, the story of the goldfish which had been stolen by a hungry student in the Latin Quarter from his landlady, cooked, and ravenously eaten. In Whistler's version the hero was himself, and the episode was turned into a feat of angling and a feast of comedy. Thus:

"I had no money, and fish was cheap, so I lived on fish. Fish for breakfast, fish for dinner, always fish. My landlady could only think in fish. The lodgings reeked of fish. Even the Thames, which I had beautified, became for me merely the home of fish. I tried to paint a portrait, but the face of my subject seemed scaly. Then one day I looked out of my window and up at the clouds, and behold! a mackerel sky. So I looked down. Could I believe my eyes? At least I could believe my nose. There, in a bowl of water on my landlady's window sill, were three goldfish swimming tauntingly at their ease. I resolved to teach her a lesson. Soon she would be bringing me a meal of fish. She, too, should have fish for her meal. I affixed a bent pin to a piece of string, baited the pin with bread, and let it down from my window into the bowl beneath. I am not a skilled fisherman, and I had to play for my fish a long time before they could see the joke. At last I was rewarded with a bite. I hooked my first fish. After that the other two wanted to come up. I helped them to come. I am a good cook, as you know, and I fried them to a turn. Then I lowered

them, one by one, into the bowl, with a charming note: 'Madam, you have cooked so many fish for me that I have ventured to cook some for you.' She was cured. She gave me no more fish. She gave me notice instead."*

Whistler laughed much and loudly at his own good sayings, which sometimes deterred others from joining in whole-heartedly. His piercing, disturbing, eldritch "Ha-ha!" became a feature of his character, and could sound so diabolical that Henry Irving copied it when playing Mephistopheles in "Faust." To the outside world, and especially to his critics, Whistler often seemed a satanic figure. But to his friends, for as long as their friendship lasted, and to his disciples, for as long as he remained their master, he was a fascinating creature. Though, as he once said, he liked "carefully to exasperate" people, he liked still more to charm them, and when he wished to be pleasant he could hypnotize them into believing what he said and doing what he wanted. As a host he could persuade his guests that they had eaten well, though the meal had really been a Barmecidal one. His Sunday breakfasts were famous throughout the seventies, while he was living at 96 Cheyne Walk.

Oriental influences were at work in the decoration of this house. The dining room was blue, the dado and doors being of a darker shade of blue. Walls and ceiling were decorated with Japanese fans. The studio was gray, the dado and doors were black. He slept in a large Chinese bed and fed off blue and white Chinese porcelain. The drawing room was painted on the day of his first dinner party. With the help of the Greaves boys, two London friends who became his most slavish disciples, he worked up to the last moment, and by the evening the walls were pale yellow, with a suggestion of pink, the doors and wainscot were white. The clothes of the guests that evening partook of the colors against which they brushed. Though he worked on the hall at intervals for some years, the only room in the house to be perfected was the dining-room; and this was nearly always so.

At each of his later residences in the eighties and nineties people remembered the lemon yellow of the dining-room walls, the white cloth on the table, with a centerpiece of "Old Blue" (or a bowl of goldfish if the china were in pawn), the blue-tiled hearth, and the Six Projects (sketches for pictures that were never painted) hanging on the walls. The rest of the house might or might not be distempered, and his callers always had the impression that he was in the act either of moving out or moving in. The stairs were often uncarpeted; unpacked crates stood in the corridors; visitors sat on boxes or walked about. There was no comfort anywhere. He disliked easy chairs and anything that suggested laziness. He was incapable of lolling on a sofa, his feet in soft slippers. His chairs were neat and upright; he was always doing something; and he wore patent-leather shoes. "If you want to be comfortable, go to bed," he would say.

No one ever saw him spending a quiet evening at home, reading a book in an armchair by the fireside. He disliked solitude, and his activity was tireless. He lived on his brains and nerves, his mind being so restless that he could only sleep for a few hours at night.

He loved to be surrounded by people, and was to be seen and heard at his best when breakfast was on the table, at noon if his guests were lucky, an hour or two later if he had been working up to midday and then had to have a bath before making his appearance. Sometimes he could afford a cook; usually he did the cooking himself. On this subject he had a word to say: "I can't think why people make such a to-do about choosing a new cook. There is only one thing that is absolutely essential. I always ask at once, 'Do you drink?' and if she says, 'No,' I bow politely and say that I am sorry but I fear she will not suit. All *good* cooks drink."

However, Whistler himself was an exception to this rule. Though an authority on wine, he was a moderate drinker. Except for his early days he seems to have been abstemious, though there was an occasion when he overstepped the mark. He had dined rather too well at the house of an American artist, George Boughton, and had left the table at the call of nature to go upstairs. He managed the ascent with dignity but returned more expeditiously, falling down a whole flight. When helped to his feet by an anxious

* This story was recounted to the present author by Robert Ross in 1916.

host, he asked, "Who is your architect?" Norman Shaw, he was told. "I might have known it—the damned teetotaler!" he exclaimed.

Whistler served wine at his Sunday breakfasts, good red wine if his creditors were obliging, cheap white wine if he had to pay spot cash. It was his belief that Englishmen knew the difference between good and bad red wine but had no discrimination when they were given white. The company at his table was limited to people who could amuse him or whom he could amuse. Seldom less than ten, scarcely ever more than twenty, were gathered together; and there was Whistler in the midst of them, serving dishes, filling glasses, telling jokes, sampling the food, tasting the wine, talking of art, joking about critics, laughing at academicians, chaffing his guests, and chatting endlessly of himself and his adventures, interspersing his stories with a crackle of laugher and a series of "D'ye knows?" and "Eh, whats?"

Buckwheat cakes, nearly always cooked by himself, were the main attraction on the bill of fare. Served hot, buttered, and eaten with treacle, their consumption by the master and his disciples was almost a religious rite. Though an excellent cook, Whistler had some queer culinary habits. To harmonize with the plates, apple-green butter and tinted rice pudding sometimes appeared. But the dishes were always good, even on the occasions when there was very little to eat. An Italian landscape painter named Martini, on being asked whether he had seen much of Whistler lately, replied: "He ask me a little while ago to breakfast, and I go. My cab-fare two shilling, 'arf crown. I arrive. Very nice. Goldfish in bowl. Very pretty. But breakfast! One egg, one toast, no more. Ah, no! My cab-fare back, two shilling, 'arf crown. For me no more!"



When creditors were very pressing, and it was necessary to sell a picture, Whistler was full of stratagems to meet the situation. Once he borrowed a few shillings from a friend, bought three bottles of cheap claret, and sealed the top of each with a different colored wax. Then, when the prospective buyer, his friend, and himself had taken their seats at the table, he gravely asked the maid to fetch a bottle with a red seal from the cellar. With the next course he ordered a bottle with a blue seal. For dessert he told her to bring a bottle with a yellow seal. The purchaser was impressed, the picture was sold, and Whistler felt certain that the sealing-wax had done the trick.

As a rule the quality of his company intimidated his tradesmen, who occasionally benefited from his praise of them by the addition of a peer or peeress to their list of customers. In time it became a distinction to meet him, and when someone remarked, "The Prince of Wales says he knows you," he observed pleasantly, "That's only his side."

But whether people knew him or not, liked him or disliked him, everyone recognized that he was unique, and until the appearance of Oscar Wilde on the London scene he had no rival either as a wit or as a personality. By his sayings no less than his habits, by his appearance no less than his behavior, he openly defied the mental and physical conventions of his time. Even had they admired his paintings, the academicians could not approve his conduct. Some of them liked him; all were afraid of him. He was an incalculable, unclassifiable human being, who conformed to no external authority or code; a man with a mission, no doubt, but the mission was himself. Always refusing to adapt himself to any given conditions, he was generally considered a failure; though in his own words he had made *un succès d'exécration,* and he gloried in his notoriety. His pockets were always filled with hostile press criticisms, which he pulled out and read aloud to anyone who would listen. His conversation was much occupied with his quarrels, which were described in detail and constantly repeated to his disciples and acquaintances; and to the consternation of some he would also recite the eulogies written on his work, even those which had clearly been prompted by himself and inserted by a friend in the *Court Journal.*

Other people fared as badly with him as he did with the critics. A rich collector persuaded him to look at a number of paintings. He inspected each carefully, sometimes ejaculating, "Amazing!" Having come to the end of the collection, he said, "Amazing! and there's no excuse for it, no excuse for it at all!" Another owner of pictures declared his intention to bequeath them to some institu-

tion and wanted Whistler's advice. "I should leave them to an asylum for the blind," was the suggestion. Standing before a sketch in a private gallery, a woman asked whether he thought it indecent. "No, madam, but your question is."

He was much more gentle with his models than with connoisseurs.

"Where were you born?" one of them inquired.

"I never was born, my child; I came from on high."

"Now that shows how easily we deceive ourselves in this world, for I should say you came from below."

The fact that he was able to report this with relish displays a kindly side of his nature too seldom turned to the world. When dealing with unpretentious people, or helping those in need, he was both genial and generous, unaggressive and unaffected. Servants, models, workmen, errand-boys, anyone who could not score off him: to all these he was charming, sympathetic, and natural. Walking with a friend in Chelsea one day he came upon a very grimy boy selling papers. Whistler examined him: "How old are you?"

"Seven, sir."

"Oh, you must be more than that."

"No, I ain't, sir."

"I don't think he could get that dirty in seven years, do you?" said Whistler to his friend as he paid for the interview. But he was not so expansive with his social equals, one of whom met him on the embankment and politely asked: "How do you do?" "I don't," he replied, passing on without a flicker of recognition. The man thus affronted would have been surprised to learn that Whistler was in the habit of engaging as secretaries men who were unemployable in any capacity but whose incapability aroused his sympathy. Wandering about his rooms there was often to be seen a harmless-looking and rather futile person who passed for a secretary, though as he was never seen with a pen or pencil in his hand people used to wonder what he wrote. Or there was another man, also a secretary, who used to make sketches on any bit of paper he could lay hands on and did not appear quite right in the head. Such unfortunates were kept by Whistler, not because they were useful to him but because they were useless to anybody.

The man with a melting heart and a biting tongue; but this seeming inconsistency had a simple explanation. His egotism was flattered by an appeal for his protection and wounded by friction with other egotists. Much of the trouble in life arises from the fact that human beings have corns, which, when trodden upon, breed unfriendliness. Whistler's corns were exceptionally tender, and it relieved him to stamp on other people's. Naturally the sufferers thought that his hostility was directed against themselves. Actually it was directed against the nature of things. When a fellow told him of a pleasant spot near London for an artistic sojourn, saying, "I'm sure you'll like it," and he replied, "The very fact that you like it is proof that I won't," the fellow thought that Whistler was expressing personal animosity, whereas all he had wished to indicate was that their tastes were different. But he had a way of saying things that jarred on those with whom he was not in accord, and many people fought shy of him for this reason.

Throughout the eighties when he was more famous as a personality than as a painter, his clothes grew more pronounced than ever, his laugh more loud, his sayings more acid. He wore fawn-colored long-skirted frock coats, carried a bamboo cane which seemed to get longer and longer, flourished his monocle with an added defiance, displayed his white lock with challenging emphasis, tilted a hat with a curlier brim, and was occasionally to be seen with pink bows on his shoes. When his frock coat was black, his trousers were white, and whatever he wore drew attention to the wearer. In wet weather he sported a tightly-rolled umbrella for ornament not use; and if advised to put it up lest his hat should suffer from the rain, he objected, "But I would get my umbrella wet." He was a walking advertisement of himself, and he hoped that if people looked at Whistler they might be induced to look at his work. They certainly looked both at the painter and his paintings, but they did not understand the oddities of either.

His arrival at a house for dinner was heralded by two resounding thwacks with the knocker and a violent pull at the bell, so that everyone knew it must be either Whistler or the postman. He was punctually unpunctual at every dinner to which he had been invited.

On one occasion he was an hour late. "We are so hungry, Mr. Whistler!" complained his host. "What a good sign!" he cordially returned. His desire to hold the center of the stage was noticeable, too, in the crossing of streets and the confusion of travel, when he displayed a nervousness that, being uncustomary, was probably designed to provoke comment. And the rate of his progress along the pavement, either swift or slow, had a similar object. "Why are you walking so fast?" asked a breathless companion. "To see if my shadow can keep up with me."

In short, his butterfly, which he made his symbol and trademark, preferred the limelight to the sunlight, and might easily have been mistaken for a mosquito, especially when he was not receiving the attention which he felt to be his due. "You seem to admire her," remarked a friend, after Whistler had been chatting for some time to their hostess. "Yes, I do," he admitted, "but I should admire her still more if while talking to me she would not make eyes at the footman over my shoulder."

As with so many men who are not at ease with their contemporaries, his tenderness was lavished on birds, animals, and children; all of which could draw forth an affection too often frozen in social intercourse, and none of which could criticize him. He loved cats; they were so graceful, charming, and friendly; and he sometimes kept a dog of the toyish variety. It was in connection with a pet French poodle that he suffered one of his rare reverses. The animal contracted a disease of the throat, and he sent for the famous throat specialist Sir Morell Mackenzie, who, though annoyed that he had been called in to treat a dog, pocketed a big fee and went off. Next day Mackenzie dispatched an urgent message that he wished to see Whistler, who, thinking it concerned his dog, downed brushes and dashed out to call on the specialist. "Oh, good morning, Mr. Whistler," said Mackenzie. "I wanted to see you about having my front door painted."

But as a rule Whistler was the victor in such skirmishes, of which we may give two examples. He was holding forth on his discovery of the Thames at dinner, when he was interrupted by a leading critic who said that people had appreciated the beauty of the river long before it had been caught on canvas. The argument became acrimonious, and at last the critic remarked, "Conceit is no proof of ability." Whistler rejoined: "Quite right. Conceit is what we call the other fellow's self-respect, don't ye know." "The other fellow's excessive egotism," grumbled the critic; at which point someone else half apologized for the unnecessary intrusion of the critic, and Whistler spoke into the air: "Yes, yes, he forgot himself; but then he is quite right to forget what is not worth remembering." At another dinner, where all the guests were known as writers or painters or sculptors, a young smartly-dressed fellow, who had apparently done nothing of note, began to pontificate and even had the temerity to contradict Whistler, who thereupon fixed his monocle, gazed at the omniscient youth, and asked pleasantly, "And whose son are you?"

Whistler's religion was his art, into which went all his emotion, his idealism, his love, his longing for peace, his belief in perfection. He took very little interest in anything else. Politics meant nothing to him: it was a silly game. His only excuse for the masses was that they sometimes presented an effective blot of color, which might be useful in a picture. He seldom read books, and only went to the theater because first nights were social ceremonies at which it was necessary to be seen. He could not listen to serious plays in a becoming frame of mind, and Wilson Barrett as Claudian sent him into fits of laughter. To religion in the ordinary sense of the word he was wholly indifferent. He probably thought of the Almighty as a great American artist like himself; at least that is the impression one gets from his comment on Haydon's autobiography: "Yes, Haydon, it seems, went into his studio, locked the door, and before beginning to work prayed God to enable him to paint for the glory of England. Then, seizing a large brush full of bitumen, he attacked his huge canvas, and, of course—God fled."

This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Pearson. The second, next month, will deal with Whistler as artist.—The Editors.

The Easy Chair

An Old Steal Refurbished

Bernard DeVoto

One of the planks in the Republican platform is intended to impair your investments and real-estate holdings out West. The hands that got it inserted in the platform were the hands of General Pat Hurley but the voice is the voice of a stockgrowers' committee who neither slumber nor sleep. It provides a fulcrum from which to exert leverage if the Republicans win in November, so that certain stockmen who hold grazing permits in the national forests can further enrich themselves at public expense. It is the latest move in the attack on the Forest Service which I have been describing here at intervals for the past five years. It commits the Republican party to a curtailment of public authority over an invaluable natural resource. It also makes the party conspicuously vulnerable, and one wonders why the rest of the platform drafters, highly practical men all, allowed General Hurley to stick them with so loud a smell. As the campaign goes on General Eisenhower is going to find himself in trouble unless he repudiates it.

The public lands are just what the phrase says they are, the lands owned in common by the people of the United States. As one of the co-owners, you share in the income they produce and you are taxed for their protection and administration. You are also taxed to subsidize the Western stockmen who graze cattle and sheep on them. That is, those stockmen pay a much smaller fee than the grazing is worth, a much smaller fee than Western stockmen who graze privately owned lands have to pay, and taxes make up the difference.

Ever since the Forest Service was organized —it is the oldest of the agencies that administer public grazing lands—there has been an unremitting effort to get that subsidy increased. It has taken many forms. It has tried to prevent the government from charging anything for the use of the public lands. It has tried to prevent the government from regulating their use. It has tried to give stockmen who use the lands the sole authority to regulate grazing and to set fees. (In a notable victory it succeeded in doing just that for the lands administered by the Grazing Service, now the Bureau of Land Management, of the Interior Department.) It has tried to alienate the public lands entirely and to turn them over to the stockmen who use them, at negligible cost or no cost at all. It has tried various modifications and combinations of all these approaches. And it makes another all-out try in the public-lands plank that has been carpentered into this year's Republican platform.

The public-lands plank begins resoundingly, "We favor restoration of the traditional Republican lands policy. . . ." Well, what is the traditional Republican policy?

Is it the policy of Theodore Roosevelt? He made conservation a basic policy of the federal government. It was he who established the Forest Service and saved for the public millions of acres of timberland and grazing land, entire watersheds, and hundreds of power sites—saved them against the furious opposition of just such stockmen as those who wrote the current plank. He gave the West—and the nation—the Newlands Act and reclamation, the Inland Waterways Commission, the once honorable Rivers and Harbors Act, a basis for a public waterpower policy, the authority under which public control of waterpower was eventually exercised, and much else there is no space to list here.

His was a great conservation policy and there were associated with him such honored Republicans as Gifford Pinchot, Henry Stimson, the great Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, James R. Garfield, W. J. McGee, and many others. But though this is a great Republican tradition, there is no occasion to restore it, for it is still in force. It has been the fixed policy of the federal government, in

spite of continuous efforts, mostly Republican, to hamstring or destroy it. Later administrations, including that of another great conservationist, Franklin Roosevelt, have only built on it.

But there is another traditional Republican public-lands policy. In Theodore Roosevelt's time it was exemplified by the Western Senators and Representatives who fought him, fought the creation of public-land reserves, fought the establishment of national forests, and in particular fought the unholy theorem that the public could charge stockmen a fee for grazing stock on public lands. Grazing fees were evil, they were unconstitutional, stockgrowers had a God-given right to use the public lands free of charge. That cry rose all across the West with the assessment of the first grazing fee, it has never quite died out, and there is a clear echo of it in the public-lands plank now. Again, there was the public-lands policy of Secretary Richard A. Ballinger, which was to hand over the public coal lands to well-heeled private operators and to give other favorites a very free hand with the national forests. There was also the policy of Secretary Albert B. Fall, which was to turn over the public oil lands to private operators on a similar basis but somewhat less suavely.

And let us recall the public lands policy of Herbert Hoover and his Secretary Wilbur, the memory of which has got lost under more catastrophic Hooverisms. When the midterm election of 1930 swept them to oblivion, they were preparing to fulfill the stockgrowers' oldest and most desirous dream. They were undertaking to turn over the remaining public domain of the United States to the individual states it was located in, so that it could be sold for chickenfeed to the grazers who were using it—provided that buying it for chickenfeed should cost them less than leasing it on terms they themselves might set. Finally, there is ex-Congressman Frank Barrett of Wyoming, now running for the Senate, who tried to do the same thing and who lent a hand to others who were trying to put the national forests as well up for sale. Mr. Barrett lost out on the big one but he succeeded in establishing for the Bureau of Land Management the great, patriotic, and most Republican principle that when grazing fees are set the value of the grazing must by no means be taken into account.

WHICH traditional Republican policy is the plank talking about? A lot of us would like to know. A lot of us especially in the East, whose public-lands function seems to be to prevent the West, every little while, from committing suicide. It is clear to us that a handful of bronzed horsemen, Two-Gun Desmond and his gang, have slipped one over on General Eisenhower.

Let's quote that first sentence in full: "We favor restoration of the traditional Republican lands policy, which provided opportunity for ownership by citizens to promote the highest land use." (When Desmond starts shooting, "highest land use" always means grazing.) It shows that in the neolithic minds of the stockmen's committee the great land grab is not dead even now. They still hope that, somehow, the stockmen who now pay ten cents for a dollar's worth of grazing in the national forests will be allowed to buy the ranges they use for, say, two cents on the dollar. Everyone else knows that they never will be allowed to, including Mr. Barrett, who burned his fingers badly when the land grab was tried. Neither the West nor the East will stand for it: no administration could put it over. Not even if providence should make Pat Hurley President with Two-Gun Desmond for his Vice President.

But the presence of that sentence in the public-lands plank will cost General Eisenhower a lot of votes unless he denounces it. Remember, this has been tried. In the only Republican Congress since the first Roosevelt landslide, the boys got ready to spring their land grab. Twenty-four hours after word of it got out, the trains and planes were full of Republican Congressmen hurrying West to explain to their constituents that it was all a vile rumor, that they had been cruelly misrepresented. One of them got licked at the next election, another one and a Senator fell in love with private life and decided not to run again, and every last one of the others started singing a different tune, loudly. The survivors can be interviewed at any time.

The preamble, then, is nonsense: nobody is going to provide "opportunity for ownership by citizens" of the Forest Service ranges. The plank goes on to call for "an impartial study of tax-free federal lands." (In Desmond's jargon "impartial" means advocating what stockmen want.) Many studies of the federal lands

are available now but this is familiar stockmen tactics, which have been well described as "attack, investigate, postpone"—ends that could all be accomplished by a new and properly loaded study. Following this item, the plank gets down to business with a pledge: "In the management of public lands and forests we pledge the elimination of arbitrary bureaucratic practices. To this end we favor legislation to define the rights and privileges of grazers and other co-operators and users, to provide the protection of independent judicial review against administrative invasions of those rights and privileges, and to protect the public against corrupt or monopolistic exploitation and bureaucratic favoritism."

This meshes with the program which the stockmen have been trying for years to get adopted. It is especially tied in with the campaign of the joint Grazing Committee of the two national associations, cattle and sheep. In *Harper's* for March 1951 I described their efforts to write a bill which would get as much as seemed possible of what they wanted. They tinkered with it for another year before it satisfied them; then early in 1952 they unveiled the result. It is called "Proposal for an Act to provide for the orderly use, improvement, and development of the federal lands. . . ." and two more lines of nice-looking type. The plank in the Republican platform embodies this Proposal.

As we examine the plank, there are a couple of things to bear in mind. One of them is this: though the plank has the Soil Conservation Service in the corner of one eye, it is aimed at the Forest Service, which the Desmond gang has never been able to control, and refers solely to the regulation and administration of grazing ranges in the national forests. The other is this: the people for whose benefit it was written are only a small part of the Western stockgrowing interest. Even if they could speak for everybody who grazes stock in the national forests, they would be representing only some 10 per cent of the Western cattle business and about 30 per cent of the Western sheep business—all told only a minute percentage of the national business. But actually they do not speak for anywhere near so large a part of the Western interest. A very large number of stockmen who hold grazing permits in the national forests repudiate their objectives. The Grazing Committee and its proposal represent a handful of big operators. Remember too that grazing is only a subsidiary use of the national forests, which exist primarily for watershed protection and the production of timber.

So let's construe. The pledge to "eliminate bureaucratic practices" is a pledge to take administration of the grazing ranges away from the Forest Service and hand it over to the holders of grazing permits. As things stand now, the Service determines what the proper number of stock for a given range is; if a range is being damaged by overgrazing or if some higher use is endangered it reduces the number of stock. To end this heinous solicitude for the public interest is the first objective of the sentence I have quoted, but it has other objectives too. It undertakes to give permit-holders power to determine *how* a range shall be used, to exclude other users who might curtail the stockmen's freedom of action, and to administer ranges without regard to the enormously more important interests of water production and watershed protection. It would empower the grazers themselves to set the grazing fees, which is letting the tenant decide how much rent he shall pay, and to determine the dates and duration of the grazing season, which is a license to impair and even destroy the ranges. It would prohibit the Forest Service, the agent of the public who owns the ranges, from making any changes in use or administration, from adopting any new methods or regulations, and from taking any other administrative action unless the permit-holders should consent. This is all wonderful stuff if you can get away with it, and the Desmond gang has been trying for years and years.

Another approach is contained in "we favor legislation to define the rights and privileges of grazers." (Disregard "other co-operators and users"—it doesn't mean a thing.) This is intended to charge Congress, in the belief that the Western bloc will be able to control it, with the direct administration of the public lands—to formulate grazing regulations by Act of Congress. It is contrary to all governmental practice and violates every principle of public administration. Congress creates an executive bureau to the end that trained specialists may do the

administering. The Senate of the United States cannot determine how many sheep should graze along Nine Mile Creek—but if it starts debating the problem the owner of the sheep may do exactly as he pleases. Incidentally, no grazer has any "right" whatever in the national forests except the limited and entirely contingent rights stipulated by his grazing permit, which are permissive and are subject to modification or cancellation in the public interest. To get a legally vested right in the public lands has always been an ambition of the Desmond gang.

"The protection of independent judicial review" is another gimmick, related to another primary objective of these buccaneers. In no department of the government are the decisions of administrators of public property subject to review by the courts. Paralysis would result if they were, and that is the end in view here. Holders of grazing permits may now appeal any administrative decision of the Forest Service through the whole official structure up to the Chief Forester, beyond him to a special board of review, and on to the Secretary of Agriculture. The gimmick is intended to give them a chance to delay action further by tying it up in the courts for years, with luck forever. What action? A reduction in the number of stock grazed on a range in order to rehabilitate it, for instance, or a change in the terms on which a grazing permit is held, a change made on behalf of higher land use or of the public interest. To hell with the public interest; the boys want to run their stock as they may see fit to.

The last phrase, "corrupt or monopolistic exploitation and bureaucratic favoritism" may look like mere gobbledygook, without meaning. But it has an important meaning. The subsidy paid to holders of grazing permits in the form of low fees and service rendered greatly increases the value of their home ranches. (Sometimes up to $400 per cow the permit authorizes.) They can sell their base property for much more than they otherwise could merely because the Forest Service habitually transfers the permit to the person who buys the base property. The Desmond gang want an Act of Congress which will provide that the Forest Service cannot let anyone except the present permit-holders use a range without their consent. Such an Act would give legal recognition to the additional but now contingent capital value which a permit creates for them at public expense. It would give them a monopoly on grazing in the forests. No newcomer in the stock business could use forest ranges—only the heirs and assigns of the present permit-holders.

THE public-lands plank can now be rewritten in plain English. "We pledge the Republican party to strip the Forest Service of its power to regulate and administer its grazing ranges, and to transfer that power to the present holders of grazing permits. We favor legislation which will put grazing, a subsidiary use of national forests and in dollars the least important one, in a position superior and adverse to other uses such as lumbering, mining, irrigation, municipal and industrial water supply, watershed protection, hunting, fishing, camping, all other kinds of recreation, and the public interest in general. We demand that there be no protection of ranges or watersheds by reducing the number of stock now permitted to graze them or by any change we do not like in the terms on which grazing permits are held. We also demand an Act of Congress that will give the present holders of grazing permits a legally vested hold on the national forests, will enable them to keep other stockmen out of the forests, will authorize them to set grazing fees as they may see fit, and will empower them to formulate and enforce their own regulations without regard to the public interest."

You must see the "we" of this plank as some fraction, indeterminable but less than half, of about 17,000 stockmen who now hold grazing permits in the forests. There are twice as many logging permits and the business they represent is many times greater. Hundreds of thousands of farmers depend on the forest watersheds for irrigation. All the municipalities of the mountain West depend on them for domestic and industrial water. Many millions of people use the forests for recreation. The plank makes a minority of stockmen a highly privileged class and puts them in a position superior to other users of the forests and to the American people who own the forests and pay the taxes. It stinks. But also it commits the Republican party to action.

How about it? How about it, General Eisenhower and the people who are thinking of voting for him?

Saratoga: Swan Song for a Spa

Cleveland Amory



Pictorial Comment by Steinberg

SARATOGA, once the gaudiest of American spas, is also one of the oldest. Its history goes back all the way to the Indians. In fact the first white man to visit the springs (in August 1767), Sir William Johnson, who was the British superintendent of Indian affairs, was permitted to visit them only because he was popular among the Indians, who called him the "Great White Father"—a title which he did his best to maintain by siring, through a succession of Indian mistresses, no less than a hundred children.

Saratoga's own name is also of Indian origin. It is derived from the Iroquois word *Se-rach-to-que*. Unhappily the word was, until ten years ago, translated by an official publication of New York State as "Floating Scum upon the Water." To Saratogians—they are never called just Saratogans—who have had a good deal to put up with in these modern times, the translation was the last straw, and they finally prevailed upon the authorities to make a new one. So today the word is translated, more satisfactorily, "Hillside Country of a Great River."

The only difficulty with this translation is that Saratoga is not on a hill and is not by a river; in fact it can honestly lay no claim to being a beauty spot at all. Saratoga has its famous Saratoga Lake, which was in the old days a center of intercollegiate rowing, but this is the only body of water anywhere around, and while the mountains may be seen from certain vantage points the land generally is flat and there is no scenic splendor as at Bar Harbor. The contrasting charms of Newport, with its Colonial downtown and its cottage-castle uptown, or of Palm Beach with its Mizner *palazzos* mixed with modern Fifth Avenue stores, are missing. Saratoga has contrasts, all right, but they are not necessarily charming ones. The railroad tracks still cross Saratoga's main street, its famous Broadway, and, although the train passengers no longer hang out the windows to see the Society, as they did in the old days, Broadway itself is still in places a handsome tree-lined sight.

At the same time, Broadway, and indeed Saratoga in general, in many other places, is a crowded jumble of honky-tonk hotels and motels, roadhouses and boarding-houses. The town has, in fact, no industry except health

From Cleveland Amory's forthcoming book The Last Resorts, *which will be out next month,* Harper's *has published previews of Newport, Palm Springs, Tuxedo Park—and now Saratoga. Mr. Amory is the author of* The Proper Bostonians.

and recreation, although it offers for variety its Skidmore College, where over a thousand girls come from all parts of the country, and its Yaddo Park, where, as at the MacDowell Colony in Peterboro, New Hampshire, real live authors and artists may be seen in what their patrons apparently believe are their natural habitats. Its chief asset is, of course, the fact that it has, on the one hand, the country's oldest continuously operating race track—at least except during World War II—and on the other, the country's most modern spa development—the $10,000,000 Saratoga Spa Association. Here there are three bathhouses, the Lincoln, Washington, and Roosevelt (F.D.); a "Hall of Springs" offering the three famous Saratoga waters, the Geyser, Hathorn, and Coesa; the Gideon Putnam Hotel, which is named for Saratoga's first hotelbuilder; and a Research Institute and all manner of recreational facilities, including a therapeutic golf course where no grade runs steeper than 5 per cent.

SARATOGA is famous for its trunk and its chip. Iron-bound and, to the despair of porters, curved on top, the Saratoga trunk spread the spa's name far and wide a century ago; it took two strong men to lift, and held a month's changes even for the clothes-horse belles of those by-gone years.

Almost equally renowned was the Saratoga chip. First served almost exactly one hundred years ago, at Moon's Lake House in 1853, the development of the chip was the result of a cook's outburst of temper. The cook of the old Moon's was an irascible half-breed named George Crum, the son of a mulatto jockey and an Indian woman. No man to trifle with, he had no less than five wives, all of whom he apparently kept happy at once and all of whom served as waitresses in his establishment. When a fastidious diner sent back Crum's French-fried potatoes with the comment that he wished them sliced thinner, Crum was furious. He shaved off some potato slices paper-thin, wrapped them in a napkin, and plunged it into a tub of ice water. Then, after he had kept the diner waiting for a full half hour, he first dropped the chilled slices into a kettle of boiling grease, then ladled them out and salted them, and, finally, more or less as a practical joke, sent them in by one of his wife-waitresses.

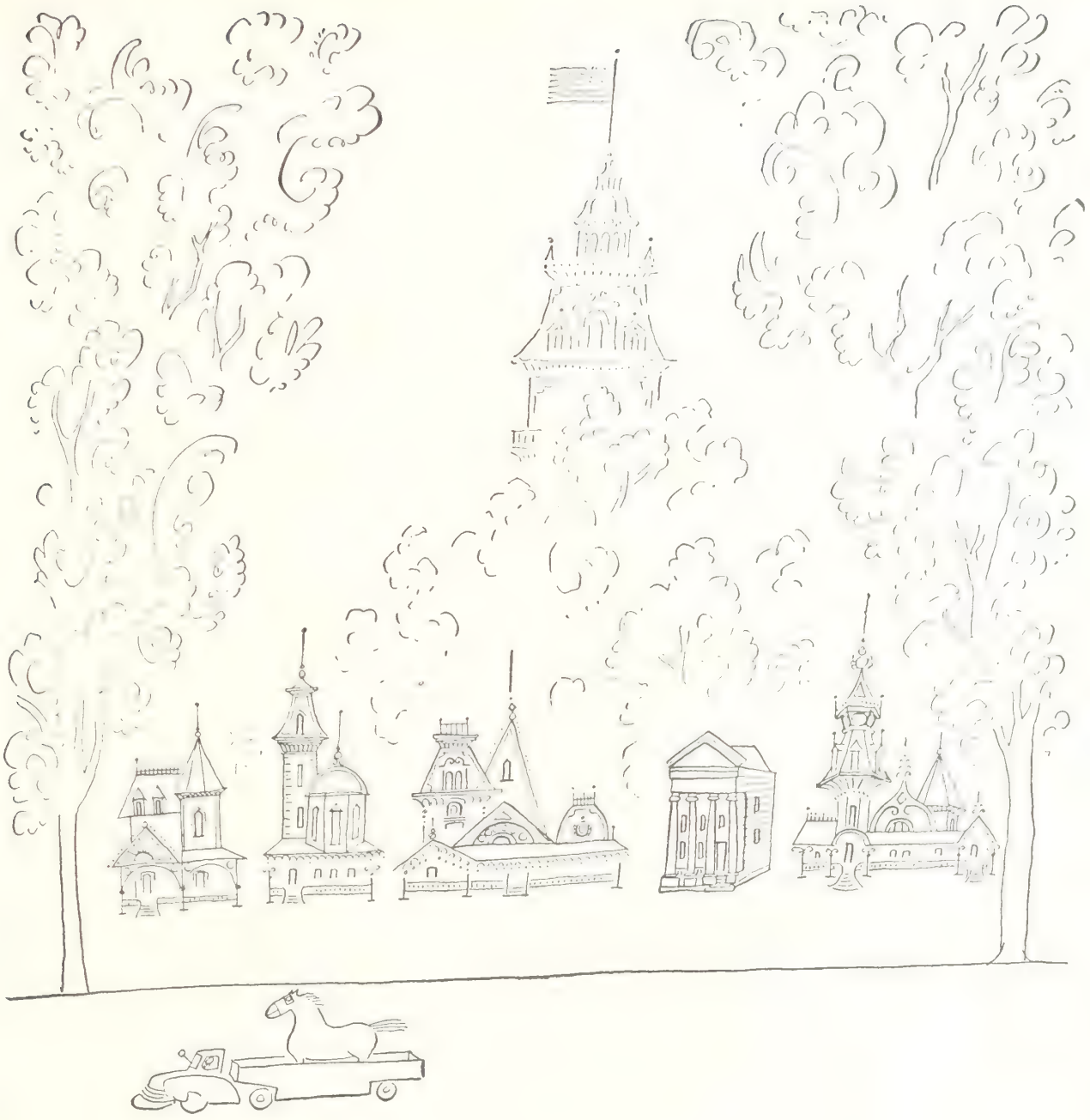
Instead of showing the indignation Crum expected, the diner promptly called for more. Then and there the Saratoga chip was born. Moon's immediately saw in the discovery an excellent thirst producer, one well calculated to increase liquor consumption, and that very day distributed the chips free to patrons in paper cornucopias. By the next day chips were placed in a huge bowl on the bar with a sign reading, Saratoga style, HELP YOURSELF.

As it took more than the Tuxedo coat and the Palm Beach suit to make those resorts, however, so it took more than a trunk and a potato chip to make Saratoga. But two other items sufficed. One was the growth of gambling; the other was the growth of the grand hotel. "Elegant hells" were what Saratoga's gambling casinos were called in their great days—and, poetically enough, the grand hotels were primarily famous for their "elegant belles." Today, of course, the sad state of both the hells and the belles, Saratoga's two great recreational commodities, are responsible for the sad fact that no great resort is more of a shadow of its former social self than Saratoga.

GAMBLING—except for the pari-mutuel flat racing and excellent night harness racing—is now as dead at Saratoga as it is anywhere else east of Nevada. A guard at Canfield's famous old red Club House, which has ever since 1911 been a part of Canfield Park, expresses it briefly. "We've all got Kefauver fever," he says. And a recent visitor to what was once the most elegant of all Saratoga's "elegant hells" was amazed to find it sheltering a thriving convention of—of all people—Jehovah's Witnesses.

No less extraordinary has been the passing of Saratoga's great nineteenth-century hostelries, the first of which was built in 1802. Today only one remains. This one building, the Grand Union Hotel, which was not built but *rebuilt* in 1864—parts of it go back to 1836—still gives Saratoga's Broadway what nineteenth-century atmosphere remains at the resort. But the Grand Union's esteemed contemporary, the United States Hotel, was a World War II casualty.

Just when death will come to the Grand Union, as it must to all grand hotels, no one knows, though recent news dispatches suggest that the end is imminent. But one thing is

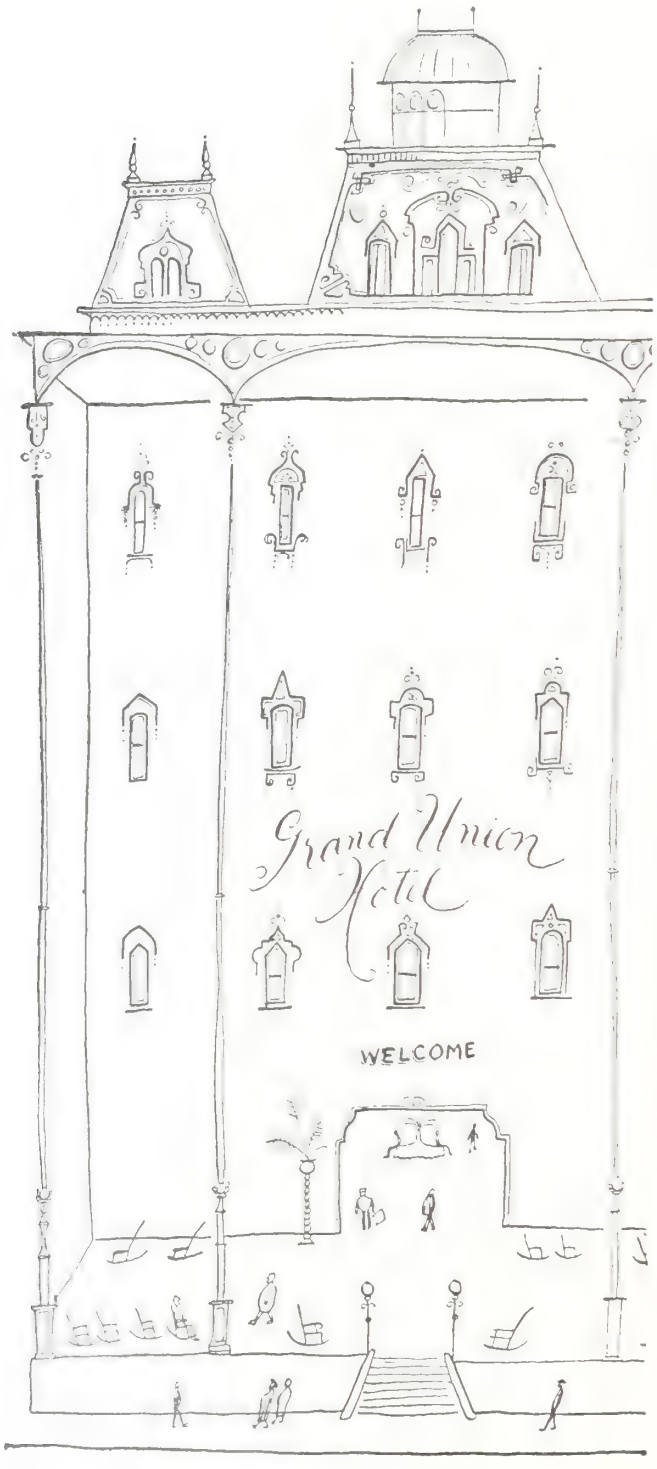




STEINBERG

certain; the handwriting is on the wall. In fact the handwriting may be said to be literally on the wall because, for the past two summers, a sign over the Union's basement has been advertising the fact that the last of Saratoga's caravansaries has now gone into its own antique business. "Original antiques for sale," the sign reads. "Period furniture used at the time of Lillian Russell, Diamond Jim Brady, Otis Skinner, Victor Herbert, John Drew, A. T. Stewart."

The last attempt to save the Union appears to have faded with the recent attempt of Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney to buy the hotel and make it some kind of permanent Saratoga memorial. When Whitney's offer was met by such a staggering increase in the asking price that even he could not meet it, old Saratogians, bitterly discouraged, all but gave up hope. Only in the month of August is the Grand Union open at all, and even at that time it is only partly open. The 306-foot-long Main Dining Hall, where the gourmets of yesterday did battle, thrice daily, with the groaning board, is now for the first time closed even in August, and, in another August or two, it is a safe prediction that Saratoga will be without any grand hotels at all.



This is a pity. For the Grand Union is perhaps the most nostalgic, and certainly the most massive, relic of the Good Old Days of resorts. Its white-elephantine splendor is actually enhanced by its grotesque gingerbread architecture, and it still boasts, from Ballroom to Band Stand, the longest single porch in the world—just over a quarter of a mile.

Inside, many of its features date back to Civil War days, including black walnut staircases, mahogany bedroom suites, massive imported French mirrors, Irish hand-pointed needlework draperies, and Waterford cut crystal chandeliers adorning hand-frescoed ceilings. The Bar Room, with its original solid mahogany bar, remains today just as it did when General Grant bent an elbow there, and the hotel elevators, among the first ever installed by the brothers Otis, are still operated by the same steam engine which first operated them in 1875. The amount of marble in the hotel would cover a solid acre; the amount of carpeting would cover more than twelve acres.

Among the sights still to be seen in this last stand of the nineteenth century, none is more awe-inspiring than the so-called "Grand Centennial Painting." This work, which is actually entitled "The Genius of America," hangs in the Main Ballroom. One of the largest paintings in the world, it was commissioned in 1870 from the French artist, Yvon, by A. T. Stewart, the dry-goods merchant, to ornament his New York house. Finding, when the painting was finished, that he could not even get it into his house, let alone hang it there, Stewart promptly shipped it up to the Grand Union—a hotel which he had bought in 1872 in an attempt to realize his ambition

to own "the largest hotel in the world." Today this Grand Centennial Painting, which ever since 1876 has covered, from floor to ceiling, the entire west wall of the Union ballroom, is valued at a sum considerably in excess of the crumbling hotel around it, and no visit to Saratoga is complete without a careful scrutiny not only of the painting itself but also of the description of its allegory. According to a recent brochure of the hotel the painting "depicts America, represented by a beautiful woman of Amazonian stature and proportions, dispensing from a huge 'Horn of Plenty' learning, culture, healing, and largesse generally, to the assembled nations of the world."

II

James Gordon Bennett once called Saratoga the "seraglio of the prurient aristocracy." Translating "seraglio" as harem and "prurient" as lewd, the description was not a flattering one. Nor can it be denied that in Saratoga's great days its houses of ill fame were not inconspicuous. Madam Grace Sinclair and Madam Landry, and later Hattie Adams, were by no means backward about exhibiting their wares, and no coaching parade to the lake, race track, or Club House was complete without the sight of their girls, sitting complete with picture-hats and parasols, like a carefully thought-out flower arrangement, on top of handsomely appointed coaches.

Despite Mr. Bennett and the Mesdames, Saratoga's grand hotels were, in the eighteen-eighties and -nineties, extremely circumspect about the registration of the male and female without benefit of marital vows. There were, of course, exceptions. At the United States Hotel one day, the resort sport Evander Berry Wall, King of the Dudes, signed in with his manservant. "Wall and Valet," he wrote. Wall was followed by the millionaire horse-breeder "White Hat" McCarty and a young lady friend. McCarty looked at the Wall signature and then at his lady friend, then seized the pen. "McCarty," he wrote, "and Valise."

Mr. McCarty, whose brother still lives in Saratoga as a handicapper, was admitted, but such instances were rare. Furthermore, the hotels maintained a strict girl curfew. When the old-time Saratogian staggered up the steps to the so-called "Millionaires' Piazza" of the old States, or to the Grand Union, he was by no means a free man. After eleven o'clock every entrance of the States and the Union, except the main one, was locked, and even this was guarded by a husky attendant. The latter not only refused to admit any unregistered ladies but also maintained a corps of assistants who all night long patrolled the lengthy piazzas against any attempt at female bootlegging. Such severity was, of course, responsible for the immediate social popularity of the adjoining hotel cottages.

In these cottages no such conventions were applied. "In accordance," said Saratoga's late Hugh Bradley, "with the still-prevalent American belief that sin becomes somehow sanctified if a sitting-room is attached to the bedchamber, the cottages solved the problems of numerous lonesome Wall Street tycoons and Western copper kings." One oil millionaire is still remembered as being so occupied with business that he was forced to share his cottage with no less than five secretaries; and the number of beautiful but obscure nieces who took up cottage-keeping for their uncles was extraordinary.

The gaiety of Saratoga was enhanced by the combination of social celebrities with stage celebrities. Until the first world war there was at other resorts a great gulf between Society and the stage; even Newport's Mrs. Fish failed to break it down completely. "You must remember," said Berry Wall, who spoke for the Newport-Tuxedo circuit, "that Broadway only cuts across Fifth Avenue; it never parallels it." Saratoga's Broadway did parallel it. What Harry Lehr and Mrs. Fish were to Newport, Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell were, in their way, to Saratoga, and while neither that well-traveled salesman nor "that woman," as old-time Saratogians still recall her, would have attempted setting up cottage-keeping at Newport, they were, at Saratoga, the uncrowned rulers of the Spa.

Of all the flashy characters on the Saratoga scene in the nineties, Diamond Jim was the flashiest. He had thirty complete sets of jewels, one for each day in the month, and each set included a watch, watch chain, ring, scarf pin, necktie pin, necktie clasp, pen



and pencil, cuff-links, belt buckle, eyeglass case, pocketbook clasp, and J.B.B. monogram, not to mention shirt studs, collar buttons, five vest buttons, and even underwear buttons. The most ornate of all his sets was his so-called "Transportation Set." One shirt stud had a bicycle made of 119 diamonds; the eyeglass case was a locomotive of 210 diamonds. No less than 2,548 diamonds were included in the whole set.

Even on the rare occasions when Brady arrived in Saratoga without Lillian Russell, he made up for the lack in style. In the summer of 1896 he arrived with a silver-plated railroad undertruck, Miss Russell's gold-plated bicycle, and twenty-seven Japanese houseboys. One of these boys acquired so many fifty-cent Havana cigars that after Brady returned to New York he opened a cigar store.

For her part the great Miss Russell was equally conspicuous. If Brady had his Japanese houseboys, Miss Russell had a famous Japanese spaniel, complete with an $1,800 collar, and when her gold-plated bicycle bored her she had a carriage with solid silver trimmings and dazzling white doeskin reins. Each summer Miss Russell rented a cottage and brought with her a coterie of her girl friends—her "Farm Flirts" she called them—to entertain the menfolk. Fighting a constantly losing battle with her waistline, she insisted on all her guests exercising severely each day; then each night she would seize the bedpost while the maid, who often neglected to pull down the shades, would seize her corset strings and try to get her mistress in shape for dinner.

A companion period-piece was the celebrated English sportsman Squire Abingdon Baird. The Squire was proud of his position as patron and inseparable companion of the famous boxer Charley Mitchell, a man who had once fought a three-hour draw with John L. Sullivan. One evening in the bar the Squire and Mitchell had an argument. Suddenly the Squire slapped Mitchell in the face. To the amazement of the onlookers the quick-tempered Mitchell did nothing. Again the

Squire slapped him and again Mitchell did nothing. This same scene was repeated in various other Saratoga bars until finally one day a friend asked Mitchell how he could stand such treatment. Mitchell smiled. "The truth is," he said, "I enjoy it. The Squire pays me $100 every blow he lands."

Dapperest of all Saratoga's Dapper Dans was Berry Wall. One evening in August 1888, he announced that the next day he would appear in forty complete changes of costume. The next morning before breakfast the crowd began gathering in front of the United States Hotel, where Wall had a first-floor room. Out on the street no less a figure than John L. Sullivan started making book on the outcome of Saratoga's greatest sartorial steeplechase.

Just before breakfast Wall appeared. He was dressed in a handsome black and white costume. He stood on the piazza, waved and talked a moment or two with his friends, took a quick stroll up and down, then disappeared inside. A few moments later he was out again, this time garbed in white linen and this time he took a quick walk around the block. All through the day he continued the parade. Sometimes he strolled across to the bar for a drink, sometimes he strolled down to the springs, but always he was back for another change—to his room where his unseen valet was methodically assisting him, hanging out each new outfit in fireman's fashion. Finally, just at dinnertime, John L. Sullivan led the crowd in three long cheers, the band out under the trees struck up "Hail the Conquering Hero Comes," and Wall, for the fortieth time, appeared. As his final outfit he wore a Prince Albert, white tie, boiled shirt, and poke collar. The title of the King of the Dudes was his forever.

The charm of Saratoga in those days lay, of course, in its utter lack of self-consciousness and its lack of any defensive feeling toward wealth—a feeling which has latterly been the bane of all social resorts.

III

Even in later years—in the pre-Depression years of this century—Saratoga had a gaiety which elder Saratogians miss today. At that time, Mrs. Edward Hamilton Hough recalls, there was really such a thing as Saratoga Society, for a great many people came to the resort for all summer long; nowadays they either come for a short while, as to Virginia Hot Springs, to take the waters and baths following the Newport or Palm Beach seasons, or else they are the horse Society which comes just in August for the races. In the latter case, Mrs. Hough is not at all sure she is glad they come at all. "Horse Society," she says, "is a hodge-podge. It's anybody who owns a horse."

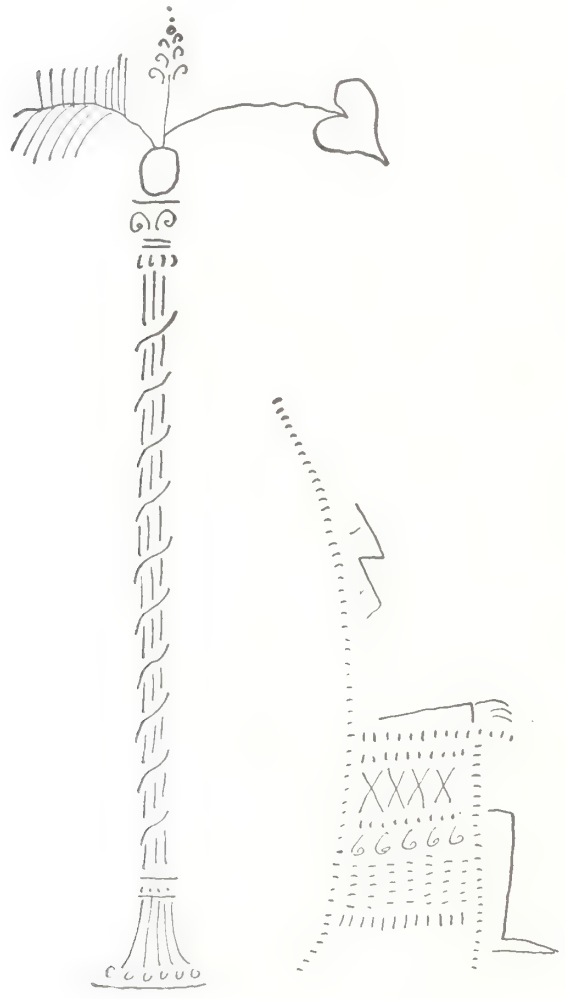
There are those, to be sure, who would consider Saratoga gay even today; who would regard as pretty highly geared such a life as is lived during August by Mr. and Mrs. John A. Morris. Mr. Morris is vice president of the Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses; Mrs. Morris, the former Edna Brokaw, feels that if raising horses is very expensive, this is all the better from the point of view of Society, because "it's so expensive that it takes more than one generation of money." She thus describes their August routine:

"We only have two guest-rooms full of guests," she says, "two couples, that is, because we feel that six in the total group with my husband and myself is enough. We have breakfast 7:30 to 11:00, trays going up, guests coming down, then tennis or nine holes of golf or perhaps even a drink of the waters, then back before lunch to kiss or spank the children depending on their behavior, then off to the track for lunch and the races, then back either to go to a cocktail party or give one, then either go to a dinner or give one, then bridge or canasta till I don't know when —well, one, maybe—then bed. The next day we do it all over again—for four weeks."

Lively as this sort of regime sounds, it is not, in the opinion of older Saratogians, anything to what the resort was in the old days. Saratoga's beloved "Three Musketeers," actor Monty Woolley, humorist Frank Sullivan, and ex-Mayor Clarence Knapp, all of whom live in the resort year-round, are particularly amazed at the changes that have taken place since then. Today Knapp and Sullivan have formed a two-man Society for the Restoration and Preservation of Nineteenth-Century Saratoga. "We are keeping Woolley out," says Sullivan. "That's what clubs are for, aren't they? Anyway, he didn't get here until he was almost three years old. He's a carpet-bagger."

For his part Woolley, the third Musketeer, yields to no one in his love of the old days. The son of the Grand Union's great proprietor, W. Edgar Woolley, Monty recalls that his father had no worries about the fact that W. B. Gage, proprietor of the United States Hotel, had a higher proportion of the *haut monde* than the Grand Union. "Gage can have the Vanderbilts," the elder Woolley once declared. "I'll take the money."

As a young boy Monty remembers morning and evening symphony concerts, band music, and floral fetes, as well as balls which would open at either the Grand Union or the United States, move on to Congress Hall and then back to whichever hotel, the Union or the States, in which they had not begun. When he was four years old Woolley got his thespian start by dancing a sailor's hornpipe on a grass stage; on his seventh birthday he was allowed to conduct Victor Herbert's fifty-four-piece symphony orchestra in the "Little Edgar Polka." "There was in those days," he says, "a wonderful slow tempo to life. Even the weather was warmer. God, what a lovely time it was to live!"



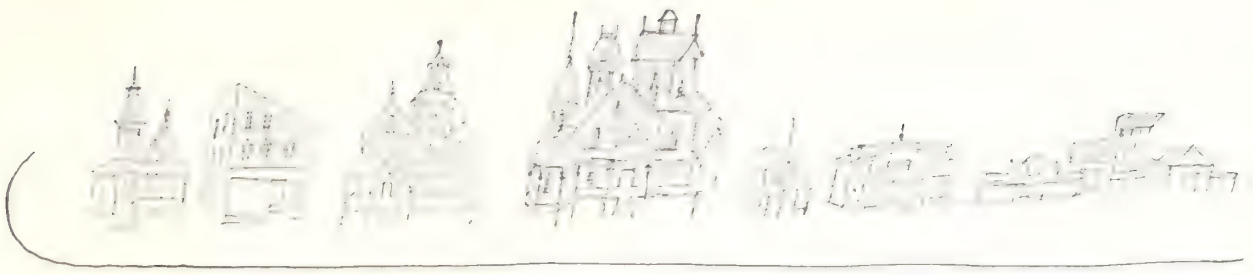
Even the younger members of Saratoga's horse Society seem to have quieted down, in the opinion of the old-timers. It was only yesterday, they feel, when such youngsters were really horsing around in style. They enjoy recalling the gayer episodes—how, for example, "Liz" Whitney used to wear an emerald necklace with riding clothes one day and the next would arrive at the track direct from a night club, wearing an evening dress and accompanied by a small herd of dogs. They also recall the time when "Ella" Widener threw an egg at a judge in night court, and when young Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt sent a hopeless horse out to race in the Saratoga Cup, and, knowing his jockey would be out a long time, gave him, in lieu of riding orders, a sandwich, a container of milk, and a wrist compass.

IV

John Hay Whitney and his sister Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, joint owners of the famous Greentree Stables of their late mother, Mrs. Payne Whitney, recall that their mother made money out of Greentree only one year out of all the years she ran it. And despite the fact that they have already had two winning years out of the eight they have run the stables, they do not feel that horse-racing is a money-making proposition.

Other Saratoga Society stable owners support this view. In their opinion the only owners who regularly make money are the so-called "gyp," or gypsy, stables; these have only one or two horses and just enter them in races when they know they have an excellent chance to win. Saratogian Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who was running his own stable at the age of twenty-one, won $300,000 in purses one of his first years. He was asked how the stable made out for the whole year. "They haven't figured it out yet," said Vanderbilt. "I'm either $10 ahead or $10 behind."

Old Saratogians agree that the best place to see what is left of Saratoga Horse Society is in the annual yearling sales which occur during the second and third weeks of August. Held at nine o'clock in the evening, the show opens with the arrival, one by one, of the elders of Saragota Society in their chauffeur-driven limousines. Moving past the bright lights of the boxing-ring enclosures they take



their box seats with their accustomed assurance. Then, one by one, the horses are brought in to stand, in the bright lights, usually with considerably less assurance. A groom holds the horse in front, a stableboy sweeps up behind, and an auctioneer sounds off: "Ladies and gentlemen, that's mighty little money and a whole lot of horse." The bids are not delivered to the auctioneer at all but are relayed by delicate signals forwarded by ushers in the aisles. Indeed, so delicate are these signals that, for a non-bidding spectator, it is dangerous to make any motion at all; turf writer Joe Palmer recalls accepting a $15,000 bid by a gentleman who was trying to brush a fly off his neck.

Like the Saratoga racetrack, which is known as the graveyard of favorites, the yearling sales have over the years provided some startling results. The most famous yearling ever sold, of course, was Man o' War, who went to Samuel Riddle in 1917 for $5,000; in purses and stud fees "Big Red," as he was called, brought in over $3,000,000. In contrast Man o' War's son, Broadway Limited, cost W. T. Waggoner $65,000 in 1928. Broadway Limited never won a race and, finally, attempting to win a $900 purse in 1930, he rounded the stretch turn in front and, finding himself for the first time in his life ahead, suddenly dropped dead.

Even the yearling sales, however, do not seem to old Saratogians to have held up as well as they should have. "Years ago," says Mrs. John F. C. Bryce, a former Newporter, "you used to know everybody, and everybody came in evening clothes. Now everybody comes in anything, and you're lucky if you know the first five rows." The characters, too, at the sales seem to have deteriorated. Mrs. Payne Whitney had the reputation of buying any horse who looked at her sadly; at one sale she bought seventeen horses.

Curiously enough, this deterioration in horse Society has been accompanied, in the view of old-timers, with a deterioration in the actual races themselves. The old-timers will tell you that they do not have races any more like the one, for example, on August 13, 1917, when, at Saratoga, of course, Man o' War was beaten for the first and only time in his career—and by a horse, of course, named Upset—or the one on the rainy afternoon of August 16, 1930, when two of the greatest race horses in America, Gallant Fox, ridden by the fabulous Earl Sands, and Whichone, with Sonny Workman up, were both, incredibly, beaten—by six lengths—by a 100-to-1 outsider named Jim Dandy.

V

If old Saratogians were to choose one man as symbolic of the spa in its heyday, the choice would undoubtedly fall on Richard Albert Canfield. Son of an improvident New Bedford printer, Canfield went to work at fifteen in the shipping department of the Boston firm of Jordan Marsh & Co.; but he soon abandoned dry goods for his life work —gambling.

Although he never in his life played the game of solitaire to which he gave his name, Canfield early learned everything there was to know about his trade—in Pawtucket, Providence, Boston, and New York. At the age of twenty, he was worth, by his own estimate, $20,000. The next year he toured the casinos of Europe, and, studying them carefully, returned penniless. Always popular with the ladies—he later married a Pawtucket girl—he was far from backward in preparing himself for Saratoga's Flash Age. Even when he was between jobs his suit, jewelry, and cigars were the best money could borrow, if not buy, and his suave manners, studied courtesy, and remarkable ability to remember names won him not only respect but also jobs.

Then, at the age of thirty, Canfield saw his faro house in Providence raided and he was sentenced to six months in jail. Instead of breaking the rising young gambler, however, the jail sentence made him. "Jail," he used

to say in after years, "was my Harvard." From the prison library he procured all kinds of books, on history, literature, and particularly art. Thereafter he was able to mingle with those whom he regarded as his betters without the fear of being humiliated by his lack of education.

Canfield took his self-improvement with extreme seriousness. Later in his life returning incognito from an art-buying trip abroad, he was faced with filling in, on his customs declarations, the space after the word "business." He found it no problem. "Gentleman," he wrote.

The only portrait of Canfield in existence was painted by his friend Whistler. In this, Canfield, dressed in dark robes, has his chunky hands clasped piously over his chest, a sanctimonious smile on his round, clean-shaven face, and one of his eyes half shut. Whistler called the portrait "His Reverence"—a title which Canfield, who never went to church, cherished. "If there is such a thing as an honest gambler," says Monty Woolley, whose father was one of Canfield's closest friends, "Canfield was that man."

Canfield was the first American gambler to extend credit on a large scale. "Canfield expected his patrons to wear evening clothes," says Alexander Gardiner, "and it was his theory that a man clad in a dress suit or a tuxedo did not care to carry a large amount of money with him."

Although Canfield took some severe losses on this theory—one man who gave him an IOU for $137,000 and never paid is still alive today—the result was remarkably in his favor. His Club House became the most successful gambling house in resort history, and it changed the character of Saratoga from a fading resort of politicians and show-offs to one which was, for a brief last gasp at least, a social rival of Newport and Bar Harbor. This record was the more extraordinary since the Club House was in operation only from 1894 to 1907.

Like Bradley at Palm Beach, Canfield permitted no native to gamble. Unlike Bradley, however, he never permitted ladies in the gambling rooms. But ladies as well as gentlemen enjoyed Canfield's cuisine. He paid his French chef, Jean Columbin, $5,000 for a two-month season.

Although Canfield's prices were higher than Sherry's or Delmonico's and many of the "American Plan" hotel guests ate even their breakfasts there, the restaurant invariably lost money. Canfield did not mind in the slightest; for him the restaurant was only the come-on, and indeed its outstanding feature—its fish pool—was actually a come-on. In this fish pool near the Club House were trout and bass and all manner of piscatorial delicacies gaily swimming. Patrons ordering fish courses were invited to go out to this pool and pick out their choice. Then the fish was, before the diner's very eyes, scooped out with a net, placed in a basket, and taken to the kitchen. What the diner's eye did not see, of course, was the fact that there was a pipe connecting the kitchen with the pool, and when the fish was safely in the kitchen, it was replaced by another and slid back into the pool.

In the gaming rooms Canfield needed no such chicanery. Once asked point-blank if he had ever permitted crooked paraphernalia, he said he had not. "All any gambler wants is to have play for a long enough time and he'll get all the money any player has. In business if you and I can lend money enough at 5 per cent we think we are doing pretty well. Every time a roulette wheel is spun, the percentage on a 36-inch wheel is 5 5/19 per cent against the player. Therefore you will say that I get an interest on my money of 5 5/19 per cent every time a roulette wheel is spun."

In Canfield's gaming room the play was on a scale commensurate with the size of the rug —one which was reportedly the largest ever woven in one piece. In Canfield's safe, which had five combinations and three heavy steel doors, there was a million dollars in cash, half of it in $1,000 bills, the rest in $500s, $100s, and $50s. Ordinarily white chips were worth $1; red, $5; blue, $10; yellow, $100; and special large-size brown chips, $1,000. The private roulette wheel upstairs, however, sometimes saw the white chip raised to $100 and the brown to $100,000.

The biggest game ever played in Canfield's, or in fact at any gambling house in resort history, was played in one of these upstairs rooms on an August evening in 1902. The player was John W. "Bet-a-Million" Gates. A former barbed-wire salesman from Chicago, a millionaire by the time he was thirty, Gates was a large, gross man whose vulgarity so offended J. P. Morgan that the latter excluded

him from the board of directors of the billion-dollar United States Steel Corporation, even though the project had originally been Gates' idea. Vulgar or not, Gates had no equal as a gambler. "There's no fun in it," he used to say, "unless I risk getting hurt or can hurt the other fellow."

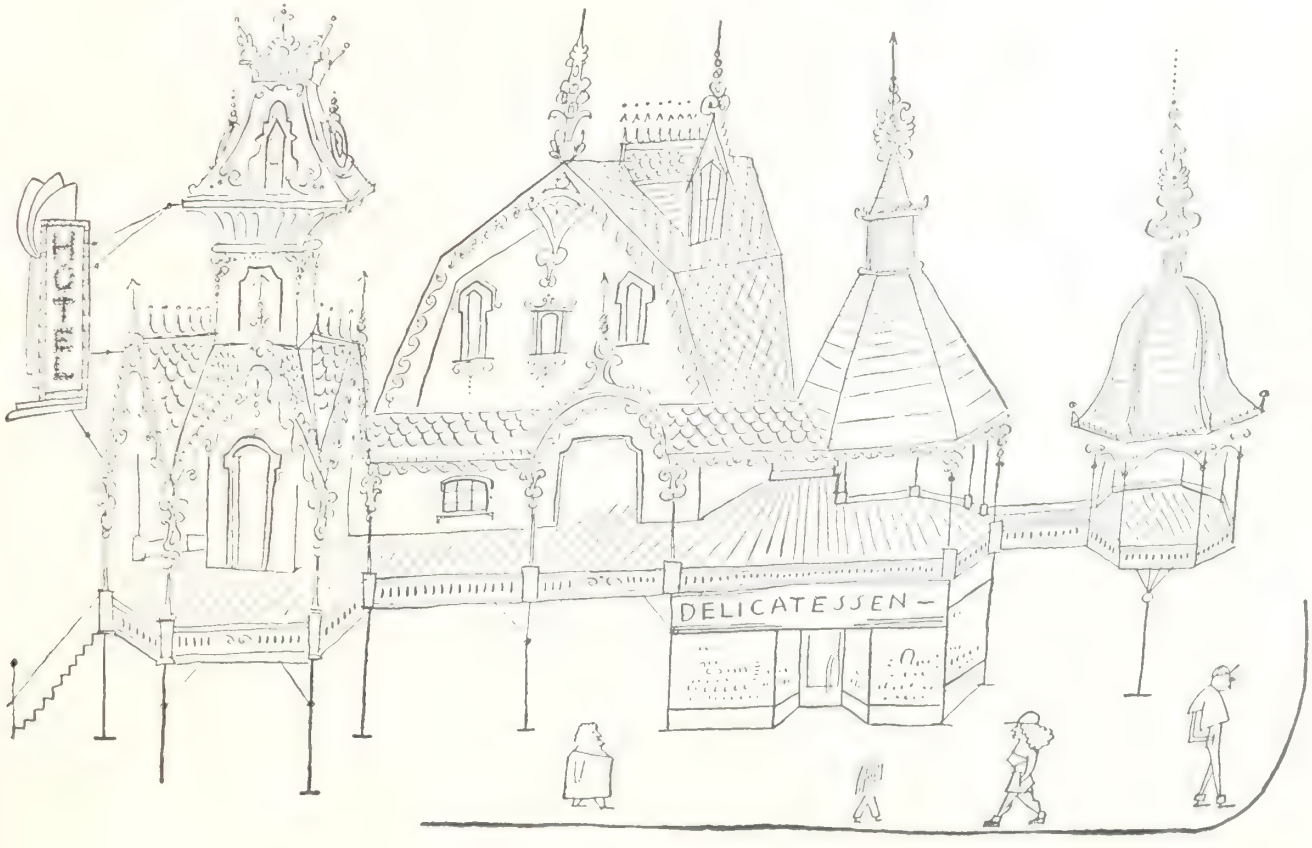
That afternoon fifty years ago Gates had had a most unsuccessful day at the track. To one bookmaker alone he had lost $30,000. That evening he had dinner at Canfield's and made his way to the downstairs gaming room. Here, at the faro tables, he took the regular limit, $500 on case cards and $1,000 on doubles. He lost steadily and, in order to change his luck, went up to a private room upstairs. Here the limit was raised to $2,500 and $5,000. Still Gates lost.

At ten o'clock, out some $100,000, Gates asked for higher limits. "Billy" Coe, Canfield's manager, told him only Canfield himself himself could give a higher limit. "I'll see him," said Gates, and went downstairs.

He found Canfield and asked that the limits be raised to $5,000 and $10,000. "You may have it," said Canfield quietly. Then as Gates turned back, Canfield added, "If that isn't enough, come back and see me." Between ten o'clock and midnight Gates had won back the $150,000 he had lost. By the time the game ended at eight o'clock the following morning, Gates was $150,000 ahead.

THERE is a widespread impression that Canfield ended his days penniless and in jail. This is false. (The jail idea is due to a confusion with his earlier sentence.) Worth some $12,000,000 in 1907 at the time he closed the Saratoga Club House, he lost in the panic of that year at least half his fortune in the stock market. In one day he lost $1,500,000. But at his own death his estate was appraised at $841,485, and he was by no means a broken man. In 1910 his assiduously cultivated friendships with art connoisseurs and literary men had resulted in his membership in the Walpole Society; in 1914 he was still nursing the hope that he would be included in the next edition of *Who's Who in America.*

But Canfield never lived to achieve this ambition. On the morning of December 11, 1914, at the age of fifty-nine, the Prince of Gamblers at the King of Spas took a subway trip to Brooklyn. Becoming confused, like so many lesser people before his time and after, he got off his train at Fourteenth Street thinking it was Grand Central. Halfway up the stairs, he realized his mistake, and, in an attempt to get down the stairs before the car doors closed, he slipped and fell. The next morning he was dead.



Episode in Malaya

Michael Keon

On October 6, 1951, the British High Commissioner in Malaya, Sir Henry Gurney, was killed in a highway ambush some sixty miles north of the Malayan capital by Communist guerrillas. The next day, in retribution, RAF planes bombed the area where the shooting had taken place. And as successor to Sir Henry, the British government named General Sir Gerald Templer. It was at this point, when a military man took over, that I decided to write my account of Malaya as I saw it during Sir Henry Gurney's administration, when I was serving a spell as assistant editor on an English-language daily paper. It is a report on one town, where my paper was published. For reasons which will appear later I am not naming it; but aside from Kuala Lumpur, the capital, it is the richest town in Malaya, a center for both rubber and tin, and anyone who knows the country will recognize it at once.

British, Chinese, Tamil Indians, and Malays have brought their various talents, clothing, and social customs to make the town busy, colorful, and endlessly interesting. Flame-of-the-forest trees and coconut palms fringe the river that runs through its heart. Sleek Jaguars and other expensive British cars sweep through its clean, broad streets. Great bungalows with flower-heavy lawns under huge shade trees house the British and wealthier Chinese and Tamils; and out among the mango and banana and hibiscus trees of the *kampongs,* between the town and the jungle, live the less affluent Chinese and Tamils, and the Malays. Toward evening of almost any day one can hear a multi-tongued roar of cheers as British policemen, Tamil clerks, Malay rice-growers, and Chinese business men compete at soccer on the green *padang,* in shorts and pullovers as flaming as the sunset on the blue-jungled mountains around the town. Life here before the war must have been as rewarding and agreeable as anywhere in Asia. But now there is a dark side to the picture.

Rumbling among the Jaguars and Austins on the main streets are the armor-plated sedans into whose broiling interiors British plantation and mine owners and their wives and children must settle themselves before they venture out on the jungle roads. Hanging on hallway racks at the club are the gunbelts the more cautious Europeans buckle on when they step out in the evening. Bren-gun carriers and armored cars manned by tanned Yorkshire and Cockney troopers in jungle green clatter through the town at all hours. Restless-eyed Pathan and Sikh police with tommy guns and carbines patrol the streets from sunset to sunrise.

For over this pleasant town, as over all towns in Malaya, hangs the menace of the Malayan Communist party's raiders and hatchetmen from the jungle. These guerrillas —"bandits" in official jargon—are mostly Chinese and sprang into existence under the Japanese occupation. But they used that period mainly for training and kept their powder dry for the return of the British.

Michael Keon is an Australian journalist whose view of the struggle in Malaya is based on several years of experience working in and reporting from Red China and the areas of Communist penetration in Southeast Asia.

On the evening I arrived, a police ban on riding bicycles inside the town limits after dark had just gone into effect—an obvious attempt to limit the mobility of the Communist assassins whose favorite trick had been to toss a grenade from a speeding bicycle. Five evenings later, a Chinese police inspector on patrol duty had his head mashed to a stump by a grenade thrown by a pedestrian on a crowded, well-lit street. Scores of Chinese and Tamils must have seen the thrower. None gave a warning, and none talked to the police afterward.

The doors of my hotel had a wire cage over them, and waiters would point out the table where a prominent tin miner had been blasted to death by a grenade tossed in from the streets before the cage was erected. The Malayan Chinese Association chairman, speaking at a daylight meeting in a public hall, was gashed in the shoulder by an exploding grenade. Neither thrower was caught.

A few miles outside of town, a British official supervising the removal from the edge of a townlet of Chinese squatters suspected of aiding the guerrillas, was shot dead through the back. Thereupon the District Officer had a high barbed-wire fence strung around this townlet to impede the circulation of guerrillas and their agents to and from the jungle. Shortly afterward, a Malay police patrol was shot down from a palm-leaf ambuscade on the main street, *within* the stockade and virtually within sight of the police station.

The most striking thing about these killings is, of course, that they occur with the passive consent of countless Malayan townspeople who are not themselves Reds or even Red sympathizers. The best light I can shed on this tacit sufferance of organized murder is to tell the story, interwoven with events in the town, of three young Chinese.

II

Soon after my arrival I was asked to talk on Communist China, where I had spent some time as a reporter, to students of the local Anglo-Chinese school. Many older students, I was told, were inclined to hero-worship the homeland Chinese Communists and to regard their own Red guerrillas as Robin Hoods. I therefore made my talk's theme the remarkable part played by the homeland Chinese students in Communism's rise in China. I gave as realistic an appraisal as I could, defining the planes on which the Chinese Communists seemed to me to have some merit—resistance to the Japanese, land reform, and so on—and then described what I believed to be the party's hardening into a thoroughgoing totalitarian regime when it passed from the guerrilla to the national-urban stage. I cited the disillusionment I knew had come to many independent-minded young Communist cadres and the signs of trouble I had seen between Communists and college students before I left Peking. My youthful audience bombarded me with questions—the majority of them searching, intelligent, and plainly asked out of a real need to get at the truth.

Several evenings after my talk, a Chinese boy I recognized as having been one of my most persistent interlocutors came to my hotel. After some beating around the bush he asked if I would come to his home for dinner one night, he would let me know when. A fortnight later he phoned to say he would be inviting me in the course of the next few days. I thought this process of invitation a bit odd, but when, three nights later, I went to his house, the reason was clear.

Five people sat down to dinner: the student, his parents, myself, and a Chinese in his mid-twenties who was introduced to me as a "friend." This "friend," whom I shall call Wu, was tall, slim, good-looking, but so sallow and gaunt that I assumed he had malaria or some other persistent fever. His well-cut Palm Beach suit hung loose and had, by its smell and creases, just come out of a camphor chest. Furthermore from his resemblance to my youthful host and his father he was, I would have given odds, an older son who had that evening come in from the jungle.

Throughout the meal Wu said little, but when his mother withdrew he began to ask about China and the Communists there. He spoke quietly but he could not wholly conceal a nervous tension that showed in small movements of his face and body. His questions at first were general. Then two themes, which were pursued to exhaustion, emerged: what had happened since the Communist assumption of power, and what had the Russians had to do with it. Sometime around midnight he switched to America, its support of Chiang

Kai-shek and its role in Korea. He found it hard to believe that anti-Communist action in Korea was in spirit, and to a large degree in substance, a real United Nations project.

The interrogation ended toward four in the morning. I gave no indication of my suspicions of where Wu had come from, and though he said nothing to confirm these, he was at no pains to deny them either. Something of his character came out through the hours and I recognized real firmness and energy behind his quiet voice and gentle gestures.

NEARLY a month passed before I saw Wu again. This time it was in an atap-roofed house on the edge of the jungle to which he summoned me, and there were two other Chinese present—a girl not much over twenty whom I shall call Miss Leong and a young man slightly older than Wu whom I shall call Ng. Neither Miss Leong nor Ng looked as if they had come from the jungle. Miss Leong was plain-faced and well-dressed; Ng had the clothing and air of a prosperous business man. Wu, in a white shirt and slacks obviously not his own, seemed iller and said little. Both the others were obviously worried about him and glanced at him often.

Ng did practically all the talking. His questions followed much the same pattern as Wu's had, but he knew a lot more about China and he had an assurance that did not contrast well with Wu's troubled earnestness. The decisive phase in the talk with Ng, who was freer with personal opinions than Wu, came when he said he did not understand how a country with America's traditions could underwrite Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa and the French in Indochina. After a long, hair-splitting discussion he agreed to accept the fact that, for America, Chiang on Formosa and the French in Indochina would always be lesser evils than Communist totalitarianism. Then he asked, "What would America's attitude be toward a Malayan nationalist movement that clearly showed itself to be non-Communist?"

I cautiously replied that it would be a brave man who would speak for Washington in the present heat and flux of American politics, but that the American record in the Philippines and other traditional American political factors suggested that neither Britain nor France could expect American backing in stemming a genuine non-Communist nationalism. And I added that a genuine Malayan nationalism would also be likely to find strong support in a Britain that had already given up dominion over Burma and India.

There was a long silence. Wu got up and walked nervously up and down the room. Ng sipped the warm Tiger beer someone had brought in for us, and he and Miss Leong watched Wu and seemed to wait on him. Finally Wu spoke to Ng in Chinese dialect, and Ng turned to ask me how, in my opinion, a guerrilla who surrendered to the British could "re-integrate" himself into Malaya's open political life. Wu interrupted again, in dialect, and Ng said to me that before we talked about that "general" question we must discuss the "particular" one of what would happen on surrender.

Would such a person be tortured for information? Would the police accept his word at some point that he had told them all he knew, or would they torture him to see if they could get more?

This produced a long discussion, both in dialect among the three Chinese and in English among all of us. Wu was sure the police used torture as a matter of course and named a surrendered girl guerrilla who, he said, died under torture by two British police officials. (A very reliable British official assured me later that physical pressure was used only when a guerrilla was caught in the heat of the jungle chase; never on those who surrendered. A press colleague, who had excellent sources, was not wholly convinced about this.)

After a while, the point about torture was by-passed for the more general one of how someone who surrendered out of authentic conviction could be assured that he would not languish in jail or detention camp or under some proscription that would keep him from working openly for Malayan independence. I suggested that I get expert advice on this from a certain British legal officer known for his intelligent approach to such questions. Wu agreed, and we arranged to meet in four nights' time. As I went out, I noticed that Miss Leong was sitting on the edge of Wu's chair and had put her arm around him.

When I kept the next rendezvous, I had been unable to get in touch with the British

official and meanwhile an incident had occurred that set the town on its ear and completely absorbed the conversation in the house on the jungle's edge.

III

To understand this incident and its impact on the three young Chinese, it is necessary to go back a little. The Malayan guerrillas' chief source of food and supplies are the countless Chinese and lesser numbers of Tamils who live on the town fringes and wherever there is a patch of arable land in the jungle. A prime aim of British counteraction against the guerrillas has been to deprive them of this support.

One measure has been to enclose villages in barbed-wire stockades and post sentries at the gates to search all outgoers and incomers. Another has been to shift, here a handful of families, there an entire village, from remote areas to more controllable locations. There seems to be good sense in such measures. But many Malayans and even some British maintain that for every guerrilla starved into submission by this withdrawal of his food supply, ten more are made in the process.

No one likes to be uprooted from land he has painfully cleared and cultivated. No one likes to submit to body searches, and there is an added source of friction in these particular searches. Most of the sentries are Malays who detest the Chinese and despise the Tamils, and they often make their searches, especially of girls, deliberately offensive. This may be one more reason why Chinese girls are so active in the guerrilla movement.

One day the newspaper I was working on received a letter from a Chinese reader complaining about certain local features of these measures. It was a responsible, reasonable expression of feelings, and we printed it on our Sunday front page. The next day the editor was peremptorily summoned to police headquarters, interrogated by the CID deputy chief on his motive in publishing the letter, and ordered to hand it over. Under the Malayan Emergency Regulations the administration has the power to suppress and prosecute all published matter critical of itself, but this power is usually exercised sensibly. In our case the police action aroused such a widespread response that within twenty-four hours the police lamely announced no offense had been committed and the matter was considered closed.

Nevertheless, even in its brief duration, the incident generated a number of reactions throughout the town. Perhaps the strongest, and one which was most articulate among the upper level of Chinese and Tamils who are normally British mainstays, was horror that my editor, a Tamil leader of his community, a member of the State Council, and a pressman of twenty years' standing, should be ordered to police headquarters for something that was later acknowledged not to be an offense.

Translated into broader terms, this horror became the belief that it was the editor's Tamil race that gave the police the confidence to act as they did. Supporting this was the fact that I, after accompanying the editor to police headquarters, was forbidden to remain through his questioning. Rightly or wrongly most Asians concluded that the police felt it would be easier to handle a Tamil alone than in the company of a Westerner with a more seasoned attitude toward police authority. (Probably this conclusion was correct. I later learned from a senior official, not a policeman, that the CID had persuaded the editor to sign a statement, although no offense had been committed.)

Finally there was a general impression that the police dropped the matter so quickly not out of a genuine conviction of the letter's innocence but on the intervention of the highest British authority in Malaya—Britain's Commissioner General for Southeast Asia, Malcolm MacDonald, a liberal and enlightened official to whose personal benevolence most Malayans attribute all unexpected amelioration of British authority.

This, then, was the background against which I had my next talk with Wu, Ng, and Miss Leong. Wu was late and Ng spent an hour analyzing, in the jargon of the leftist political weeklies, British authoritarianism in Malaya.

Wu came in quietly, sipped a lukewarm beer, and listened to Ng. It was the first time I had seen him drink anything but water or coffee, and when he spoke it was clear he was gripped by a strong feeling. He talked bitterly about the general postwar record of the

British police in Malaya and cited numerous instances of their brutality and arrogance. Actually there is little independent testimony, as far as I know, to indicate that the British in Malaya are harsher than any other colonial police, and considering the strains and dangers under which they now work, they are probably admirably restrained. But certain authenticated examples of misconduct have been enough to support all sorts of wild rumors and stories—many of them, of course, Communist fabrications.

Wu declared Malaya was becoming a police state. The administration, he said, was using the Communist bogy to strengthen the British hold on Malaya's tin and rubber. Worse still, the British were trying to turn native Malays into a permanent local police force to keep the Chinese and Tamils in subjection. What had the Malays been before the Chinese and British came, he asked. Nothing but tribesmen living on the jungle's edge, ruled over by dirty, corrupt, degenerate sultans. What part had the Malays played in the great nineteenth-century opening-up of Malaya by joint British-Chinese industry? The Chinese, he continued, would never submit to rule by lazy, parasitic Malays acting as British agents. The Chinese would fight in the jungles for a thousand years first.

He stopped in exhaustion to drink the coffee Miss Leong had made and then sat with closed eyes, Miss Leong's hand on his thin, fever-yellowed wrist. Ng was too glib and sure of himself, Miss Leong too silent and withdrawn, but Wu was a young man with real spirit, struggling to solve a major problem of his time.

To help him see things in wider perspective, I mentioned the work of the British Trade Union Adviser in creating the framework within which Tamil and Chinese workers were organizing themselves more and more successfully for their conflict with intransigent British organs like the Malayan Planters' Association. I spoke of how the then British Commissioner, Sir Henry Gurney, had backed up the broadcaster Alex Josey in his radio fulminations against "reactionary" planters. These and other signs pointed to the fact that a real leaven of progress was working in Malaya. On the other hand, I pointed out, there was not the least likelihood that ambush and urban assassinations would do anything but make the British more stubborn in retaining their commercial and administrative hegemony.

Wu listened in silence. Ng talked to him in dialect and Miss Leong added a word or two. Wu made what seemed to be an answer, and Miss Leong said that I should not consider any of them "anti-English." They had all received an English education, she had been to England once and Ng twice, and they thought English democracy a good form of government. This, in fact, was the basis of their opposition to the English in Malaya, whom they considered neither the best kind of Englishmen nor democratic. However, they realized that the way things were developing in the world made it unlikely that the Malayans could work for an independent country except in conjunction with the British.

This was the longest speech I had ever heard her make, and she spoke with much the same conviction and simplicity as Wu. She asked me to talk to the British legal officer as soon as I could, "as every day makes things more difficult." She was a plain girl, inclined to stoutness, but seated on the cane couch with her hand on Wu's she had a tired, youthful dignity.

When I got up to go, at three in the morning, Ng with dubious humor warned me to watch my step crossing the town lest I be intercepted by a police patrol, investigated, and jailed like the local British plantation owner who shortly before had been taken into custody by the CID on a charge of consorting with guerrillas. Neither Wu nor Miss Leong smiled at Ng's joke.

IV

The British planter's arrest did not lead to my own apprehension that night, but it did precipitate the end of my relationship with Wu and his friends.

The arrest aroused sensational excitement throughout Malaya. Plenty of Chinese and Tamils had faced British courts on similar charges and received sentences of from one year's hard labor to death, but this was the first European. (He was subsequently acquitted and his case is described here only because of its impact on Wu.) When he appeared before the local Supreme Court, he

was prosecuted by the same legal officer I had promised to contact about Wu.

The town was keyed to a legal battle royal; then the defense secured a transfer of the hearing to another town in which the accused might face jurors supposedly freer of local prejudice. Now this is a normal procedure in Western courts, but here it was fraught with numerous sinister overtones for the Asian communities. I will set these down as they were later put to me by Miss Leong.

I was unable to speak to the British legal officer about Wu before he became absorbed in the trial, but I kept my next date with the three. None of them appeared, though I waited for hours. The next morning I sent a message to Miss Leong, whom I had discovered, by chance, to be a schoolmistress in a nearby smaller town. She came to see me in the evening, plainly deeply unhappy, and explained that Wu had not kept the date because he had "gone." He had become "sickened and enraged" at the transfer of the planter's trial. He had asked whether any of the Chinese and Tamils, including Chinese girls in their teens, who had faced such charges had been granted such a transfer. No. The reason then could only be racial—this prisoner was non-Asian. As proof of this, Miss Leong mentioned a Chinese youth who the next day, before another bench of the same court, was sentenced to death in less than an hour on roughly comparable charges.

Wu had declared he would never submit himself to a court that based its operations on race discrimination. Ng, Miss Leong said, had tried to minimize the relevance of the planter's trial to Wu's own predicament, but Wu only repeated that the trial, added to the newspaper incident, had convinced him that British democracy was a strictly non-exportable item and that the conditions were not present in British Malaya for people like himself to be able to work for Malay independence.

I never saw Wu again. Before I left town, soon afterward, I learned a few facts about his background. He had been too young to go into the jungle when the Japanese were in Malaya and did so only after London about-faced and rejected the famous postwar McMichael proposals, which had treated the constitutional problem of Malayan-born Chinese in such a way that the Chinese felt they could be successfully integrated into the future Malayan nation. I could find out nothing about his life and role in the jungle, but I was told that "Miss Leong" was his wife, had borne him one child, and was pregnant with another.

MALAYA today is far too complex to be fully and fairly comprehended in any one article. But I feel that Wu's story, sketchy as it is, more than all the London Colonial Office handouts and House of Commons debates, makes vivid and approachable the present Malayan problem—if it is weighed against the following factors:

(1) Wu is not to be taken as a typical Malayan guerrilla. "Bandit" is a fair description of most of them. They exist as a huge assassination squad concerned almost solely with killing any European man, woman, or child they can and any Asian who has an official or commercial position under the British. Nothing suggests that they have a coherent political program or have developed authentic political activities.

(2) The British can make far fairer claims to the fruits of economic and commercial development in Malaya than they could in Burma or India. Malaya was never a national or cultural entity to even the limited extent that Burma was. The great commercial center of Singapore is a combined British-Chinese creation. It was these two peoples who opened up the huge jungle and mountain areas of the Malay Peninsula where before roamed only the primitive Sakai, pygmies, tigers, elephants, wild pigs, and mouse-deer.

(3) A British withdrawal from Malaya would see the guerrillas take over the whole rich and strategic peninsula. They almost did this in the vacuum between the Japanese withdrawal and the British return, and the town I have written of was under guerrilla control for months.

The significance of Wu and what I have been able to tell of his story is that, while he is not a typical guerrilla, he is, I believe, typical of the mass of Malayan Chinese and of many Tamils whose passivity is the prime medium in which the guerrillas operate.

There must be tens of thousands of Wus, Ngs, and Miss Leongs in the schools, shops, and *kampongs* of Malaya. What admiration they may have felt for the Chinese Com-

munists in their struggle for power has largely waned in the face of the Peking government's latest acts and attitudes. What has not waned, and will not, is their resentment of a "foreign" administration that fails to give substance to the democratic principles it teaches so admirably in its schools and literature.

Few Britishers in Malaya today are blessed with the ability to see the Malayan problem in human terms. Too many of them regard the vicious struggle going on as simply one more ugly Communist conspiracy that must be stamped out by a military campaign. Too many believe that the deep wounds to Asiatic pride can be healed with a few random "social" measures. This is not a problem to be solved by belligerence or half-hearted measures. It can be solved only by intelligence and the respectful practice of what democracy preaches.

Who Shall Pay for Our Roads?

Richard L. Neuberger

As he drives along the road, the average motorist develops an almost pathological hatred of trucks. They crowd him into guard rails and they blot out his view of the traffic ahead. Against his better judgment, he risks life and limb to pass them when they are slowed by hills. He has a lurking suspicion they have increased greatly in number. As they bear down on him with the bulk of a freight train, he knows they have increased in size. But he does not know the crowning indignity: the fact that, considering the weight of his vehicle, he is paying approximately three times as much for the use of the roads as the proprietors of the biggest trucks.

The fees and taxes collected for the use of America's highways assess the owner of a four-door Ford sedan an average of thirty-four cents to move one ton of his car's weight one hundred miles over the open road. The operator of a truck-and-trailer combination sixty feet long pays only twelve cents for the same ton-mile accommodations. The sedan weighs a little over a ton, the commercial rig around thirty tons. And, to underline the unfairness, it is weight that is responsible for most of the cost of our roads.

A subcommittee of the United States Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce reported recently, "Experience has shown that an adequate pavement surface to carry passenger cars and trucks up to a licensed capacity of one and one-half tons may be built for $15,000 per mile. Pavement surfaces equally serviceable for heavier trucks with licensed capacities up to twenty tons cost about $46,000 per mile." And it might be added that some states, under the stress of wartime and defense transportation emergencies, have authorized trucks which gross not twenty tons but over thirty-five.

In pushing up highway maintenance costs, trucks are even guiltier. Before he moved on to the Senate, James H. Duff of Pennsylvania told his fellow governors, "Truckers are causing a ratio of deterioration on our highways of sixteen to one in comparison with private drivers." A New York State study estimated that sufficient funds to improve 26,000 miles of roads for passenger cars would prepare only 737 miles for heavy trucks.

According to the Bureau of Public Roads, we are now 74,000 miles behind in replacing obsolete and hazardous roads, and the break-

As a state senator in Oregon who helped to put through a weight-distance fee on heavy trucks, Richard L. Neuberger knows well how hard the lobbies will fight against similar efforts elsewhere to pay for road maintenance.

age is mounting steadily as trucks pile up 25 per cent of all highway mileage. Only 13 per cent of the bridges on the country's major trunk roads, says a congressional report, are rated to sustain twenty-ton trucks, though this weight is legal in every state and throughout the country as a whole the average weight limit has been inched upward to slightly over thirty tons. More than 10,000 spans should be reinforced or rebuilt, but the cost would be enormous.

The fact of the matter is that the country's traditional method of financing highways has broken down, with respect to both equity and adequacy.

WHEN Oregon adopted the first gasoline sales tax in 1919 and earmarked the revenue for road costs, it was generally regarded as an infallible means of paying for highways as they were used. The quantity of motor fuel determined the distance an automobile could travel; thus the gas pumped measured the roads required. The gasoline tax soon spread to every other state. It worked, too, as a device for distributing the burden among people driving cars of approximately the same size and weight. But it does not work when one vehicle weighs 3,000 pounds and another weighs 60,000; when one could practically fit in the cab of the other.

In the first place, consumption of motor fuel rarely rises in direct ratio to an increase in tonnage. In the second, the number of truck-and-trailer trains has multiplied six or seven times in some states in recent years. Obviously the van which is towed pays no fuel tax, yet it pulverizes the road as it passes. And tests in Oregon have showed that the gasoline consumption of the towing truck is not increased in any degree proportionate to the weight of the trailer. A truck-and-trailer grossing 70,000 pounds burns considerably less gasoline than two 35,000-pound trucks—a fact which, along with the need for only one driver, accounts for the popularity of tandems among truckers.

On top of all this, thousands of trucks have changed to diesel power, which operates more miles per gallon of fuel than a gasoline engine of identical rating. So, although the diesel truck is just as capable of cracking concrete and weakening viaducts, it contributes less money per mile through the classic road-financing conduit of the fuel tax. Moreover, the Council of State Governments has pointed out, "Diesel fuel for highway use is harder to identify and trace than gasoline." The supposition exists that a good many diesel trucks punish the roads virtually scot-free.

Diesel or not, the big interstate highway haulers have been having a picnic. After analyzing truckers' income during 1949, the New York State Legislative Committee on Highways and Canals reported that the large motor carriers earned profits of three cents on each ton-mile of freight, contrasted with a return of less than half a cent for every ton of cargo carried one mile by the state's railroads. One trucking firm operating in a Western state paid only $94,211 for the use of highways which made possible freight revenues of $1,627,258—or a fee of 5.8 per cent, while railroads must regularly plow back 20 per cent of their income into maintaining and constructing tracks.

This has come about because the average motorist has been putting up the bulk of the funds needed for building roads far more sturdy than his car requires and for repairing roads which his car has not damaged. In a typical state today private-car owners contribute 68 per cent of the total revenue received from users of roads. Many states now have a gasoline tax of seven to nine cents a gallon, which is perilously close to the point of diminishing returns. And the truckers reap the profits.

IS THERE no valid way that trucks can be made to pay for the harm they do and the expensive road and bridge construction they demand?

As trucks multiplied on the highways during World War II, some engineers suggested that they pay their share in abnormally high license fees. Superficially the recommendation made sense, but it provided no gauge of usage. A special flatbed truck to move steam shovels, say, would pay the same plate fee as an over-the-road commercial hauler of equal tonnage. But the flatbed rig might travel only 3,000 miles a year to the other's 35,000 miles. To peg truck taxes solely to license plates is to offer a bonanza to the big interstate trucking companies whose fleets do the most damage.

However, there is an answer. Oregon, the state that pioneered in the gasoline tax, has

taken the lead in another highway innovation: the weight-distance tax, a schedule of graduated fees collected from commercial vehicles by the Public Utilities Commissioner. The fees are geared to two factors: the weight of the truck and the distance it travels, and they rise sharply in the upper tonnage limits.

For example, a dairy with a 6,000-pound pickup truck pays one-fourth of a cent per mile. A 30,000-pound Greyhound bus is charged 1.45 cents a mile. And a 68,000-pound truck-and-trailer must put out four cents a mile. Although the price changes with each 2,000 pounds of added weight, the changes are not uniform. From 8,000 pounds to 10,000 the fee rises one-tenth of a cent. But between 70,000 pounds and 72,000 (almost twice the weight of a railroad boxcar), the rise is one-sixth of a cent, which places the heaviest costs on the heaviest offenders.

The weight-distance tax has another advantage. It is as hard to hide from as the Canadian Mounties. A high license-plate charge can be circumvented by registering a truck in another state and then taking advantage of reciprocity agreements to operate across state lines. Raising gasoline taxes in an individual state merely induces interstate haulers, the worst culprits in destroying pavement, to have their fuel tanks brimming when the state line is crossed. But the weight-distance tax is collected from all trucks operating anywhere on the road system of a particular state, although farmer-owner pickups may be excepted.

Proponents of the tax concede that it is expensive to enforce—nearly 11 per cent of total weight-distance road revenues go for this purpose. But the money is not wholly wasted. Troopers who flag down trucks to examine speedometers can also check for overloading. On one investigation, 20 per cent of the log trucks in an Oregon county were found to be violating legal weight limits. Maryland cited one firm one hundred times for overloading. Michigan nabbed another trucking corporation on 177 separate occasions.

One of the offending Maryland leviathans weighed 136,000 pounds, more than twice the authorized maximum! Bridges and culverts all over the Free State today may be in a precarious position because of the punishment inflicted by this one truck before it was apprehended. Weight-distance patrols serve the double purpose of collecting tax money and trapping such road-busters.

The gasoline tax which originated in Oregon quickly blanketed the nation. Over a similar extension of the weight-distance tax rage the bitterest political battles being fought in American state legislatures today. The ingenious levy already has spread full-blown to New York and Idaho, and in modified form to such states as Kansas, Colorado, and Wisconsin. Other states are now sending delegations to Oregon to see for themselves how the tax operates.

II

THAT truckers recognize the effectiveness of the weight-distance formula is demonstrated by the ferocity of their resistance in a dozen states where it has been proposed. After a committee of New York legislators visited Oregon to study the idea in action, a comparable bill was dropped into the hopper at Albany. At the height of the ensuing fight Governor Thomas E. Dewey told the press:

"This bill is being opposed by a powerful, highly-organized lobby, devoted exclusively to the purpose of preserving the extreme preference now enjoyed by the biggest trucks. This lobby is infesting the halls of the legislature and putting inexcusable pressure upon individual legislators at their homes."

The pattern and tactics are national in scope. Governor Forrest Smith of Missouri, in whose state the truckers defeated a $12,000,000 tax measure, informed the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:* "It is common knowledge that money changed hands on the floor of the House during the session." He further specified that the money had come "from the lobbyists for the truck interests" and announced that $200,000 had been raised to defeat the bill. The *Post-Dispatch* added several charges of its own, pointing out that key legislators had appeared on the payrolls of trucking firms and that prominent truckers had turned in individual expense accounts as high as $17,000.

In Illinois a leading truck lobbyist boasted in a letter soliciting funds from haulers, "I look with pardonable pride on our accomplishments in Springfield in the past, and it is a matter of record that no adverse legisla-

tion against the trucking industry in this state ever has been passed." When Governor Adlai E. Stevenson suggested a legislative investigation of the lobby working against his truck tax measure, even that persistent tormentor of the Governor, the Chicago *Tribune,* went along with him.

In Colorado the Denver *Post* and other newspapers called for the impeachment of a legislator in the trucking business who took a leading role in knifing all bills to tax trucks. And the *Post* emphasized that, despite the recalcitrance of the truckers about paying their share, the state was nevertheless building through the mountains "a heavy system of roads for a relatively few vehicles."

All over the land the story has been the same—in New Hampshire, Ohio, Maryland, Minnesota. A Michigan state senator said of the local truck lobby, "Never in my time has there been such a lobby at work as is operating here in the capital today." Salem, Oregon, is a long way from Lansing, Michigan, but I could duplicate his words. During my service in both branches of the legislature the lobby which worked to block substantial increases in the weight-distance tax was the most ruthless and determined I ever encountered.

THE anatomy of the lobby was visible, and this made its effectiveness clear. Truckers buy many supplies—vehicles, tires, fuel, spare parts, garage space. These suppliers were turned into a huge pressure group. I telephoned several of the people in my senatorial district who had snowed my desk with peremptory telegrams and soon learned that they were completely unfamiliar with the weight-distance bill.

"Why did you wire me then?" I asked one of the men.

His reply was candid: "Because I didn't want to lose some of my best customers."

As chairman of the Senate Committee on Highways, the publisher of a rural weekly newspaper led the fight for the truck tax. Each morning he came to my desk with advertising cancellations. The truckers were hitting him in the bank account. Other senators, less vulnerable financially but susceptible politically, were struck with the truckers' strongest secret weapon—the Teamsters' Union.

The truck drivers, who outnumber the United Automobile Workers by 100,000, comprise the biggest trade union in the United States, and a union which is active in every city, town, and hamlet, especially in the Western states. Dave Beck, the burly Seattle labor czar who has gradually taken over sovereignty from the teamsters' seventy-seven-year-old president, Dan Tobin, is now dedicating nearly all his time and energy to the elimination of the weight-distance tax, which he considers a threat to the jobs of his dues-payers. In some instances the teamsters have even forced labor endorsement of candidates hostile to the social reforms traditionally supported by unions because they were in accord with Beck's stand on the weight-distance tax.

As these words are written, Beck and his members have joined the truck-line operators to circulate petitions for an amendment to the state constitution of Oregon forbidding a graduated mileage tax on trucks. If the amendment were enacted at the polls, Beck believes, it would weaken the weight-distance movement all over the country. Adversaries of the New York or Idaho versions could then claim the idea had been repudiated by the voters in its place of origin.

The rest of labor has gone along with Beck reluctantly, for the swaggering boss of the teamsters is not popular with the rank and file. However the advocates of the tax face heavy going politically when they are opposed by both organized labor and a powerful phalanx of transport corporations. Indeed, the Democrats in Oregon have been immobilized on the issue by this combination.

To be sure, the railroads, ever eager to do a competitor a disservice, are egging on the drive for stiffer truck taxes, and this has lined up Chambers of Commerce and other business groups behind the tax. But on the whole the activity of the railroads has merely provided the truckers and their allies with a convenient whipping boy. Anyone agitating for weight-distance is *ipso facto* a "stooge" of the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific, or whatever railway happens to be dominant in a particular region

III

WHAT is the truckers' real case against the weight-distance formula? It is predicated on a simple but con-

vincing set of statistics. Although trucks roll up 25 per cent of the total mileage on our highways, they number only 18 per cent of the vehicles using them, and already they contribute 32 per cent of all user fees. Weight-distance taxes could lift truck contributions to as high as 40 or 45 per cent by legislative enactment. Would this, they ask, be fair?

Furthermore, the principal beneficiaries, contend the truckers, would be the railroads. An increase in trucking rates would put many cargoes back on iron. The truckers admit that between 1947 and 1949 railway ton-miles of freight were dropping 20 per cent while truck tonnage and distance soared 17 per cent. But this, they insist, was necessary to prevent a transportation monopoly from developing. If the competition provided by trucks were reduced to the point of futility by truck taxes, the nation might be returned to the era when William H. Vanderbilt of the New York Central rid himself of the famous phrase: "The public be damned."

Some truth lurks in all of this, but it begs the question of who shall pay for the roads.

For many years the truckers vehemently denied that they were breaking up the highways. Then in 1951 the Maryland road tests were held. Eleven Eastern states appropriated $246,000 co-operatively to determine, once and for all, the impact of heavy trucks on pavement. On a typical mile of U. S. 301, nine miles south of LaPlata, Maryland, the trucks wrote their record in broken slabs and crumbled edges. Vans and vehicles of various weights and sizes rumbled back and forth over different sections of the test strip for six months. Expert drivers were in the cabs. Engineers of the Bureau of Public Roads participated in a review of the results.

These showed that a truck with an axle load of 22,400 pounds cracked a cement slab 6.4 times more than a truck with an 18,000-pound load. When highway titans with twin sets of rear axles and wheels were used, 44,800-pound loads did 12.3 times as much damage as 32,000-pound loads on two axles. After repeated "passes" by trucks with twin-axle loads of 44,800 pounds, almost all the highway slabs were cracked.

Truckers complained that the experiment involved an artificial volume of truck traffic which few highways would ever actually experience, and in this they were right. But they had no answer to the fact that damage was proved to be out of all proportion to weight increases.

The Maryland venture underwrote many statements the truckers had been challenging. It tended to sustain the claim of R. H. Baldock, Oregon's chief highway engineer and father of the weight-distance tax, that "only two factors seriously destroy roads—big trucks and weather." It made moderate the California legislative committee contention that "heavy vehicles should be held responsible for about 52 per cent of total road costs." And it provided powerful ammunition for the supporters of a truck tax. Furthermore, it pointed a finger at the long-distance behemoths which always have been the real target of a highway tax based on mileage and avoirdupois.

IV

In the *New York Times* recently the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company bought a full-page advertisement to announce that "it will take $5,000,000,000 to $7,000,000,000 a year for the next fifteen years to build essential roads, to modernize existing highways, and to maintain our present system in a satisfactory condition." The Bureau of Public Roads has warned that, at the present rate of disintegration, "only 56 per cent of the high-type roads now in use will be in usable shape in six years." And this proportion of the country's road system is valued at more than $30,000,000,000. Neither Firestone nor the bureau has suggested where the money should come from.

As we have noted, the average driver is already carrying a formidable financial burden, and it would be tempting fate for any government, state or federal, to empty garages by increasing further the taxes on ownership and operation of cars. This leaves only two avenues for augmenting the $2,500,000,000 now being spent on state-administered highways—from trucks or from a generous federal subsidy.

Many truckers obviously favor the latter. They cite the timbered land grants given to transcontinental railroads, the locks and canals and dredging paid for out of the public purse for barges and riverboats. But a subsidy for trucks would encounter a strong

psychological barrier. Locomotives and stern-wheelers do not share the same thoroughfares as the transportation equipment owned by nearly every American family. After dodging trucks all day on the road, would any driver with normal impulses look approvingly on outright grants from the federal treasury to provide roads which would meet the standards needed by these monsters?

Besides, trucks have already received a kind of subsidy, although not from the government. When they first came on the national scene in substantial numbers they inherited a road system pioneered with funds from the run-of-the-mill motorist.

Because America's principal highways are administered and constructed by the states, the regulation of motor vehicles has, so far, been a matter for the nation's forty-eight separate compartments. But local control and taxation of a business as big as trucking does not always work. Consolidated Freightways, which grossed $18,500,000 in 1949, spanned more state lines than many Class I railroads. And the number of big trucks is constantly growing. As affairs stand now, with trucks under state control, there is no uniformity in the levies extracted from these juggernauts of the asphalt. In Oregon with its weight-distance tax a 60,000-pound truck-and-trailer pays total taxes and fees of $2,445 a year. In New Jersey the same unit, clicking off the same mileage, pays $810. Before New York enacted a weight-distance tax in 1951, the Manning Committee of the state senate reported: "The owner of a twenty-two-ton tractor-semitrailer in New York pays $140, while an identical truck in California would be taxed $2,055." Clearly this situation cannot go on. If lobbying can block the weight-distance tax in enough state legislatures, it may eventually become another headache for the national government in Washington.

Wouldn't it be better to defeat the lobby whenever it appears, and enact the weight-distance tax in every state?

Goodbye Means *God Be With You*

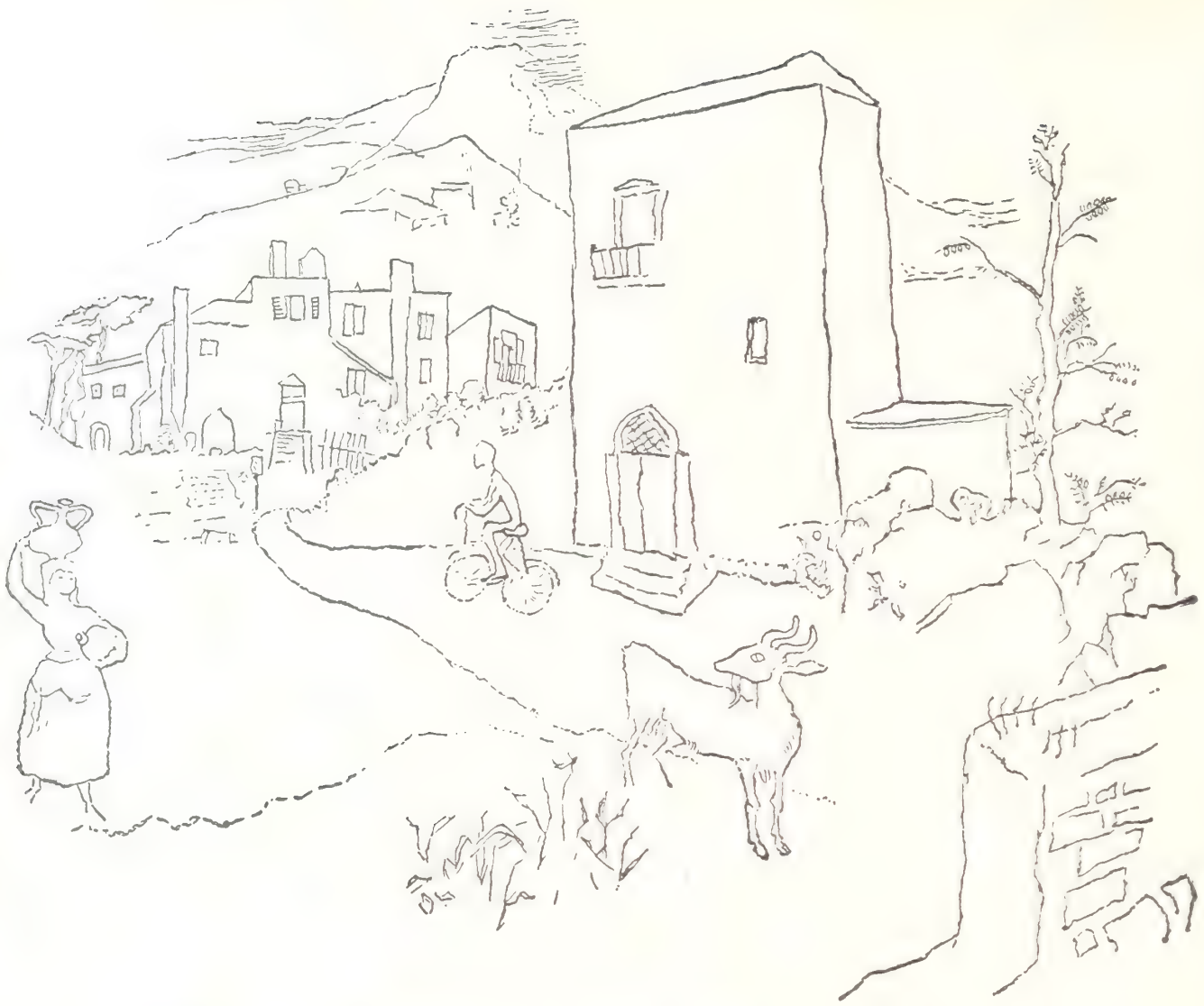
PATRICIA MARTIN

IRRESOLUTE lover, intractable friend,
this is the ultimate, this is the end.
This is an alley cut short by a wall,
a merry-go-nowhere, nowhere at all.

Here with the purse of your heart well hid
(for you always said; and you never did)
build you your palace and let you stay.
It isn't for me. I'm off. I'm away.

Over this hurdle some few might fly.
You haven't the wings; no more have I;
and not to keep moving is—to die.
Hence my *vale* (of tears). Goodbye.

The Devil's in this, and I would recant,
though once I meant to be adamant.
In love and sorrow I'm turning back.
The way of sin is a cul-de-sac.



The Death of the Maid

A Story by Niccolò Tucci

Drawings by Rudi Lesser

No one would ever have believed that two classes, two layers of humanity, could share that house outside the ramparts of the town of Pistoia, a house the very stones of which betrayed a purpose to save money, and yet two classes lived in there: masters and serfs, as represented by Mrs. Fragapani and her old maid Alvina. The maid was in many ways close to the mistress: personal ways, not only space ways, that is why insults served to make a difference between the two.

True: for those outside who heard the mistress call the maid a filthy swine, a thief, and even things unquotable, the insults marked a likeness between them; but what the outsiders could not realize was that a useful difference *did* come to life that way. That slavelike shudder of the humble, that fraction of an inch of sacred zone the maid never quite dared to trespass, in order to reply in the same language, existed beyond doubt and were obtained that way.

Rich people never know these things; they

have space in their houses, plenty of space, and space is, in the social pyramid, a very important element. In sections of the house far from the kitchen the maid feels out of place and the good manners of the mistress are guarded by the things surrounding her: by paintings, curtains, armchairs, and the dignity of lamps, while in a tiny house like that outside the ramparts of the town of Pistoia, the refined manners of the mistress (had she ever decided to display them) would have been much too close to the vulgarity of the maid, whose voice alone, not to mention the garlic on her breath, would have destroyed them instantly. That is why manners rougher than the maid's were needed. "Remember," shouted Mrs. Fragapani at times, so that even the workers in the brick factory across the street could hear it, "you are nothing but a maid and I am a lady."

Now of course Mrs. Fragapani knew that those were not the ways of a lady. At times she asked herself what the neighbors would think of her, at times her husband asked her, and then the neighbors heard him too. He knew it and was pleased, because if Mrs. Fragapani was a lady, her husband was a gentleman, a gentleman of very ancient origin: the Fragapanis had been active in history for centuries and centuries until they had become extinguished. It takes a great deal of vitality to do what he was doing every day: riding a bicycle all through the countryside to reach his office as a tax collector in the small village of Albiano, a bicycle that looked as if it were made of needles and toothpicks. No one could keep his equilibrium on that small instrument of torture. But when he asked his wife what the neighbors would think of her manners, she always found a philosophical justification in a proverb of her own make: "If you want to waltz on stones, you do a bear dance or you break your bones," which meant in other words that with the lower classes good manners are an inducement for them to get the best of you and Mrs. Fragapani as a descendant of the de Leo family, had descended so much that no one even bothered now to look at her, not the Rome relatives, not the Bologna relatives. And with each year her solitary, leafless branch of the family tree moved further and further away from the others: from the barons of Pranna, the Ingoldi, the Restolini. The old baron of Pranna, for example, the only one who ten years previously still had acknowledged the relationship by answering a postal card of hers with one of his, was still alive but losing memory. And his son had never for once accepted the notion that Mrs. Fragapani was a relative at all. Thus she lived there outside the ramparts of the town and of everything else, and while her husband rode the countryside on his needles and toothpicks she tormented the maid. So far, so good.

But that the maid should suddenly catch pneumonia, as she did then in 1925, that was really too much. Because that asked for care, Christian assistance, comfort to the suffering as is described in such beautiful colors, in such precious majolica, on the front building of the medieval hospital of the town of Pistoia (a masterpiece of Della Robbia of course, in which you see the suffering sit up in bed surrounded by those who comfort him, bring him food, and encourage him). That was what the maid's being sick entailed for Mrs. Fragapani and indeed that had nothing to do with Christian charity, that was just plain upturning of all social values: slavery of the masters, Communist victory, and more if possible. Because Alvina was not only the maid with garlic on her breath, needle-pricked fingertips, and teeth more used to breaking thread than chewing steak; she was also a kind of revolutionist, she had ideas: votes for the women, dictatorship of the proletariat, and so forth.

And even if she did not put them all in practice, taking all the revenge of all the oppressed on the person of Mrs. Fragapani, it was only because, as she herself said, "I am so sure that justice will be done that it almost amuses me to wait. Even if I should die in slavery, I do not care and it would not change anything. Anyway I am just like an old slipper that was once new and beautiful. Even a princess would prefer a pair of brand new wooden shoes to a beautiful slipper that has become dirty and old in the course of great social injustice. Am I not right? It is the same thing as with those ladies who have not played the part of countesses for years and when they come together with rich people they do not know what to do."

Those were the things Alvina said, and she knew how to speak, which made the whole

thing worse. Now, as long as she was up and around, nothing wrong with it: all that poison could never come out: on the contrary, the habit of obedience in her was such that had a revolution come and had Alvina really been assigned to be the executioner, as she often said, and had she had to execute her mistress, and had her mistress, rope around her neck, hands tied behind her back, high on the scaffold and surrounded by thousands, had her mistress sobbed, "Grace, Alvina, grace," Alvina would have answered promptly, "At your orders, my lady," and then added, "No, never. Justice be done and death to our oppressors."

It was therefore just habit, only habit that made her always say, "At your orders, my lady," and keep very quiet when her lady insulted her with words that not even a fishwoman in the market ever would use. So, clearly, with Alvina sick in bed the social pyramid was sick in bed, the tradition of serfdom, everything. If Alvina complained, it was her lady who must run to the kitchen, light the fire, get all the smoke in her eyes, fan the fire for hours with that dirty straw fan, and warm the water so as to have it boiling when the doctor arrived with his bottles and needles. And that was nothing, worse services than these, much deeper humiliations were her punishment. And when Alvina groaned, it was for her, the lady, to run down the stairs, run to the end of the dark corridor where the maid slept and take her orders. Even if she was careful not to ask her what she wanted, the meaning of her words was, "At your orders, Alvina." That was the truth and there was no denying it. Little help did it give her to look down on that cot, haughtily, to avoid any contact with those torn and greasy blankets: that was lost dignity, no one could see her there.

The only thing Mrs. Fragapani could do now, in order to survive the humiliation of sitting with her maid all day long, was to explain to her the complex reasons why a great lady of her condition had come to live in poverty; and the story was that she lived in poverty because some grandfather of hers had been too honest, too generous, and too noble, and Napoleon had ruined him as he had ruined many other aristocrats of the old school. Which story Alvina knew; it was nothing but an enlargement on the lesson she had been given every day in a brief, heavily punctuated resumé. So now she listened to this boring tale, this delicately applied reminder of her low condition, almost wishing that her lady would shout at her again. She lay down, her eyes closed, all of her limbs simmering in high fever, and repeating to herself mentally that she was much too sick to be treated roughly and perhaps she would die. At moments she interrupted her lady to ask her: "Am I really so sick? Poor madam! Why don't you go and sit in the living-room? This is no place for you."

"Oh, never mind, never mind," answered her lady, with a sign of resignation, "this is just Christian charity and nothing else."

"You are much too good to be so Christian," mumbled Alvina, who did not have the courage to tell her lady that it disturbed her to be assisted by her. Because that fever stood in Mrs. Fragapani's way as an intruder.

"Now you are sick for a whole week," she said; "if the doctor doesn't find a way to send that fever down, we will have to do something about it."

But the fever continued and it even went higher in the second week. Not only was Alvina unable to listen to Mrs. Fragapani's story because her breath was much too loud and feverish, she gave her her own story: "I come from a very good family too," she said, "perhaps a better one than yours—because my mother served in some very rich houses and I might well be the daughter of not one but two counts, but I don't care."

In vain did Mrs. Fragapani bite her lips and tell herself that this was just another manifestation of the disease, such as the glassy eyes, the broken voice, the hissing breath. She promised herself that once Alvina had recovered she would pay for these days; in the meantime it was her husband who was made to pay. When he came home from his work she cooked for him angrily and badly and while she did so she ruined his appetite with her complaints. Then as she washed the dishes she insulted him, she accused him for not providing her with another maid and she laughed at *his* family and his pretense of distinction as opposed to her own real distinction. The doctor was not much help either, because Alvina was on the poor list, but not the new poor list that entitled her

to free hospitalization: she was still on the poor list of two years before, when many people who had no right to be on that list were on it because they had managed to be inscribed there; according to the new standards, Alvina should have been provided for by her masters, and the doctor knew very well that they had no intention of paying. They pretended to be too poor and that made it impossible for Mrs. Fragapani to pose as a great lady with the doctor. She had tried it the first day, the first day only: "I am used from way back to have many maids at my disposal, so you can understand how unpleasant it is to do without even one." And the doctor had promptly replied that his wife had no maid to help her.

During the second week the doctor came more frequently and finally one day he said that unless the patient were taken to the hospital, he would have to call for a consultation with a well known professor, who of course could not come unless he were paid—and he himself would have to be paid, for that one visit at least. He would have to take half the price the consulting professor charged and the whole thing would amount to a certain sum he named.

"In that case," said Mrs. Fragapani, "I will have to tell you the whole truth: I know that the patient can pay out of her own pocket; she has been saving money for years, even though she pretends that she has given everything to her son, a young good-for-nothing who works as a farm hand near here and comes in every now and then to get money from his mother. But of course, if I ask her she will never tell me where the money is, so you better ask her yourself."

"I told you she had money," said Mrs. Fragapani to the doctor, after his private consultation with the patient. When the professor came Mrs. Fragapani dressed up in her best clothes and, to impress him with the fact that she was not only a lady but a good Christian woman, she put one of her best living-room chairs next to Alvina's bed, a gilded chair.

The professor seemed rather unimpressed. He just noticed two things: that the maid's bed sheets were not clean and that the corridor was not a good place for anyone as sick as she was. "Well, Professor," said Mrs. Fragapani, "that's how these people live."

"These people who?" asked the professor, and before she could feel the whole impact of her embarrassment, he added: "Who is taking care of this patient?"

"I am," she said. "Look at this chair; that's where I sit all day long."

"Does the patient have relatives?" he asked.

"A son," said Mrs. Fragapani.

"Well," said the professor, "he had better be called right now, because his mother is about to die. If the fever continues all day tomorrow, there is still a faint chance of recovery; but if it should fall tomorrow morning, then she will be dead before the night."

When Mr. Fragapani came home that same night, he was made to go out again and look for Alvina's son. He came home late, angry because he had not found the boy, and when his wife told him that Alvina still had a very high temperature he became even angrier: "Of course she will recover. These people never die."

But the next morning as he left the house he was confronted with a great dilemma: Alvina had no fever, so she was going to die; the professor had said so, but Alvina herself was saying that she was feeling very well, that she would soon get up and work and that her masters were the ones who needed care. That was so true and so natural that neither he nor his wife contradicted her. The only thing that seemed strange to Alvina was the chair near her bed.

"Why, that good chair here in the corridor!" she said. "Who put it here?"

"I did," said Mrs. Fragapani.

Alvina could not ask her lady to take the chair back to the living-room, so she just shook her head and said: "In just a little while I will get up and put it back where it belongs."

"You will do nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Fragapani, haughtily. "If I can stay here, so can my chairs. You will not get up. As a matter of fact, the priest will come today."

"The priest!" said Alvina. "But I am not going to die."

"You were quite sick last night and he was called, so he will come now and I am not going to ask him not to come, even if you feel better."

"But I don't want the priest," said Alvina.

"I am your mistress and you will obey. And that's that," said Mrs. Fragapani. So her husband went out and called the priest, then tried again to call Alvina's son. He could not find the boy, left word for him in two or three farmhouses, then rode back home on his needles and toothpicks feeling almost ashamed of himself as he thought of the reasons for his going back home. "Who is she to us anyway?" he asked himself. "Besides, these people never die."

From the end of the corridor he heard Alvina's voice speak to his wife: "If he is there, even if I don't see him, I'll find someone to tell him."

"What are you talking about?" asked Mrs. Fragapani in a rather annoyed tone.

"God," said Alvina. Mrs. Fragapani gasped and crossed herself. When Mr. Fragapani joined his wife Alvina's eyes were closed. She was pulling her breath from deep inside her chest, as she had pulled so many times the pails of water from the well. She seemed all rusty inside and strange noises resounded from the well. She opened her eyes and said to Mrs. Fragapani, staring at her: "This is no promise, understand. He might even not be there at all, or be an atheist. No one can tell these things. God can be anything, even an atheist. God doesn't care. God doesn't think of Himself, like so many bad people do. But if I see Him, I will tell Him that you were very kind to me, that you took a good chair from the living-room to sit here near my bed." Now she began to groan.

The priest arrived. He took Mrs. Fragapani aside and said, "Will you do me a great favor? You have a crucifix? I just left mine in the parish house. I was really stupid."

Mrs. Fragapani looked at him, frowning, and said: "I do have one, but it's the good one: the silver crucifix over my bed; the one I inherited from my grandfather."

"Oh, I am so relieved," said the priest. "Will you bring it downstairs?"

Mrs. Fragapani went upstairs, came down, gave the crucifix to the priest, saying, "Careful, please."

"Never mind," said the priest, nodding to reassure her that he would not let it fall.

After the priest had spoken his last words, he moved aside and Mrs. Fragapani saw the last glimpse of life in her maid's eyes. She and her husband were kneeling on the floor, their hands folded in prayer. They were afraid. God was present somewhere. God was clasping those hands around the silver crucifix and He could not be asked to let it go.



After Hours

THERE is this to be said for centennials: they may not be interesting of themselves but an otherwise uninteresting occurrence can be enlivened by the fact that it is a hundred years old. Organized intercollegiate athletics, for example, are not my idea of compelling attractions under ordinary circumstances. Yet the celebration of a sport centennial has a quality lacking in the ordinary event; in fact it is considerably more fun than it has any right to be. I saw one on a bright Sunday afternoon during August at Center Harbor, New Hampshire: a symbolic re-enactment of the first crew race between Yale and Harvard on this same spot, August 3, 1852.

Center Harbor (population normally 382) is to be found on the northwesterly shore of Lake Winnepesaukee, the largest body of fresh water in New Hampshire and a logical place for competitive rowing. The town made no great fuss over the influx of several thousand enthusiasts. For several weeks the hamlets and crossroads stores around the lake's hundred-mile shore, most of them as peaceable as Center Harbor and few larger, had displayed posters, printed half in crimson and half in blue, announcing the event. The crowd, arriving in all manner of land and marine vehicles, was not even reminded that the original contest in 1852 had been staged as a promotion stunt by a railroad long since gone to grass. The 1952 audience was merely shown, as preliminary entertainment, a "Pageant of Transportation" from ox-cart to airplane; and there was no profiteering, except for a few Center Harbor citizens who couldn't resist the chance to charge fifty cents for allowing their lawns and pastures to be trampled by cars. Otherwise all was informality.

There was no need for an observation train. The whole mile and five-sixteenths from start to finish was plainly visible from the sloping ground of a natural amphitheater, covered with automobiles and people, yet seemingly uncrowded. The course itself was lined with boats of every fresh-water size and hue, though none attained the proportions to be found on the Thames. Here the largest, festooned with banners reading "Harvard 1913," had not bothered to conceal the sign that betrayed its weekday function: "U. S. Mail Boat." One point of vantage was stationary. A hundred years ago the country had a President-elect from New Hampshire, who watched the *Oneida Boat* (Harvard) beat the *Shawmut* and the *Undine (both* Yale) from a window in the Coe mansion overlooking the lake. This year, in the absence of even a candidate from New Hampshire, the chair was occupied by Mr. John J. Colony of Keene, oldest living Harvard crew man.

The race had been scheduled for 6:00 P.M., and incredibly enough both crews were ready for the start on the hour. Bombs were detonated to alert the spectators, and in a moment or two the race was on. Connoisseurs of oarsmanship may have found fault with the crews, for they were pick-up teams of undergraduates and graduates as far back as the Class of '46. Yet whatever they lacked in style they made up in spirit. The Yale boatload, in blue jerseys with a diagonal white stripe, wielding oars tipped in silver and blue, were the more visible; but the relatively drably clad Harvard crew, in white, grabbed the lead at the start and was never headed, winning by half a length as against four in 1852.

The ten or twelve thousand people who watched these well-run proceedings did so in

perfect comfort. The change from New Hampshire to New London, where this annual event is now held under more serious auspices, appeared—for the moment at least—to have been a big mistake. Here there were no, or almost no, traffic jams going or coming; and high-strung hullabaloo seemed to have been replaced by an ancient ease. Nothing exclusive, either. Witness one other boat, a small dory into which six husky oarsmen had somehow inserted themselves, with barely room enough to move. It did a good deal of aimless paddling in the vicinity of the finish line under the direction of a tall, rangy coxswain. He was waving a large orange-and-black banner emblazoned with the single letter "P."

Low and Outside

THE California "ranch house" is rapidly becoming more plentiful in the suburbs of the Eastern seaboard than where (if it belongs anywhere) it belongs. The real-estate section of a Sunday paper that I have at my elbow advertises: "Here, in beautiful Great Neck, are a dozen new ranch homes. . . ." On the same page is a picture of a house called "The New Southwest" described as "a dramatically authentic ranch home" . . . "only a few minutes from Great Neck station—26 minutes from Penn Station." This three-bedroom house costs $33,900. The prairies around New York are cluttering up.

We are likely to forget on this side of the continent that in California any man who has a patch of land on which he raises anything to sell is a rancher, and that you are more apt to encounter a walnut ranch in California than a cattle ranch. The ranch house, then, may be assumed to be a house that can fit comfortably on a fairly small farm and does not need a vast stretch of open range to make it look at home. There is a difference, however, between a California ranch and a suburban fifty-foot lot. There is not as much difference as you might think; but there *is* a difference.

The ranch house, suburban version, is a one-story building, long and narrow and low to the ground, and usually built in the shape of an "L" or a "U". It has a gradually pitched roof, a picture window, an outsized fireplace, and exposed beams in the living-room ceiling. In its native habitat this simple frame-construction dwelling rambles pleasantly over inexpensive ground, but on a small lot, jostled by other ranch houses, it takes on the aspect of a dream that has been corked into a little bottle. It has no architectural style, but it has a romantic name, and an aroma of barbecued spareribs, and that, evidently, is the secret of its success.

The ranch-house psychology is nothing new in American housing; there have been other romantic small dwellings designed to make a man feel he was something and somewhere he wasn't. In the twenties he lived in a doll-size version of an English manor house, or a pocket-size French chateau, or a little sugar-plum house out of the fairy-tale books. But if you will think back before the twenties to the decade that preceded the first world war, you will remember that there was a house which, like the ranch house, sprang up everywhere. It was the "California bungalow."

In searching for the prototype of the ranch house I came upon a book called *The Bungalow Book. A Short Sketch of the Evolution of the Bungalow from Its Primitive Crudeness to Its Present State of Artistic Beauty and Cozy Convenience.* It was written and published in 1910 by Henry L. Wilson, who called himself "The Bungalow Man," and it went into five editions in two and a half years. The bungalow had everything the ranch house has, and a combination, as Mr. Wilson points out in his preface, of a background which is both Oriental (the word bungalow comes from the name given to low thatched houses of the Bengalese in India) and Spanish colonial. Mr. Wilson does not explain how these two strains meet, but in 1910 explanations of this sort were not thought necessary. It was the age of "adaptation," as the fashionable architects of the day called it, and not invention.

The bungalow, however, shows few traces of anything except the Swiss chalet that might be called an architectural influence. Its two constant features are wide overhanging eaves and a porch usually supported by piers made of boulders. Bungalows look as though they were one story high, but in most of those illustrated in Mr. Wilson's book there are dormers in the shallow roofs, though the rooms they served must have been cramped. A two-story bungalow 28 feet by 45 cost about $2,000.

Mr. Wilson's theories of architecture seem to us quaint now, but we must remember that "quaint" was an adjective of delight in those days. In describing the evolution of the bungalow and its culmination in what he calls the "Spanish Mission style" he writes:

> The result was quaint and attractive, and better still, these Mission Bungalows furnished the text which modern architectural skill has amplified and improved, until today we have the perfect Bungalow, a "house beautiful" inside and out, the very embodiment of homelike coziness and convenience, inexpensive, but of refined elegance easily adaptable to almost any location, whether mountain, plain, or valley, or on a city's narrow streets, or the broad, shaded village avenues.

The manner in which Mr. Wilson achieved his "artistic homes," as he calls them, is a far cry from what is considered good architectural practice today and would make the purists shudder.

> I find it is a big mistake [he wrote] to adopt a floor plan and then endeavor to fit an exterior to it. Many architects do this, I know, but the result is never satisfactory, and a house so designed is never pleasing to the eye; in fact, it usually attracts attention only by its ugliness. Concessions must be made, and both inside and outside details must be modified to gain that atmosphere of cozy elegance which is so much admired in all of my plans. . . .

Mr. Wilson knew the public taste, as the number of bungalows that were built from his plans amply testifies, but he knew more than just the taste of his contemporaries. If Mr. Wilson were still in business, he would still be building bungalows, but he would call them ranch houses, for the ranch house is the bungalow with very minor changes. The roofs of both slope at the same angle: the windows are of almost the same proportions, and Mr. Wilson also favored the picture window; often the eaves hang far over in the same way, and instead of boulders to support the porch roof, you find the rugged touch in indoor and outdoor fireplaces. The ranch house is the bungalow pulled out like a piece of taffy and bent.

You cannot discount the romantic pull of the land of Hopalong. In Mr. Wilson's day perhaps the suburban householder dreamed of hunting tigers in Bengal rather than of roping steers in the great plains. He huddled under his imitation thatched roof, just as our new suburbanite huddles under his imitation hand-hewn beams, both of them the victims of an architect's and a speculator's belief that every man wants to pretend he is somewhere he cannot be. Or could it be that it is the architects and speculators who are the victims of the suburbanites? Or—which is most likely—that they all dream happily together in that recurrent strain in American architectural tradition of making things seem to be what they are not?

V for Video

Television has temporarily achieved an ideal relationship between broadcaster and sponsor: costs are equitably divided between the two and the latter gets more than his money's worth. Beginning sometime this month, NBC-TV will begin a twenty-six-part series that resulted from this sort of collaboration—dramatic narratives of a half-hour each, music by Richard Rodgers, and powerful selling copy. Each is in effect a documentary movie (though slightly changed, as television changes everything) intended to tell a story with a moral. The episodes that I have had the chance to see beforehand, on a set in the NBC studio over a closed circuit, drive home a point. The sponsor should be happy. Let none of his contentment be diminished by the fact that he is, in this instance, the United States Navy.

"Victory at Sea" is the name of the series. It is an epic poem in praise of sea power, a retelling of the tale of naval prowess in World War II. It has been made up out of film, a mountain of film, some fifty million feet of it, from ten different governments and two dozen different governmental agencies. The screen in front of you will be the record, as far as celluloid contains it, from both allied and enemy sources; for much is captured stuff, German and Japanese. Pearl Harbor is seen through a Japanese lens: the war councils in Tokyo, the carriers on their way, the take-off, then the bombers boring in over Oahu. Not all of the film is as faultlessly genuine as this—that is, action photography

of the actual events themselves—but where I noticed exceptions I must say they seemed to me legitimate. Some shots have been interpolated from other engagements; some have been spaced out with "fakes," in a sense, made in wartime for training and the like. Why not? The real question is, Does it come off?

It comes off remarkably well, considering—considering how easy it is to offend against taste in treating military victory, considering how inordinately television consumes time and talent. This is really a movie, remember, thirteen hours long. (Technically speaking Richard Rodgers and Robert Russell Bennett, who arranged the score, have composed the longest symphony ever written.) The whole job of writing, editing, cutting, etc. had to be done under pressure, the kind of deadline fever that television has taken over from radio. This is one of the slight but critical differences between TV documentary and movie documentary.

To wit and for instance. When one edits film for a screen which is a foot-by-a-foot, instead of fifteen-by-fifteen, one loses first of all detail, both visual and psychological. The effect has to be bold and brutal in order to communicate at all. The music is quite frankly more obvious (and meant, unfortunately, to be played louder) than it would ordinarily be in a movie theater or on the stage. Because of the smallness of the objects in them, or the absence of black-and-white contrast, some famous shots are missing. The spoken narrative has to pursue simplicity with a single-minded devotion. There can be no irony or offhand informality, relying on the interest inherent in the visual image to bridge the gap. The eye of the beholder cannot wander on the TV screen, indulging itself in the digressions that make movies a visually rich experience. Television is still, for better or worse, eye-poor; and one of the virtues of "Victory at Sea" is that its makers seem to have taken this into account.

FOREMOST among these artisans is Henry Salomon, whose first venture this is as a television producer. Mr. Salomon was in the Navy for six years, from seaman to lieutenant commander, and he later collaborated with Rear Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison on the quasi-official *History of United State Naval Operations in World War II.* He is a historian, in other words, who sees no reason why history cannot be dramatic without warping the facts. He has had expert assistance—from Richard Hanser (a writer), Clay Adams (a writer-producer from Hollywood), Isaac Kleinerman (a director editor), and Captain Walter Karig (for many years a naval spokesman of great shrewdness and amiability). After such an auspicious start, it is to be hoped that Mr. Salomon will not quit the field—and will go on (for NBC or whoever is smart enough to ask him) to try the same technique on other subjects. "Victory at Sea" gives you the impression that documentary is what TV was meant for from the start.

I concede that documentary is far from new, and hasten to add that any documentary today stands on the shoulders of illustrious predecessors. What "Victory at Sea" can show, however, is a growing comprehension of television's peculiar ground rules and an increasing ability to do this kind of thing as a matter of course. We are getting good at it, and before long retrospective TV will be able to stand up along with "live" action or the daily and weekly summaries of the highlights in the news. And, as a means of conveying ideas, it is forbiddingly potent.

The best of the series that I've seen, to be specific, is number four, "Midway Is East." Now the Battle of Midway is a natural unit to stand by itself and as battles go it fits a coherent dramatic pattern. "Victory at Sea" does this installment beautifully. The essentials appear in bright, glaring relief—what strength the Japanese fleet was coming in and why, the island waiting, the first failures of the land-based and torpedo squadrons, the pressing necessity for a command decision from Admiral Spruance, the eventual success of the dive bombers. It is all so clear, so convincing, that it made me more conscious than I had previously been of documentary's terrible power. Somehow it never used to seem so formidable to the movie audience on the enormous screen. Now the screen, and its meanings, have been compressed hundreds of times; the audience has been enlarged to millions who little cared for documentary before. I must admit I'm worried, and glad Mr. Salomon is a historian, and relieved that in the long run TV won't be offering opportunities like this to all its customers.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Some New, Some Perennial

Gilbert Highet

THE most ambitious single publishing enterprise of many years was launched in September. A set of 54 tall handsome volumes, ***Great Books of the Western World,*** edited by Robert M. Hutchins in association with Mortimer J. Adler, was published by the Encyclopaedia Britannica collaborating with the University of Chicago ($249.50 the set). This represents a huge investment of thought, labor, time, and money, made not in the hope of gaining financial profit, but as an educational and philanthropic declaration of faith. There have been other such ventures—the World's Classics (Oxford), the "Five-Foot Shelf" (Eliot of Harvard)—but none aimed so boldly and high-mindedly at *teaching* the public. The essence of a classic is that it can and should be reread many times, throughout life. Therefore, the editors have subjoined a plan for ten years of increasingly intense and comprehensive study of the Great Books, assisted by the Syntopicon, a remarkable collection of survey articles and cross-references compiled by Mr. Adler, which will guide readers through the "Great Conversation" with the master-minds of our culture.

The conception of this set is noble. Not only that: it is right. We are part of a continuously developing civilization 3,000 years old. It has been largely made by powerful thinkers who wrote durable books. To understand the present, to plan for the future, to realize our best powers, we should read, teach, discuss, and admire the Great Books. For reaffirming this truth and making it concrete, Mr. Hutchins, Mr. Adler, Senator William Benton, and their assistants deserve well of the republic of humanity.

However, the execution of the plan is in my judgment imperfect.

First, the books are not the greatest books of the Western world. Some of them are second-rate (Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*) or temporarily influential but full of mistakes and paralogisms (Marx and Freud). Some of them are eminent in a limited field, but (by the editors' own admission) have seldom been read by any except specialists (Archimedes and Ptolemy). Many grave omissions keep the series from representing the full, balanced Western tradition, so that an Italian, a Frenchman, or a Swiss would scarcely recognize in it the culture which he shares. (True, many omitted works are referred to in the Syntopicon, yet the omissions from the printed set distort its authority.)

Second, the literary value of the books is dwarfed by the editorial insistence on Ideas. Is it fair to treat Homer and Shakespeare as repositories of great thoughts, while scarcely mentioning that they are superb poets?

Lastly, the presentation of the books is bleak and occasionally repellent. It is a fine proposal that we should all continue to read the classics throughout our lives. Only, we should be persuaded, encouraged, cheered in so doing: not told that if we don't we are ignorant materialists, who have been ill educated without realizing it. Great books are not only admirable. They are often lovable. Great ideas are not only medicine and vitamins: they are strong food and heartening wine and delightful exercise. In his introductory essay, Mr. Hutchins criticizes the mistaken educational notions which, in America and certain other countries, have impugned the worth of great literature and art. Yet he does not commend these values as they deserve: he merely opens the door and says "Enter. Admire." Teaching and persuasion, as aids to the recognition of greatness and appreciation of beauty, must be gradual, must be kindly. Mr. Hutchins fails because he is abrupt and cold. Perhaps he himself is too

wise. He forgets how sometimes through mere vagueness, weakness, and ignorance,

> The pain of living and the drug of dreams
> Curl up the small soul in the window seat
> Behind the Encyclopaedia Britannica.*

Imaginative Novels

This month brings us half a dozen valuable novels by authors whose work we all know, and whose development we follow with interest; together with several ambitious books by comparative newcomers.

Reading the new Steinbeck, ***East of Eden*** (Viking, $4.50), is like coming over a highland country, and following first one stream that grows as it flows onward, and then another, and then a third, until they enter the same broad valley and grow into a river full of power and promise; then riding downstream, admiring the sculptured banks and the fine pools which the river makes, and watching how it becomes the center of a various population, handsome birds, swift fish, and animals kind and cruel; but somehow, at some point, it is not clear how, moving off in the wrong direction—was it because the river began to peter out or because we followed the wrong channel?—till at last it ends in bitter swamps, brightly colored pollution, and mud, spotted here and there with flimsy marsh flowers.

Mr. Steinbeck is an expert. It has always been a pleasure to watch him at work. Almost every page of this story is carefully carved; it is full of brilliantly told incidents and sharply perceived characters. Most of it I enjoyed; much of it I shall often reread. What is wrong is the balance. Apparently the tale began in his mind as a chronicle of his family and their connections in California, linked with a historical picture of the growth of the Salinas area as part of the new West and the new America. Many lovingly drawn portraits, town scenes, and country landscapes fill its earlier pages. But one of the family's acquaintances was an evil woman, one of the worst women in truth or fiction, prostitute, adulterer, bawd, pervert, blackmailer, drug-peddler, arsonist, murderer, parricide. She appears early, and is interesting. She reappears, and is fascinating. Finally she dominates the story, contracts its scope, converts much of it into melodrama, and dwarfs the few remaining characters who are real and good. The final impression is that of a narrow Eden in which Eve is also Lilith and the Serpent, while Adam and his sons are faint imperfect ineffectual wraiths.

Ernest Hemingway's ***The Old Man and the Sea*** (Scribner, $3) is a good story. It is about courage. It tells of a fisherman who fights old age and the loss of his strength, poverty and the loss of his luck, loneliness and the gigantic sea in which he hunts, almost completely solitary except for the birds, the flying-fish, and the friendly dolphins. It tells how he caught a huge fish; how the fish fought him, pulling him many miles out to sea; how he killed it; how the sharks attacked his magnificent prize before he could get it home; and how bravely and hopelessly he fought them—even the sharks are brave, in their way.

This always was a good story. It was good when Mr. Hemingway first told it, in an essay called "On the Blue Water," on page 184 of *Esquire* for April 1936. It was good when variations of it were told by other American writers. Walter Van Tilburg Clark did it proud in *The Track of the Cat*. Mr. Hemingway's closest predecessor, Jack London, made fun of it in a mammoth-hunt called "A Relic of the Pliocene." There was also a long novel about a sea captain and a whale.

Mr. Hemingway's feelings do not change much, so it is natural that this should be a plot familiar to his readers. It is an epic pattern. A hero undertakes a hard task. He is scarcely equal to it because of ill luck, wounds, treachery, hesitation, or age. With a tremendous effort, he succeeds. But in his success he loses the prize itself, or final victory, or his life. Still, his gallantry remains. Mr. Hemingway has used this pattern in "Francis Macomber," *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* and several other tales. What is new here is his thinking about age and about death: not the energetic death of the fighter or hunter, nor the silly chance death of the pedestrian, but the inevitable death of which old age is a degrading part. A number of his early stories had aging athletes in them: "My Old Man," about racing; "The Undefeated," about bullfighting; *To Have and Have Not*, about smuggling. His last book, about the garrulous colonel, approached this problem

* Eliot, "Animula."

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY · BOSTON

4 books to delight you . . .
and 2 that will make you sit up and take notice

THEODORA C. STANWELL-FLETCHER

The Tundra World

A new, deeply lived story, by the author of DRIFTWOOD VALLEY, of the paradise of natural splendor at the edge of the Arctic. "Her style is that of a gifted writer, her knowledge of her subject unsurpassed . . . The book is understandable to all readers. It will delight them, too — delight them very much."

—PETER FREUCHEN, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.50

BRUCE LANCASTER

The Secret Road

In this tale of a young Lieutenant in George Washington's Secret Service, you will find "a veteran craftsman at the top of his form . . . Fast-paced . . . action at fever pitch . . . The author mingles fact and fancy expertly as his breathless tale unfolds."

—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.50

RENÉ MacCOLL

Assignment Stuffed Shirt

"A keen-eyed burlesque of British wartime propaganda in the United States...fresh, fast and sometimes very funny."—*Atlantic Monthly.* "One of the most uproariously gay books to chuckle off the presses since P. G. Wodehouse set himself up in business . . . light and live, full of hustle, hi-jinks and hilarity."

—*Saturday Review.* $3.00

COMING OCTOBER 20th

A great storyteller's greatest story

My Island Home

The autobiography of

JAMES NORMAN HALL

"A remarkable defense of free enterprise and democracy"

—STERLING NORTH

A Creed for Free Enterprise

by

CLARENCE B. RANDALL

A ringing statement of faith in the American system of Free Enterprise by the foremost and most trenchant spokesman for our heavy industry, the President of the Inland Steel Company.

"Clarence Randall does it again in his very readable, thought-provoking volume . . . It's packed with wisdom and sound advice."—*Chicago Tribune*

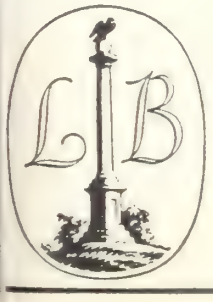
"A fighting creed, stated crisply and positively." — *Saturday Review Syndicate.* $2.75

COMING OCTOBER 6th

WALTER LIPPMANN'S

Isolation and Alliances

AN AMERICAN SPEAKS TO THE BRITISH



These are all Atlantic Monthly Press Books

At all bookstores

THE MARK OF GOOD BOOKS SINCE 1837

again, from the point of view of the sufferer, not of the spectator. But the colonel was elderly, boozy, and a bore. The lonely fisherman here is old, ascetic, and noble.

Three from England

MARY BORDEN'S ***You, the Jury*** (Longmans, Green, $3) is about the same subject which we met last month in Coccioli's *Heaven and Earth*. It is the tale of a man who endeavors to imitate Christ, told through several of those who knew him, and ending with his attempt to stop war, his failure, and his liquidation. It is, however, more complicated, richer in background, more populous, less mystical. In one way it is less satisfying. The character of Martin, the saint, never comes quite clear. Miss Borden may mean that any imitator of Christ would be bound, not only to be misunderstood and silenced, but also to be vague and inadequate, if born in England in the early part of this century. This is bitter, but it may be true. In any case, her book is thoughtfully written, and well worth reading.

TAKE a broad piece of canvas. Let it stretch over several hundred miles and forty years of the sixteenth century. Cover it with the pattern of five lives on a background of fifty others, nuns, yeomen, traders, courtiers, a Spanish princess, and King Henry, eighth of that name. Make the main pattern that long conflict in which he brought the church in England under his headship and dissolved the religious houses. Form the design in many delicate stitches, two or three pages long, with one layer overlapping another in exquisite miniature work, set with jewels and metal thread and hair, worked and reworked until all must admire the vivid colors and remember pieces of the web, although few can see and understand the entire intricate tapestry. This will be H. F. M. Prescott's ***The Man on a Donkey*** (Macmillan, $5).

THERE is an odd new Joyce Cary, ***Prisoner of Grace*** (Harper, $3.50), which at first looks like a recapitulation of an Arnold Bennett success story, the career of a Radical politician who marries above him and then raises himself beyond his wife's level. But Mr. Cary knows that life is full of the inevitable, masked as the unexpected. Gradually he shows us that, deeper down, this is the tale of the sinister influence of a willing, pretty, empty-headed woman on her husband, lover, and son—an interaction that ends in the corruption of them all and will lead, a few hours after the final page, to a catastrophe that even she dare not face. It is told with Mr. Cary's Browning-like capacity to enter into another's soul and speak with another's voice: it is the woman's justificatory monologue, full of parentheses and asides like pats on a listener's sleeve. The study of her character and of her husband's (a man of the same era as MacDonald, Thomas, and Asquith) is an expert painting of mind and character, where the artist reveals more than the sitter or his friends ever knew.

Autobiographical Records

WHEN I was young and idealistic, I used to go to Sunday school at 10:00 A.M. and then church at 11:00. Twice or thrice a year, missionaries would visit us. Bluff, energetic men, radiating kindness and assurance, they would talk to the youngsters, telling us how they traveled through ignorant peoples, disease-ridden territories, and devil-worshipping priests. They recalled stirring tales of their adventures, how they were trampled by a yak or capsized in a kayak or threatened by a witch-doctor. Later, in church, they preached. They explained that it was our duty to bring all these millions of lost souls to the true religion, carrying light into thick darkness. Listening, we felt ashamed that we could contribute no more than our weekly allowance. We felt we should leave home and start training to become missionaries to Calabar, Malabar, or Salazar. Later, we began to wonder if we might not have more urgent duties nearer home.

Mr. Justice Douglas' new book is just such a missionary visit, without much Christianity. ***Beyond the High Himalayas*** (Doubleday, $4) first describes a month's trip from Pakistan to the mountain states like Kashmir and Ladakh. It contains the usual adventures with rascally muleteers, the usual language difficulties, the usual alarms of bandits, and some terribly funny folk-songs: *Her eyebrows are like the vowel sign . . . Her nose is like a copper tube . . . my friend, Tseringskyit.* Then it proceeds to the sermon, and preaches that the United States should start an economic revolution in Asia by sending "teams of Americans" to live in mud-hut villages and "spread the benefits of mass education at the grass-roots level," thus creating "a revolutionary force along the Russian border." It is invigorating to see such idealism and such energy. The book might have been written by a young man of eighteen or so. But it is also perplexing. Can America exercise an effective, long term, many-lifetime influence in Swat and Pakhtunistan? Is such influence bound to benefit the natives and ourselves? And next month shall we have a similar travelogue and a similar sermon about Africa which clearly needs similar missions? and the East Indies? and the Pacific archipelagoes? Can we "raise" them all? If not, should we not concentrate on the nearest and most urgent the Indian villages and the backwoods areas of Central and South America? The collection will now be taken.

A YOUNGER but more sophisticated man has also begun to publish a record of his life. In ***Arrow into the Blue*** (Macmillan, $5) Arthur Koestler describes his first two careers, as a starving Zionist in Palestine and a prosperous journalist in Paris and Berlin. They were full of variety. He invented and printed the first Hebrew crossword puzzle which was difficult because Hebrew eschews vowels and dangerous because it eschews crosses. He flew toward the North Pole in a Zeppelin, and proposed to drop a Zionist flag on an uncharted island to establish a Jewish colony in the cold Arctic. He interviewed a real King who is now dead, and a fake Messiah, who is now established in guess which of our forty-eight States. Unlike most ex-Communists, Koestler retains his sense of humor. The next installment, which will show him joining the intelligence service of the

party, will be grimmer than this book; but it too will be full of Viennese wit, detachment, and hard-earned common sense; and it can hardly be more fascinating.

The Diary of George Templeton Strong, edited by Allan Nevins and Milton Halsey Thomas (Macmillan, $35), is a sensible, evenly written record kept by a New York lawyer, aesthete, and philanthropist in the middle nineteenth century. Everyone who reads it will be struck by one thing—namely, that it is sheer nonsense for anyone today to grumble at his fate and say that, compared with earlier periods, existence in "this atomic age" is nerve-racking, because at any moment, etc., etc. . . . Between 1835 and 1875 Strong experienced things far worse than any of us have felt in the continental United States since the beginning of this century.

In Strong's time, Broadway was full of gangs of homeless girls, twelve years old *and younger*, "with thief written in their cunning eyes and whore on their depraved faces." Gang-fights lasted for days and reached riot proportions—barricades, stretcher-bearers, militia called out. "Norfolk and Portsmouth fearfully plague-stricken; nearly depopulated by yellow fever. Men and women die deserted; corpses rot unburied." A crowd of Staten Islanders attacked and destroyed an isolation hospital in a planned operation which nearly cremated a number of smallpox patients. Mobs hanged a Negro in Carmine Street, attacked the *Tribune* building, and (think of this) looted Brooks Brothers. When the Civil War broke out there was no proper provision for sick and wounded: Strong had to head a voluntary group which established a Sanitary Commission and ran it on their own time and money. Compared with all that, we have been living a safe, soft life.

THE worst of being spoiled is that one comes to believe no other life is possible. Certainly this month's books are not to blame if we still cherish that degrading illusion. They are challenges to thought, to self-examination, and to courage; and yet most of them contain that humor which assures us that life is a little more than the performance of duty.

"Represents education that continues,"

says **GEORGE GALLUP**

Founder of the American Institute of Public Opinion; formerly Professor, Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia U.

"A serious weakness of the American educational system is the missing link between what we are taught in school and what we learn after leaving school. The Reader's Digest represents education that continues. It arouses and satisfies keen interest in the vital issues of the day and in varied fields of lasting knowledge."



Look at the wide range of subjects in any issue—The Reader's Digest is designed for the well-rounded individual who cultivates interests far wider than the confines of any particular field.

From the wealth of material that is published each month, the editors select those outstanding articles no thoughtful person would want to miss. Each article is condensed to present the essentials clearly, yet preserve the full content and flavor of the original.

The Reader's Digest offers a continuing liberal education for millions of men and women with alert, open minds.

★ ★ ★

In October Reader's Digest, you'll be interested in *Cobalt 60*—how an offshoot of A-bomb research is being used to fight cancer; *Watch Out for the Weather*—how its changes affect your physical and mental behavior; *29-page book condensation: Windows for the Crown Prince*—an American woman's precedent-shattering experience as tutor to Japan's future Emperor.

SPANISH FRENCH GERMAN ITALIAN

Start to Speak a Foreign Language Correctly IN ONLY 7 DAYS!

Now you can learn Spanish, French, German or Italian easily, inexpensively and in an amazingly short time.
Funk & Wagnalls' **Language Phone Method** with brand-new R.C.A. high-fidelity phonograph recordings, brings you the actual voices of expert teachers speaking in their native tongues.
The phonograph method of learning a foreign language is the amazing new method you have heard about and been reading about in national publications. With this method you learn right in your own home, your teacher is always there to instruct you, your manuals always there to help you. You learn as fast as you wish, repeat lessons as often as you need.
Send today for the FREE booklet that explains this remarkable new way to learn a foreign language. Let us tell you how you can try out the Funk & Wagnalls' **Language Phone Method** for a whole week right in your own home and without obligation of any kind.



--MAIL THIS COUPON--

Funk & Wagnalls Company
Department HH-17, Foreign Languages
153 East 24th St., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me FREE descriptive booklet about your easy method of learning ( ) Spanish, ( ) French, ( ) German, ( ) Italian, and tell me how I may obtain a complete Language Phone Kit for seven days' free trial.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....Zone.....State.....

New Idea Makes You a Better Speaker – Fast

Improves Your Speaking Voice in One Evening

PUBLIC speaking will no longer be a dreaded ordeal—it will be a golden opportunity to impress your personality upon your listeners; to win approval and applause; to increase your prestige and your stature; to advance yourself in position and earning power.

Sensational Results PROVED

Now, in the privacy and convenience of your own home you can listen to "living voice" demonstrations of the seven basic techniques of effective speaking, with their variations and combinations to fit every occasion. That is the new and revolutionary idea behind the just-released Funk & Wagnalls TRAINING COURSE IN EFFECTIVE SPEAKING – a course that produces results never before possible—that improves your speaking ability so spectacularly and quickly you will be amazed.

FREE—Dramatizing Your Voice

Send now for this absorbing booklet containing valuable hints for improving your speaking ability—a revealing Self-Analysis Chart—Test Exercise with "Sound-Track" Markings and details on how to obtain the new Funk & Wagnalls Training Course in Effective Speaking. No cost or obligation. Write or mail coupon to:

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., Dept. HA-2
New York 10, N. Y.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., Dept. HA-2
153 East 24th St., New York 10, N. Y.
Without cost or obligation to me, send the free booklet, "Dramatizing Your Voice". (No salesman will call.)

Name.....
Address.....
Town or City.....Zone.....State.....

THE YEAR IN POETRY

By Lloyd Frankenberg

Praise to the End! (Doubleday, $3) is Theodore Roethke's third book. Taken together, they present an extraordinarily dramatic line of development. His first, *Open House,* which came out in 1941, is polished, perceptive, occasionally wry, always distinguished. Perhaps this stanza that ends the poem "The Light Comes Brighter" will convey the tone:

> And soon a branch, part of a hidden scene,
> The leafy mind, that long was tightly furled,
> Will turn its private substance into green,
> And young shoots spread upon our inner world.

This is clearly the work of a man who has mastered, as reviewers love to say, the craft. He might well have gone on being crafty. In his next book, *The Lost Son and Other Poems* (1948), the tone alters. The poems now unfurling, literally blossom. In "Big Wind," we are carried in an old rose-house through a night of storm to affectionate triumph:

> She sailed into the calm morning,
> Carrying her full cargo of roses.

Then, in a group of longer poems, of which "The Lost Son" is the first, a further dimension of expression is reached:

> Voice, come out of the silence.
> Say something.
> Appear in the form of a spider
> Or a moth beating the curtain.

Roethke's prayer is a prophecy. In these poems, which now form the nucleus of *Praise to the End!,* a new voice does speak. It is Roethke's, discovering and revealing to us his "inner world." We enter his world, its frights and delights, in "Where Knock Is Open Wide":

> I know it's an owl. He's making it darker.
> Eat where you're at. I'm not a mouse.
> Some stones are still warm.
> I like soft paws.
> Maybe I'm lost,
> Or asleep.

The Mother Goose freshness and strangeness of this opening poem leads us to ever deepening emotional experience: "I Need, I Need," "Give Way, Ye Gates," "Sensibility! O La!" Imperceptibly we are prepared for the eloquent anguish of "The Lost Son."

In this beautifully sustained poem the rose-house again figures as a symbol of conflict and hope. The concluding poems of the cycle spiral toward the joyful resolution of "I Cry, Love! Love!":

> The sun playing on loam,
> And the first dust of spring listing over backlots,—
> I proclaim once more a condition of joy.
> Walk into the wind, willie!

Praise to the End! is a triumph; a true greening of the "private substance."

HISTORY plays an important part in the poems of Randall Jarrell. His most recent book, ***The Seven-League Crutches*** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75), is divided into three sections: "Europe," "Children," and "Once Upon a Time." These several pasts—of the world, of childhood, and of legend—often converge and strangely color one another. In these history-haunted fables, the contemporary world is made legendary, the legend brought brilliantly up-to-date.

Jarrell's many-faceted style illuminates, with grace and wit, a rich variety. The ghosts of Europe inhabit "An English Garden in Austria." Here (as in Eden?) is "the path, the first step of that first path / Our own great parents took!" In "The Contrary Poet" the ghost of Tristan Corbière, in his patchwork tower, writes a mad love-letter, laughs and tears it up. In "A Rhap-

dy on Irish Themes," which reads part like an answer to Marianne oore's "Spenser's Ireland," the et's great grandmother flies away a gull.

One of the eeriest is the short em, "A Soul," in which "you" and " whisper together. Is it a love em? the communion of soul and dy? By a shuddery twist, the "I" the poem turns out to be the soul, e ghost.

"How many years, how many years
Thou hast wandered in air, thin
air!
Many times I had thought thee lost,
My poor soul, forever."

Besides the self, the spectral caval- le includes an imaginary eland (e Christmas wish: "To own an nd! That's what I call life!"), binson Crusoe (Europe ship- ecked from *him),* "A Girl in a rary" (she sleeps but has no ams), Christ (in "The Olive Gar- n," doubting his God), and the vil (doubting man, his occupation ne). The Prince, coming to wake he Sleeping Beauty" with a kiss, nself falls asleep.

lainly, for Jarrell, the world is a tches' Sabbath; its magic has all ned black. And what of the seven- gue boots-into-crutches? The con- ning rage of the war poems in two his earlier books, *Little Friend, tle Friend* and *Losses,* reappears a strain of recurrent bitterness. n the retelling of legends for ir irony, I'm not always sure I low the irony. But I always feel next time I'll take the right turn- . Some of the poems I especially oy and admire are "The Orient ress," "A Game at Salzburg," "A l," "The Face," "The Truth," he Olive Garden." One of the st moving, I think, is "A Sick ild," who has teased his imagina- n past the vanishing point:

I can think of it, it isn't what
I want.
want . . . I want a ship from some
near star
o land in the yard, and beings to
come out
nd think to me: "So this is where
you are!

ome!" Except that they won't do, thought of them . . . . And yet somewhere there must be





She lives in a wooden packing box....

Vikki is an attractive little 2-year old girl, with blonde hair and blue eyes. She likes dolls, and is a healthy youngster. But her future is dark and clouded by want and privation. She lives in a packing box—in a small town in Greece—with her widowed mother Sophia, brother George (11 years old), sister Mary (6½ years old), and her grandmother.

Two adults and three children—in a packing box as home—their only income is about $6 *a week* earned by Sophia from work in a weaving factory. Brother George, now a 4th grader, will go to work to help the family when he finishes grammar school. But that's four years away.

Her late father, who died recently in a trucking accident, provided for the family needs, but today there is not enough for even the bare essentials. Vikki needs clothes, shoes, and a coat for the winter. And she must have more food. For us, it is so little, but for her and her family it is everything—their only chance for survival.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Vikki or another needy child through the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For just $96 a year ($8 a month), SCF will send "your" child warm clothing, sturdy shoes, and supplementary food—delivered in your name in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, or Lebanon.

A contribution in any amount will help

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS (*a partial list*)

Faith Baldwin, Lynn Fontanne, Herbert Hoover, Henry J. Luce,
Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Thomas J. Watson.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION **ESTABLISHED 1932**
80 Eighth Avenue, New York 11, New York

- I would like to sponsor a boy ☐ girl ☐ about ..... years old in ..... (country) for one year. I will pay $96.00 for one year (or $8.00 a month). Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐ first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story and address, and picture, if available.
- I cannot sponsor a child, but I want to help by giving $ .....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone..... State.....

Contributions to the Save the Children Federation are deductible from income tax.

You may help a needy child in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, or Lebanon.

H-1

BY JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

Illustrated with 42 photographs by the author, 16 in FULL COLOR

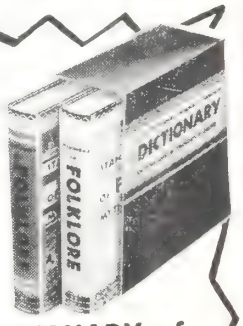
Beyond the High Himalayas



A great American tells of his trips to an area where few Americans go . . . a tale of high adventure in the great mountain passes and of unforgettable people met along the hazardous way.

At all booksellers • $5
DOUBLEDAY

FOR—
sheer reading pleasure . . . and permanent reference



STANDARD DICTIONARY of
FOLKLORE, Mythology, and Legend
Edited by Maria Leach



These two volumes gather together in one major, overall survey the folklore, mythology and legend of the world. In one alphabetical arrangement of 8,000 entries are the gods, heroes, tales, motifs, customs, songs, dances, games, guardian spirits and demons of all the cultures. Includes original signed articles by 33 of the world's leading folklorists and anthropologists.

TWO VOLUMES, BOXED $20.

At Your Bookstore or Direct From
FUNK & WAGNALLS
153 E. 24 St. • New York 10, N. Y.

Something that's different from
everything.
All that I've never thought of—
think of me!

ONE of the first poems that gave me the sense of what poetry is, was Walter de la Mare's "The Listeners." That beautiful ballad, like a dream that one wakes up into, has lost none of its enchantment. The man who wrote it is a true poet. He is to be indulged in any vice, however sinister; even the writing of gentle verse. ***The Winged Chariot*** (Viking, $3.50) is a collection of the English poet's musings over the years, together with a long quizzical dissertation on Time. What he has to say is always charming.

NEW DIRECTIONS, along with issuing Dylan Thomas' latest book, ***In Country Sleep*** ($2), is distributing a recording of the Welsh poet reading a story and five of his poems (12-inch LP, $4.95). The record was made by Caedmon, a new house that plans to do more along this line.

Script *and* sound is an ideal way to present poetry, and when the reader is Dylan Thomas the ideal is more than met. Anyone who heard him this past spring will know that, like the fisherman in his "Ballad of the Long-Legged Bait," "His fiery reel sings off its flames." Besides the beauty of the poems, his reading brings out their depth, clarity, and variety.

Three of them, the "Ballad," "Fern Hill," and "Ceremony after a Fire Raid," are from his previous book, *The Selected Writings of Dylan Thomas*. From the current book are "Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night" and "In the White Giant's Thigh." The first, one of Thomas' most powerful short lyrics, is a "Rage, rage against the dying of the light."

In the second piece, a love poem to the dead girls "Who once, green countries since, were a hedgerow of joys," he thinks of them, "in the after milking moonlight," in most unghostly terms: "Now curlew cry me down to kiss the mouths of their dust."

With each rereading of a Thomas poem we discover new depths of meaning. What is constant is the dazzling clarity of their imagery, emotion, and movement. In the poem, "Over Sir John's Field":

The hawk on fire hangs still:
In a hoisted cloud, at drop of dusk,
he pulls to his claws . . .

The lines follow the action, now poised and hovering, later swooping. And then the hawk

Crashes, and slowly the fishing
holy stalking heron
In the river Towy below bows his
tilted headstone.

In each of these, and in the exultant "Poem on His Birthday," the savage "Lament" of the old man and the long, infinitely tender "In Country Sleep" itself, one of the great themes, love, death, rage, joy, the mystery of all these, is given new and eloquent expression.

New and Selected Poems by Thomas Hornsby Ferril (Harper, $3) is largely dedicated to American themes and folkways. Ferril has the gift, rare among celebrators of our country's youth, of recognizing that today is part of the past. In "Fort Vásquez," a high-powered car and a discussion of photosynthesis are as integral to the poem as the story of the crumbling fort.

Occasionally he seems overloquacious, resorting to a roll call of place names. But the affection is genuine and he escapes another hazard entirely. He doesn't sound at all like Whitman. In "Magenta":

Once, up in Gilpin County,
Colorado,
When a long blue afternoon was
standing on end
Like a tombstone sinking into the
Rocky Mountains,
I found myself in a town where no
one was,
And I noticed an empty woman
lying unburied
On a pile of mining machinery
over a graveyard.

The "empty woman" is a dressmaker's dummy. Their conversation together brings back the flavor of life in an old mining town. The collection is full of surprises.

"THE minutes crawl like lame year's flies" is from another poem on an American theme. The theme is lynching, and the poem

Told in his own words, from his private and public papers

Woodrow Wilson's
OWN STORY
as selected by
DONALD DAY

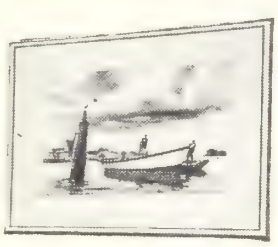
• A companion volume to the author's distinguished *Franklin D. Roosevelt's Own Story*. This book provides a fascinating picture of Wilson the man and the President, derived completely from his own writings.

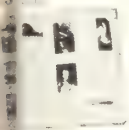
At all bookstores • $5.00
THE MARK OF GOOD BOOKS SINCE 1837
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

Signed Original ETCHINGS and LITHOGRAPHS

by America's foremost Artists
Only $5 EACH!

Exquisite signed originals by famous artists, already purchased by 2,500 collectors. Values to $36. Your friends would never believe they cost only $5 each.





FREE CATALOGUE
Illustrates; thrilling variety of subjects; gives hints on how to decorate with pictures. Send 10c for mailing.

Associated American Artists
Studio 510, 711 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.22

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report promptly at lowest prices.

We also supply all current books at retail store prices postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of Harper's Magazine.)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
56 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 36, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines.

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Whether you are changing your address for a few months or permanently, you will want to receive every issue of Harper's promptly. When advising us of change of address please indicate *both* the old and new address. Please allow four weeks for effecting this change. Address all correspondence to:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd St. New York 16, N. Y.

THE YEAR IN POETRY

"The Bird and the Tree" by Ridgely Torrence. It's included in his posthumously published *Poems* (Macmillan, $2).

Besides writing one of the first and most moving of antilynch poems, Torrence helped introduce Negro themes and actors to the American stage. His *Plays for a Negro Theater* (1917) preceded "The Emperor Jones," "Porgy," and "The Green Pastures." As poetry editor of the *New Republic* through the green years of 1920 to 1933, he helped foster the poetic renaissance of that period.

On his own poems he must have worked very conscientiously and selectively. There are now, including those previously unpublished, thirty-six. Of them all, my favorite is "The Son," with its peculiar, off-center magic:

I heard an old farm-wife,
Selling some barley,
Mingle her life with life
And the name "Charley."

OF THE first books of poems published this year two, I think, are of more than "promising" interest. One is ***Cape Horn and Other Poems*** by Ernest Kroll (Dutton, $2.75). Kroll suffers a bit from the urge to "sum up" that afflicts not only younger poets. But his verse-forms are flexible, he has a good ear and an unforced sense of description, and he can be, when he wants to, quite funny. I wish I could quote "Malaise," in which a beach is invaded and dominated by a large picknicker in black.

A Mask for Janus, by W. S. Merwin (Yale, $2.50) is forty-ninth in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, for the past several years under the editorship of W. H. Auden. These are ingratiating poems of astonishing technical accomplishment. Many of them are written on mythological themes that reflect a convincing sense of the desolation of our time. But they are by no means all somber. Here is the opening stanza of his "Poem for Dorothy":

No shape in darkness single stands
And we in privacy and night,
Taking surprise of love for light,
Merged the dark fortunes of our hands.

NOW IT'S EASY!
LEARN ANOTHER LANGUAGE
IN YOUR OWN HOME
with NATIVE SPEAKERS

Yes, you too can learn to speak a foreign language like a native—faster, more easily than you ever dreamed possible—with the amazingly successful books and records originally developed for the U. S. Govt. and State Dept. Already used and endorsed by thousands of schools and colleges, business firms and home students!

DOUBLE TRAVEL ENJOYMENT AND CAREER OPPORTUNITIES!

The Holt SPOKEN LANGUAGE Courses start you speaking immediately — with accurate pronunciation, natural inflection. You simply listen to native speakers—and then repeat, building your command of the language from simple practical phrases to fluent and natural conversations. You learn to speak *like* a native *with* a native!

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET and discover how you, too, can learn a foreign language easily at a fraction of the cost you would pay for a tutor or language class.

On Long-Playing or 78 RPM Vinylite Records
• FRENCH
• SPANISH
• ITALIAN
• GERMAN
• RUSSIAN
or any one of 21 valuable languages



HOLT SPOKEN LANGUAGE COURSES
HENRY HOLT & CO., Dept. UU
383 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
Please send me, without obligation, the free illustrated booklet describing the famous Holt Spoken Language Courses.
Name .....
Address .....
City, Zone, State .....

Get the BEST! Get
FUNK & WAGNALLS
DICTIONARIES

New College Standard Dictionary EM'-PHA-TYPE Edition
Most complete college-size edition—145,000 definitions—at-a-glance pronunciation.
$5.50 plain $6.00 thumb-indexed

New Desk Standard Dictionary EM'-PHA-TYPE Edition
Perfect for home and office use. 100,000 definitions—synonyms, antonyms, secretarial practice, charts, tables, etc., etc.
$3.75 plain $4.25 thumb-indexed

New Standard Dictionary Unabridged Edition
Accepted all over the world as unquestioned authority. 2,927 pages; 7,000 illustrations.
$30.00 Buckram binding
$35.00 Sheepskin binding

At Your Bookstore or Direct From
FUNK & WAGNALLS
153 E. 24 St. New York 10, N. Y.

BADURA

SKODA

PLAYS

BEETHOVEN
PIANO CONCERTO NO. 4 IN G MINOR OP. 58
Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera
Conducted by Hermann Scherchen
WL 5143

SCHUBERT
FOUR IMPROMPTUS OP. 90
FOUR IMPROMPTUS OP. 142
SONATA IN A MAJOR OP. 120 WAL 205

BEETHOVEN
CONCERTO NO. 5 FOR PIANO AND
ORCHESTRA OP. 73 ("EMPEROR")
Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera
Conducted by Hermann Scherchen WL 5114

NATURAL BALANCE
Westminster
LONG PLAYING RECORDS

UNUSUAL
LITERARY
ITEMS

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE
Literary Agency established 35 years. Manuscripts criticized, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts. Poetry. Catalogue on request.
AGNES M. REEVE,
Dept. B. FRANKLIN, O.

ATHEIST BOOKS
32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO.
38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

SELL YOUR LITERARY SERVICES
[illegible] effective department which reaches a highly [illegible] audience active in the writing field. Rates for [illegible] per [illegible] $24.50, $23.28 for each of six times; or [illegible] for each of twelve times. One inch per [illegible].
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

STUDENTS—PARENTS
GUIDANCE DIRECTORS
[illegible] and Camp Guide has just been published. [illegible] on many of the better [illegible] up on Home Study—write for your free directory.
SCHOOL AND CAMP DEPARTMENT
HARPER'S MAGAZINE

The New Recordings

Edward Tatnall Canby

THE feeling of bathos attached to that category of music which we call, anachronistically, "chamber music," is partly the fault of the phrase. Those who enjoy the sounds so described ignore the word "chamber" in favor of the stuff itself. A chamber was once no more than lodgings of a fancy sort, comparable to our own penthouse, apartment, suite. "Room music," we should say, if we are after the original meaning, in contrast to large-hall music, music for a cathedral, outdoor music.

Music was not always, as in recent days, a concert-hall affair. In its period of largest expansion it was regularly a more immediate sort of experience, not an art to hear at a distance, solemnly, but an entertainment to surround its listeners. It was not purveyed by a huge and anonymous gathering of symphonic automatons (under a super-general) but by one or a team of discrete human personalities speaking the musical language with direct, personal expression. These were people who played and also talked, who smiled and passed bon mots along with their music between movements as any normal guests of distinction, without that strange rule of verbal silence now imposed on all our performers. Where else would one have this form of immediate music, this personal contact with able technicians of an art, with profound musical minds, but in a *room* of some sort—a chamber? Where else, after all, does most of our active life occur but in rooms?

Should music exist only upon a stage? A silly idea when you come down to it, which the phonograph has already rendered more absurd than you may think. It has not yet occurred to most of us that the symphony concert is now virtually dead as the leading means of music propagation. Dead because the conditions which engendered it, the expansion of democracy and with it learning and wealth and education and the need to reach physically larger audiences, are no longer the same. The audience continues to grow larger, but we no longer must reach it in the mass via a big sound.

For a century and a half composers have been writing to the large audience. But the symphony, grand as it is, must now be considered a brilliant solution of a pre-electronic problem of communication—how to get music to multitudes on its own sound power. It is a studied compromise in many technical respects, as Beethoven and Haydn and Brahms knew. One cannot write for thirty simultaneous violins with the subtlety with which one writes for one. A brilliant compromise and an enormous gain in simple, direct communication for the mass listener—but physics is still on the side of the small group, and so is the value of the individual personality, the artist in-action, which is lost or distorted at stage distance.

The plain fact is that today the physical ideal for optimum musical clarity and expressiveness via record and radio is the small ensemble from two to perhaps twenty musicians, no more. Beyond, there are fine, fuzzy sonorities to be had, pleasing to the ear but definitely less communicative of vital musical sense. This we are discovering for ourselves, we record owners, as an perusal of current LP output makes clear. Music is turning more and more to the economical, practical, flexible, highly colored, personable small ensemble, the "chamber ensemble" of time past.

MOST room-type music, written for many instrumental combinations from duet to small orchestra, straddles our water-tight categories of "chamber" and "orchestral." The most effective LP records are the mixed quartets, quintets up to the nonette and, beyond that, the works for small orchestra (*i.e.*, with more than one man on a part in the strings). Here are recent samples:

chubert: ***Grand Duo for Piano Four Hands, op. 140*** (Paul Badura-Skoda, eorg Demus); ***Octet, op. 166*** Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet and L. Vlach, clar., K. Oehlberger, bassoon, . von Freiberg, horn, J. Hermann, ass); ***"Trout" Quintet, op. 114*** Vienna Konzerthaus Quintet, P. adura-Skoda, pf.) Westminster WL 093, 5094, and 5025.

Schubert's mixed-color works, long eglected because of their inadaptabil- to the large concert hall, are ideal r wide-range recording. The prize the Octet, a great work put down th such overwhelming tonal force, ch exquisite transparency of detail, t the eight players seem to breathe er one's shoulder, and the un- tched variety of striking tone com- nations—bassoon and horn passages, rinet *vs.* violin, double bass pizzicato re crystal clear. The same is true of famous "Trout," the light touch of double bass (on proper equipment, wever; it will be inaudible on most le phonographs) again imparting a thmic feel that no other instrumen- combination could duplicate.

Two-piano and piano-four-hands mu- is astonishingly unlike piano solo rk, being far more closely related to small ensemble and the concerto; splendid Grand Duo, one of Schu- t's finest pieces and possibly the lost stein Symphony in piano form, is l recorded and beautifully played, a ce to match against the Unfinished l Great C Major symphonies as well he other works here. On good repro- ing equipment—separate-unit high lity—these records are a new experi- e in music.

avinsky: ***Suites No. 1 and 2 for all Orchestra;*** **Hindemith:** ***Kam- rmusik No. 1, op. 24.*** (Little Or- stra Soc., Scherman) Decca DL 9.

trangely, the present elders of our emporary music anticipated the ds of the microphone long before xisted. It was Stravinsky (aided by uss and other supposed conserva- s) who thrust forward the new anti- antic small-ensemble music, typified ts early days by these joyously rau- works of the nineteen-twenties. Stravinsky, at first hearing super- l, is actually the masterpiece of the the exterior banalities hiding a cle of concise organization. Hinde- 's extremely youthful outburst of arianism is shocking and brilliant overlong and overcomplex, with Hindemith Germanism already ring through. This is the "hi-fi" d of the season, with fabulous bass, an abundance of sharp, snazzy highs, excellent big live acoustics. The music is perfect for recording—as though 1952 specifications had been laid before these composers thirty years ago.

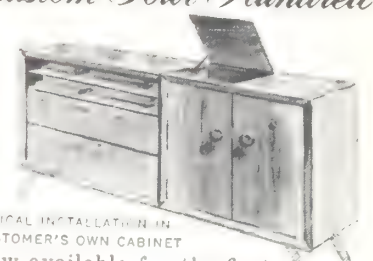
Weber: ***Grand Duo Concertante, op. 48; Variations on a Theme, op. 33*** (Sidney Forrest, clarinet, Leonid Hambro, piano) WCFM LP-12. **Mozart:** ***Clarinet Quintet, K. 581; Horn Quintet in E flat, K. 407*** (Augustin Duques, clar., O. De Rosa, horn; Strad. Quartet) Stradivari STR 601.

Modern recording is bringing the non-orchestral works of the big composers out from neglect, to find equality in the listening with the familiar orchestral works. The two Weber works, full of the dramatic melody and color familiar in the opera overtures, are recorded with disconcerting clarity, the clarinet nostril-close—a good clinical view of clarinet tone as it sounds, perhaps, to the player—but hardly the intended quality of the work itself, even as room music. A splendid piece of performing virtuosity, even so. The Mozart Quintet is superbly played by the veteran Duques, not quite as well by the quartet, the sound truer altogether—but, in one of those interesting paradoxes, the recording itself is somewhat subnormal in clarity, the surfaces inferior.

Brahms: ***Violin Sonata No. 1 in G.*** (Albert Spalding, Ernst v. Dohnanyi) Remington R-199-84.

An interesting function of LP recording is, through enterprising concerns like Remington ("half-price" records), to bring back the semi-retired big-name artists of another day who are no longer up to the rigors of concert life and yet, given good recording conditions, can produce music of outstanding value. These two veterans retain only the remnants of virtuosity; but superior musicianship, the clear indications of big musical personalities, make their somewhat quavery performance far more faithful to Brahms himself than many a precision rendering by younger men.

Remington has advanced its low price slightly and in exchange now sells records with very nearly grade-A surfaces, as quiet as most standard-price LPs. The corners cut in order to achieve the low price are ingenious and, as far as I can see, quite legitimate. Better Dohnanyi, Spalding—and Fritz Busch, Georges Enesco, and other greats—at low prices than not at all. Let's hope that in twenty years Horowitz, Menuhin, and the rest will still be with us in such satisfactory cut-rate form!

FINEST IN RADIO—PHONO
Lafayette presents
STROMBERG-CARLSON
Custom Four Hundred

TYPICAL INSTALLATION IN CUSTOMER'S OWN CABINET
Now available for the first time for your listening pleasure – the Stromberg-Carlson line of high-fidelity reproduction equipment. Leopold Stokowski, world-famous conductor, says, "Stromberg-Carlson . . . will give full musical satisfaction to the discerning music lover."
Lafayette Custom Radio & Television
New York: 100 Sixth Ave. • RE 2-8600
Newark: 24 Central Ave. • MA 2-1661
Boston: 110 Federal St. • HU 2-7850
LAFAYETTE, Dept. MJ
100 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 13, N. Y.
Send FREE Hi-Fi Guide . . . everything on high fidelity.
Name .....
Address .....
City .. State

FREE!

New Release!

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV
SCHEHERAZADE
Symphonic Suite, Op. 35
ANTAL DORATI
conducting the
MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MG50009 (33⅓ rpm) x 50009 (45 rpm
Mercury OLYMPIAN SERIES
LIVING PRESENCE

CLEARANCE OF OUTSTANDING TITLES

ORDER WITH CONFIDENCE FROM AMERICA'S OLDEST MAIL ORDER BOOK HOUSE

Serving Book Lovers For More Than 68 Years

203. LINCOLN'S HERNDON. By David Donald. Intro. [illegible] companion. A Lincolniana 'must.'" Pub. at $5.00. Only **89c**

993. GREAT CONVERSATIONS, the Book of. From Socrates to Shaw. Ed. by Louis Biancolli. "A single [illegible] Only **1.98**

109. COLONIAL NEW ENGLAND. Jonathan Fisher: [illegible] lished at $4.00. Only **69c**

187. A WORLD-FAMOUS SURGEON. George Crile: An Autobiography. 1st Ed. In 2 handsome vols. [illegible] Only **1.89**

731. ATLAS OF HUMAN ANATOMY. By J. F. Williams, [illegible] Only **1.79**

942. DICTIONARY of FOREIGN PHRASES and Classical Quotations. [illegible] French, Spanish, Ger., etc. *Parallel translations.* Imp. Special **2.49**

735. CURRIER & IVES CHRISTMAS CARDS. Su- [illegible] graphed print, "Christmas Sleigh Ride," "Colonial Winter Scene," "Home for Christmas," "Winter in the Country," and other famous Currier & Ives [illegible] With envelopes to mate. Size [illegible] The 18 cards, attractively boxed, only **98c**

451. THE SATYRICON of PETRONIUS ARBITER. "Written 2,000 years ago, this famous book, by a close friend [illegible] Only **2.89**

183. THE ART OF LOVE. By Ovid. Trans. by Henry [illegible] live counsels of Ovid, who 2,000 years ago, was the [illegible] Only **1.98**

104. THINK and GROW RICH. By Napoleon Hill [illegible] negie formulas, based on 13 Proven Steps." "First 15 [illegible] who have read this amazing book. Only **2.49**

157. $4.00 to $5.00 WORTH of ALL OCCASION CARDS for ONLY 98c. "Jumbo Bag" containing *50* attractive all occasion greeting cards for birthdays, sick friends, etc., with envelopes packed in attractive drawstring moisture proof, plastic bag, so convenient for many after purpose uses. Reg retail $4.00 to $5.00. All for only **98c**

851. The CONFEDERACY'S GREATEST CAVALRY LEADER. A Mockingbird Sand at Chickamauga. By Alfred Leland Crabb. *1st* edition. "A thrilling Civil War historical novel with General Bedford Forrest as a cen- [illegible] ing to get Forrest if it costs 10,000 lives and breaks the U. S. Treasury.' It did cost more than 10,000 lives, but in 4 years of skillful leadership Forrest never knew defeat." Pub. at $2.75. Only **89c**

760. THE RED AND THE BLACK By Stendhal (Marie Henri Beyle). "Selected as one of the 'ten best novels' ever written. The Great Taine, world-famous critic, [illegible] between *30 and 40 times.*" 2 vols. in One. *636 pages.* Only **2.89**

369. HERALDRY, Manual of. Edited by Francis J. [illegible] Britain. Only **1.89**

705. SCOTTISH CLANS and Their Tartans. By Robert [illegible] full-page *color plates* of tartans, also history of each [illegible] silk Royal Stewart tartan, gen gold top & edges. *314 pages* Boxed. Imp. from Scot. Only **3.49**

216. BEST AMERICAN PLAYS: 1945–1951. Contains [illegible] Cometh; and 10 other outstanding American plays. *774 pages.* Purchased separately these 17 "hit" plays [illegible] Only **4.49**

802. "The Strangest Book EVER WRITTEN." La Bas. By J. K. Huysmans, author of "Against The Grain." [illegible] Felicien Rops. "'La Bas' (Down There) is the masterpiece of this greatest of French decadents. There is no [illegible] to this volume." Special, only **98c**

249. VENUS IN FURS. [illegible] the name of the author of this work. By Leopold Von Sacher-Masoch Von Lemberg. *Limited ed.*, su- [illegible] koid, being a faithful reproduction of hand-tooled binding. Size 8¾ x 10¾. This world-renowned classic is the strangest love story in the world. Pub. at $10.00. Only **2.89**

989. JUSTINE or The Misfortunes of Virtue. Written [illegible] drawings by Mahlon Blaine. "The world-famous Dr. Krafft-Ebing adopted the term 'sadism' from de Sade, the author of Justine." Special, only **2.89**

919. TORTURE GARDEN. By Octave Mirbeau. *Unex-* [illegible] shocker that will cause the blood to creep." — Chas. Hanson Towne. Only **1.98**

507. 100 STUDIES of the Figure. By John Rawlings. Magnificent nude photographs by a leading Vogue photographer. *100 illustrations*, beautifully printed on heavy de luxe paper. A splendid book for artists, pho- [illegible] 5.49

4, 5, 6, 7, 8. FOREIGN LANGUAGE Records and Books. [illegible] record is a *7" unbreakable* 78-RPM vinylite two sided disc. With these records and books (the only [illegible] can acquire a basic vocabulary and general familiarity with these languages: *4. Spanish; 5. French;* [illegible] Both record and book, for *each* language, only **1.24**

470. The SOUTH'S OUTSTANDING ARCHITECTURE. [illegible] photos. Drawings and plans. 8" x 11". "A fascinating work on the early life and architecture of the middle [illegible] calities of architecture and its kindred arts and crafts." Now out of print. Pub. at $8.00. Only **3.88**

890. Down That PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY. By [illegible] everyone interested in Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama. [illegible] maps this is a "must" for every travel lover including the armchair traveler. Pub. at $7.50. Only **2.98**

336. $5.00 WORTH of CHRISTMAS CARDS for Only 98. "Jumbo Bag" containing **50** attractive Christmas cards with envelopes. Packed in attractive drawstring moisture proof, *plastic bag*, so convenient for many after-purpose uses. Reg. retail value **$5.00** All for only **98c**

462. The Story of JESUS in the WORLD'S LITERATURE. By Ed. C. Wagenknecht. Illus. throughout by Fritz [illegible] house of readings about Jesus suitable for all occasions in the year. *473 pages.* Pub. at $5.00. Only **1.49**

105. HEIDI. By Johanna Spyri. Beautifully illustrated throughout with full-page *color plates* and numerous drawings. "The delightful story of child life in the Swiss Alps and very generally considered the *most nearly perfect* of all children's books." — *Bridgeport Public Library.* For ages 8 to 12. Imported from England. Only **98c**

309. BLACK BEAUTY. By Anna Sewell. Beautifully illustrated throughout with full-page *color plates* and numerous drawings. The most famous horse story ever written — over 10,000,000 copies have been sold. A [illegible] from England. Only **98c**

174. The LOVELIEST COUNTRYSIDE in the WORLD. Panorama of Rural England. With *172 illus.* of remarkable beauty including 42 full-page *color plates.* England's enduring charms are here, portrayed by such distinguished writers as: V. Sackville-West, C. Henry Warren, Christopher Marsden and others; the villages, cities and towns, gardens, ports and harbors, as well as the formal country houses. In 5 handsome books. Pub. at $10.00. All 5 books, for only **2.89**

406. H. RIDER HAGGARD Novels, Five Thrilling. [illegible] Allan Quatermain — Allan's Wife, by H. Rider Haggard. *Five* Thrilling stories, each *complete* and unabridged, in one large volume. 821 pages. Only **3.88**

966. GIFT WRAPPINGS for ALL OCCASIONS. *Fourteen Sheets* measuring 30" x 20", magnificently and cleverly designed in *full-color* by the famous Angela and Bridget. With these beautiful "gift wraps" in assorted designs and colors on hand, you can always be proud of the appearance of your gifts at Christmas and every other occasion. Retail $1.25. Special, only **69c**

678. A STUDY OF HISTORY. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Abridgment of vols. I-VI by D. C. Somervell. Contains the wealth of the 6-volume ed., pub. at $35.00. Only **4.88**

606. EUROPE and AFRICA in 2,000 B.C. The Way of the Sea. By H. Peake and J. J. Fleure. With *72 illus.* "Fascinating for everyone interested in Europe, North- [illegible] Special, only **1.29**

698. EUROPE in the MIDDLE AGES. The Horse and the Sword. By H. Peake and H. J. Fleure. With *62 illus.* A fascinating book for everyone interested in the Middle Ages. Special, only **1.29**

642. The BOOK of the DEAD. Three volumes in one. Translated by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge. Second ed. Revised and Enlarged. With *442 illustrations*, including 22 full-page plates. "Of fascinating interest 'The Book of the Dead,' is one of the oldest known books." Boxed. Only **7.49**

682. SUPERSTITIONS, Encyclopedia of. By E. and M. A. Radford. Some 2,300 superstitions are listed, more than 230,000 words. Side by side are exactly similar beliefs held by foreign races. Pub. at $6.00. Only **1.98**

782. MEDIEVAL SUPERSTITION. Satanism and Witchcraft. By Jules Michelet. "The most important work [illegible] *Britannica.* Special, only **1.49**

286. ENCYCLOPEDIA of RELIGION. "The one authoritative work in its field." Embraces tens of thousands of articles. All the significant religions of the world are included. "A truly great achievement." — *N. Y. Times.* [illegible] *pages.* Pub. at $10.00. Only **4.88**

101. The SUPPRESSED BOOKS of the Bible and Forgotten Books of Eden. 2 Vols. complete in 1 large fully illustrated vol. *562 pages.* The fascinating Apocryphal Books of the New Testament. Only **1.98**

359. ROBERT BURNS. The Complete Poems of. [illegible] padded silk *Royal Stewart tartan*, genuine gold top. *704 pages.* Boxed. Imported from Scotland. Only **2.49**

447. SCOTS KITH and KIN. Revised edition. Will enable everyone, even without knowledge of Scottish History to trace his Clan, Family and Tartan. Over *4,000 names.* With *full-color* pictorial folding map. 17" x 23" showing [illegible] Only **1.49**

503. NOSTRADAMUS. The Complete Prophecies of. The World of today . . . and beyond! 1555 to 3797. For the first time, all the prophecies of Nostradamus, [illegible] In one volume — [illegible] Only **2.89**

715. SOUTHERN LITERATURE, One Of The Great Classics Of. Eneas Africanus. By Harry S. Edwards. Profusely illus. by Ernest Townsend. "This story of the devotion of a Southern darky is one of the *classics* of Southern [illegible] 98c

727. THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA. A Subjective Approach by D. W. Cory. Intro. by Albert Ellis, Ph.D. Index. *326 pages.* "This book is likely to take its place with classics of sexual lit- [illegible] Havelock Ellis, Freud, and Kinsey." Only **3.88**

749. THE CHINESE DECAMERON. Chin Ping Mei. The adventurous History of Hsi Men and His Six Wives. China's Forbidden Classic [illegible] Decameron." For centuries on China's list of Forbidden Books. A complete translation now in one volume. *863 pages.* Only **4.88**

302. 10,000 TRADE SECRETS, RECIPES, etc. Fortunes in Formulas for Home, Farm and Workshop. Edited by G. D. Hiscox, M. E. Illustrated. Index. *885* pages. (Formerly pub. at $4.00.) Only **1.98**

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

The UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

America's Oldest Mail Order Book House—Established 1884

123 East 24th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me, postpaid, the items I have circled. I enclose $.....

[illegible]	3	6	7	8	101	104	105	109	157
174	183	187	[illegible]	216	249	286	[illegible]	309	[illegible]
[illegible]	369	[illegible]	447	451	462	470	[illegible]	507	[illegible]
642	678	[illegible]	[illegible]	705	715	727	731	735	749
760	[illegible]	802	851	[illegible]	919	942	966	989	[illegible]

Circle items desired

☐ Please send me FREE 36-page Bargain Catalog 381-HM containing hundreds of other Book Bargains — just off the press!

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Postal Zone..... State..... HM-7

EXTRA SAVINGS when you select six books or more!

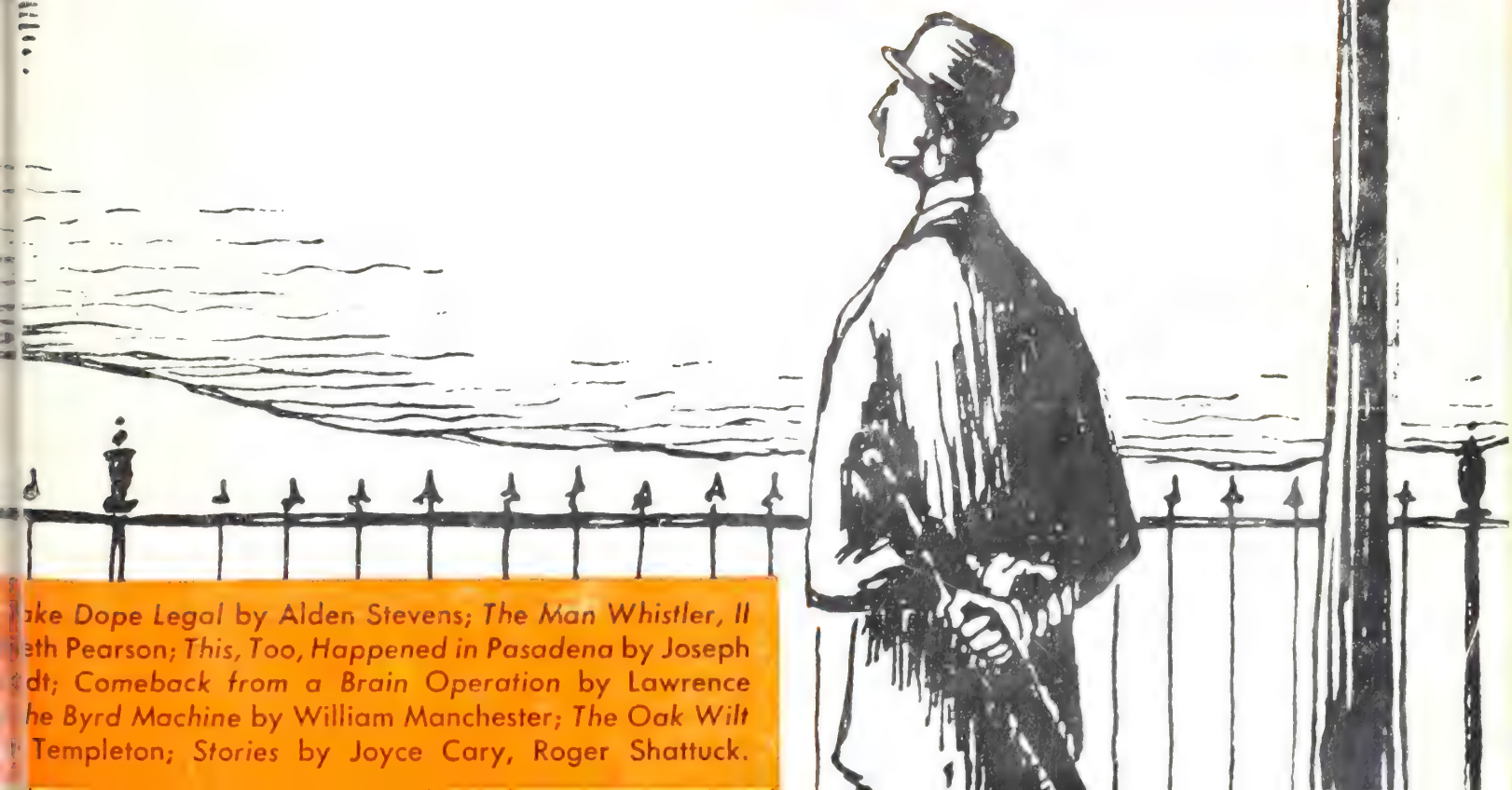
[illegible] 10% off on 13 to 19 items; 15% off on 13 to 19 items; 20% on 20 items or more. (These special discounts [illegible] pages.)

Harper's MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER

FIFTY CENTS





Politics and TV . . . . . Bruce Bliven

"My Mother Lives with Us" . . . . . Agnes Rogers

Chester Bowles, New-Style Diplomat . . . . . Jean Lyon

ake Dope Legal by Alden Stevens; *The Man Whistler, II* eth Pearson; *This, Too, Happened in Pasadena* by Joseph dt; *Comeback from a Brain Operation* by Lawrence *he Byrd Machine* by William Manchester; *The Oak Wilt* Templeton; *Stories* by Joyce Cary, Roger Shattuck.

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock... IT WAS WORTH THE WAIT!



THE ONLY THINGS to consider in a whiskey are just two. There's the whiskey you begin with. There's the time you let it age. Old Charter goes into the barrel, we believe, the noblest whiskey ever distilled. Then, for long and quiet years Time does what Time alone can do for whiskey . . . ripens its silky flavor, mellows its body, enriches its bouquet. Then and only then Old Charter is ready to show you *how fine* a Bourbon whiskey can really get to be!

OLD CHARTER

KENTUCKY'S FINEST
STRAIGHT BOURBON

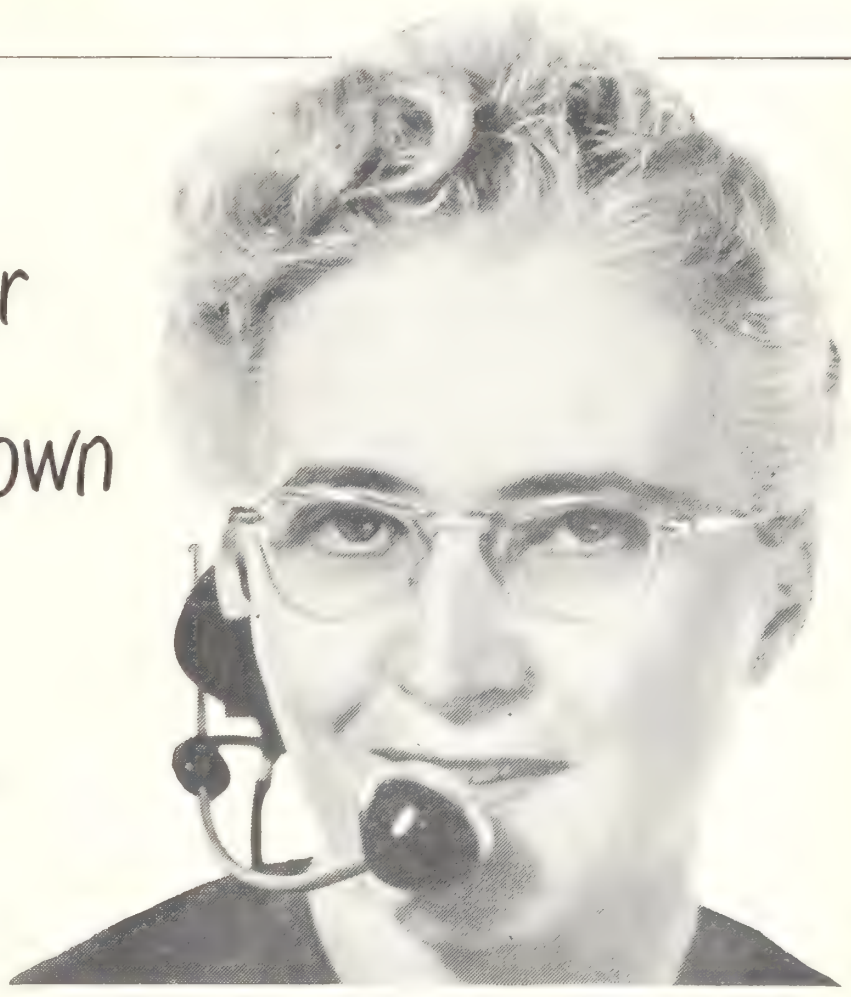
6 YEARS OLD

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 6 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF • BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

"THE KICKAPOO RIVER IS LOOSE AGAIN"

Heroic Operator helps protect town from flood

Awarded Vail Medal for courage, initiative and devotion to duty. Honored at civic dinner.



was a quiet Saturday morning in ys Mills, Wisconsin. A steady rain drenched the town and folks were ing indoors.

Then suddenly a flash came by tele- one to Mrs. Wilma Gander, the n's chief operator. "The Kicka- River is loose again, fifteen miles tream."

lthough Gays Mills did not ap- r in imminent danger, Mrs. nder had been through floods be- and she had the foresight to see what might happen. So she pressed the button on her switchboard that set off the village fire siren.

Immediately people began calling in and rushing in. "Where's the fire?" they asked.

"No fire," answered Mrs. Gander. "It's a flood. The Kickapoo's over its banks and the flood is headed this way."

Quickly the word was passed. People collected such belongings as they could and made their way to safer places.

Mrs. Gander next alerted the Red Cross, the National Guard and the Army and called in a lineman to help prepare the telephone exchange for high water.

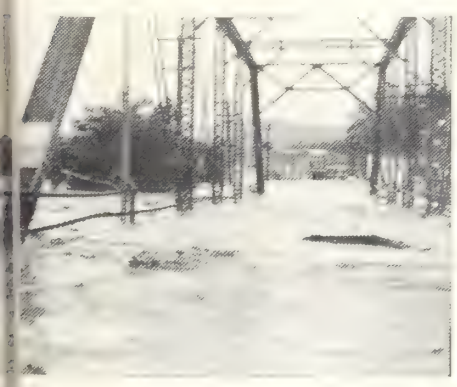
The doors were made as watertight as possible, the switchboard raised on concrete blocks, and an outside telephone line established on an upper floor.

Mrs. Gander stuck to her post hours after the crest of the flood had passed. By warning the town, and keeping telephone service going, she helped to protect the lives and property of hundreds of people.

The story has three other happy endings.

Mrs. Gander was honored by the grateful citizens of the town at a civic dinner. The Bell System awarded her the highly prized Theodore N. Vail Medal and presented a commemorative bronze plaque to the Utica Farmers Telephone Company.

Vail medals, accompanied by cash awards, have been given annually by the Bell System since 1920 for acts of noteworthy public service by telephone employees.

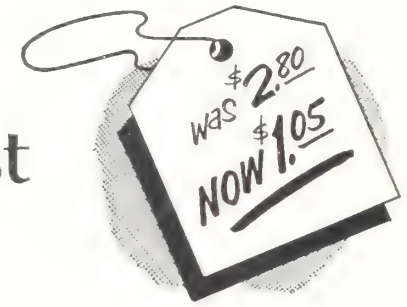


waters. The Kickapoo River, as it neared rest, overflowed the bridge near Gays Mills. water was nearly five feet deep outside elephone office.

HELPING HANDS—This is one of the many stories of the skill, courage and resourcefulness of telephone men and women in times of emergency. . . . Not all of them tell of the saving of a town or a life. But there is scarcely a minute that someone in trouble or urgent need does not turn to the telephone for help. . . . **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

More goods for more people at less cost



...but how?

BEFORE we get serious, will you play TRUE or FALSE with us for a minute? See how smart you are as a comparison shopper.

1. The 60-watt electric bulb that was 15¢ in 1940 is now 14¢ plus tax.
   TRUE_____FALSE_____?
2. Today an 8-cubic-foot refrigerator costs $12.30 less than it did thirteen years ago, even including today's federal excise tax.
   TRUE_____FALSE_____?
3. The 40-watt fluorescent lamp you buy today for $1.05 was *not* cheaper before the war. Then it cost $2.80. TRUE_____FALSE_____?
4. A nice little arc welding set, in case you always wanted to own one, you can buy for *less* than it cost twelve years ago. TRUE_____FALSE_____?

Finished guessing? The right answer in each case is TRUE.

Of course some of our prices at General Electric are up, as well as down. A popular model electric range is up $75.45 in thirteen years, but we could list twenty things that make it a better value now. Our best-selling electric iron is $12.95, instead of the prewar $8.95. But the iron is lighter in weight and more efficient. On the other hand, TV sets are better and lower in price.

Now if your bump of curiosity is normal size you'll interrupt to ask *us* a question: "How com you folks at G.E. can deliver so much for the money when the cost of most things is almost double?"

How we do it is no particular secret. (1) We kee thousands of engineers busy redesigning, improv ing, simplifying. (2) Where possible, we cut ou "handmade" jobs. Items once custom-made, a today more likely to be standardized. (3) W develop new materials to improve our product (4) We encourage employees to help scheme u efficiencies on the production line. (5) We ma produce.

These are some of the forces at work to ke prices reasonable in spite of higher taxes, high wages, and higher material costs.

Will you do us a favor? Next time you hear an one sound off that "everybody's jacking prices u and "things aren't as good as they used to be," mind such pessimists that you know a company th aims to deliver more goods for more people at l cost—*less real cost.*

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
Editor in Chief

RUSSELL LYNES
KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON
ERIC LARRABEE
CATHARINE MEYER
ANNE G. FREEDGOOD
Editors

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN
JOHN FISCHER
RICHARD H. ROVERE
Contributing Editors

JOHN JAY HUGHES
Assistant to the Publisher, Circulation Director

HARPER & BROTHERS
PUBLISHERS

CASS CANFIELD
Chairman of the Board

FRANK S. MACGREGOR
President

RAYMOND C. HARWOOD
Executive Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
WILLIAM H. ROSE, JR.
EDWARD J. TYLER, JR.
Vice Presidents

advertising data, consult HARPER-ANTIC SALES, INC., 49 East 33rd Street, York 16, N. Y. Telephone: Murray 1 3-5225.

per's Magazine, issue for November . Vol. 205. Serial No. 1230. Copy- t 1952 in the United States and Great ain by Harper & Brothers. All rights, uding translation into other languages. ved by Publisher in the United es, Great Britain, Mexico, and all ntries participating in the Interna- al Copyright Convention and the Pan- rican Copyright Convention.
lished monthly by Harper & Brothers, East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y. posed and printed in the U.S.A. by n labor at the Williams Press, 99-129 th Broadway, Albany, New York. En- d as second-class matter at the post at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of ch 3, 1879.
scription Rates: 50¢ per copy; $5.00 year; $8.00 two years; $10 three years. ign postage—except Canada and Pan rica—$1.50 per year additional.
nge of Address: Four weeks' ad- e notice, and old address as well, as are necessary. Address all corre- dence relating to subscriptions to: cription Dept., 49 East 33d St., New 16, N. Y.

Harper's MAGAZINE

Vol. 205 NOVEMBER 1952 No. 1230

PERSONAL & OTHERWISE 6

LETTERS 20

POLITICS AND TV
Bruce Bliven 27

"MY MOTHER LIVES WITH US"
Agnes Rogers 34

MAKE DOPE LEGAL
Alden Stevens 40

O SILENCE, SILENCE—*A Poem*
Carolyn Kizer 47

THE MAN WHISTLER—*Part II: The Artist*
Hesketh Pearson 48

WORKOUT ON THE RIVER—*A Story*
Roger Shattuck 55

THE EASY CHAIR—*Remainder Shelf*
Bernard DeVoto 65

COMEBACK FROM A BRAIN OPERATION
Colonel Lawrence B. Bixby 69

PLASMA—*A Poem*
Hortense Flexner 75

THIS, TOO, HAPPENED IN PASADENA
Joseph A. Brandt 76

THANKS AND AMEN 79

THE BYRD MACHINE
William Manchester 80

TRANSMUTATION—*A Poem*
Kathleen Raine 87

EVANGELIST—*A Story*
Joyce Cary 88

CHESTER BOWLES, NEW-STYLE DIPLOMAT
Jean Lyon 90

OUR ENEMY THE OAK WILT
Lee Templeton 96

AFTER HOURS
Mr. Harper 98

NEW BOOKS
Gilbert Highet 102

BOOKS IN BRIEF
Katherine Gauss Jackson 112

THE NEW RECORDINGS
Edward Tatnall Canby 117

Cover by Edward Gorey

Speaking of FOODS...

If you eat 'em...process 'em ...or ship 'em *you depend on products of* Yale & Towne

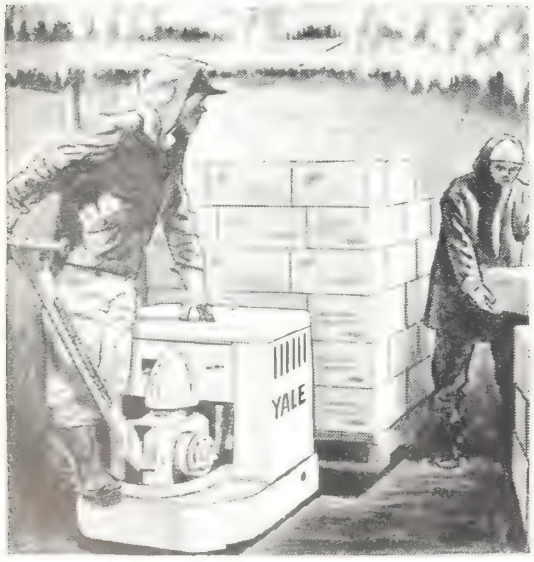


Satisfying millions of appetites here and abroad calls for growing, processing and shipping mountains of food.

And playing an important part in making this possible are the fork trucks and hoists made by Yale & Towne Materials Handling Divisions.

Wherever there's a need for lifting, moving or stacking food—*or anything else*—this equipment handles vast quantities quickly and economically...without strain on workers.

Take a look at industry in action. Where you see materials handling equipment with the YALE or AUTOMATIC brand name, that's the sign of a well-run business...just as YALE Hardware is "the sign of a well-built home."



30 below in the summertime. Men must be clothed like Eskimos to withstand the sub-zero temperatures in processing plants. But freezing cold or tropic heat is taken right in stride by YALE Electric Hand-Powered Worksavers designed to operate in areas too confined for larger trucks.



He moves mountains—of frozen foods. By stacking cartons ceiling high, AUTOMATIC Skylift Electric Trucks increase warehouse space 2 to 3 times...and chalk up savings for management. The AUTOMATIC Skylift will, in a few hours, handle enough food to last the average family a lifetime.

"These peas will be froz before we leave here

(How Yale & Towne helps put quick in quick freezing)

That "just-picked" flavor you e in your frozen vegetables or fr doesn't just happen by chance. Q freezing is the secret—and that's a processing plant must be set for high-speed handling of food be frozen.

As you see here, foods from farmlands are handled by YALE AUTOMATIC Fork Trucks right fr the time of arrival at the pla unloading platform. No time is l

By helping manpower do m with less effort, equipment like enables all kinds of industries produce in greater volume—sav up to 75% in handling costs.



Artist's drawing inspired by Seabrook Farms food-freezing plant.



...gives Supermarkets Super-Service with this ...mlined YALE "Compact" Door Closer. When stores ...ir-conditioned, the YALE Closer aids comfort and ...liness—keeps cool air in... flies and insects out.

...and it all began with a key!

YALE & TOWNE

THE YALE & TOWNE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Executive Offices, Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

Materials Handling Manufacturing Divisions:
Philadelphia 15, Penn. . YALE Gas, Electric and Diesel Industrial Trucks, Hoists
Chicago 20, Illinois . . . . . AUTOMATIC Electric Industrial Trucks

Locks & Hardware Manufacturing Divisions:
Stamford, Conn. . YALE Locks, Door Closers, Builders' Hardware; Tri-Rotor Pumps
Salem, Virginia . . . . . YALE Automotive and Industrial Locks
Berrien Springs, Mich. . . NORTON Door Closers; SAGER and BARROWS Locks

International Manufacturing Divisions:
St. Catharines, Canada . . YALE Locks, Door Closers; Industrial Trucks, Hoists
Willenhall, England . . YALE Locks, Builders' Hardware; Industrial Trucks, Hoists
Velbert, Germany . . . YALE Locks, Builders' Hardware; Industrial Trucks, Hoists

*Trademarks include: YALE, AUTOMATIC, NORTON, SAGER, BARROWS, TRI-ROTOR

THE WORLD LOCKS, LIFTS AND MOVES WITH PRODUCTS OF YALE & TOWNE

Personal & Otherwise

People seem to be having trouble with the word *know-how*. The dictionaries themselves are uncertain about it. Some label it slang. Thorndike-Barnhart (1951, and very proud of its up-to-dateness) labels it American colloquial, though Webster's Collegiate, two years before, accepted the word as standard, neither colloquial nor slang. Evidently its position in the language is still fluid, probably because its exact meaning is not yet widely understood. There are some, of course, who simply reject the word with well-bred disdain and refuse to admit that it serves any useful purpose. John T. Winterich, in his *Saturday Review* column, has joined Jacob Blanck's Society for the Suppression of "Know-how," on the grounds that we don't need it since we have "the perfectly satisfactory monosyllable 'skill.'"

But *skill* and *know-how* are not the same thing at all. If Mr. Winterich doesn't know that, he is not to blame, because the dictionaries don't help very much. Thorndike-Barnhart says *know-how* means simply "ability to do something," and that *skill* means "ability gained by practice, knowledge, etc." or "the ability to do things well with one's body or with tools." If so, *know-how* is simply a more general word than skill.

In actual use, however, *know-how* is much more specific than *skill*. A violinist can have *skill*—or a cook, or a teacher, or a stenotypist. But *know-how* is limited to the area of industrial technology. Webster's Collegiate recognized this in its definition: "Technical expertness and accumulated practical skill in lining up a complicated operation for smooth and efficient execution."

In some ways that is a very serviceable definition. It makes clear that there are at least two essential elements in *know-how*, the ability to handle technical processes expertly plus the ability, based upon accumulated experience, to organize a number of separate technical processes into an effective operation. A good turret-lathe operator has to have *skill*, but he may not have any *know-how* whatever. So much, at least, the Webster Collegiate definition makes clear.

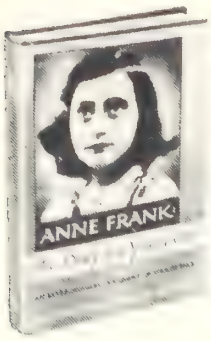
Yet there is more to it than this, and you will find some useful insights into the problem in a book by Pearl Franklin Clark, wife of the late great management engineer Wallace Clark, which Harper & Brothers published four years ago. The book is called *Challenge of the American Know-How* and tells the story, from a woman's point of view, of the work which her husband did, here and abroad, between the first and second world wars.

Those who know Wallace Clark's spare and infrequent papers in the *Proceedings* of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and other technical publications are aware that he was one of the great Americans of his time—a self-generating Point Four program in himself, long before the government-subsidized version had been thought of. But Clark characteristically expressed his ideas in action rather than in words, and he had no flair for attracting publicity. The result is that few journalists or contemporary historians have ever heard of him.

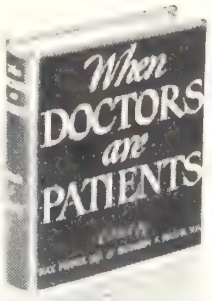
Mrs. Clark's book is therefore almost the only available source of information about Clark's work and ideas, and as such should be

THE MOST IMPORTANT BOOKS

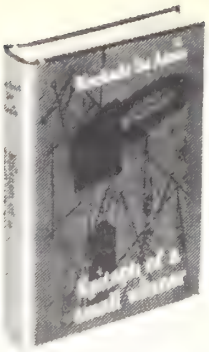
The Best in Literature...



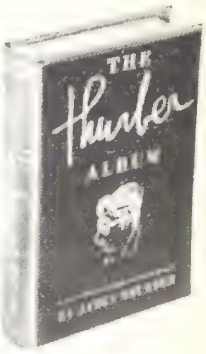
Written while the author hid from the Nazis in Holland, it is at once a remarkably sensitive record of adolescence and an eloquent testimony to the strength of the human spirit.
List price 3.00
Members Pay 1.89



In their own words, thirty-three eminent physicians tell of their personal experiences with shattering mental and physical illness and how they have come to terms with it.
List price 3.95
Members Pay 1.89



Presented for the first time in English, *"The publication of this novel is an act of justice long delayed . . . a major contribution to American literature."*
—New York *Times*
List price 3.50
Members Pay 1.89



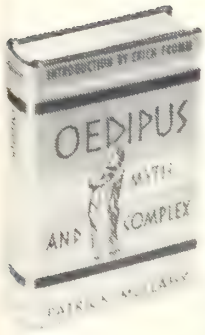
In this wonderfully warm volume of recollections, America's beloved humorist conjures up the magic land of his youth.
List price 3.50
Members Pay 1.89



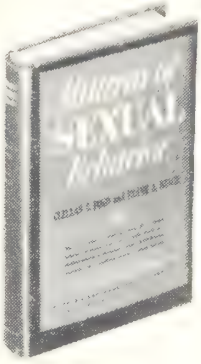
In this illuminating study, one of America's outstanding anthropologists focuses her attention on the relationship of the sexes in our changing world.
List price 5.00
Members Pay 1.89



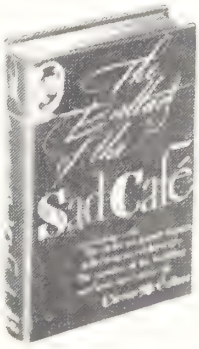
Man's religious beliefs brilliantly examined from a naturalistic point of view. This encyclopedic study has been ranked with Frazer's *Golden Bough.*
List price 5.00
Members Pay 1.89



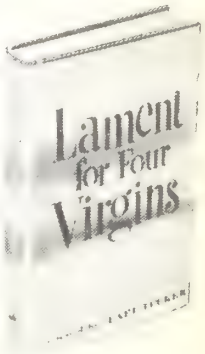
The major psychoanalytic theories from Freud, Adler, and Jung to the present are here set forth in a new and unifying way. The work also includes the great *Oedipus* trilogy of Sophocles.
List price 5.00
Members Pay 1.89



The most comprehensive study ever made of the sexual behavior of human beings and animals, based on a detailed analysis of the sexual patterns of 190 contemporary societies.
List price 4.50
Members Pay 1.89



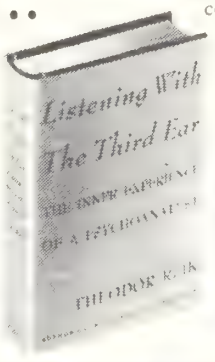
This large volume contains *all the novels* and a *selection of the finest short stories* of one of America's most perceptive writers.
List price 5.00
Members Pay 1.89



A compassionate novel about a Southern town and four young women who pursue love and defy convention in their quest for self-fulfillment.
List price 3.50
Members Pay 1.89

At only $1.89 *regardless of list price...*

The notable books pictured and listed on this page are a sampling of the many distinguished volumes available to you, now, as a member of the Book Find Club—and as you will note, although the publishers' list prices range up to *$6.00,* as a member of the Club you pay only *$1.89 per volume.* Actually, this represents an average saving of more than 50% on the books you buy—*and you buy only the books you want.*



Sub-titled "The Inner Experience of a Psychoanalyst," Dr. Reik's book has been favorably compared with Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams.*
List price 6.00
Members Pay 1.89

THE BOOK FIND CLUB

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY BONUS OFFER

And now as your introduction to the Book Find Club you may select any two books from those pictured or listed on this page—one as your Introductory Bonus Book and the other as your first selection. You can thus receive UP TO $12.00 RETAIL COST OF BOOKS FOR ONLY $1.89.

It costs you nothing to belong to the Book Find Club. You pay only for the books you want and you may take as few as four (from the more than 25 offered) in the entire membership year. Since it is almost certain that you will read at least four Book Find Club selections during the year anyway, why not get them from the Club at the tremendous savings we are able to effect through our large printing orders.

FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL

THE BOOK FIND CLUB, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3

Please enroll me as a member and send me the Introductory Bonus Book and first selection I have indicated. I am also to receive each month the Club's literary magazine, the Book Find News. I understand I may accept as few as 4 books a year at the SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP PRICE OF ONLY $1.89 A BOOK (plus 24¢ postage and handling) and may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing 4 selections *(Check any two of the books listed below, one as your Introductory Bonus, the other as your first selection.)*

- ☐ THE THURBER ALBUM
- ☐ EPITAPH OF A SMALL WINNER
- ☐ ANNE FRANK: Diary of a Young Girl
- ☐ LAMENT FOR FOUR VIRGINS
- ☐ WHEN DOCTORS ARE PATIENTS
- ☐ A LAND
- ☐ MAIN STREAM OF MATHEMATICS
- ☐ PATTERNS OF SEXUAL BEHAVIOR
- ☐ WHERE WINTER NEVER COMES
- ☐ GENETICS AND THE RACES OF MAN
- ☐ MALE AND FEMALE
- ☐ OEDIPUS–MYTH AND COMPLEX
- ☐ LISTENING WITH THE THIRD EAR
- ☐ MATHEMATICS and the IMAGINATION
- ☐ MEANING OF EVOLUTION
- ☐ BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFE
- ☐ RISE OF SCIENTIFIC PHILOSOPHY
- ☐ EVOLUTION OF PHYSICS
- ☐ THE AMERICAN MIND
- ☐ MAN AND HIS GODS

NAME_____
Please print

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

(Prices slightly higher in Canada) HP-3

more widely known. It is, of course, an affectionate and enthusiastic narrative, and its organization is chatty and rambling rather than systematic. But the business man or the historian should not be misled; it is an important book in an area about which most Americans are scandalously ill-informed.

From one point of view Mrs. Clark's book is an attempt to define *know-how*. Some think, she points out, that American know-how is machinery and the engineers and technicians who know how to run it most efficiently; but that is not it. Some think it includes the "processes and methods" by which the machine technology is organized. But "if our know-how is merely technical," she says on the first page, "we may as well stop where we are."

What her book tries to convey, through anecdote and description of her husband's work in Poland, France, Great Britain, Germany, and other countries, is "something in American know-how that goes beyond technical genius or methods or skills."

Her book does not at any single point define this "something" in a phrase, but it convinces you (and would, I believe, convince even Mr. Winterich) that the something is there—and is tremendously important. Clark himself saw his job as a three-fold one: to convince people, first, that the true function of modern industrial society was to "remove all the obstacles to a free flow of work"; second, that this must be done from the bottom up, not from the top down; and third, that nothing is static or unchangeable, and nothing is impossible. In its way, as Mrs. Clark's book shows, this is a translation of democratic idealism into homely, practical form. It is this quality which distinguishes American know-how from mere skill in technology. It is a clumsy and un-beautiful word, no doubt, and one of doubtful linguistic propriety. But like the thing it describes it came up the hard way. It may not be respectable, but it will work—for all mankind, even for those who think it is their enemy.

Old Folks At Home

AGNES ROGERS points out, in her article "'My Mother Lives with Us'" (p. 34), that although the problems of old age are demanding increasing attention these days, it would be a mistake to suppose that there have not always been tensions between generations living in the same house. There are, as Miss Rogers adroitly shows, special twists to the situation in a world where the younger people live more and more informally in smaller and smaller quarters. But, as she also reminds us, the experience of Ruth and Naomi was so unusual more than two thousand years ago that it deserved a special and very lovely place in the Bible.

It is true, of course, that the particular problem dealt with in "'My Mother Lives with Us'" was not brought out into the open until recently. But anyone who looks back at what was said on the subject in the nineteenth century will often detect, beneath a saccharine Currier and Ives mask of domestic felicity, the lineaments of something rather unpleasant.

P & O happened to be re-reading recently a book called *The American Woman's Home*, written in 1869 by the very able and occupationally righteous Catherine Beecher, sister of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Miss Beecher has a chapter on "Care of the Aged" which would curdle your blood. What it boils down to is simply that we ought to consider ourselves lucky if aged relatives come to live with us, especially "after their faculties decay and usefulness in ordinary modes seems to be ended." We should be grateful because the "Christian virtues of patience with the unreasonable, of self-denying labor for the weak, and of sympathy with the afflicted" require practice. From this point of view, Mother (especially if she's about done in) "should be regarded as a blessing and privilege to the family, especially to the young." Worst of all, to cheer Mother up when she begins to think she is a useless burden to others, Miss Beecher urges us to remind her constantly that she is "sustained by our Heavenly Father in a painful experience" expressly for our good.

The tensions revealed here still exist, but the point of view toward them has certainly shifted. And with that change has come a healthy, matter-of-fact recognition that the joint household is not automatically a blessing and privilege to either old or young. Out of such a recognition, as Miss Rogers shows, can come a workable, though always delicately balanced relationship which grants to both old and young the right to enjoy one another and themselves.

Great Host in a Giant City

...CHICAGO SHERATON

Centrally located at the beginning of the "Magnificent Mile," high in the sky, and away from the roar of traffic, Chicago's towering Hotel Sheraton extends the hearty welcome associated with that metropolis. Throughout the hotel—as in all Sheraton Hotels, for example, New York's Park Sheraton, Boston's Sheraton Plaza on Copley Square or in Baltimore's famous Sheraton-Belvedere—you'll find the extra friendly services and the superb accommodations that are becoming a Sheraton tradition. Those who arrange conventions here are no less pleased with our facilities than the individual discriminating traveler.

Reservations promptly made and confirmed by teletype.



Sheraton Hotels

IN THE U. S. A.

BOSTON



MEXICO

Pulsing with life and progress, abreast of the times in the arts, social services, and sciences... Mexico! Thrill to the surging-forward new world, from the newest and best in hotels to gayest of seasons at beaches, spas, and resorts. You'll never forget Mexico because its ancient culture is framed in a modern life full of attractions.

MEXICO

Where life is different!

DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO

Av. Juarez 89 Mexico, D. F.

- New York, 630 Fifth Avenue
- Chicago 333 N. Michigan Blvd.
- Los Angeles, 511 W. 6th St.
- San Antonio, 518 W. Houston
- New Orleans, Whitney Bldg.
- Miami, 40 Columbus Arcade
- Houston, Pan American World Airways Bldg.

Agnes Rogers is, of course, in private life Mrs. Frederick Lewis Allen, the wife of *Harper's* editor in chief. For several years she has been an editor in the book department at the *Reader's Digest*, and she has written several books in addition to articles and verses which have appeared in the *New Yorker*, *Harper's*, and numerous other magazines. Her most recent book, *Women Are Here to Stay*, was a durable best-seller describing, in picture and text, "The Durable Sex in Its Infinite Variety Through Half a Century of American Life."

Patience in Pasadena

EDWARD FILENE, the great Boston merchant, wrote an article for *Harper's* more than a quarter of a century ago on "The Liberal Business Man Under Fire." In it he discussed the reasons why the liberal in business is so persistently opposed by most of his fellows.

The article could have been written yesterday. It is a measure of Filene's wisdom and perception that a piece written when Harding was President stands up as a fresh and forward-looking analysis of our business situation today. Even after the Depression, the New Deal, the second world war, and the Fair Deal, Filene's article could be reprinted without changing a word.

But it is better than that. For the things Filene says about the liberal in business apply equally to the liberal in every field. First of all, he recognizes that the word liberal is "a rather battered and weather-beaten word" which has been "captured by the armchair strategists and irresponsible doctrinaires." But he knew of no better word to describe the man "who is more interested in creating a better order of things than in defending the existing order of things, . . . and who has greater reverence for scientific method than for the traditions and majority opinion of his class."

Filene believed (and he turned out to be right) that the great business successes of the future would be made by liberal business men of this type. Why, then, were they opposed by their more numerous conservative colleagues?

He saw the reasons quite clearly, and they apply with equal exactness to liberals in every field—whether in politics, the arts, or education. There is space here to touch on only one of the six reasons he analyzes.

The liberal, he says, is largely responsible for his own defeat, when he is defeated. He is likely to trust too much to the inherent rightness of his ideas. He is likely to forget that he can work out his ideals only through human beings, and that this implies a willingness to accept what Filene calls, in an unforgettable phrase, "the necessity of undergoing the intolerable fatigue of persuasion."

P & O was reminded of Filene's phrase when reading ***Joseph A. Brandt's*** article, "This, Too, Happened in Pasadena" (p. 76). For it is probably true that the ruckus which engulfed the Pasadena schools a couple of years ago could have been avoided if the liberal educators in the city had been more willing to undergo "the intolerable fatigue of persuasion." At all events, as Mr. Brandt's article shows, the bitterness in Pasadena has largely subsided, thanks to the work of men who have patiently undergone that fatigue on a scale which has never before been tried in an American community.

The outcome in Pasadena is encouraging, even though a recent report by the California State Senate's committee on education makes it clear that the controversy is still festering in some unhappy minds. But the liberal educators in Pasadena and elsewhere should bear in mind Filene's warning to the liberal in business:

> It may be that truth crushed to earth will rise again, but it is the business of the liberal to see that truth is not crushed to earth in the first place. And this means that the liberal business man must be a patient teacher and a good lobbyist. He cannot succeed by autocratic insistence upon his ideas.

MR. BRANDT, who tells the Pasadena story, has had a varied career in education, business, and journalism. He started out as a reporter on a small Oklahoma newspaper, became city editor of the Tulsa *Tribune*, and then established the University of Oklahoma Press. From there he went to Princeton i

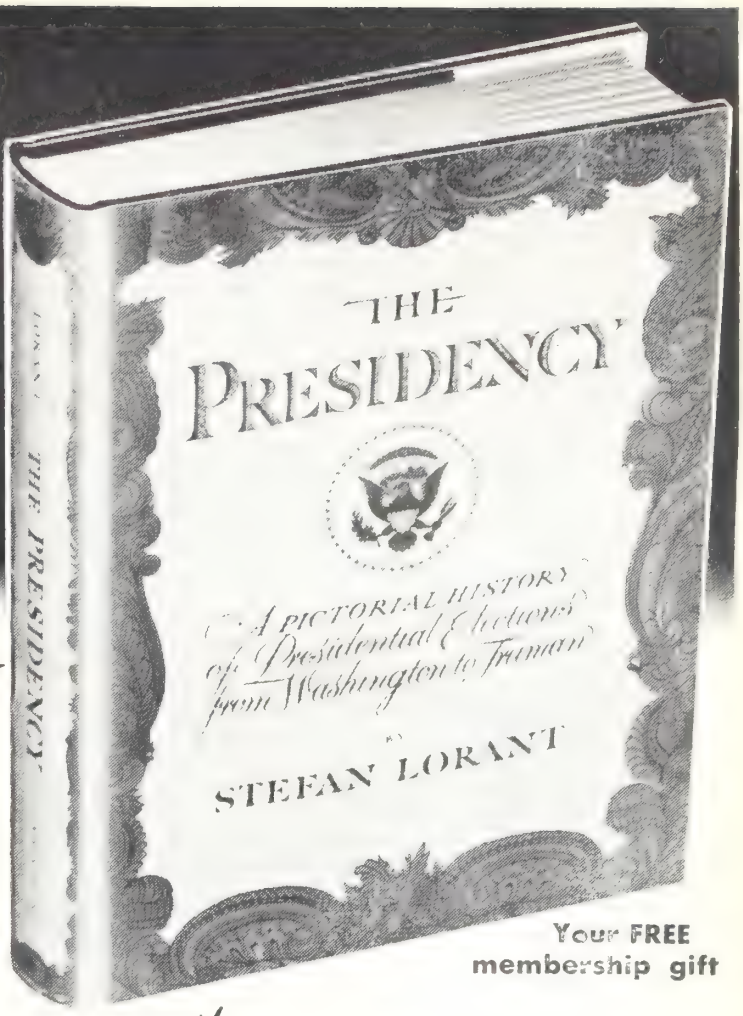
FREE!

if you now join the

American History Publication Society

Established 1951

A BOOK CLUB DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO AMERICAN HISTORY



Your **FREE** membership gift

THE PRESIDENCY

By STEFAN LORANT

A Pictorial History of Presidential Elections from Washington to Truman

Over 1000 Photos and Illustrations — 775 pages — Large Size 7½" x 10"

In the original $15 edition

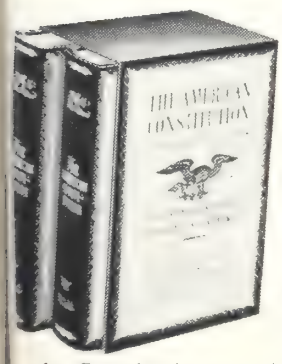
Here is the full, vivid and colorful story of the most distinct and most treasured of all our American traditions — *free elections!* A subject of perennial interest, but more timely, more significant this year than ever before. In 42 graphic chapters, one for each election since 1789 is the drama of each campaign, its action and ballyhoo, the characters of the opposing candidates, the battles for political supremacy, and the outcome of each. Portraits of the major candidates for the presidency and vice presidency from 1789 to 1948 precede each chapter. "THE PRESIDENCY" is indeed a volume that will make for itself an honored and often turned-to place in every really fine collection of Americana.

"Here is a valuable history. Here is more — a challenge to the historical imagination of every reader."

— Allan Nevins, **The New York Times.**

Retail price $15.00 ***FREE to new members***

Start your membership with



THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION

Its Origin and Development

By ALFRED H. KELLY and WINFRED A. HARBISON

From faraway origins in England, Europe and the colonies, through the birth of American liberty, through times of national crisis and times of complex industrial growth, the authors trace the Constitution as a basic fact of our national life. The text is superbly lighted with quotations from congressional debates, court opinions and other documentary material. Said the *San Francisco Chronicle:* "... a clear picture of the factors which make our government a living and dynamic organism."

Retail Value . . . $12.50

In a handsome, special two-volume edition available only to members of the American History Publication Society . . . $5.75

Join Now **GET $27.50 worth of books for $5.75**

Join Now — ENJOY FULL MEMBERSHIP PRIVILEGES

The American History Publication Society was founded to help its members build an Americana library of permanent worth. As a Society member, you will be able to acquire these books, in their original editions, at savings as high as 40% or more!

In addition, the Society encourages publication of important new works by offering awards to outstanding writers in American history . . . and reprints rare, out-of-print classics that are now in the libraries of only a few fortunate collectors.

Each month the Society selects an outstanding current book. This and other important books are described in *Americana,* the Society's monthly publication, which you receive *free.*

On joining, you receive *The Presidency* FREE with your first selection *The American Constitution.* For every four additional selections you accept, you receive a valuable Bonus Book FREE!

It is *not* necessary however to accept every selection — as few as four a year fulfills your sole membership obligation. You pay the member's special, reduced price for the books you want *after* receiving them, plus a small fixed mailing charge. If you do not want a forthcoming selection, you simply return a printed form which is always supplied.

It costs nothing to join and you may cancel your membership at any time after accepting four Society selections. Just sign and mail the coupon today.

This coupon makes you a member

AMERICAN HISTORY PUBLICATION SOCIETY, INC.
Dept. H-7, 11 East 36th St., New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive FREE, as a gift upon joining, *The Presidency,* together with my first selection, *The American Constitution,* at the member's special, low price of $5.75 plus 30c postage and packing charge. I will receive *Americana* free every month and a FREE Bonus Book for each four additional selections I buy. My only obligation is to accept four Society selections the first year I am a member.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

Nice fresh Holiday 50¢ a pound

Holiday magazine for November contains approximately 55,000 words.

There are 119 pictures, 38 in full color, 81 in black and white.

The book contains 150 pages . . . and weighs a bit over one pound.

To go a little beyond the bare statistics: the words were written by such writers as James Michener, Clifton Fadiman, John Kobler, Debs Myers, Phil Stong, Joe McCarthy, Clifford Dowdey, Norman Katkov.

The subjects range from the newest Bargain Paradise (Peru) to the Oyster, to the White House, to the Ballet in America, to the Mystery of Angkor, to the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. A prodigious amount of planning, research, traveling and talent has gone into the November issue.

The cost of all this is 50 cents. Quite a buy, *quite* a *buy*.

P & O

1938, as head of its Press. Then, for five years he served as president of the University of Oklahoma.

Believing that "the tradition of long lives for university presidencies can only lead to administrative stagnation," he left Oklahoma in 1944 to become director of the University of Chicago Press, and in 1945 became president of Henry Holt and Company in New York. He left Holt to become the first chairman of the newly established Graduate Department of Journalism at the University of California in Los Angeles, where he has made history and sociology integral parts of the training and has worked out a program in which the city and county of Los Angeles serve as the actual working laboratory for student reporters.

About and About

• • • ***Bruce Bliven,*** author of "Politics and TV" (p. 27), has been writing about the relations between communications and our popular culture for many years. So far as he knows, a piece of his called "The Ether Will Now Oblige" was the first non-technical magazine article on radio broadcasting.

As for the present article, Mr. Bliven tells us he did the leg-work for it with both legs up—in an easy chair in his own living room—with a sandwich in one hand and a tall drink in the other. "Nobody knows," he insists, "what suffering a conscientious writer goes through: several times it happened that I finished the sandwich before I finished the tall drink, or vice versa."

The ease which Mr. Bliven's suffering suggests is presumably the result of the fact that he has recently become Chairman of the Editorial Board rather than Editorial Director of the *New Republic*, a change of title which, we should think, would normally be accompanied by an upward swing of the extremities.

We suspect, however, that the picture of relaxed enjoyment he conjures up is an illusion. Certainly he has turned out the kind of books and articles which demand research and study. In many instances these books and articles have dealt with technical and scientific subjects, as in "The Case of the Radioactive Snail," which we published in July



ASK ABOUT
Canada's
10 TOP MAPLE LEAF VACATIONS

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

*Canadian National Railways offices in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Flint, Mich., Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. In Canada, 360 McGill Street, Montreal, Que.

38-DAY CRUISES to SOUTH AMERICA

Good Neighbor Liners sail fortnightly from New York for Trinidad • Rio de Janeiro • Santos • Sao Paulo • Montevideo • Buenos Aires.

FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION Send for 32-Page Color Brochure No. 85.

Consult Your Travel Agent or

MOORE-McCORMACK Lines
Five Broadway New York 4

Has America enough POWER?

The U. S. today uses twice as much electricity as before World War II. Is there enough for defense, for civilian needs and for such giant jobs as A-bomb manufacture? Here's how the electric light and power companies are meeting — and staying ahead of — these huge needs.



NO JOB TOO BIG. Some people say that the really big electric power projects are jobs only the government can handle. The facts disprove this. Five local electric companies have offered to develop all additional power available at Niagara Falls with a giant new power plant. Five other business-managed companies are completing one of the largest single power plants ever built at one time—a project that will supply power to the new A-bomb plant at Paducah, Ky. Fifteen companies are ready to handle an even greater project for the Atomic Energy Commission. The electric light and power companies are ready and able to do the nation's power job — *and they can save you and other taxpayers many millions of dollars by doing it!*



PLENTY OF POWER. The electric companies have kept pace with the fast-growing demands for power. These companies met the unprecedented needs of World War II. And now, in the midst of their greatest expansion program, they have already *doubled that wartime supply!* The only real shortages of electricity are in countries where national governments control the power industry.



ERA OF TEAMWORK. The electric companies, where there is no interference from the federal government, work together with municipally-owned power systems and farm electric groups. Electric companies' rates and earnings, of course, are closely regulated by state commissions or local authorities. However, federal electric projects are *not* subject to such regulation.

Important strides have been made by electric light and power companies in meeting the nation's huge power needs. The companies' record of performance shows the fallacy of arguments advanced by those who want the federal government to take over more and more of the electric business. This brief report is brought to you by America's ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*.

LISTEN TO CORLISS ARCHER—new time effective October 3rd—Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.—ABC Network

*Names on request from this magazine



Should *You* Invest?

Some people should, some people shouldn't. It's up to you to decide.

And by the time you finish page 3 of our booklet *"How To Invest"*, we think you'll know the right answer for *you*. For *your* situation, *your* funds, *your* plans for the future.

If your answer is yes, you'll want to read on. Because the rest of the booklet was written to tell you just how to go about this business of buying stocks and bonds.

It starts with fundamentals first, explains what it means to invest for growth, income, or safety . . . and tells you the kinds of stocks and bonds you should buy to achieve these different objectives.

Then it explores the problem of how to diversify your stocks—how to balance them for your own protection.

You'll find the questions you should ask — the questions that should be answered—before you buy any stock. And there's a section on selecting a broker, the services you have a right to expect, the simple steps you take to open an account.

If you think you ought to investigate this business of investing and want to get off to a sensible start, ask for *"How To Invest"*. We'll mail a copy—without charge, of course. Just send us the coupon below.

Please send me copy of "How To Invest" SW-87

Name

Address

City State

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 103 Cities

1951, and in *The Men Who Make the Future*—a book of popular science for which he interviewed some hundred and fifty outstanding scientists in all parts of the country.

Just recently he edited a book called *Twentieth Century Unlimited*, to which sixteen outstanding experts contributed chapters on sixteen of the most important aspects of our civilization. And a new book, to be published next spring, deals with the chief problems by which mankind is currently troubled and what science has to say about ameliorating each of them.

Robert Osborn, known to *Harper's* readers as the limner of snobs, demon drivers, Boy Scouts, and scores of other phenomena, went to work this month on televictims. His alarming slant on political ranters and weary viewers will make any simple radio fan think four times before importing into his living-room what Mr. Bliven has privately called "an iron maiden" whose clutch is on you, during the First Phase of possession, hour after hour and day after day, interrupted only by the necessary emergency visits to your oculist. Mr. Bliven, happily, has come through the First Phase; television is now an old story (and we guess a well-loved one) in his family. Where Mr. and Mrs. Osborn and the two boys stand has not been recorded, except in these drawings.

•••***Alden Stevens*** has been working on the side for several years on the basic idea of "Make Dope Legal" (p. 40), though his experience with narcotics has been confined to that of observer and student. Several years ago the example of a friend who was an addict of long standing awoke him both to the horrible things that such people go through and to the horrible things that are done to them under the present enforcement system.

Several years after the friend's death, he came across a pamphlet in the public library describing narcotics clinics, and the idea seemed to him so eminently intelligent that he set out to pursue the matter in a thorough way. Realizing that the clinics of the nineteen-twenties would not work in today's situation, he talked to social workers, doctors, churchmen, and officers, including the acting district supervisor of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics in New York. Then he tracked down some addicts—one through a newspaper man, one through a doctor, several through other sources, including Mr. Danny Carlsen, an ex-addict who is now running an organization called "Narcotics Anonymous." The shocked response that he received at first to his seemingly radical suggestion that addiction no longer be a crime but a problem to be solved usually melted away during discussion into interest and enthusiasm.

Mr. Stevens has written radio shows, books, articles, and movies on many subjects. He says he is not an expert on narcotics but his interest in the subject stems from his hope that his idea will stimulate discussion and possibly action to help an unfortunate and harassed



Du Maurier's Whistler Is in the Background.

group of human beings and to lessen the danger to American youth.

•••This month we print the second of three articles by ***Hesketh Pearson*** on "The Man Whistler" (p. 48). Last month's piece dealt with "The Personality," while this month's deals with "The Artist"—an aspect of Whistler which Mr. Pearson, like everyone else who has written about the man, finds it difficult to dissociate from the personality.

Incidentally, it is a curious fact that the two Americans who were most closely associated with the idea of art for art's sake in the nineteenth century—one in literature, the other in painting—were both kicked out of West Point. Whistler and Poe both had a reluctant try at the military academy before they found their proper milieu. P & O can't imagine that this proves anything. It just happened to occur to us.

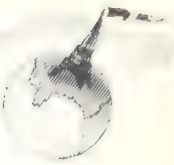
And speaking of Whistler—we have had so many inquiries about that sketch of him on the cover of the October issue that we decided to print here the entire drawing from which Whistler's figure was taken. It appeared originally in the March 1894 issue of *Harper's* as an illustration by George du Maurier for his serial "Trilby." The 1894 version was about a third larger than this reproduction; we don't know what size it was on du Maurier's drawing board.

•••Plenty of Bostonians and Cantabridgians (Massachusetts variety, we mean)—both those residing in the Hub and those there only in heart—will recognize the Charles River as setting for ***Roger Shattuck's*** "Workout on the River" (p. 55). Another group of readers, probably equally miscellaneous in kind and equally far-flung in location, will recognize the New Guinea background of some parts of the story. Mr. Shattuck has never rowed on the Charles, he says, but, "The author of fiction arrogates to himself every right and power of invention. . . . Some of my best friends are professors."

Born in New York and educated in New York City and New England, he went into the Air Force at nineteen and after training spent a year

IF YOU'D GIVE HER THE WORLD—

Give her a trip to France!





Notre Dame's gargoyles overlook the world's most beautiful city.



All France is a garden-lover's paradise.

Theatres, opera, nightclubs—for relaxation after sundown.



Every meal in France is a memorable event!



There's not a woman in the world whose life won't be made lovelier, happier, *richer* by experiencing the romance of France . . . the charming provinces . . . the art treasures of French museums! She will shop in the Place Vendôme . . . discover antiques on the Rue du Bac . . . delight in fine wines and foods from Calais to Cannes . . . and from the Alps to the Pyrenees she'll thrill at scenic marvels. Why not decide—now—to "give her the world" – a trip to France with you! Ask your travel agent for booklets in full color, detailed maps and information . . . or write Dept. N-4, Box 221, New York 10, N. Y.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES
NEW ORLEANS • MONTREAL



THERE'S MORE SUNSHINE in Tucson than any other resort city! You can be outdoors in summer clothes all fall and winter soaking up new energy. You can swim in open air pools . . . golf at fine country clubs . . . zip down to colorful Old Mexico for exciting deep-sea fishing.

This is mid-winter in Tucson

Come and enjoy our warm, dry, sunny climate now!

YOU'LL LOVE TUCSON as a winter vacation resort or place to retire. Plentiful accommodations of all kinds *(see coupon)* are offered at sensible rates. Accredited ranch and public schools and University of Arizona. Bring empty luggage. Tucson's unique, smart stores can supply your needs.



LIFE IS ALL THINGS GOOD all winter in sun-enchanted Tucson. The golden days invite horseback rides through cactus forests, visits to old missions, national parks, Indian fairs and rodeos. Mail coupon today for free booklet.



FOR MORE SUNSHINE THAN ANY OTHER RESORT CITY . . . COME TO

Tucson

IN FRIENDLY ARIZONA

SEND FOR FREE COLOR-PHOTO BOOKLET

TUCSON SUNSHINE CLIMATE CLUB
5213-B Pueblo, Tucson, Arizona

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Tell me about ranch____, resort____, hotel____, motel____, apartment or room____accommodations for____people to stay____days. I plan to visit Tucson (dates) _____

and a half in the Pacific as a pilot. Since the war, like many of his contemporaries, he has not stayed more than a year and a half in any one place. He finished his B.A. degree at Yale, worked in Paris for the film section of UNESCO and as a free-lance reporter, took an editorial position with Harcourt, Brace & Company in New York, and is at present working under a three-year appointment to the Society of Fellows at Harvard. He spent the past year in Paris doing research. He is married to the ballet dancer, Nora White, and their baby daughter, born in France, has become a good traveler too.

Arthur Shilstone, the artist who illustrated "Workout on the River," has recently returned from a two-month trip to Honolulu, Wake Island, and Japan for Seaboard and Western Airlines doing drawings of the Pacific Airlift into Korea. He flew home from Japan with the wounded. He is a veteran himself of three years with the Army Engineers, and he has practiced art since the war both commercially and for water-color shows in New York.

•••***Colonel Lawrence B. Bixby's*** inch-by-inch story of his "Comeback from a Brain Operation" (p. 69) is a fascinating document and one which has already served to assist in the recovery of other patients. The original 24,000-word manuscript (more than four times as long as the article Colonel Bixby tailored for *Harper's*) has been used in mimeographed form by students in the Yale Medical School and by relatives of patients and patients themselves at Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington.

The events of Colonel Bixby's career before and after this dramatic episode are a story of solid accomplishment in themselves. He was graduated from West Point in 1918 and from the Command and General Staff School in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1940. He served overseas in Germany after World War I, in Hawaii for four years, in China during World War II, and in China and Japan in 1948-49. A number of important assignments during the last war kept him in the United States until in 1945 he was with the Chinese Combat Command and later Liaison Officer with the III Amphibious Corps of the U.S. Marines for the landings in and occupation of North China during the hectic days just after the Japanese surrender. Interspersed with his active career as a soldier were many years of teaching military science and tactics—at the University of Chicago in the twenties, at Harvard in the thirties, and at Yale from 1946 to 1948.

After a spell in China as a member of the Army Advisory Group, in January of 1949 he took on the job of establishing a school for 2,000 American military specialists at the former Imperial Japanese Naval Academy on the island of Eta Jima in Japan. There illness struck. As his article eloquently suggests, Mrs. Bixby was an invaluable help in his convalescence.

After his recovery, he returned to duty as Senior Army Instructor for Organized Reserve Corps training in Southern California, and later he established an Organized Reserve Corps School at the Presidio of San Francisco. He retired from the Army on August 31, 1950, having completed thirty-one years and ten months of active service. Since then he has done graduate work at the University of Oregon, with the plan of teaching and writing, and has published a number of articles.

•••The millions of us who participated in the feverish anxiety at the Democratic Convention over whether Virginia would stay or depart (by permission or request, we could not make out which) have been equally in the dark about the way the Virginia vote will go in the Presidential election. One thing is certain, however, Senator Harry Flood Byrd will be in again. The background of this curious state of affairs is the foreground in ***William Manchester's*** analysis of "The Byrd Machine" (p. 80). After reading his item-by-item stripping down of the elegant chassis and engine, we see by contrast how comparatively unreliable are the jalopies driven by the so-called Big-City bosses of the North. The Byrd Machine affords a lesson in political control all right but it's a lesson scarcely applicable to any situation outside the Old Dominion.



We'll be in Scotland afore ye!

To paraphrase Caesar (who *was* in Britain afore ye) all Scotland is divided in three parts. Just beyond the old Roman wall that stretches across the top of England lies PART ONE: The Lowlands. Here is Robert Burns' birthplace "on the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." Here are ruined abbeys dating back to the 13th century, and storied villages made famous by Robert Louis Stevenson. Here is Gretna Green, where eloping lovers were married by the village blacksmith; and Netherby Hall near Canobie whence young Lochinvar carried his bride. PART TWO! Central Scotland, the true heart of Scottish history—offering you Edinburgh, Athens of the North, and famous palace-towns like Linlithgow, home to Scottish kings and birthplace of Mary, Queen of Scots. In central Scotland, too, there's the most celebrated loch in Europe . . . Loch Lomond. PART THREE? Shouldn't we say ACT THREE, for this is The Highlands—most *dramatic* part of the most dramatic of countries. Endless scenes of grandeur, of rugged heights and wonderful wilderness, of green islands set in silver! This Spring let nobody be in Scotland afore ye. See your Travel Agent now and Come to Britain.

For further information and free literature on England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland, see your Travel Agent or write



"Know what?

....I have the

7,000,000th

UNDERWOOD!"

Imagine . . . 7,000,000 of them! Yes, *seven million* office-size Underwoods!

Who'd think any manufacturer had made *that* many typewriters for business! No wonder Underwood is recognized as the "Typewriter Leader of the World."

And those 7,000,000 Underwoods prove that we secretaries certainly know a good thing when we *use* it.

Have YOU seen the *new* Underwood with that smooth, *s-m-o-o-t-h* touch and Underwood's exclusive See-Set Margins?

Your local Underwood representative will gladly give you a demonstration. Phone him right now!



Note the Underwoods Wherever You Go

UNDERWOOD

Underwood Corporation

Typewriters . . . Adding Machines . . . Accounting Machines . . . Carbon Paper . . . Ribbons

One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Underwood Limited, Toronto 1, Canada

Sales and Service Everywhere

UNDERWOOD *Rhythm Touch* **DE LUXE**

Made by the Typewriter Leader of the World

P & O

William Manchester is a general assignment reporter for the Baltimore *Sunpapers*, and the author of *A Carpetbagger of the Peace*, a biography of H. L. Mencken. *Harper's* published his article on "The Case of Mabella Mundel" last May. Next year Ballantine, a new publisher who will bring out paper-backed books simultaneously with "hard-cover" editions, will publish Mr. Manchester's new 170,000-word novel. He tells us that it is a panoramic, epic novel dealing with the collapse of a numbers-writing syndicate and the impact on the lives of a dozen people.

• "Evangelist" (p. 88) is the third story we have published by *Joyce Cary*, the British novelist and essayist whose wide-ranging and highly peopled novels have earned him a reputation in this country since about 1949 comparable to that he has enjoyed in England for nearly twenty years. Even in the brief scope of "Evangelist," Mr. Cary reveals the special penetration described by Gilbert Highet last month in his review of the new Cary novel, *Prisoner of Grace:* "a Browning-like capacity to enter into another's soul and speak with another's voice." In this story that quality is edged with irony.

The strange detachment of the pictures accompanying "Evangelist" seems appropriate for the feelings of the hero's boredom. The artist is *Edward Gorey*, a newcomer to this magazine. Born in Chicago, Mr. Gorey studied at the Chicago Art Institute and took his A.B. degree from Harvard in 1950; he now lives and works in Boston. A book of his drawings is promised for spring publication. One of his drawings for "Evangelist" appears on the cover of *Harper's* this month.

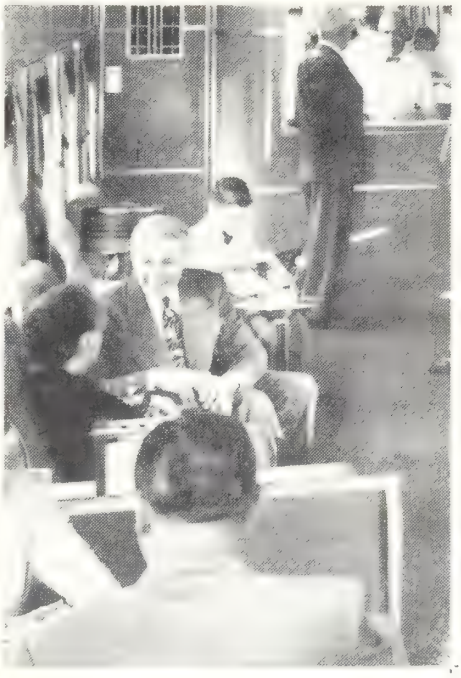
•• To Americans living abroad the arrival of a new Ambassador from home is a matter of personal curiosity; to Americans in India, where the world struggle with Communism may decide each individual's fate, that event has importance beyond the personal element. *Marian Lyon* brings both kinds of eager scrutiny to her analysis of the performance of "Chester Bowles, New-Style Diplomat" (p. 90).

Miss Lyon is an American journal-



Picturesque Olvera Street in Los Angeles

CALIFORNIA
by Union Pacific



Club and Lounge cars offer delightful relaxation

The color and charm of California is a glorious climax to the enjoyable experience of your trip there on a swiftly rolling Union Pacific Streamliner.

In daily service between Chicago and California are the "CITY OF LOS ANGELES" and "CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO." From St. Louis-Kansas City, it's the "CITY OF ST. LOUIS."

Travel on these or other fine Union Pacific trains such as the LOS ANGELES LIMITED . . . SAN FRANCISCO OVERLAND . . . GOLD COAST . . . and be assured of restful, modern Pullman or Coach accommodations. Also —as always—the finest of dining-car meals; skillfully prepared, courteously served.



Note: When arranging your California trip ask about a convenient stop-over at exciting Las Vegas, Nevada and near-by Hoover Dam - Lake Mead en route to or from Los Angeles—by Union Pacific.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
Room 577, Omaha 2, Nebr.

I am interested in a train trip to Calif
Please send free booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone

If student state age ____ and special

N. Y.

This winter, make it a

WHITE SULPHUR HOLIDAY

AT *The* Greenbrier

All the wonder of the fabulous Greenbrier is yours for the taking at new all-inclusive rates for your White Sulphur Holiday. Between November 24, 1952, and March 15, 1953, you may have three glorious days at $69.35, or seven glorious days at $148.70 per person. (Seven-day rate takes effect on fourth day.) These rates include golf on championship courses (playable almost two-thirds of the time during winter), swimming in a magnificent indoor pool, riding over beautiful mountain trails, membership in the Old White Club—The Greenbrier's famed rendezvous, famous sulphur baths (additional baths at fifty per cent of the regular rate), tips (to dining-room personnel, maids and bellmen on arrival and departure

Yes, this winter, make it a White Sulphur Holiday at America's most beautiful resort hotel.

The Greenbrier

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA
Telephone: White Sulphur Springs 119
Teletype: White Sulphur Springs 166

Or Inquire of Greenbrier Offices in:
NEW YORK, 588 FIFTH AVENUE • JU 6-5500
CHICAGO, 77 W. WASHINGTON ST. • RA 6-0625
WASHINGTON, INVESTMENT BLDG. • RE 7-2642
BOSTON, 73 TREMONT STREET • LA 3-4497
OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

M/S *Stella Polaris*

FOR COMPLETE RELAXATION

3 WINTER CRUISES • 1953

Sailing from New Orleans

West Indies & So. America

JANUARY 5 • 20 DAYS

Visiting...Havana, Port au Prince, Curacao, Cartagena (Colombia), San Blas, Puerto Bello, Cristobal in Panama, and Kingston.
Rates from $520.

JANUARY 26 • 28 DAYS
FEBRUARY 24 • 28 DAYS

Visiting . . . Havana, Port au Prince, Ciudad Trujillo, St. Thomas, St. Pierre, Fort de France, Barbados, Grenada, Trinidad, Curacao, Cartagena (Colombia), San Blas, Puerto Bello, Cristobal, and Kingston.
Rates from $785.

THE *STELLA POLARIS* WILL BE COMPLETELY AIR-CONDITIONED . . . Individually controlled units in each stateroom. Uncrowded cruising comfort. Passenger guests limited to approximately 165. Make early reservations.

See your local travel agent or write:

CLIPPER LINE, INC.
277 Park Ave., New York 17

KNOW PLACES & PRICES

Get The **GIMLET**

For 24 Years

THE GUIDE AND HANDBOOK

FOR SMART TRAVELERS

Where to go. What to see. The Costs. How to Get There

CANADA thru FLORIDA, and Enroute, Nassau, West Indies, includes New York City. 208 Pages, 300 Pictures. *Hotels, Restaurants, Prices. Hiway Data, Cruises. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS: Silver Springs, Fla. Florida's Underwater Fairyland, Bellingrath Gardens, Charm Spot of Deep South, Mobile, Ala., Natural Bridge, Va., etc. Price, $1.00; Doubledays, Brentanos or send $1.00 for postpaid copy or $1.50 (year's subscription) (2 issues) to The Gimlet, Dept. 80, 551 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*

Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

Ste. Adele, Canada
STE. ADELE LODGE
Ste. Marguerite, Canada
ALPINE INN
Boston, Mass.
SHERATON
New York, N. Y.
PARK SHERATON
Philadelphia, Pa.
BARCLAY
Where a stopover is a Revelation in the Art of Fine Living
Baltimore, Md.
SHERATON-BELVEDERE
Preferred by Folks of Distinction. Renowned for Personal Service
Washington, D. C.
SHOREHAM
Daytona Beach, Fla.
SHERATON BEACH
Directly on Ocean
Miami, Fla.
THE COLUMBUS
All Air Conditioned
St. Petersburg, Fla.
GULF WINDS
VILLAS & APTS.
TIDES
Tampa, Fla.
FLORIDAN
Air conditioned

Typical Recommended Restaurants

N. Y. City
CAVANAGH'S
GAME COCK
MADELEINE'S
KING OF THE SEA
LUM FONG
DAVY JONES SEA-FOOD HOUSE
OLD BREW HOUSE
PRESS BOX
Washington, D. C.
SHOREHAM HOTEL DINING ROOMS
Jacksonville, Fla.
GEORGE WASHINGTON RAINBOW ROOM
Miami, Fla.
COLUMBUS HOTEL DINING ROOMS
Tampa, Fla.
LAS NOVEDADES

Use American Express Travelers Cheques To Protect Your Travel Funds.

ist who has been living and traveling in India and writing articles for American magazines from that country since 1950. The prospect of finding her own life uprooted by the Communist advance is very real to her because she worked in China from 1946 to 1949, and covered North China for the *New York Times* during the Communist takeover.

The child of American missionaries, she was born in China and lived most of her childhood in Shanghai. She attended Wellesley and, except for a year as a teacher in Shanghai, has spent her adult life in newspaper work in the Orient and in the United States. *Harper's* published her article, "When the Communists Entered Peking," in February 1950.

•••*Lee Templeton's* barrage of nasty facts in "Our Enemy the Oak Wilt" (p. 96) makes us feel like getting in there with our microscopes and test tubes and fighting for good old *Quercus*. That an upstart named *Chalara* could undermine our mighty friend is an insult to the sound order of nature.

In brooding over how much man needs the oak, we were reminded of Thomas Q. Mitchell's piece in *Harper's* in February 1948—"Consider the Acorn." Mr. Mitchell is a man who not only gets into the woods but actually climbs trees, hunting mainly for oak hybrids and making cross-pollinations with the idea of breeding greater crops of acorns, a harvest that would be good for man and beast. With Mr. Mitchell we had envisioned four living collections of two hundred oak species growing for breeding purposes in California, in the cotton belt, in west Texas or the Rockies, and in the Northwest; and with him we had foreseen double-deck farms planted with crop trees in contour rows and with a surface crop of soybeans between. It looked as if the oak would save mankind.

But now, it seems, mankind must save the oak. Mr. Templeton wrote us privately of his hope (based on a growing hunch among plant pathologists) that the extremely hot weather of the early summer this year may have made it difficult for *Chalara* to spread. "If so," he said,

P & O

"the chances for the lower South, with its valuable oak forests, are much better than anyone would have dared hope a year ago." If so, we may add, this is the first consolation we have found for that heat. If, as we perspired, *Chalara* expired, so much the better.

Mr. Templeton is a young Ohioan who writes principally radio shows ("The Ohio Story," for example) and makes commercial and industrial movies. He calls himself a devoted arm-chair conservationist, and he wrote for us the article on "How to Prevent Floods" (July 1952), which told the story of the Muskingum Watershed conservation program. He told us last summer that he was speculating about the feasibility of buying some of that old Southeast Ohio hillside, putting in a few thousand trees, building a little place, and. . . . In the meantime, there's *Chalara,* and a battle to be won.

•••***Carolyn Kizer,*** a poet new to *Harper's,* wrote "O Silence, Silence" (p. 47) on top of Squak Mountain in the state of Washington, where, seeking a quiet retreat, she and her husband found constant airplane traffic overhead. She is married to Stimson Bullitt, has three children, and lives in Seattle. ***Hortense Flexner,*** who has had many poems in this magazine, contributes "Plasma" (p. 75). She used to teach English at Sarah Lawrence and Bryn Mawr, and it was she who suggested that Miss Kizer, a Sarah Lawrence graduate, send us "O Silence, Silence." ***Kathleen Raine,*** author of "Transmutation" (p. 87), had her third collection of poems brought out by Farrar, Straus, and Young this fall: *The Pythoness.*

••In the article on "Krilium and Its Rivals" by Harland Manchester in the September issue of *Harper's,* the name of ***Dr. J. H. Quastel*** of McGill University was misspelled. We are chagrined that a misunderstanding of a telephoned correction resulted in this error.

••If you would like to send a CARE Holiday Package, for Thanksgiving or Christmas, to relatives, friends, or needy families overseas, get in touch with CARE at 20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.



"Congratulations George, you've done it again!"

Not since Pygmalion and Major Barbara has the screen been treated to such electrifying entertainment!



GABRIEL PASCAL presents
BERNARD SHAW'S
"ANDROCLES AND THE LION"
starring
JEAN SIMMONS · VICTOR MATURE
ROBERT NEWTON · MAURICE EVANS
and ALAN YOUNG as Androcles

RKO RADIO

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE THEATRE

Produced by GABRIEL PASCAL • Directed by CHESTER ERSKINE
Screen Adaptation by CHESTER ERSKINE and KEN ENGLUND

Gold Medal Award



Send for FREE WINE and FOOD Newspaper

CRESTA BLANCA
CALIFORNIA
SAUVIGNON BLANC

For the second year in a row, this varietal Sauterne, pressed from the rare Sauvignon Blanc grape, was awarded a Gold Medal at the 1952 International Wine Judgings in California.

A limited bottling . . .

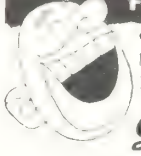


. . . from the cool limestone caves of

CRESTA BLANCA WINE COMPANY, LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA



DO YOU NEED GOOD FUNNY STORIES?



•QUOTE, The Weekly Digest, brings best anecdotes, illustrative stories from 1000 sources. Send for free sample copy.

Quote QUOTE, Dep't Z
Indianapolis 6, Indiana

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd St. New York 16, N. Y.

LETTERS

Working Wives—

To the Editors:

Re "'I Can't Afford My Wife's Job'" [September], I do not want to comment on the figures in the article; they are certainly unrealistic. They are also, however, arithmetically wrong. On Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays Nancy and her husband are at home. No sitter is therefore necessary on these days, so the item Sitter's Lunch must be reduced by approximately $115. During the vacation period of the couple, the sitter is unnecessary; a three-weeks salary for the sitter and the food charge for that time can be saved. The boy's camp expense reduces itself to two months, while the parents are on vacation and with the boy.

If Nancy did not work and stayed home she would certainly also use a bus on several days; the $65 item for busses must therefore be halved. When staying home Nancy must also eat lunch. Allowing her the same amount for lunch as the sitter—$1.00 daily—the difference between $1.00 and $1.75 only can be charged to her job expense list. Nancy's job expenses are not therefore in the red.

EDWARD KAUFMANN
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

I find I am reaching the age where I wonder what the world is coming to. At present I wax indignant about Nancy, the $100-a-week copy-writer whose husband is capable of supporting her, but who leaves her children at home while she pursues her piddling little career. . . . There are undoubtedly a few women whose near-genius should express itself in a full-time career regardless of domestic responsibilities, but for Pete's sake they are not advertising copy-writers. . . . Nancy should marry the $10,000-a-year man in a previous article of yours, who is broke because he must eat lunch at the right place with plenty of cocktails. They'd make a fine pair, the proud parents of a brood of completely false standards.

SUSAN C. HUGGER
Cincinnati, Ohio

To the Editors:

"'I Can't Afford My Wife's Job'" [September] about summed up my husband's ideas two years ago. We were then going broke on $8,000 a year. So I quit my job, paying half that yearly income, and stayed at home to write. It was an interesting experiment, but as far as I'm concerned it was a failure. I earned $67.50 one year and nothing this past year. . . . I'm still wearing my college and newspaper career clothes and I don't like it. . . . In fact, I agree so much with Mrs. Lawyer's Wife that I am now negotiating for another salaried position. This time with a $5,000 annual salary.

JEANNE ROCKWELL NOONAN
Ann Arbor, Mich.

To the Editors:

"'I Can't Afford My Wife's Job.'" Who's surprised? Only he who still labors under the misapprehension that a wife can swap a job at home for a job in the city and make it pay. . . . Why should she? If she employs someone to care adequately for her home and children, she's going to pay for it. . . .

"I can't afford my wife's job" ranks with "I can't afford my wife's fur coats." Either is a luxury and the individual family must assess its value. . . .

KATHINKA S. BRIGHAM
Syracuse, N. Y.

Father to the Man—

To the Editors:

I am sure that the article in your September issue optimistically entitled "Boy into Man" will be the delight of preparatory school headmasters the country over. However, as a member of his son's generation —a group often criticized for its lack of independence and initiative—I suggest to Mr. Plagemann that manhood in the world of 1952 may not end, or even begin, with an adolescent boy "surrounded by young men all wearing bow ties in regimental stripes."

"Goggle" was freed from the influence of his parents only to accept the standards and values of an eminently artificial prep school environment. I wonder if anyone will be happier because of this attempt at mandatory maturation—except, of course, Brooks Brothers.

FREDERICK A. HETZEL
Connellsville, Pa.

Tuxedo Corrections—

To the Editors:

In an article on Tuxedo Park in the September issue, Cleveland Amory attributed to me a statement which I will not quote in this letter. Mr. Amory is a distinguished author and no doubt the statement in his article is the result of a faulty recollection.

What I did say to him was that life in Tuxedo Park is very quiet and mentally unstimulating. If Mr. Amory had extended to me the usual courtesy of asking my permission to quote me and submitting a statement for my approval this mistake could have been easily avoided.

SUSAN H. ARCHDEACON
Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Cleveland Amory in his article on Tuxedo speaks of "the heavily mortgaged Tuxedo Club." The fact is, I am glad to say, that the Tuxedo Club has no mortgage of any kind and we would appreciate your publishing this correction.

CRAWFORD BLAGDEN
Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

the genial, friendly host in the HEART *of Cleveland*

Hotel Cleveland

Whether you come by train, plane or motor, you'll like the convenience of comfortable Hotel Cleveland. Only a few steps from Union Terminal trains and garage. Quiet, sleep-inviting rooms . . . spirited, colorful new decorations... attentive service and sincerely warm hospitality will greet you.

OTHER AFFILIATED SONNABEND HOTELS

NEW YORK Ritz Tower

BOSTON
The Somerset
The Puritan
The Shelton

CHICAGO
Edgewater Beach Hotel

RESORTS
Whitehall, Palm Beach, Fla.
Samoset, Rockland, Me.



HOTEL CLEVELAND
Cleveland, Ohio



How Christmas Seals help save lives

Successful methods of treatment make it more important than ever to find the 150,000 "unknown" cases of tuberculosis—and to find them early.

Mass X-ray campaigns to find TB in time are part of the work your Christmas Seal dollars help support.

Remember, no one can be "cured" until treated . . . and no one can be treated until the disease is discovered.

Send in your contribution today.

Buy Christmas Seals

LETTERS

To the Editors:

Mr. Amory seems to have followed his usual practice of writing a rather sneering article on Tuxedo Park. His implication that court tennis was adopted because "it would be kept safe from democracy" is as unfair as it is ridiculous. Some of the members promoted court tennis as others had previously promoted lawn tennis and golf, because these games are fascinating to play, and of the three court tennis is the most fascinating. Actually the promoters hoped court tennis would spread at least to colleges and other clubs as squash rackets has.

I assume Mr. Amory's remarks about the score and the Club championship are supposed to be funny, but to anyone familiar with the game they are simply asinine. The chase which is the only complicating factor in the score existed in court tennis as early as the fifteenth century. During the next three centuries the game was played not only by kings and their courts, but by thousands of commoners in England and Europe. I venture to believe that these persons knew the score, and I would like to meet some of the "many people who have played for years without understanding it." . . .

GEORGE M. RUSHMORE
New York, N. Y.

New Faces—

To the Editors:

I am certain that with each new issue of *Harper's* I will first turn to "New Books" by Gilbert Highet. How entertaining a writer a critic can be! What's more, he frankly refers you to a better book (though not "new") for reading worth your while. . . .

DURAND HAROOTUNION
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Congratulations on your September issue:

1. "The New Recordings." This is an excellent innovation, but there isn't enough of it. I hope you will expand it to six or eight pages. . . .

2. "New Books." I have enjoyed Gilbert Highet's first reviews more than anything of their kind in years. I think his reviews are probably much more stimulating than the books he reviews. . . .



To Friends, Yourself and Family

IT'S FUN TO LEARN

***by* LINGUAPHONE**

World's-Standard Conversational Method

A Linguaphone Language Set gives each member of your family an invaluable asset for business, school, social success, social life and travel. With Linguaphone, you learn another language AT HOME the same, easy, natural way you learned your mother tongue long before you went to school. You listen, you hear native men and women speak in their native language. You understand. YOU speak, correctly as they do. You read and write.

STOP WISHING—START TALKING

Treat your family, friends and yourself to a Linguaphone Set in:—

FRENCH SPANISH NORWEGIAN
GERMAN RUSSIAN JAPANESE
any of 29 languages available

Used internationally by educators, governments and over a million home-study students.

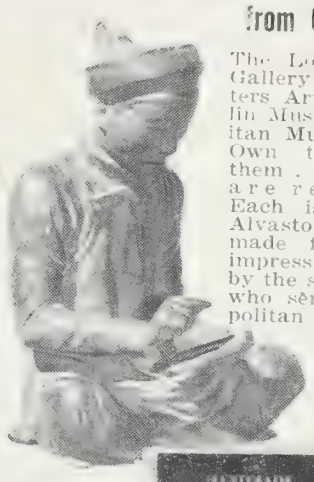
FREE BOOK gives FASCINATING FACTS—WRITE TODAY or COME IN for FREE DEMONSTRATION

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
Dept. 411 Radio City, N. Y. 20, N. Y.
Approved for Veterans' Training

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
111 Radio City, N. Y. 20, N. Y.
Send me your FREE book.
I am interested in.....
Name .....
Address .....
City .....
Zone ....State .....

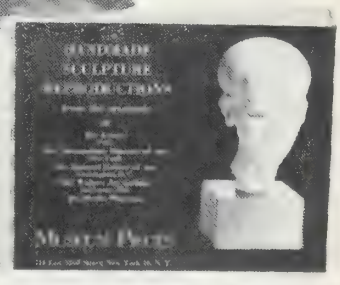
HANDMADE SCULPTURE REPRODUCTIONS from ORIGINALS at



The Louvre, National Gallery of Art, Walters Art Gallery, Berlin Museum, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Own them or give them . . . these pieces are real treasures! Each is handcast in Alvastone in a mold made from a direct impression of original by the same craftsmen who serve the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Identical with originals in size, shape, color, detail, patina.

CHINESE FIGURE

One of a pair. 8 inches high. Originals (Ming Dynasty) in the Louvre. Use on desk, shelf or as book ends. Price, $15 pair. Shipped express charges collect.



COMPLETE CATALOG

76 pages of handmade sculpture reproductions from originals in world-famous museums. Gift inspirations, from $2 to $50. For your copy, send 25¢ in coin or stamps.

MUSEUM PIECES
INCORPORATED
114 EAST 32ND STREET, DEPT. H
New York 16, N. Y.

31st Year

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

AN AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW

AT this time, when the United States must make momentous decisions of foreign policy, more and more Americans are turning to FOREIGN AFFAIRS as a great primary source of authoritative information.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS has one aim only—to provide the most expert opinion procurable on the problems of American foreign policy, and on the political, social and economic currents which are affecting men's thoughts and action all over the world.

It stands alone in its special field, without rival either in the United States or abroad. It is read by the Heads of Governments, Foreign Ministers and party leaders, by businessmen and bankers, by professional men and women, by our officials in Washington and in posts abroad; it is used in the professor's study, in the classrooms of universities and in libraries; it is quoted in the newspapers, and referred to in scholarly journals and in debates in Congress.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS commands this following and awakens this interest because of its unvarying standard of reliability and authority, and because its editorial direction gives it sound historical perspective in combination with the most timely interest.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS will provide you with facts which you want and opinions which you respect. Mail the coupon below and see for yourself why the New York *Herald Tribune* wrote that FOREIGN AFFAIRS offers "the most competent and responsible leadership which this country has developed in the foreign field."

In the Current Issue

November 1952: Imperatives of Foreign Policy ..... *McGeorge Bundy*
Foreign Aid: What Sort? How Much? How Long? ... *Richard M. Bissell, Jr.*
Operation Rewrite: The Agony of Soviet Historians ..... *Bertram D. Wolfe*
Germany's Dual Aim: Unity and Integration ..... *Walter Hallstein*
Russian Manpower ..... *Eugene M. Kulischer*
New India ..... *Chester Bowles*
NATO's Growing Pains ..... *Charles M. Spofford*
Toward European Integration: Beginnings in Agriculture .... *S. L. Mansholt*
The Soviet State Fails to Wither ..... *Calvin B. Hoover*
Greenland and the World Around ..... *John J. Teal, Jr.*
Toward Federation in Central Africa ..... *Roy Welensky*

Introductory Offer

We will enter a year's subscription *for new subscribers* at the reduced price of $5 (regular rate $6). In addition, we will include the current issue, described above, FREE—in all a saving of $2.50. Offer good for limited time only. Use the order form below.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS,
58 East 68th Street, New York 21

Enclosed is $5.00 (special introductory rate) for a year's subscription to begin with the next (January) issue. As an extra bonus, I am to receive at once the current issue *without charge.*

Name (please print) .....

Street .....

City & Zone ..... *State* .....

LETTERS

3. The Cover. The illustrated cover is much more attractive than the old one. . . .

E. WENDELL HEWSON
South Dartmouth, Mass.

To the Editors:

I simply must write you to tell you how pleased I was to find Mr. Canby's column on "The New Recordings" in the September issue. It is an outstanding addition to my favorite magazine.

NELSON R. ELDRED
South Charleston, W. Va.

Krilium and Its Parts

To the Editors:

I read with much interest "Krilium and Its Rivals" [September], but I would like to mention one fundamental point in which it is in error.

The article implies that Krilium soil conditioner was originally based on the chemical acrylonitrile, and that Monsanto discontinued use of this chemical in the manufacture of Krilium only because of difficulties of supply.

The origin of this completely incorrect impression is readily explicable. When Monsanto announced the development of Krilium at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science last December, the company explained clearly that it had been working with several synthetic chemical soil conditioners. These were identified at the meeting by code numbers, with the exception of one chemical which was identified as a hydrolyzed polyacrylonitrile. The company elected to identify the latter product because it was a widely known chemical and, as such, amounted to a minimum disclosure of the direction in which Monsanto and its co-operators had long been working.

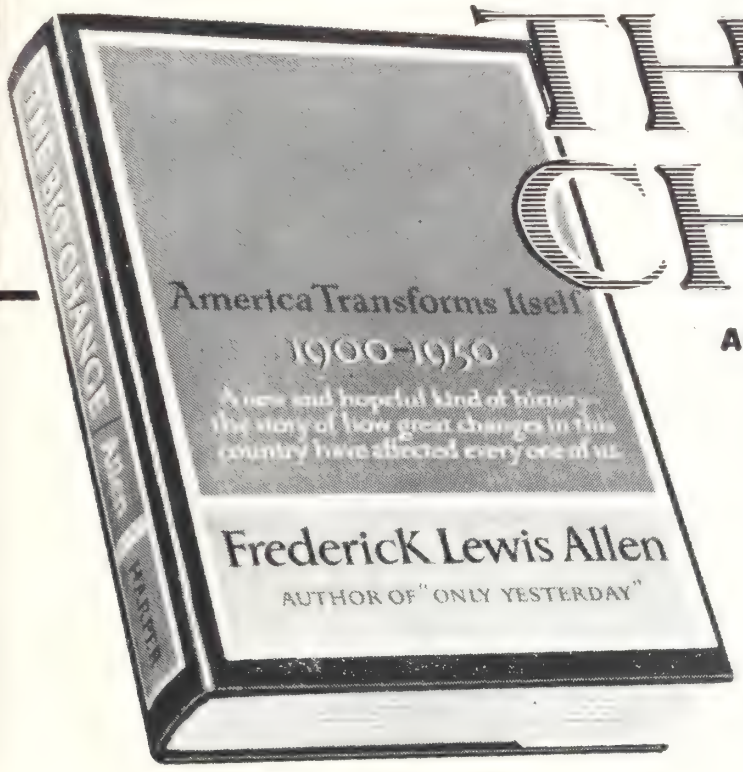
The fact is that another chemical identified at that time only by a code number but later as a modified vinyl acetate maleic acid compound had proved in extensive tests to be a much more effective soil conditioner than those based on acrylonitrile. Since Monsanto and its several hundred technical co-operators have established the only extensive testing program in existence concerning syn-

How out-of-date are your ideas about American life?

FredericK Lewis Allen

author of ONLY YESTERDAY

tells the always fascinating, often fantastic story of fifty years of astounding growth—



THE BIG CHANGE

AMERICA TRANSFORMS ITSELF: 1900-1950

"One of the very best books about the United States I ever read. Not to be missed. Wise, penetrating, provocative, and sublimely readable."-JOHN GUNTHER

"THE BIG CHANGE is Frederick Lewis Allen's best book. It has all the interest and charm of his earlier ones — and I don't know any books about the period that have more steadily growing excitement . . . It's a necessary book . . . a powerful book and a valuable one . . . The book sets itself against the currently fashionable literary despair and describes the bases for belief in the future which unstampeded and informed minds hold firmly to . . ." — BERNARD DEVOTO

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection • $3.50

"What a beautiful book!... It is much more than a collection of letters; rather, an unconscious autobiography of a great artist and a great person."

—DEEMS TAYLOR

LETTERS of EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

edited by **ALLAN ROSS MACDOUGALL**

In these letters you will come to know Edna Millay herself. They are rich in allusions to the people and events of her time, the personalities and the causes that moved her to action. Through them she reveals her growth as a poet and her ideas on literature and life.

$5.00

At all bookstores **HARPER & BROTHERS**

« Schools and Colleges »

NEW JERSEY



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS

INDIVIDUALIZED PLAN—EACH STUDENT A CLASS

For those with educational problems — successful college preparation and general education. **Our tests discover causes of difficulties** and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and the science of study.

Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 40 years' experience

Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster

OXFORD ACADEMY

Box H-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

MAINE

OAK GROVE A Friends' School for Girls—Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious, Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Speech. Grades 7-12 and P.G. for H.S. Graduates. Modern [illegible] Riding included. Beautiful new Dept. of Quadrangle. MR. and MRS. ROLAND O. OWEN, Box 320, VASSALBORO, MAINE.

VIRGINIA

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

ONE SUBJECT PLAN (upper school) has increased [illegible] Develops concentration. Accredited. ROTC highest rating. Modern bldgs., 2 gyms, pool. Separate Jr. School, grades 1-7. ONE SUBJECT PLAN booklet and catalog. DR. J. C. WICKER, BOX 811, FORK UNION, VA.

ILLINOIS

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

Fashion Merchandising with Modeling. Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Interior Decoration, Commercial Art, Photography, Window Display, Coeducational, Attractive residence for girls. Entr. monthly. Write Registrar Room 730. RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS, 750 N. Michigan, CHICAGO 11.

A JUNIOR COLLEGE

The facilities of our School Information Bureau are at your command for any additional assistance you may require in selecting the school best suited to your demands. A [illegible]

School Information Bureau, HARPER'S MAGAZINE

WISCONSIN

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

Graduates in [illegible] colleges, service academies. Accredited. Conference-type classes. Sr. ROTC. Highest War Dept. rating. Modern bldgs. Sports include golf, flying, riding. In Wisconsin Lake Region. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Catalog. 1212 DE KOVEN HALL, DELAFIELD, WISCONSIN

HOME STUDY

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

[illegible] hobbies, home-[illegible] local and club [illegible] extra money. In [illegible] the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write the way newspapers [illegible] Writing Aptitude Test. It's [illegible] You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation.

Veterans: [illegible]

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
SUITE 5992-T, ONE PARK AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

OHIO

LAKE ERIE COLLEGE

"Where Every Student Travels Abroad At No Additional Cost"

Fully Accredited. Liberal Arts, Music, Dramatics, Art, Teacher Training, Sports

ADDRESS: BOX 5, LAKE ERIE COLLEGE, PAINESVILLE, OHIO

INDIANA

TRI-STATE COLLEGE

B. S. DEGREE IN 27 MONTHS

Founded 1884 World-Wide Enrollment.

Mech., Civil, Elect., Chem., Aero, Radio, Tech. Engineering; Bus. Adm., Acct. Extensive campus. New and modernized buildings . . . up-to-date labs. Low rates. Prep courses. Personalized instructions. Heavy demand for graduates. Placement [illegible]

Enter Sept., Jan., March, June. Write for Catalog. 3412 College Ave., Angola, Ind.

SPECIAL SCHOOL

PERKINS SCHOOL

A year round special school for the Scientific Study and Education of children of retarded development. Constant, sympathetic supervision. Individual training. Five homelike, attractive buildings. 30 acres of campus and gardens. Summer session in Maine.

FRANKLIN H. PERKINS, M.D., Dir.,
Box 11, LANCASTER, MASS.

SUMMER SCHOOL and CAMP

SHATTUCK SUMMER SCHOOL-CAMP

Six weeks' recreation and study for boys 9-18. Two age groups. Regular Shattuck faculty and facilities. Basic military training. Sailing, swimming, tennis, golf, other sports. Dietitian. In southern Minnesota. *Catalog.*

DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS
529 Shumway Hall, FARIBAULT, MINN.

While last summer is still fresh on your child's mind, stimulate him with new and challenging ideas for the summer of '53. Study . . . work . . . trips . . . camp for the first time?

Make your plans early. We will be glad to have catalogs sent to you for study. Write:

Adele Wallace
Camp Information Bureau
Harper's Magazine
49 E. 33rd Street
New York, New York

LETTERS

thetic soil conditioners, we feel that comparative tests of these two materials have definite and unique significance. It is as a direct result of these carefully replicated tests that Krilium soil conditioner is based on a modified vinyl acetate maleic acid compound.

While the public necessarily has little interest in chemical jargon, it has a decided interest in the ability to rate and compare various products offered for sale in the same field. And the public inevitably has an interest in the thoroughness of a testing program behind a given product. . . .

CARROLL A. HOCHWALT
Monsanto Chemical Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editors:

In brief reply to Mr. Hochwalt's letter I should like to state that when Krilium was announced by Monsanto at the AAAS meeting in Philadelphia, December 29, 1951, company officials told the press that it was obtained from a polyacrylonitrile as the trade name might imply—and that it was in short supply and would be doled out mainly for test purposes until the completion of Monsanto's new acrylonitrile plant in Texas City, scheduled to open early in 1953. It was stated that other promising compounds had been tested, but they were not described or emphasized.

It was in May, after several firms had placed on the market rival soil conditioners based on acrylonitrile obtained from the American Cyanamid Company, that Monsanto changed its plans and entered the retail market with Merloam, described as a "formulation of Krilium soil conditioners . . . not based on acrylonitrile." The raw materials of this soil conditioner were not named, but a company release stated that they were "in plentiful supply and under Monsanto's control."

These facts need not concern the home gardener. Monsanto pioneered in the field, has tested its soil conditioners more thoroughly than any other firm, and has been conservative in its claims. One may buy Krilium with confidence, regardless of its chemical origin.

HARLAND MANCHESTER
New York, N. Y.

EXTRA!

Now equipped with our azing ***PAGE GAGE!***

PAGE GAGE takes the guesswork out of page-end typing!

AMAZING Smith-Corona FEATURE



LD'S FIRST . . . WORLD'S FASTEST

h-Corona is the greatest success story ortable history. And now with Page e—it's greater than ever. Many exclu- features for s-m-o-o-t-h typing, top rmance—plus the *touch* and *action* of ffice typewriter.

WRITER DEALERS VOTE SMITH-CORONA 2 TO 1 FAVORITE

recent survey, typewriter dealers were l which portable was *best.* The answer Smith-Corona—2 to 1 over any other e!

Smith-Corona *has* PAGE GAGE

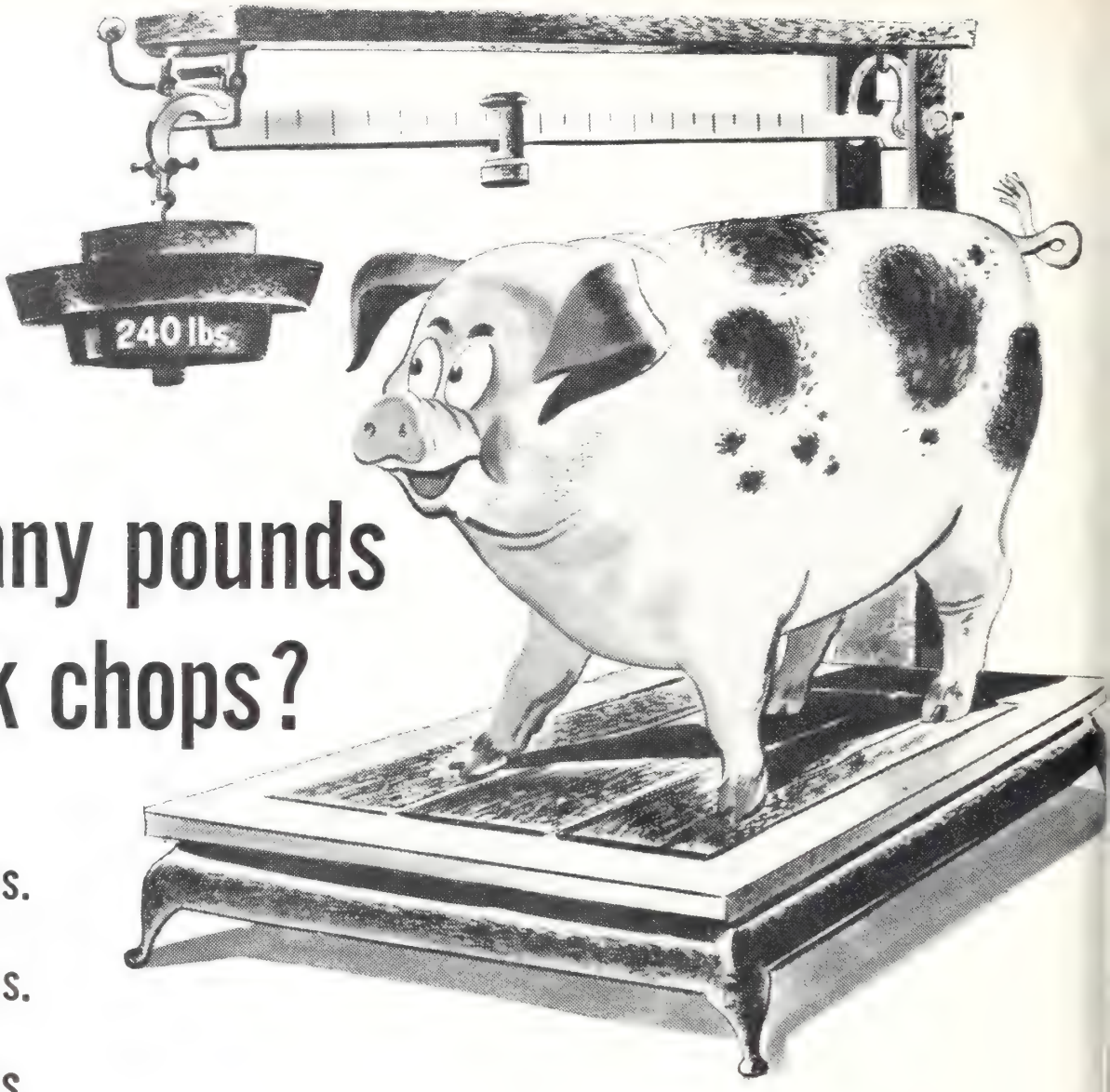
SEE this 9-lb. baby brother—

Skyriter



L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC SYRACUSE 1 N Y

Canadian factory & offices, Toronto, Ontario. Makers also of famous Smith-Corona Office Typewriters, Adding Machines, Vivid Duplicators, Ribbons & Carbons



How many pounds are pork chops?

☐ 50 lbs.

☐ 25 lbs.

☐ 10 lbs.

As you see them at your meat store, pork chops are simply a choice cut of meat with a neat little handle of bone.

But as the meat packer buys them, pork chops are part of a "package" that includes many less popular cuts as well as a lot of weight that isn't "eatin' meat".

A porker that weighs-in at the meat packing plant at 240 pounds, shows up at your retailers as 115 pounds of fresh and smoked pork products and 35 pounds of lard. Only 150 pounds altogether. And only 10 pounds of this are center-cut pork chops.

That's why you pay more for pork chops than for most other cuts of pork. For the price of each cut of meat (like the price of just about everything else!) is determined largely by how much there is of it and how much people like it.

Economists call this the law of supply and demand. Women call it "shopping". They compare, pick, choose. In a free market, their choice of the available supplies sets the values—whether it's in pork or peaches; beef or bananas.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

Harper's MAGAZINE

Politics and TV

Bruce Bliven

Drawings by Robert Osborn

NINETEEN FIFTY-TWO is the year that television came to politics. It is the year when, night after night, you saw General Eisenhower or Governor Stevenson being introduced as "the next President of the United States" to cheering audiences in seemingly identical auditoriums across the country. Before that it was the year when in broiling July people stayed up until the small hours watching the Conventions while complaining steadily that their eyes hurt, that it wasn't worth it, and that they should turn off the set and go to bed; the year when for months on end the central figure on every panel show was Senator Kefauver if it wasn't Senator Taft, and there was no quarter of an hour on television or radio so remote or obscure that it could not command the presence of at least one candidate and very likely six. True, the campaign of 1948 was also reported through the new medium; but in that summer there were only thirty-seven telecasting stations and 350,000 receiving sets; the chains covered no more than approximately the northeastern quarter of the country. By this year the number of stations had grown to 108, the number of sets to more than seventeen million (four families in ten), and the circuits, by means of coaxial cable or microwave relay, reached almost every area.

In 1952 this, the most important instrument for cultural change developed in the last half-century, certainly possesses the physical means to exert tremendous influence on our political life. Is it doing so? While no firm answer to this question is yet possible, we can make some interim notes on what is happening.

Millennial Claims. Some extraordinary boasts have been made in regard to television's beneficent influence. It is said that at the very moment when this country has grown so populous as to make the operation of the democratic process increasingly difficult, TV has restored some of the conditions of the New England town meeting. "Television," says the ecstatic Radio Corporation of America in a full-page advertisement, "has brought their government back to the people!" The searching eye of the camera, we hear, infallibly lays bare the soul of the insincere or evil man who appears before it, as well as the man replying to a question to which he does not know the answer; its powers are far greater than those of radio (which, indeed, proved a valuable crutch to the demagogue); greater than the newsreel, with its carefully rehearsed

In this collection of penetrating but informal notes on the political history of 1952, as seen through the moving eye of the TV camera, Bruce Bliven opens up a number of suggestive questions about the social effects of the new medium.

fictions: greater even than attendance at a public meeting, unless you can manage to be in the front row, where the television camera always sits. We are told that when every important public issue is debated at length in your own living-room by the chief protagonists, when you can see history being made without even taking off your slippers, interrupted only by your visits to the icebox for a snack, public interest in civic affairs is sure to be greatly heightened, and the discretion of the voter will be augmented. In short, we are promised the millennium, a prescription that pleases us, since Americans are always expecting the millennium and are impatient for its arrival.

Balance Sheet. A few of the most obvious advantages and disadvantages of television in politics should be catalogued, if only briefly (some of these points I am paraphrasing from the astute William S. White of the *New York Times*). On the good side:

It enables you to get a vivid impression of the personalities of the leading candidates with minimum trouble: no tired feet, no standing in the rain or the blistering sun at a railroad station, no fighting through the crowd at the auditorium. This impression is stronger and is created in much less time than is possible by any other means. I know a lady who watches television and says almost instantly when a new face appears, "I like him," or, "I don't like him." The judgment is complete and irrevocable—and I am sure there are millions like her.

Since it is so easy to turn a knob, many people in one party are willing to look at and listen to the candidates of the other, although they would rarely do so if it meant going downtown to attend a meeting.

Both parties get a roughly equal hearing on television in towns where all daily newspapers are under one ownership, now reported to be four-fifths of the total. (This has presumably been of more importance to Governor Stevenson than to General Eisenhower; *Editor and Publisher* says that 75 per cent of the papers favor the Republican candidate and only 15 per cent the Democratic, the other 10 per cent being independent or uncommitted; the pro-Eisenhower papers have eight times as much circulation as the pro-Stevenson ones.)

If the candidate appears in a television studio, he has the advantages of no heckling or booing and of clement weather (whose importance will be realized by everyone who saw Eisenhower's drenched audience at Abilene or Stevenson's being baked at Detroit).

On the bad side:

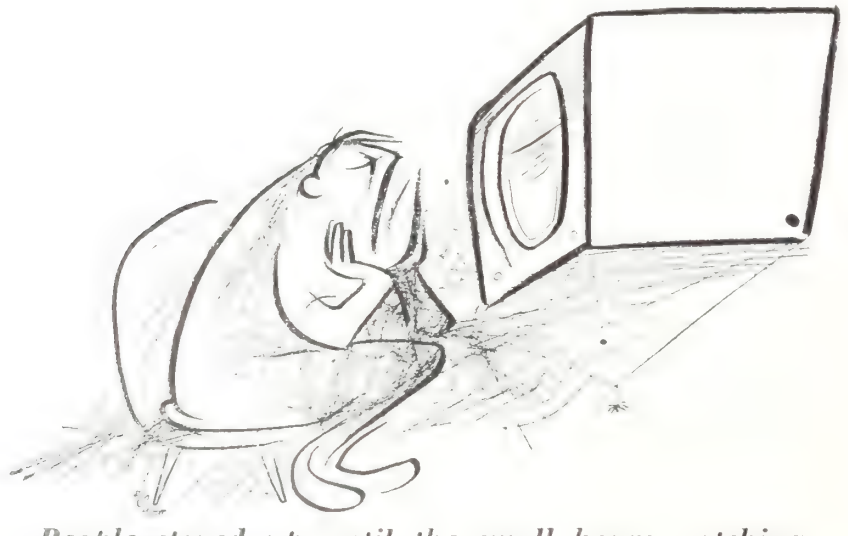
A speech made to several thousand people is necessarily quite different from a quiet talk to a few people in a living-room; you can get into trouble trying to combine them.

You can't shake hands or kiss babies by television.

You can't seem to be poor David fighting rich Goliath when people know that somebody is paying a thousand dollars a minute for your appearance on the air.

The candidate who used television and failed also to barnstorm the entire country would embitter those sections where he neglected to appear. He would damage the prestige of the local politicians who maximate their own importance by riding for a few hours on the train of the Presidential nominee.

At the present time there are still more homes without television than with it, and a few parts of the country where it does not exist.



People stayed up until the small hours watching.

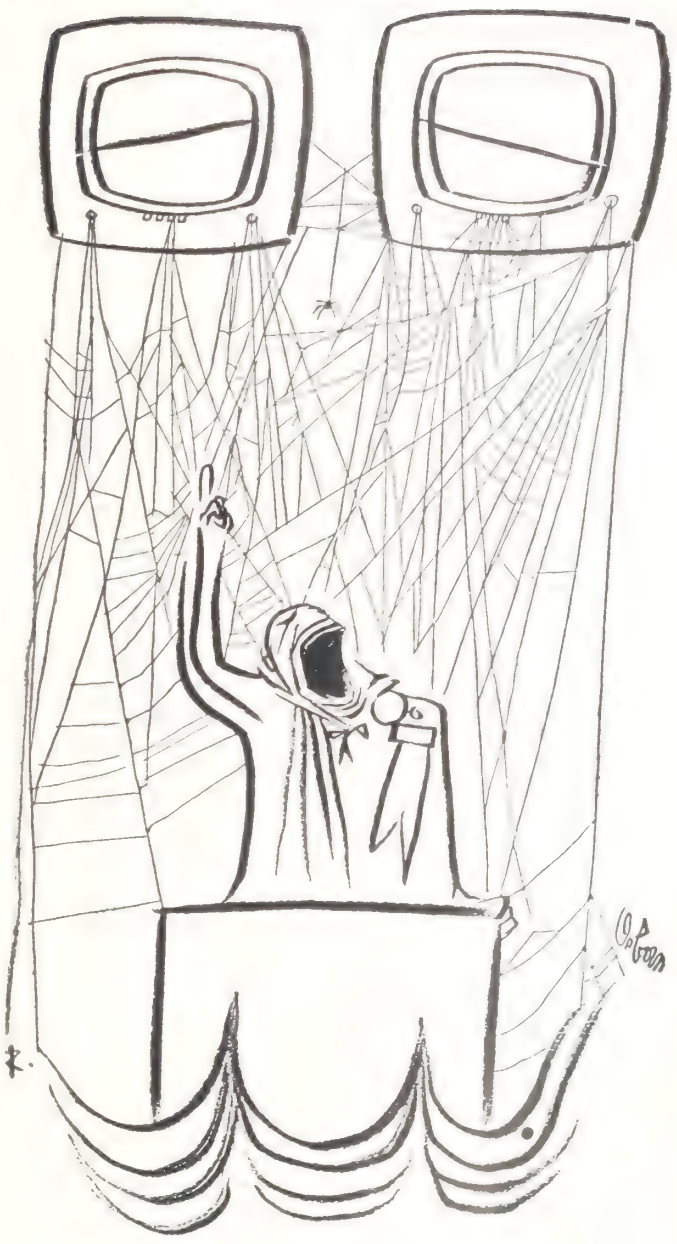
Heroic Endeavor. The television industry worked hard at politics in 1952. This was partly competition among the networks, partly the belief that people were interested, partly the fact that putting a political personality

and some inquisitors in front of a camera is gratifyingly inexpensive. A fourth factor is more complicated: both radio and television are in a chronic state of feeling guilty about their relation to the federal government. They get from the Federal Communications Commission, free of charge, air channels with a gross value of about half a billion dollars a year, to the accompaniment of a low steady hum of disgusted criticism from the public that the quality of much that they offer is inferior. While the FCC practically never exercises its theoretical power to cancel a license, the networks are always looking for extra insurance in the form of a chance to perform some big, flashy piece of public service.

What could be bigger and flashier than to make over our political life?

Certainly politics on television in 1952 has provided many moments of thrilling drama. Those who saw them will long remember President Truman's casual-seeming renunciation of a third term before a dumfounded Democratic audience; Eisenhower at the Washington airport after returning from Paris; his first speech and press conference, in which the struggle of the soldier trying to turn politician was so visible; Taft shaking hands with the victor at Chicago in a space the size of a hotel elevator, that seemed to contain a hundred people; the girl in the Taft headquarters the same day with big tears rolling down her cheeks, too proud to wipe them away; Jim Farley tramping the Convention floor at a crucial moment, speaking to the head of one delegation after another, a general telling his colonels it is time to attack; Kefauver striding grimly down the aisle to renounce his aspirations—to say nothing of Mr. Romany of Puerto Rico, with his famous "What's the name, please? Is all right, she's not here."

The Conventions, in particular, were covered as nothing in human history was ever covered before. One network sent three hundred men to Chicago, and the others did about as well. The mechanism was visibly far too big for its content; television used up candidates and delegates so fast that the commentators finally got down to interviewing the ushers, the bakers in the kitchens of the Conrad Hilton Hotel, and—lowest of all—each other.



Every issue is debated in your living-room.

The Effect on the Audience. We do not yet know, and perhaps we never shall, just what the effect of all this television politics has been on the public. We do know that the question-answering Talkathon, which seems to have been invented by Governor Tom Dewey in 1950, has worked magically in several places around the country. As for the Presidential election, some of the poll-takers believe that nearly all the voters make up their minds early in the year—perhaps in March or April—and are immovable thereafter. (This would doubtless be less true of the 14 per cent who profess to be independent than of the 36 per cent of Republicans or the 50 per cent of Democrats; it would also be less true in the states that are



What could be bigger and flashier than to make over our political life?

about evenly divided than in the one-party states like the Solid South.)

There seems no doubt that to a large number of people what they saw of the two Conventions offered a disagreeable revelation. There are masses of individuals, including many who vote with great regularity, who have remained only dimly aware that there is such a thing as a professional politician; that some of these are pretty sordid types; and that even on the national level, politics consists largely of making deals.

Although all the facts had been described in advance, in the press, there is evidence that many people were shocked by, for example, the attempt to unseat the pro-Eisenhower delegations from Louisiana and Texas at the Republican Convention. (I mention this in no partisan way, but merely as illustration; the Democrats are about equally guilty of political machinations.) We know that many people expressed deep indignation over some of the things they saw on the screen; they did so in long-distance telephone calls, in telegrams and letters to the delegates, and in comments (including letters published in local newspapers) that were passed on to the party leaders at second hand. The statement has been made, though I have no proof of it, that some actions of both Conventions, notably in the Credentials Committees, were influenced for the better by this pressure of opinion.

Certainly, many letters published in newspapers echoed the sentiments of Robert J. Johnson of Danbury, Connecticut, who wrote to the New York *Herald Tribune* that we have to raise the question about the Conventions "whether this ill-behaved spectacle is not outmoded," expressed doubt as to "its being the democratic way to select a nominee," and referred to "the prolonged agony of listening to political windbags." B. C. Gerbert of Marrero, Louisiana, told the *Saturday Evening Post* that "through TV the American people have found out just what a national convention is—a farce . . . a place where exhibitionists pose as delegates and publicly admit they don't know what it is all about." Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois commented that "television showed that, to make democracy live, the present [convention] system must be reformed." The fortnightly magazine, the *Freeman,* went even farther and demanded that radio and television be barred from all future conventions:

> . . . Television, fixing its prying and disillusioning eye upon the antics and asininities of our shirtsleeved statesmen in Convention assembled, is likely to so disgust the plain citizen that he may continue to withhold his vote until zero is reached. . . . The populace can take only so much; these intimate glimpses into the behavior of our political masters are far more subversive of our hallowed political institutions than all the printed jeremiads since John Adams.

Some of the criticisms, it is clear, are based on a misapprehension of what politics and politicians are all about. For many of the delegates to the national Conventions, for instance, success of their party at the national, state, or local level means money: means getting or continuing to hold a job, or benefiting from contracts, or legal fees, or in other ways. These delegates would like to please the television audience by putting on a good show; but if doing so conflicts with the job they are trying to do there is no doubt which they will choose.

Take for example the matter of the incessant, unjustified calling of the roll of the individual states, which bored the televiewers almost unendurably. While to some extent it may have been caused by a desire of individual delegates to be seen on television by their friends back home, it had two other important purposes. One of these was to slow up the roll call, permitting deals to be hammered out behind the scenes. The other was to prove publicly that certain delegates who had agreed to support a specified candidate were sticking to their bargains.

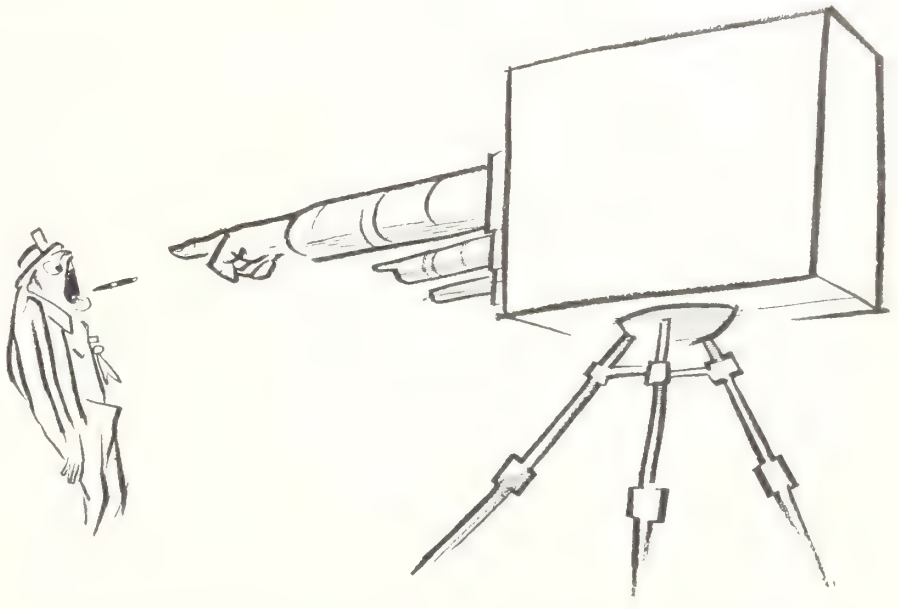
Not So Successful. When the orators kept telling the delegates that "140 million eyes are on you," they exaggerated substantially. The Conventions proved a disappointment in terms of audience, though it is true that many people were fascinated and sat up all night; some of these were apparently outside the normal television audience, like those who followed the Kefauver hearings in 1950.

Shows on television or radio are checked for popularity by a random sampling system. A large number of people are called by telephone to find out whether they own a radio or television set and if so, whether it is turned on, and to what; the pollsters assume that what is true of a sample of a few hundred is true of everybody. Tested in this way, the national Conventions did not do very well. In New York City, which is believed to be representative, they commanded on the average only slightly more than one-third of the television sets, though they were on the four chief networks and (in midsummer) were almost without competition. The Democrats did about 25 per cent worse than the Republicans and on their second evening got down to only one-fifth (in some cities one-sixth) of their potential viewers. Compare this with the record last winter of a popular TV comedy of young married life, "I Love Lucy," which regularly had more than two-thirds of all televiewers, though shown on only one network.

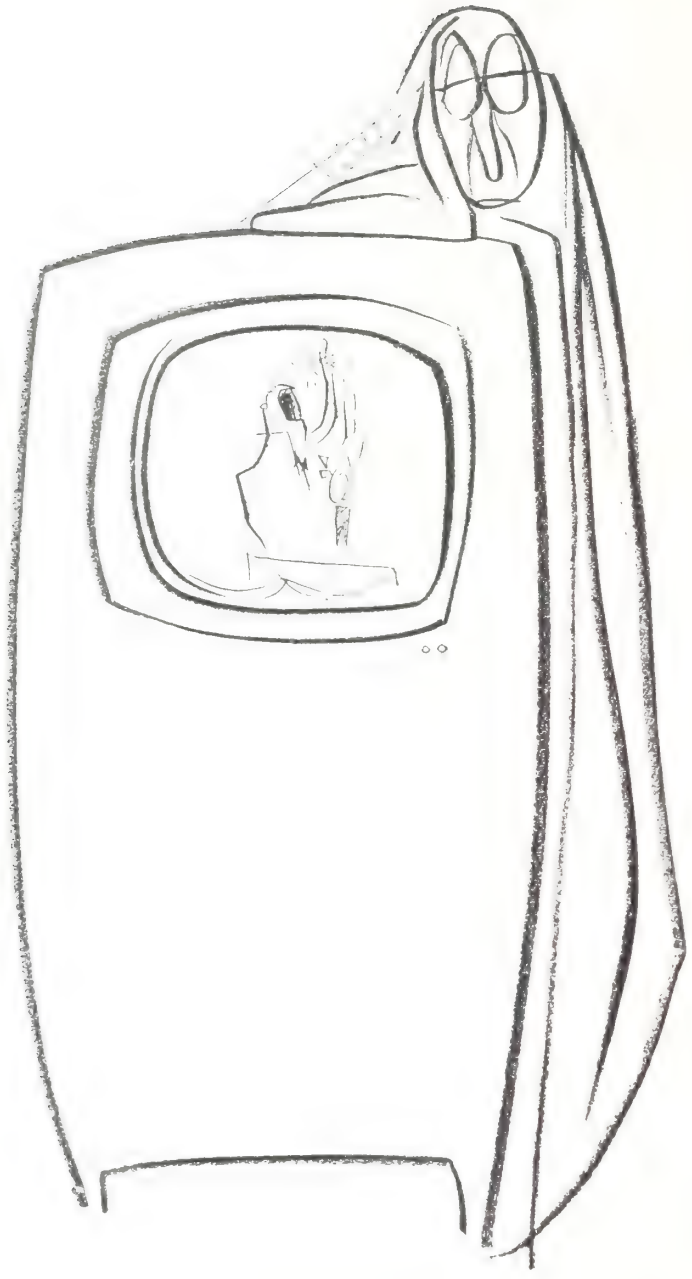
Among those disconcerted by the poor showing are probably the three sponsors who among them paid nearly $8 million for package deals with the networks, the chief items in which were sponsorship of the Conventions and the election-night returns. To be sure, they were on the air from two and a half to four times as long as had been expected; on the other hand, these advertisers undoubtedly generated a certain amount of ill will among viewers who could not understand the necessity of interpolating commercial messages into an important public event with patriotic overtones. While every effort was made to keep the commercials from interfering with tense moments, these efforts failed irritatingly on a number of occasions—for instance, when one network cut off the significant demonstration for Governor Stevenson following his address of welcome to the Democrats.

Though the networks say they are very, very happy, one may question the exact degree of their bliss. They lost from $2 to $3 million more than they received, in expense incurred and canceled commercial programs, a number of which had ratings far higher than the Conventions ever got. As the Chicago shows dragged on, the stations began to get letters demanding the return of the normal television fare, and movie attendance surged upward.

What about '56? Four years from now it is expected that we shall have about two



TV fixes its prying eye upon our shirtsleeved statesmen.



140 million eyes are on you.

thousand telecasting stations and at least fifty million receiving sets. If present trends continue, advertising rates on the air will be far higher than at present and every scrap of time throughout the twenty-four hours will be sold. While prophecy is dangerous in a field that is changing so fast, I suggest that four years from now it is most unlikely that the Conventions will again be broadcast *in toto* or will be sponsored by any three or four commercial firms spending some $8 million in a fortnight. It seems more probable that only a few dramatic highlights will be broadcast as they occur. The networks are more likely to review the most important developments in their fixed news programs at various times all day long and then summarize the highlights on film in an hour or two each evening about dinner time.

Something like this has already been seen; the Columbia Broadcasting System this autumn has been airing a special television show each Sunday afternoon giving a filmed record of important doings of the two chief candidates during the preceding week.

Trouble for the Pencil Reporters. The political writers (who are coming to be known in the jargon of the trade as "pencil reporters") are now struggling with a problem that several years ago became acute for the sports writers: how do you report something that has already been seen in utter detail by most of your readers? These readers, to be sure, are not rendered indifferent by their hours of television: they are all the more eager to see what the papers have to say. On the other hand, they can and do pounce on the slightest inaccuracy. If the reporter at a convention is old-fashioned or stubborn enough to stay in the press section of the hall, he sees only a small part of the story the televiewers are watching on their screens; yet it takes courage for him to give up and go spend his days and nights in front of a television set in a nearby hotel room (or better yet, at home in Silver Springs).

The lifesaver for the journalists is the fact that like the iceberg of the inevitable simile, five-sixths of a political convention is under water; the public meetings to which television is invited do no more in most cases than to confirm what small groups have previously arranged in secret conferences. The newspaperman can still go through keyholes too small for the camera.

This year's politics has confirmed the fact that television is creating a new type of journalist of its own (though some of the best of them have been borrowed from the world of paper and ink). The new television reporter must be reasonably good-looking, well dressed, impervious to fatigue. He must have the ability to ad-lib for hours on end if necessary, without stammering or taking a fresh start on a sentence before reaching the verb. He must be able to stand up to anybody, including a President, and ask a lot of embarrassing questions. He must keep his temper when the interviewee tries to make

him lose it, as Senator Robert Kerr is fond of doing. He must know a lot without having it show in conspicuous bulges on his brow. It is a tribute to our rich and varied human resources that in so short a time, we have turned up a number of specimens who fit these astringent qualifications.

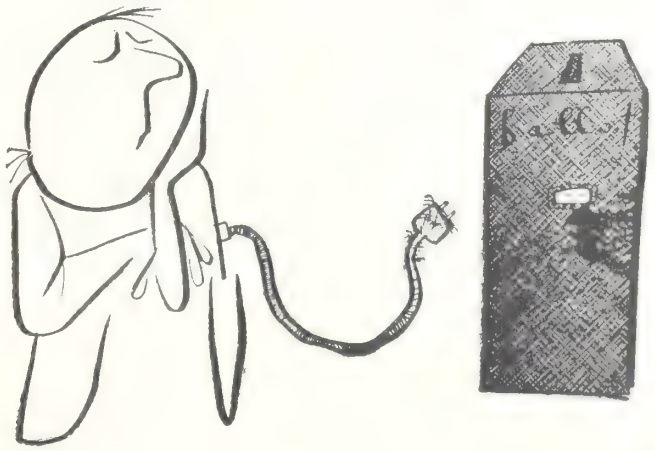
Keeping Off the Screen. The candidates have been learning that to appear too much on television may be a mistake as serious as appearing too little. Not only is it dangerous to be seen so often that the televiewer begins to associate you with boredom: the insatiable camera consumes material for the political figure as remorselessly as it does for the comedian. Nothing is more pitiable than the plight of the man trying to pretend, against the evidence of the facts, that he has not already said everything he has to say on all subjects. It is interesting even if only coincidental that the candidates who won the Republican and Democratic nominations were the two who had appeared on television the least.

There is also a simple question of dignity. Several people have commented to this writer that the series of shows on which nearly all the candidates for the Democratic nomination appeared simultaneously just as the Convention opened, each man speaking his little three-minute piece, dragged the dignity of the Presidential office perilously low.

Most dangerous for any candidate (except getting out of step with the Teleprompter) is the panel show on which he is heckled by a group of skilled and acid-tongued political reporters. Their questions can be deadly, so much so that one of television's most important roles in politics may be to limit potential office-seekers to men who can hold their own in this sort of rough-and-tumble exchange. I can think of several past Presidents of the United States who might not have attained that office if panel shows had existed when they were running.

Not Just a Spectator Sport. The claims made for television as the cure for all that is wrong in our politics are obviously too sweeping to be true. Those of us who are middle-aged (a phrase used to describe himself by everyone who is less than a hundred) remember how radio was supposed to reform our political life. Before that, it was woman's suffrage and still earlier, the secret ballot, the direct primary, and the initiative, referendum, and recall. None of these things, nor the combination of all of them, has prevented the continuance of corruption, boss rule, and demagoguery.

We shall know better before long whether television has reformed politics as much as predicted, or at all. The answer will not come in the outcome of the election; both political parties used television in about the same way, and anyhow, many factors enter into a victory. It will come when we learn what proportion of the eligible voters went to the polls this year. In the past few elections about 50 per cent of those entitled to vote have bothered to do so. Conceding that television has brought politics closer to most of the set-owners, it is still possible that they may regard it as purely a spectator sport, or may feel that merely by viewing the candidates and their friends they have accomplished something. Not unless it can pry televiewers in large numbers out of their easy chairs and down to the polling place on the corner can television get credit for any sort of effective political miracle.



"My Mother Lives with Us"

Agnes Rogers

I HADN'T seen Susan for years. We'd been in the same class in college, both of us had been living ever since, off and on, in the same city or in one or another of its suburbs, but we hadn't moved in the same circles or in tangential circles, and, for such are the vagaries of metropolitan life, we hadn't even run into each other. It was, therefore, a pleasant surprise at lunchtime when the Schrafft hostess steered me to a small table for two, and I found that my companion was my old friend Susan.

We greeted each other with that mixture of warmth and frustration which marks such reunions. I—and I believe she, too—wanted to establish a common ground and carry on from where we'd left off some twenty years before, but so much water (or possibly so little) had gone under the bridge that it was hard to know where to begin. I knew vaguely that she'd been married but I didn't remember her married name (and was she widowed, perhaps, or divorced?) and I was wholly ignorant of such vital statistics as number of children, husband's occupation, political affiliations, or her own professional or amateur interests. For all I knew, she might be the head of a junior college, or the president of the League of Women Voters in Westchester County, or she might just have published the definitive work on the flatworm. And I knew that she was just as much in the dark about me.

We sparred in a friendly way through our polite salads, establishing the more obvious facts of our present circumstances—marital status, existence of children, home addresses, etc.—and, by the time coffee came, we were dredging up odds and ends of news about mutual friends whom one or the other of us occasionally saw or heard from. And then Susan suddenly made this electrifying statement: "It isn't very easy for us just now. You see, my mother lives with us."

More startling than the statement itself was the suppressed passion which underlay it. And then, having cast discretion and convention overboard with that bold and forbidden admission, she launched into a brief but trenchant summary of a situation in which you could fairly hear the nerves jangling.

Three years ago her mother's health had failed ("She's actually a good deal stronger than she thinks—or admits!") and the combined family finances had been unequal to the strain of keeping two establishments going, particularly since personal attendance was needed for the mother. Susan's catalogue of grievances was, unhappily, all too familiar: the criticisms of her housekeeping, the disapproval of her young daughter's manners and customs and friends, the strain on her husband's patience, Susan's own sense of guilt, and her sensation of being torn in different directions in her efforts to equate these discordant elements into an outwardly, at least, harmonious pattern.

"It will be a little better next year," Susan concluded, "when Milly's at boarding school. We hadn't planned to send her so soon—she's

In this study of one of the most common and most difficult relationships which the modern family must work out, Miss Rogers shows the same sympathy and spirit of adventure which animated her book Women Are Here to Stay.

a little young actually, and we can't really afford it, but under the circumstances it seems the only thing to do."

All that afternoon I kept thinking about Susan and about other households I knew or knew about which were facing, with varying degrees of success, these same circumstances, and by evening I'd worked myself into a fine state of mingled indignation and sympathy over the plight, not only of friends, but of utter strangers who were caught in such a sorry tangle—or would be in time to come.

For, as far as one can see, this sort of situation is bound to come up more and more frequently. The increase in longevity which has been hurtling along at such a pace that we have a new science to deal with the problems of the old (in the 1948 edition of *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* there was no such work as *geriatrics*) is not likely to slow down. It is much more likely to accelerate. At the same time there is little prospect, in the economic picture, of a turn of events that will guarantee financial security to the nonproductive person living on a fixed income. So we are faced with the melancholy prospect of our elderly ladies living longer and longer while their financial assets dwindle in direct ratio. Clearly, somebody will have to come to their rescue. The government? Even if money were available and facilities were provided, it seems safe to predict that it will be a very long time before our present code of decent behavior will be so changed that *all* of us will be content to see our parents turned over to the care of the state. No, a great many families will continue to open the door to make room for a grandmother (the grandfathers do not live so long) because there isn't enough money for her to live in her own place and there's nowhere else for her to go.

II

It is a great temptation to assert that one's own time has many unique features, and history should make us extremely cautious about airing such assertions. Human emotions and human relations are surprisingly constant. There is nothing new in tensions and misunderstandings between parents and children; the older generation has from time immemorial believed that the rising generation was going to hell in a hack; and the concept of a young woman who truly loved and enjoyed the company of her mother-in-law was remarkable enough in Biblical times to blossom in the lovely story of Ruth and Naomi. However I think it is reasonable to consider a few phenomena of recent years that have some bearing on the present complications of the combination household.

During the past twenty-five years the pattern of daily life has changed radically for most Americans and especially for the middle and upper-middle income groups. Mounting expenses plus the income tax, the trend to smaller living quarters, the shrinking—if not virtual disappearance—of the servant class, and the growing cult of informality have worked together to form a social pattern that would have been almost unrecognizable, and certainly distasteful, to the women of two or three generations ago. And it's pretty distasteful to a number of ladies today who are caught up in it at an age when adjustments are most difficult. The older woman whose income permits her to live alone may follow her own customs, but if she goes to live with her children, she has to conform to their set of rules.

Consider a typical case of a woman of sixty-five or thereabouts who is now living with her married daughter (who is presumably in her early forties). The family's social status is unchanged, but many of what the mother considers the amenities and even necessities for polite living have disappeared. The space and privacy that an ample house offers have been curtailed by building costs. Her daughter's house, despite its large living-room (with or without a picture window) she finds distinctly cramped, especially the bedrooms. She remembers her own faithful (in retrospect, they're always faithful and devoted) and underpaid servants and shakes her head over her daughter's energetic coping with meals and housework, with the occasional assistance of a part-time cleaning woman or relying wholly on her manifold household appliances. She compares her own former entertaining (this, too, gains in splendor by remembering)—the elaborate teas, receptions, dinners—with the cocktail parties and buffet suppers that her daughter furnishes, and she finds the latter lacking in elegance. She is offended by a party at which the guests

arrive an hour late, serve themselves, and sit on the floor. The fact that her daughter and son-in-law and their friends are happily enjoying themselves doesn't help matters one bit. She is more likely to pity her daughter for her hard lot—and this includes censure for her son-in-law for not being a better provider—and at the same time to deplore what she regards as a lowering of standards.

If it is particularly difficult—as I think it is—for the older woman of today to try to fit into her daughter's scheme of living, it is also hard for the daughter, because *she* came of age in the heady Twenties when the concept of freedom and the doctrine of "living one's own life" were the law and the prophets for young women of spirit. Quite aside from the widely publicized petting parties, hip-flasks, and other gaudy manifestations of that period, there was a genuine upsurge of self-reliance and eager independence among great numbers of girls. The woman who as a girl broke away from the shelter of home to live on her own finds it especially hard twenty years later to resume the close mother-daughter relationship that living under the same roof entails. Her mother would have been far better conditioned to have welcomed *her* mother: there would have been more room, for one thing, and it was taken for granted that elderly relations were part of the normal household.

But besides these timely elements that seem to me to aggravate the difficulties of the combination household of today, there are the constant factors that have always existed and will continue—pitfalls and possible trouble spots that are lurking even if they are not always evident. For under even the happiest conditions when there is affection and admiration on all sides, the daughter and her husband are likely to be under a certain sense of constraint. They do not want to shock the older woman and consequently are likely to watch their language and suppress the expression of spontaneous ideas that might be misunderstood. "I don't like making explanations," is the way one man put it. (They may carry this caution to quite unnecessary lengths: these older ladies are sometimes tougher-minded than their juniors think.) Occasionally the problem presents another face: the older woman calls for more intellectual effort than her children feel like making. "It's a little hard," said another man, speaking with rueful admiration of his visiting mother-in-law, "to have to take on the Arab question at breakfast."

It doesn't make much difference, I feel sure, whether the older woman is the mother of the wife or of the husband. The emotional stresses and strains may be differently distributed, but the situation is essentially the same, and it is the younger woman who has to deal with it most of the time. It is, after all, her home and what's more, she's *there*. She feels it is her responsibility to keep things on an even keel, and, being conscientious, she is forever trying to see that no one is neglected. She is likely to be on the lookout for criticism, spoken or tacit, but wants to be fair-minded and see all points of view. That means that she's constantly changing sides—which is wearing in itself. At any moment her train of thought may run something like this—"Are the children making too much noise? . . . Well, they have to play, don't they? . . . I hope John will feel like playing piquet with Mother this evening, it means so much to her. . . . She will just have to realize that *all* the girls in Janey's class wear lipstick. . . . I wish I could persuade her to abandon that dreary gray coat. . . . I suppose it's hard on her too."

And here we come to a most important point. It's not only hard on her, too: it's likely to be harder. For no matter what the younger people are giving up, the older one has had to give up more. She has lost her own home and her independence, and with their loss, some of her own identity has gone. She has become somebody's mother. The fact that she is no longer the giver is a severe blow to her pride; it is galling to be forever on the receiving end. If she is a woman of any sensitivity, she is acutely aware of the inconveniences her presence causes, and in her darker moments she regards herself as an intolerable burden. She has, furthermore, to make this radical adjustment in her way of living at an age when it's difficult to make even slight adjustments. And hardest of all, in most cases, she is almost certain to feel that she is no longer of any real use in the world. For in our worship of youth, we no longer accord reverence to age as such. Old people have to be wise and understanding and—yes, charming, to get much spontaneous attention.

Moreover, it is painfully true that as we grow older too often our less attractive crochets and eccentricities become intensified unless we are very, very careful.

Someone told me recently about two women, close friends, who were so aware of this sad phenomenon that when they were in their early thirties they made a list of annoying mannerisms and habits that they had observed among the elderly, and solemnly swore that each would keep her copy and consult it faithfully in time to come. Some thirty years later, one of them began to detect in the other certain of the proscribed items. "By the way, Mary," she remarked as innocently as she could, "do you remember that list we once made up that we called 'How Not to Be Terrible When You're Old'?"

Mary laughed cheerfully. "I do indeed," she said. "I came on it in a desk drawer a few years ago. I tore it up and threw it away. You never read anything so silly in your life!"

More fundamental, however, than eccentricities and mannerisms, and far more potentially dangerous to the peace is the curious love-hate relationship that sometimes exists between mother and daughter. Happily this seldom flares into open warfare, but it lurks in a modified form rather more frequently than one might think. It stems from the mother's possessiveness which makes her antagonistic to all influences except her own to which the daughter is subject. In exaggerated cases—and I'm sure all of us have seen them—the mother carries on an implacable campaign against these other influences—husband, children, friends, even intellectual or artistic or political interests of her daughter's that she doesn't share. Her weapons are likely to be open disapproval or ridicule, and as her sword seldom sleeps in her hand, she is able to deliver telling blows daily, if she is in daily contact with her daughter. Strangely enough, the mother may be wholly unconscious of what she's doing and might be horrified if she realized what pain she is giving. Even those women who know that they are behaving badly have a compulsion to say the unforgivable words. They simply cannot help themselves.

But if possessiveness on the mother's part is a possible trouble spot, there's another one that is quite different, but somehow related. The daughter may have long cherished the belief that her parents and their house were her anchor to windward, the ultimate refuge to which she could repair if things got too tough. To find that this no longer exists, to find that she must provide the ultimate refuge, can be in the nature of an emotional earthquake.

III

We've been considering the hazards and complications of the joint household, and by emphasizing these aspects have come up with a formidable picture. Isn't there any way to ameliorate the situation? Must it always be so thorny? As one who lived most happily with such an arrangement for some years, I know that it is possible that this can be a rich and rewarding experience. I also know that it doesn't happen without considerable doing.

We are granting, are we not, that it is not the most desirable pattern of modern domestic life? For those who think it is, there is no problem. That is to say, not *this* problem: they have plenty of other ones. For most of us necessity dictates the combining of forces, but the realization of the necessity is not enough to ensure its smooth operation. Nor is love enough.

It is clear that no one set of rules can be devised to suit every case. All cases will be different, just as individual temperaments and reactions are different. I think, however, that awareness of what everybody may be up against is in itself useful, and I think, too, that certain attitudes of mind and certain approaches may be helpful.

For one thing, if this comes your way, don't forget that the combined household is a joint enterprise in which all the members of the family are involved, and all share, to some degree, the responsibility for its success.

I think that some discussion of the situation at the start (even before minor irritations have begun) is useful. It isn't easy—this kind of discussion—and in some cases it's impossible; but if a candid, good-tempered meeting of minds can be conducted it may prevent the tangle of misunderstandings, grievances, and secret hurts that polite reticence often fosters.

In any household there has to be one house-

keeper and except in particular cases where the younger woman has an outside job and hates housekeeping anyway, it's very difficult to apportion domestic duties. It can be done, of course, but too often the older woman is left with most of the dreary jobs and none of the agreeable ones. Modern mechanized and simplified domestic life has done away with many of the occupations and domestic arts that in an earlier day were practiced by the feminine spare parts in a large household. Aunt Milly's exquisitely embroidered monograms, Cousin Rachel's white grape conserve, Sister Ethel's yards of tatting and Irish lace don't seem quite to fit into the current pattern of household needs. And very often the older woman today doesn't know how to do the things that have to be done. As a younger friend of mine confided recently, "Mother isn't any real help with the babies. You see, she always had a nurse for us when we were little things."

THE first thing to work for, I believe, for everybody's good, is an independent life for the older woman, with interests and activities that are primarily hers, that she pursues seriously and that are taken seriously by the rest of the family.

The myriad books and magazine articles devoted to the subject of growing old gracefully and painlessly dwell at length on the need for hobbies for the elderly to brighten their declining years. I certainly have no quarrel with this, but I do resent the indulgent or patronizing tone in which this advice is too often delivered. There is an implication that it's good for Mother to convert endless skeins of wool into knitted objects, regardless of whether anybody wants them. It keeps her occupied, poor dear, and doesn't do any harm. I feel strongly that Mother's brains and experience and energy should be put to better use. Not that I'm turning up my nose at any form of handicraft. If Mother is a skillful knitter, by all means encourage her to knit. But the product should be one that she and others are proud of. For her activities must not be merely pastimes, they must have some importance to give any real satisfaction. It doesn't make a great deal of difference what she does. It makes a great deal of difference how she does it. It may be volunteer work in the community, it may be an individual and private project of study or in the practice of some skill. If she makes money by it—why, how fine that is! The important things are, first, that it be suited to her temperament; second, that it be worth doing; and third, that she do it really well. If her chief enterprise be something in which she can show progress and growth, so much the better.

And I would suggest that the older woman set her sights as high as possible—and in this, the family must join—as she approaches the question of what to do with that commodity about which we Americans are inclined to be shy: namely, the use of her leisure. For whether she likes it or not, the older woman living in her daughter's (or son's) household is bound to have leisure. Here again, it is impossible to frame a set of rules that will apply to all individuals, but if we take the positive approach rather than the negative—if we regard time as a precious commodity to be used fruitfully rather than a desert waste to be got through somehow—at least we have a healthy approach.

Irwin Edman, in a conference sponsored by the American Council on Education in the autumn of 1951, defined leisure as "simply the name for the time that is our own—that portion of life which we can devote to humane ends, to civilized values, to things worth doing for their own sake." With this approach and with respect for the older woman's abilities, the family should be able to assist her to find some sphere in which she can operate with pleasure and profit to herself and to others.

IV

IF MUTUAL respect is one firm foundation on which the successful joint household rests, the other—and no less important one—is good manners. And if we accept the definition of good manners as an awareness of the feelings of others, I think it is here that the older woman must make the greater effort. After all, it isn't really her house, and she is the one who has to fit into other peoples' lives and times. Here, I think it is possible to advance a few specific suggestions to the dowager mother. And I respectfully address her thus:

You must make up your mind not only that

you will never criticize, but that—even if it kills you—you will not make suggestions, unless you're asked for an opinion. (Younger people will give great pleasure by occasionally asking for advice.)

Don't ask questions. It may seem innocent and natural to ask, "Who is that letter from?" or, "What time did you get in last night?" or, "What were you doing this afternoon?" but such questions can be interpreted as an intolerable invasion of privacy. However, always be ready to listen eagerly if anybody wants to talk.

Enjoy the grandchildren, and keep any adverse comments on their dress or manners to yourself. Such comments pave a sure way to unpopularity and, besides, it isn't your responsibility.

Don't belittle current trends in the arts, even if they seem nonsensical to you, if any of the family have interests in that direction. All you're doing is closing another door. Far better ask for enlightenment as to what this picture or record means. You may learn something.

Don't hark back to the old days, unless you can be amusing about them; and make an effort to see where your daughter's techniques of living may be superior to your former ideas.

Don't cherish grievances. If some small detail of household routine or family conduct bothers you unduly, discuss it *once* with your daughter. Ten to one, it can be changed. Otherwise, learn to put up with it.

Don't neglect your looks or your dress. "Nobody looks at me. It doesn't matter what I wear," is a fatal habit of thought. You have to be much more particular, alas, than your daughter does.

Never, never complain about being left alone. Among my own mother's many charming habits was her obvious pleasure in any invitations—social or business—that came my way, or my husband's way. "You're going to do it, aren't you?" was her invariable comment, no matter how distant the assignment or how long it might keep us away from her.

If your family is fond of playing games, play with them. And make the effort to learn new games. Never say, "I'm too old to learn." In short, never say, "I'm too old," or refer to your age. Why remind others? And besides, it leaves them with nothing to say.

If it is humanly possible, contrive to keep enough money for occasional treats for the family. You may not be able to be a Lady Bountiful, but you must not deny yourself the pleasure of giving presents.

Don't overdo self-sacrifice. It's very uncomfortable to have a martyr around.

Make yourself as agreeable as possible all the time.

And practice eternal vigilance, which is the price of harmony.

Does this program sound difficult? It does, and it is. I happen to believe that the road winds uphill to the very end. But there's one bright feature: the minute we stop doing the hard things, and stop doing things as well as we can, that's when we lose all character, all personality, all flexibility, and begin to turn into those forlorn people that others may feel sorry for but shun as they would the plague.

And a final word to younger readers—especially women. It may well be that in time you, yourself, will be the one of whom your child says, "My mother lives with us." By taking thought ahead of time, let us hope that you will so order your life that she will say it proudly and happily.

Make Dope Legal

Alden Stevens

EVERYONE wants the illegal drug racket broken and crime by addicts stopped. Everyone wants teen-age addiction conquered and adult addiction reduced to a minimum. The fastest and surest way to accomplish these ends is to make dope legal.

This doesn't mean that drug peddlers should be licensed by the state and made respectable nor that morphine should be sold freely in drugstores. It does not mean that international controls should be abandoned. It is not suggested that the federal narcotics hospitals should be closed. Illegal drug traffickers should still be prosecuted to the limit.

The plan proposed here is a modern development of an approach tried thirty years ago. This crude early effort showed great promise even though severely hampered by shortage of funds and shortage of time before it was cut down by ignorance and prejudice. Modern educators, welfare experts, physicians, and others have suggested safeguards and procedures which, added to the experience gained during this brief experiment, encourage the belief—shared by churchmen, citizens of the highest standing in the community, and incidentally addicts and ex-addicts—that this extensively revised plan offers an excellent prospect for public victory over narcotic addiction.

It is only fair to say that many experts disagree. Their reasons will be taken up later in this article. Careful analysis of the objections leaves this writer more convinced than ever that the new approach is a sound one.

Few people know that narcotics clinics were conducted during 1919 and 1920 in no less than fifteen states. With a few possible exceptions all were closed by the federal government for reasons which seemed to many doctors and citizens at the time illogical and inadequate. Yet this action, exposed here for the first time in a magazine of general circulation, has made possible in large part the horrible business of dope pushing, teen-age addiction, and the crimes related to them.

The writer has talked with many addicts in recent weeks. He has talked with doctors about the problem, doctors both frightened and realistic. He has talked to enforcement officials of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, social workers, churchmen, and citizens. And he is convinced that the problem is not being solved. It is, as New York State Attorney General Nathaniel Goldstein says, if anything, worsening.

BEFORE outlining this suggested approach to the problem it should be emphasized that narcotic addicts are not "fiends." They are human beings, every pathetic, afflicted, unhappy one of them. Referring to them as "hoodlums" and "zoot-suit hellions" does not expel them from the human race. Furthermore, it has no effect upon their addiction and it only makes their problems worse. Actually, many addicts are housewives. Others are business men, artists, musicians, doctors, nurses, politicians, lawyers, and clerks. Many others are hardly more than children, young

The human cost of the narcotics traffic and the danger to American youth have inspired Alden Stevens to seek a new approach on the basis of the experience of the past. He has discussed his proposal with governmental and medical experts.

people who should be cared for and treated with sympathy and understanding, who in all humanity should be rescued in a civilized manner instead of being driven into the underworld. These usually underprivileged adolescents, some through their own arrogant foolishness, far more through the ignorance, deception, and cowardice of others, are victims of something beyond human power to control, something certainly far beyond the power of a young person against whom the world conspires and whom the world is urged to despise.

Doctors agree that the full facts about addiction are not known, that there are many questions which remain unanswered, that there are many problems not yet solved. There are, however, some basic facts which *have* been established.

The habit-forming drugs which are most important and which give the most trouble at the present time are heroin and morphine. *Neither of these drugs incites anyone to crime.* Both are depressants, not excitants. They tend to make users sluggish and dopey, weak, and subject to dreams. In rare cases when a person under their influence gets hallucinations he may become irrational and violent. But such cases *are* rare. People become much more violent from drinking too much alcohol than from taking morphine or heroin.

It is not the drug itself which drives the addict to crime. It is the need for the drug. The criminal path is almost inevitable because an addict must spend from $15 to $75 every day for his drug. Usually less alert than non-addicts, less able to concentrate, less able to work (although many do hold down jobs), with less energy and less initiative, they can rarely earn what their addiction costs in addition to the regular costs of living. How many teen-agers living in city slums can honestly earn a hundred dollars a week? Answer: none.

Yet, robbed of will power by the drug itself, his personality usually ravaged far beyond his own dulled realization, the addict will do anything to get his dose. He is completely unable to stand the excruciating withdrawal symptoms which occasionally (though rarely) end in death. These begin with heavy sweating and running eyes and nose, progress through an intolerable restlessness, high blood pressure, and gooseflesh, and culminate in fever, vomiting, diarrhea, and extremely severe cramps in the back, abdomen, and legs.

Is it any wonder that the problem of getting the next dose may occupy the addict's every thinking moment? The relentless urgency, coupled with fear of arrest, makes him tense and nervous. As tolerance to the drug builds up, an addict usually needs slightly increasing doses. Never being absolutely certain that he can get more drugs in time to avoid withdrawal symptoms, in constant fear of being picked up by police, never being quite sure whether his supply contains 10 per cent, 3 per cent, or 1 per cent, he finds his need building up with a terrifying rapidity brought about by these very fears and doubts. Overdoses, sometimes caused by the fear that he will not be able to get another shot and sometimes by the fact that he doesn't know how much his supply has been cut, are common—and sometimes fatal.

The actual cash value of a day's supply of morphine for an average addict is about thirty cents. Except in very rare circumstances it can't be obtained for that because it must be bought in the illegal market from ruthless brigands.

And just as long as two pounds of heroin can be bought for ten dollars and when cut can be sold for $80,000, it will be cut and sold. Half a million enforcement agents (the Federal Bureau of Narcotics now has about two hundred) could not prevent this so long as addicts must have it no matter what crimes must be committed to get the price.

Many states have, in the past few years, tightened laws against sellers, providing stiffer sentences and heavier fines. What effect has this policy had? It has driven the price of drugs sharply upward. It has thus made necessary more crime and more desperate crime by addicts who have no other way of getting money for the supply they need.

New York State has recently passed a law providing compulsory hospitalization of all minor addicts. The Federal Bureau of Narcotics wants to go further and forcibly hospitalize *all* addicts. What will be the effect of such a policy? Why, to drive the addict further underground and to make him cleverer than ever at hiding his drug and his addiction.

According to the New York City Mayor's Committee on Narcotics there were, in the summer of 1951, somewhere between 45,000

and 90,000 drug users in New York City alone. These figures are estimates, of course. The Federal Bureau of Narcotics says, and all experts agree, that there are no reliable figures on the total number of addicts. How can there be when every addict has, as one of his main problems, the need to conceal his addiction from the world? (Many gain incredible skill at this deception with years of practice.) How can there be figures when it is possible (as it *is* possible) for a person to become an addict in three weeks? How can a count be made on which to base any statement?

The Mayor's Committee does, however, give some figures which are reliable—and revealing. In 1946, 281 persons in New York City were sentenced for violation of narcotics laws. In 1950, 1,031 were so sentenced, and in the first nine months of 1951, 1,179 were so sentenced—more than five times as many per month during 1951 as during 1948. The Federal Narcotics Bureau confirms this trend nationwide by reporting 6,149 arrests in fiscal 1950—which was 1,048 more than in fiscal 1949.

Let's take a look at the success we've had in curing addiction, and at what it costs.

The chief treatment centers are the two federal hospitals, one at Fort Worth, Texas, with about 400 beds, and the older, better known one at Lexington, Kentucky. There is space at Lexington for about 1,500 patients. About 4,000 are admitted each year for a minimum treatment time of four and a half months. In 1946, 3 per cent of these patients were under twenty-one. In 1951, 18 per cent were under twenty-one; one was thirteen years old. It costs the Public Health Service $3,000,000 per year to run these two hospitals. Dr. John D. Reichard of Lexington says that of their patients, 13.5 per cent abstain after their "cure." He also says 39.9 per cent relapse in nine months to three years. The remainder are either dead or not known. This, a recent official report, indicates that at best not more than one-quarter of the people who go to Lexington are permanently cured. And many knowledgeable people scoff at these figures as being ridiculously high. One man who has been treated at Lexington and who has studied addiction for years says, "It's closer to 3 per cent cures."

Yet nearly everyone, doctors, social workers, enforcement officers, and addicts themselves, say cure without confinement is impossible. Or, at least, it's hardly ever been done.

Exact figures are not to be had, but each *cure* at Lexington (if we divide the cost of operation by the number of real cures) costs at least $4,000. A part of this expense is paid by some of the voluntary patients, and since no one actually knows how many cures are made, this figure is little more than a guess. To this cost of treatment should be added that of enforcement. The Narcotics Bureau will spend two and a quarter million dollars this year, its largest budget in history. Many states have their own narcotics squads; so do many cities. Clearly all these add up to astronomical even though unobtainable figures.

And still Americans, many of them normal people and far too many of them children who don't know what they are doing, are having their lives destroyed by drugs. The cost to these people in New York City alone is more than $100,000,000 per year.

II

It seems clear that our present efforts to eliminate or even control the drug traffic are not working. It's time to try something else. What should a rational narcotics program accomplish?

First, it should reduce the number of addicts sharply.

Second, it should prevent the making of new addicts, especially among our youth.

Third, it should eliminate crime caused by the need for drugs.

Fourth, it should take the fantastic profit out of the narcotics traffic.

Fifth, it should discover who the addicts are and how many there are.

Sixth, it should determine more facts about addiction, medically and psychologically. The ignorance of addicts about their affliction is abysmal and tragic, and doctors themselves admit they know far too little.

There is a way to win every one of these objectives. Useful citizens can at the same time be made out of addicts who happen to be incurable, as even the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, which hounds and reviles them, admits a great many probably are. There seems to be no doubt that many people must live as addicts until they die, and they rarely die of

drugs. People have lived, twenty, thirty, even forty or more years as addicts.

What is this method and what reason is there to believe it will work?

For the answers to these questions we must go back to 1919 and the early nineteen-twenties, when many narcotics clinics were operating in the United States. Usually under control of state, city, or county health officials, these were run by physicians of excellent standing, with the blessing and active co-operation of medical societies, many of which were affiliated with the American Medical Association. In them addiction was recognized as a medical and public-health problem. Persons who came in and could establish the fact of addiction were given advice and information, and drugs were dispensed to them. Moral, social, and welfare aspects of the problem, however, surprising as it now seems, were generally ignored. In spite of this fact doctors in charge reported that their work reduced crime, made useful citizens, blasted the illegal drug traffic, and in some cases established cures.

These clinics existed, at one time or another, in fifteen or more states. New York City had such a clinic from July 17, 1919, until March 6, 1920, and sixteen other cities in New York State had them. Among the most successful were those at Los Angeles; Portland, Oregon; and Shreveport, Louisiana. Many states, such as Tennessee, had modified clinic systems providing for medical care of addicts and the dispensing of drugs to them.

What happened to these clinics? Why is there not a single such institution in the United States today? If they were so successful, why did they close?

The answer is simple—and shocking.

THE basic federal narcotics law is the Harrison Act of December 17, 1914. This is a revenue act, not a prohibitory law. It neither forbade doctors licensed under it to prescribe drugs nor did it limit the amount they prescribed. It required only that they keep a record of how much they prescribed to which patients, with dates.

In 1921 a four-page advisory leaflet, inspired by a report of a committee of the American Medical Association, was issued by the Prohibition Bureau, then in charge of narcotics law enforcement. This leaflet stated that addicts should be confined during treatment for addiction. The four members of this committee were physicians of excellent reputation and there is no doubt they sincerely believed in their recommendations, but other members of the AMA of equal experience and reputation, who were actually running narcotics clinics, just as sincerely believed they had found the answer to the drug problem.

Yet on the basis of this leaflet, which had no legal status and for which none was claimed, the clinics were closed. Patients were driven to despair and crime. Many became dope peddlers to protect their own supply, and in order to sell enough dope to earn the cost of their own they made addicts out of the easiest marks—young, ignorant, frustrated kids. This single bureaucratic step, unauthorized by Congress, destroyed all honest attempts, other than forced hospitalization, to treat addiction as a medical problem instead of a crime. Many observers have remarked that on this single, almost forgotten, leaflet the present narcotics trade, the narcotics crime picture which we see today, in fact much of the narcotics evil is based. In European countries today, where doctors can treat addicts as sick people, the appalling picture of crime and teen-age addiction does not exist. It did not exist in cities with clinics in this country as it does now, before the release of this leaflet.

THIS damaging misinterpretation of the Harrison Act has not gone unobserved. Doctors, welfare workers, and even the Supreme Court of the United States have noted it. The entire matter was succinctly and completely aired in Congress on June 15, 1938, by Congressman John M. Coffee of Washington. Mr. Coffee wanted to transfer the entire narcotics enforcement problem from the Bureau of Narcotics to the U. S. Public Health Service. He spoke of the $2,735,000,000 a year cost of addiction as a "needless burden imposed on the people, not by conditions inherent in the problem of drug addiction, and not by the operation of the law, but by the mistaken interpretation of law made by the Federal Narcotics Bureau." Continuing, he pointed out that "in examining the Harrison Special Tax Act we are confronted with the anomaly that a law designed (as its name implies) to place a tax on certain drugs, and raise

revenue thereby, resulted in . . . developing a smuggling industry not before in existence. Through operation of the law *as interpreted* [italics ours] there has developed the racket of dope peddling; in a word, the whole gigantic structure of the illicit drug racket, with direct annual turnover of upward of a billion dollars."

Mr. Coffee went on to summarize the findings of the U. S. Supreme Court in the Linder Case of 1925 and the Nigro Case of 1928, both of which clearly established that the Harrison Act was a pure revenue act, and the AAA case of 1936 which established that federal law has no control over the practice of a profession. Said Coffee: "The Narcotics Bureau ignores these decisions and assumes authority to prevent physicians from even the attempt to cure narcotic addicts unless the patients are under forced confinement." Coffee went on to recommend putting addicts in the care of physicians who would prescribe what medicine they might need, presumably including narcotics. Confidently predicting the end of the narcotics traffic if this were done, Coffee asked why the Harrison Act should not function as originally intended and as the Supreme Court said it should. In reply to this question he said "the oppostion comes from a small coterie of persons in authority who are in a position to benefit from the *status quo*." He particularly desired "to question the Commissioner of Narcotics and to observe how he may endeavor to justify the activities that cost the American people not far from $3,000,000,000 per year."

III

Actually Congress would have to pass no law to re-open these clinics, other than an appropriation measure. All that would be necessary would be a reversal in policy by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Unfortunately it is far too late to return to this simple clinic system. It is too late to legalize prescription by doctors which, although it works in Europe, never functioned well here. (In 1919 the Treasury Department estimated that thirty doctors in New York City wrote 1,500,000 legal prescriptions for drugs each year. Their "patients" were addicts, and no control was exercised over the drugs they bought freely on prescription. Abuses such as overdoses and resale of supplies were very common.)

The problem must now be handled in a different way in order to meet today's much more difficult conditions.

The federal government, probably through the U. S. Public Health Service, which runs the hospitals at Lexington and Fort Worth, should be enabled to open clinics in places where the problem is acute and to permit designated physicians to take over similar functions in smaller places. The purpose of these clinics would be to cure or alleviate addiction, to wipe out the illegal narcotic traffic, and to eliminate crime by addicts in need of drugs. There would also be secondary functions which will be discussed later.

Any person, regardless of age, should be able to come into one of these federal clinics and register as an addict by filling out a form. He would be required to state that it was his desire to be cured of addiction and would pledge co-operation with the physicians. Naturally, because of the nature of his affliction, this pledge would in no way relax the extreme care and close supervision which is always necessary. In other words, the physicians in charge would not agree to believe everything they were told.

The addict would then get a thorough physical examination to determine whether he was truly an addict and to what degree. Great care would be necessary to prevent the deliberate picking up of the habit or reversion to it by former addicts, and this scrupulous medical attention would be an essential part of clinic operation. Each registrant would be photographed and his fingerprints sent to the FBI to check the legitimacy of his identification and to prevent registry at another clinic under another name. Each registrant would receive a tamper-proof laminated card with his signature, address, photograph, and fingerprints on it. Corresponding records, with space for recording each medication given, would be kept at the clinic office.

The addict's identification cleared, the physician in charge would proceed to determine how much of what drug he had been taking and what quantity of morphine might lead to a balanced dosage. (Heroin, not in the United States Pharmacopoeia, would probably not be dispensed; morphine is less harmful and can be substituted.) A balanced

dosage is the smallest amount which will keep an addict reasonably free from the nightmarish withdrawal symptoms. Its establishment is far from easy and may take weeks, even months, of careful watching, recording, and analysis. But it is an important step on the long, hard road to recovery.

At this point three important things will have been accomplished for the addict himself. First, he will have gone onto the least harmful drug which will satisfy his need; second, he will know how much he really needs; third, he will be released from the tension of worry over where the next dose is coming from. A gradual relaxation may be expected to follow which will make a balanced dosage and a reasonable attitude easier to establish. An actual cure would not be attempted until much later, in a few cases perhaps never. There would be no urgency to get an addict off drugs in a hurry, since this would defeat the whole purpose of the clinic by driving him back to the illegal market.

Dosages would be carefully measured and recorded, not cut, as is universally done in the illegal traffic. Instruments would be sterile, not contaminated. Advice would be freely given, questions honestly answered.

The dosage established would always be dispensed at the clinic. Neither prescriptions nor a supply—not even enough to last one day—would be put in the hands of the addict to carry away. Whether by needle or mouth, all doses would be taken at the clinic. The price of each dose, regardless of size, would be nominal—probably ten cents. This would cover the actual cost of the drug. Pauper addicts would be treated free.

Each registered addict would be given a booklet on the first visit explaining the medical facts of his affliction. He would watch educational films and listen to lectures. He would have what psychiatric help could be made available. His personal, home, employment, and other problems would be discussed with social workers and job specialists. Efforts would be made to find him a job. He would be referred to religious counsel of his choice. Whether contrite or not, he would be treated as a person with serious problems, as a medical and social case, not as a criminal.

No registrant would ever formally be told he was incurable, even though the doctors thought so. Whether or not ambulatory cures are actually possible no one has ever conclusively proved or disproved under properly controlled conditions. There are doctors who believe they are possible. Here again, we are dependent on information which would be scientifically gathered through the experience of the clinics. The hospitals would remain open in any case and would be more effective because the clinics would provide follow-up treatment, advice, and aid not now available to the discharged addict. Patients of both hospitals and clinics would, in fact, be required to report to the clinics for check-ups at intervals for some time after their cure had been accomplished, if indeed it had been accomplished.

IV

WHAT would be the effect of this modern, comprehensive clinic program? First, it would provide every addict who registered with complete information about addiction and what could be done for it.

Second, it would place his photograph and fingerprints on file. The primary purpose would be to prevent duplicate registration in another clinic. But it would also be easier to catch up with addicts who, in spite of the removal of their needs for big money, got into trouble.

Third, while criminal addicts could be caught more easily, this program would itself make crime quite unnecessary for most addicts, as indicated above. In addition, it would make addicts very wary of criminal activities because not only would they be almost certainly caught, but once caught they would be subject to the ordeal addicts most fear—immediate, total withdrawal of their drug supply. It might even, in some cases, lead to speedy reform of minor criminal tendencies.

Fourth, many experts believe that the program would virtually wipe out the illegal drug traffic by removing the profit from it. (Only addicts afraid to register would have to pay the high illegal prices.) If no stigma and no publicity were attached to registry few would avoid it. And the capture of unregistered criminal addicts would become far easier.

Fifth, the program would give youths the true facts of addiction and make them more

amenable to cures, which are much easier for young people than for old and much easier for new addicts than for those of long standing. Thus it would reduce both the number of addicts and the degree of their addiction.

Sixth, and this is most important, it would tend to save teen-agers from addiction. At present teen-agers get their first few doses free. Once "hooked" they must pay, and through the nose. However, from the peddler's point of view, what would be the use of giving away expensive drugs to get another customer if, the minute addiction was established, he was lost to the federal clinic? And the peddler who sold drugs only to get his own supply, as many do, would immediately remove himself from the market. It would no longer be necessary to make sales by infecting young people who knew no better. He could get his own supply at the clinic, and help and advice with it.

Seventh, it would provide medical information which we now sadly lack.

Certainly the proposed federal clinics would not solve all drug problems. Hospitals would still be needed, and narcotics police to prosecute the illegal traffic, and international agreements and co-operation. But without such clinics all our present efforts are useless; with them as an integral part of the plan, there is promise of a solution.

WHAT are the objections to such a plan? Many people feel that nothing should be done for addicts, that they are worthless, vicious, and dangerous, and that the only real answer is to wipe them off the face of the earth. In 1936 the Chinese government of Chiang Kai-shek was calmly shooting as many as a hundred of them at a time for no crime other than smoking opium—which actually kept them out of trouble by putting them into a sound sleep. Our Occidental culture would recoil from such inhuman methods even if they were effective. In China they were not effective. The reason is quite simple. You cannot kill all addicts because you cannot find all addicts, and the ones you don't find will infect others to protect their own supply. You can kill people of whom you are blindly afraid for no good reason, but when you have finished you will be no better off. You will simply have a fresh crop.

Other people raise their hands in horror at the suggestion that the federal government dispense drugs to addicts. Well, addicts will get their drug anyway. Why not give it to them under controlled, safe conditions instead of driving them into the criminal jungle? Why shouldn't the government dispense drugs if by so doing it can better the condition of the addicts, sharply reduce crime, blast the illegal narcotics racket, and, most important of all, save its youth from a living death?

"Addicts won't register," say other critics. Maybe a few of them won't. But on the first day the New York City clinic opened in 1919, no less than 1,500 did register, and others trooped in on following days. And fifteen states didn't support health programs that had no patients. Obviously they *had* patients—addicts *did* register and there is no reason to think they won't again.

Several addicts objected to the idea of getting dope only at the clinic. "Some people need a shot every three or four hours," they said.

But unfortunately the experience of the twenties indicates that this is the only way doses can be given without cheating by addicts. It's more trouble and more costly but it's the only way to prevent fraud and safeguard the program. However, there are various ways of increasing the intervals between doses when physicians are in charge and it is quite unlikely that this would be a serious problem except in a few cases which ought to be hospitalized anyway. These clinics would be run less for the comfort and convenience of addicts than for the good of the nation.

"It would cost too much!" Yes, it would be expensive. But if you add the cost of enforcement, cures, and crime to the amount of money thrown to the jackals who sell the drug today, even the cost of running clinics as they should be run does not look so large. Nothing more than a guess is possible, but probably the clinics would cost less than one-third as much as the nation spends on addiction today.

"Some addicts will cheat." Yes, some will. What of it? Under present conditions they *all* cheat. And cheating can be cut to a minimum by watchfulness on the part of clinic personnel.

"Ex-addicts will revert if they know they

can get the stuff free." The answer to this objection is slightly more complicated but very important. The determination of actual addiction is medically far from simple. It is, however, possible, and would become increasingly certain as clinical experience built up. It is quite unlikely that more than a very small percentage of ex-addicts would be able to deceive the clinic physicians. And suppose a few *do* revert? It's still a vast improvement. As things are now, nearly all revert!

The recognition of addiction as a complex socio-medical problem offers the only hope of getting rid of it. Clinics would reduce sharply the making of new addicts, would cut the illegal drug traffic and crime caused by it, and would save our youth. By the grace of God addicts, like other people, eventually die. If no new addicts are made, addiction would disappear with them. And in the meantime federal clinics would make them useful citizens until that, for them, happy time.

O Silence, Silence

CAROLYN KIZER

THIS is the test of reality:
This buzzing pause, this purr in the ear.
The air is continually humming, humming,
Full of fear, fear made audible. Hear
The furry tenseness of sound
Around the periphery, hovering
Over meals and deals, ringing
In the pillow at nightfall. Even recalling
Summer silence of childhood is false.
You cannot part the curtains of noise
To peer into the private past. Everlasting
Sound is around the mind, murmuring, humming,
A sound that our ancestors heard as drumming
But intermittent bumping.
With our fathers it was the din of the spindle,
Factory motors thumping.
Later the thin grunting of shells,
Occasional bells tinning,
But now it is always this fine, supersonic humming:
Plane sounds, the atmosphere vibrating,
Wings grating as the air is ravished,
So that air comes to ear fragmented, clotted.
The world's course is plotted across our collective brows,
Now furrowed with noise, harrowed with humming,
The buzzing of wars in transit, departing, coming.

In your dinning mind
This is the test of reality: if you find
An hiatus in humming, a pause in the motor,
A dip in the wing of the plane,
You are all finished. The silence is inner silence.
You are lost, you are clawing your eardrums,
Benign, insane.

The Man Whistler



II. The Artist

Hesketh Pearson

In this sketch of a great and eccentric artist, Hesketh Pearson tells how Whistler painted his mother and some other famous subjects. Another article based on his forthcoming biography of Whistler will appear in the December issue of Harper's.

It is only by being unaware of the facts that one creates anything. That was roughly James McNeill Whistler's feeling about painting and conversation. "When a tiresome person bears down on you with a stodgy array of learning and argumentation, what you've got to do is simply to say, 'Stocking!' Don't you know? Ha-ha! That's it! That's controversy! 'Stocking!' What can they say to that?"

Nature in the raw, or considered as a science, made no appeal to Whistler, who was an artist in its most artificial sense. He did not like rural scenery, rural pursuits, or anything that was rural. He was bored in the country and used to beg his friends who lived therein to come up to town for a breath of fresh air. Once he went out shooting and peppered a dog, explaining that, "It was a dog without artistic habits, and had placed itself badly in relation to the landscape." When someone expressed a wish to live in the country, Whistler wanted to know why. "The country is detestable," he said. "In Holland it is different. There I can see something."

"But there is no country in Holland."

"And that is just why I like it. No great full-blown shapeless trees as in England, but everything neat and trim. The trunks of the trees are painted white; the cows wear quilts; and it is all 'arranged' and charming."

He scorned pedantic accuracy and photographic actuality. "Those are trees, I suppose," said a visitor indicating a dark patch in one of his Nocturnes. "Very possibly. I don't know," replied Whistler. While he was drawing some chimneys across the river Walter Greaves dared to say, "But, Mr. Whistler, they are not straight." "But they are Whistler's," said he. Now and then he disparaged his beloved river at nighttime when he liked it best, and a disciple would put in a good word for the sky. "The stars are fine tonight." "Not bad, but there are too many of them." The sun was never permitted to throw its rays into the studio while he was working.

"When I paint an outdoor picture in brilliant sunshine, I want to have all the sunshine I can get in my studio," remarked a man who was not in sympathy with his methods.

"And so, I suppose, if you were a musician and wanted to compose a blacksmith's chorus, you would go to the smithy's and put your ear close to the anvil, and get all the noise you could," Whistler rejoined.

His advice to artists was that they should paint exactly what they saw, not in the style of this or that man, but just how things appeared to them. Neither the sun nor the moon could be painted as it really was, nor a

Copyright 1952 by Hesketh Pearson

tree. Above all, he told his disciples not to be what was known as "strong." Paint should not be applied thick. It should be like breath on the surface of a pane of glass: "When a picture smells of paint, it's what they call 'strong'." The great curse of modern painting, he declared, was that with every stroke of the brush the painter said to himself, "That's another sovereign in my pocket."

When he introduced the phrase "Art for Art's sake" into England, he meant that art was its own justification and reward, though he was also in revolt against the idea that art should have any moral significance. A picture existed in its own right, its merit having nothing whatever to do with any outside interest, religious, dramatic, emotional, legendary, literary, or local, with which it might be invested. In order to emphasize this, he called his own pictures "Harmonies," "Arrangements," "Nocturnes," "Symphonies," though he well knew that he could make more money if he gave them extraneous associations, such as love, pity, patriotism, poverty, ecstasy, and so forth, the emotion or the anecdote so beloved of the public and so lavishly supplied by popular artists.

To illustrate his meaning, he would point to his picture of a snow-scene with a single black figure making its way through the gloom to a brilliantly lighted tavern, which he called "Harmony in Gray and Gold": "Now that to me is a harmony of color only. I care nothing for the past, present, or future of the black figure—placed there because the black was wanted at that spot. All that I know is that my combination of gray and gold satisfies my artistic feeling. Now that is precisely what many of my friends will not grasp. They say, 'Why not call it Trotty Veck, and sell it for a round harmony of golden guineas?' I reply simply that I will do nothing of the kind. Not even the genius of Dickens should be invoked to lend an adventitious aid to art of another kind from his."

Just as he disliked the hard actuality of day, so he loved the softness of twilight and the mystery of night. Most people, he said, liked "the sort of day when, if you look across the river, you can count the wires in the canary bird's cage on the other side." He liked the sort of day when the mist veiled the objects of nature and the works of man, giving them a transcendental quality which stirred his imagination. Apart from the inexplicable qualities in a human being which are manifested in works of genius, Whistler's strong attraction to the dim tones of nature after sundown expressed his dissatisfaction with the uncomfortable reality of life, and was the creative aspect of his hostile feeling toward the world and his bitter quarrels with his fellow mortals. Thus we may trace his paintings to his discontent, his Nocturnes to his isolation.

But his joy and absorption in the work were intense. "The painting of Nature should be done at home," he asserted, and we again remark his objection to visual reality. His pictures were his imaginative recreation of what he had seen with his eyes, beauty based on verity. The Nocturnes, for all their apparent ease, were the fruit of great care and concentration. He made his notes or sketches with black and white chalk on brown paper, either while rowing on the river or when strolling upon its shore. Leaning on the embankment wall, he would look long and steadily at a scene that appealed to his fancy, taking in all the details until the picture was stamped in his mind. If he had a companion, he would turn his back to the river and test his memory, saying in a sort of chant: "The sky is lighter than the water, the houses darkest. There are eight houses, the second is the lowest, the fifth the highest; the tone of all is the same. The first has two lighted windows, one above the other: the second has four . . ." and so on.

If his companion said he was at fault on some point, he would turn round, look again, correct his mistake, turn again, and once more recite from memory. This might happen a dozen times; and when satisfied that he had mentally photographed the scene aright, he would say, "Good night," go home to bed, and paint his Nocturne the following day. Sometimes his memory would fail him after he had started the picture. Then he would either stop work for the day or begin something else, and return that evening to refresh his memory.

If Nature were in an obstinate mood and refused to reproduce the effect he wanted, he

would patiently return, evening after evening, until she did.

Like all first-rate work in whatever art, his Nocturnes seemed too facile to be taken seriously by the critics, who always confuse an appearance of laboriousness with profundity of thought or feeling, until their judgments are upset by time. He did not help the process of appreciation by the praise he gave to his own work, his superlatives damping the ardor of admirers, who found it difficult and exhausting to cap them. The most slavish disciple would have been reduced to a mumbled affirmative on hearing him say: "In my pictures there is no cleverness, no brushmarks, nothing to astonish and bewilder, but simply a gradual, more perfect growth of beauty. It is this beauty my canvases reveal, not the way it is obtained."



But the remarks of his that went from mouth to mouth until they became household words were made with the impish object of startling fools and shocking simpletons; for instance, his reply to the gushing lady who said that she had just come up from the country along the Thames, "and there was an exquisite haze in the atmosphere which reminded me so much of some of your little things. It was really a perfect series of Whistlers." "Yes, madam," he returned with the utmost gravity. "Nature is creeping up." Or that still more famous reply to the female enthusiast who said that there were only two painters in the world, Whistler and Velasquez: "Why drag in Velasquez?" Asked by the American artist, William M. Chase, whether he had said this seriously, Whistler replied: "No, of course not. You don't suppose I couple myself with Velasquez, do you? I simply wanted to take her down."

He was indeed as critical of his own creations as he was painstaking. Nearly everyone complained of his habit of destroying a day's work which in his view was not as good as he could make it. Once a friend remonstrated with him for wiping a canvas clean after he had spent many hours of concentrated effort upon it, saying that he should at least have left it till the morning. "No," said Whistler, "for if I had left it till tomorrow I might have persuaded myself that it was good enough to leave permanently."

Sometimes a picture would come right in an hour; other times it would take weeks; yet other times, try as he might, he could not obtain the effect he wanted. *"Mon Dieu, que c'est difficile!"* he once exclaimed to Fantin-Latour after working for days on a seascape. Nothing but his best satisfied him. Asked by a young artist whether a first picture was tolerable, Whistler rejoined, "What is your opinion of a tolerable egg?"

With his portraits he took infinite pains. The artist, he declared, should "put on canvas something more than the face the model wears for that one day," should paint the man as well as his features; otherwise he was a mere photographer. The result did not always please the model. "You can't call that a great work of art," complained a man who did not see himself as Whistler portrayed him. "Perhaps not," replied the painter thoughtfully, "but then you can't call yourself a great work of nature."

To an acquaintance of unattractive appearance who had pestered him, Whistler at last gave in: "Yes, I will paint you, but I hope you will not be offended if I make the portrait like." More often he refused to consider such applications and had to be impolite: "You are nobody, nothing from my point of view—just a conglomeration of bad colors." Unwelcome visitors to his studio were liable to the same sort of treatment. "Your tie is in G Major, and I am painting this symphony in E Minor. I will have to start it again."

Something in a face or a figure had to awake in him the desire to express the feeling it evoked. "One wants the spirit, the aroma, don't ye know?" he explained. "If you paint a young girl, youth should scent the room; if a thinker, thoughts should be in the air; an aroma of the personality. . . . And with all that it should be a picture, a pattern, an arrangement, a harmony, such as only a painter could conceive."

He had learned from the Japanese that a picture is part of the decoration of a wall, the easel-picture having replaced the murals of churches and palaces; and the subject of a portrait, he said, should be presented as seen in a room at a certain distance

from the eye, enveloped in a certain atmosphere, not in high relief and standing out, as it were, in front of the frame "with the iris showing the reflection of the window and the hansom cab beyond it, upside down!"

The first sitting was entirely devoted to the arrangement of the subject; every detail in the pose and clothes was important and had to be adjusted to his taste. His palette was a table, his brushes were three feet long. Having settled everything, he surveyed his sitter for some time, and holding a brush at the extreme end of the handle, his arms stretched to their full extent, he finished the portrait in a series of runs. A touch there, followed by his retirement to the other end of the room, a long look, a dart at the canvas, the addition of a touch here, and so on, backward and forward, working at a great pace and talking ceaselessly either to himself or to a companion. More often than not, when the portrait was completed and looked perfect, he would stand back, gaze at the sitter and the picture, cry, "Ha!", dash at it, and with a kind of fury wipe it out and start all over again.

The final performance may have taken only an hour or two, but it had been preceded by any number of rehearsals. The work was completed with innumerable touches and retouches, a constant running to and fro, a perpetual cacophony of chatter. So absorbed was he that nothing else existed. He could live without food. Meals came, cooled, went; he disregarded them. His subjects became his victims; he had no pity for them and was wholly indifferent to their sufferings. They were there in the service of art. If they had dropped dead from exhaustion before the picture was finished, it would have been a pity; but if they remained alive for as long as it was being painted, they had justified their existence, and could die as soon after as they liked.

"In a moment, just a moment," he would say if they complained of feeling faint from hunger or paralyzed from immobility. But the moment stretched out to a minute, the minute to an hour; and so it went on. They posed; they posed again; they posed for hours on end, fifty, eighty, a hundred times. They experienced anger, boredom, misery, despair. Whistler worked on, unconscious of everything except his art, oblivious of their pains and their prayers, and the darker it grew the harder he painted. Occasionally he would be asked for a copy of some portrait that had taken the fancy of a sitter or dealer; but he always refused with the words, "A hen can't lay the same egg twice."

As with his paintings of nature, so with his portraits of men and women; he was far more concerned with decorative effect than with the likeness; he did not aim at a fleeting impression but at a satisfying arrangement; and at a time when the French painters, after passing through a phase of realism, were becoming impressionists, Whistler remained what may be called a compositionist "There is—there can be—no *Art Nouveau*—there is only Art," he said, claiming too that "the artist's work is never better, never worse; it must be always good, in the end as in the beginning." His disciple, Walter Sickert, learned from him that "there can no more be a new art, a new painting, a new drawing, than there can be new arithmetic, new dynamics, or a new morality. . . . The error of the critical quidnunc is to suppose that the older things are superseded. They are *not* superseded. They have been added to. That is all."

But Whistler perceived a distinction between the example of the French and English painters of that period: "In France they teach the student which end of the brush to put in his mouth, but in England it is all a matter of taste." The treatment he gave his pictures was also a matter of taste, which amazed some of his English confreres, for he placed his oil paintings in his garden to become seasoned by wind, sunshine, and rain. "It takes the gloss off them," he explained, "that objectionable gloss which puts one in mind of a painfully new hat."

His opinion on the subject of ownership was uncommon: "People imagine that just because they've paid £200 for a picture, it becomes their property. Absurd!" He had given his portrait of *"La Mère Gerard"* to Swinburne, but some years later decided that "Time has changed the condition of the gift, and therefore of course, as will be understood among gentlemen, the gift must be returned." The owner of one picture, who had been asked to send it to his studio for revarnishing, had the bad taste to demand its return after several weeks. He exploded: "Just think of it! Ten years ago

this woman bought my picture for a ridiculously small sum, a mere bagatelle, a few pounds. She has had the privilege of living with this masterpiece for ten whole years; and now she has the presumption to ask for it back again. Pshaw! the thing's unspeakable!"

He considered that the true owner of a picture was its painter, and that the payment of a few paltry hundred pounds merely gave the so-called purchaser the right to have it in his house occasionally. His view with regard to gifts was amplified when a friend wished to sell a picture which had been presented to him by Whistler, who took possession of it in order, as the friend hoped, to negotiate the sale: "This picture was a gift. Now a gift implies a certain relation of esteem and affection between giver and receiver, and so long as that relation subsists the gift preserves its character as evidence of the relation. On the other hand to contemplate selling such a gift would imply a cessation of the relations by which the picture came into your possession. If you invite me to sell that picture for you, those relations have obviously ceased, and in short the picture must revert to the giver."

Neither Frenchmen nor Engishmen could understand a man who talked as Whistler did, and it is not surprising to hear that Degas said to him: "Whistler, if you were not a genius, you would be the most ridiculous man in Paris." The average English critic denied him genius and was antagonized by his wit. His first serious brush with one of them was when P. G. Hamerton, in the *Saturday Review*, wrote of "The Two Little White Girls," renamed "Symphony in White No. III" when exhibited in the Academy of 1867, that it was not precisely a symphony in white, as one lady had a yellowish dress, brown hair, and a bit of blue ribbon, the other a red fan. He further observed that flowers and green leaves appeared in the picture, and that one of the girls in white had reddish hair, while both of them had complexions of flesh-color.

Whistler considered the state of Hamerton's mind in a note to the *Saturday Review: "Bon Dieu!* did this wise person expect white hair and chalked faces? And does he then, in his astounding consequence, believe that a symphony in F contains no other note, but shall be a continued repetition of F F F? . . . Fool!" The paper, however, had a tender feeling for its critic and did not publish Whistler's note, which first appeared in the *Art Journal* twenty years later.



ACADEMICIANS as well as critics failed to appreciate his best work. One of his undoubted masterpieces was sent to the Royal Academy of 1872. This was a portrait of his mother, to whom he was devoted. Back in his early Paris days he happened to mention her casually. "Your mother?" exclaimed Lamont: "Who would have thought of you having a mother, Jimmy!" "Yes, indeed I have a mother," was the reply, "and a very pretty bit of color she is, I can tell you." He treated her with the utmost deference, always conducted her to the Chelsea parish church on Sunday mornings, bowing ceremoniously as he left her at the door, and carried his affectionate consideration for her feelings so far as to promise that he would not work on the Sabbath, keeping his promise whenever he remembered it.

He called his portrait of her "Arrangement in Gray and Black." "Now that is what it is," he explained to an interviewer. "To me it is interesting as a picture of my mother; but what can or ought the public to care about the identity of the portrait? It must stand or fall on its merits as an 'arrangement,' and it very nearly fell; that's a fact." The committee of the Royal Academy gave one look at it and condemned it to the cellar of the rejected; but shortly after they had done so, Sir William Boxall arrived and, happening to see "Picture by Whistler" on the list, asked where it was. "Down among the dead men," chorused the committee, several of the members describing it as "a thing," "a confounded 'arrangement' or 'symphony' or something of the kind."

Boxall promptly said that he would not belong to a body that condemned one of Whistler's pictures after a hasty glance, and threatened to resign. There was a sharp discussion; but when Boxall took up his hat and made as if to leave the room, the committee gave way, the "Arrangement" was brought up from the cellar, reconsidered, and finally hung. It was the last picture by Whistler to be seen at the Academy, and thenceforth he was at open war with the panjandrums of

painting. There is no doubt that he would at any time have eagerly accepted election to the Academy on account of the prestige it would have given him, but his individuality as an artist and his wit as a man were against him, and he had to suffer the usual fate of genius when judged by talent.

Early in the seventies, not long after he had painted his mother, came the second great portrait from his brush. The most eminent resident of Chelsea at that time was Thomas Carlyle, whom Whistler, sitting on the embankment wall with his friends the Greaves brothers, had frequently seen walking along in melancholy contemplation. "A fine day, Mr. Carlyle," one of them would say. "Tell me something, mon, I dinna ken," muttered the sage, passing by without looking at them.

One of his friends brought him to see Whistler's picture of his mother, which probably gave Carlyle the notion that the artist might make him equally tranquil and pleasant to contemplate. So he agreed to sit, especially as it would enable him to talk, and turned up for the first sitting with the words, "And now, mon, fire away." Seeing that Whistler was not in sympathy with this injunction, he added, "If ye're fighting battles or painting pictures, the only thing to do is to fire away." Then he began to talk, while Whistler began to work, and the strange thing is that the talker was the first to tire.

He came again and again and talked longer and longer, and Whistler, taking no notice of his jabber, painted in and painted out his face, and put in a touch here and took out a touch there, until the talker became increasingly restive and the painter ever more engrossed. Whistler, however, pricked up his ears when the prophet spoke of how Watts had painted him. Screen and curtains hid the portrait from his view while the work was in progress, and "there was much meestification."

Then, one day, the screens were removed, the curtains drawn, and the portrait was revealed to the sitter. "How do you like it?" asked Watts. "Mon, I would have ye know I am in the habit of wurin' clean linen" was Carlyle's verdict; and he was pleased to note that Whistler gave him clean linen. But he grumbled at the length and number of the sittings, thought it absurd that the artist should cry out, "For God's sake don't move," whenever he wished to shift his position, and flatly rebelled when "the Creature," as he called Whistler, seemed to take more interest in his coat than in his face. Eventually someone else had to sit for the coat; and the finished work was called "Arrangement in Gray and Black, No. II."

In 1891 the portrait of the artist's mother was bought by the French government for the Luxembourg at the parsimonious price of four thousand francs. Whistler did not mind, as he was glad that it should be chosen for the national collection in that country. But he was more businesslike over the Carlyle, which was first offered to the British National Portrait Gallery, the curator of which, Sir George Scharfe, on seeing it, asked, "Has painting come to this?" and refused to consider the purchase. Whistler's comment was that Scharfe's query should have been answered, "No, it hasn't." Four years later a petition was signed by a number of artists asking the Glasgow Corporation to buy it. A deputation called on Whistler in London and the spokesman asked whether he did not consider his price of a thousand guineas a large one since the figure in the picture was not even life-size. "But you know few men are life-size," observed Whistler. They offered him £800, which he promptly refused.

"Now think it over, Mr. Whistler," they said, "and we will be coming back again." Next day when they returned he declared that he had been unable to think of anything but the pleasure of seeing them again. They gave him a check for a thousand guineas.

Before these two famous portraits were bought by France and Scotland, Whistler had pawned both of them. He was so hard up in 1878 that, to raise a loan of a few hundred pounds, he handed them over, together with two other pictures, as security. But he found that he could not live without the Mother and got it back on payment of £50. Later he retrieved the lot, and when the Mother was placed in the Luxembourg he took a room nearby so that he could see it as often as he pleased.

LIKE every other portrait painter of his time, Whistler was ambitious to capture on canvas the most picturesque figure and remarkable personality of the age,

and his vanity was such that he used to invent stories of how he had visited Lord Beaconsfield at Hughenden with this purpose in view. Here is one of them, as told to Joseph Simpson, who retold as much as he could remember of it for the amusement of the present biographer:

"Money was offered me, a great deal, enough to make me popular with my creditors for at least a fortnight; but it was the model I wanted far more than the money, d'ye see? I tried to meet him; I asked people who knew him to arrange something; I solicited the interest of a duchess; I even called at his house, and, against all my instincts, treated his secretary as an equal; but nothing came of it.

"Since he would not see me, I would see him, and I traveled down to Hughenden. I had heard he was fond of trees and his park; so I looked at his trees and I strolled in his park. At last he came into view—or was it the keeper?—no, it was he: a note of black in a symphony of green. The great moment had arrived. The Butterfly was about to alight on Beaconsfield. Ha-ha! I introduced myself. He was charming. 'I so much admire your pictures,' he said. 'Which have you seen?' 'None. That is why I can admire them. Seldom does one admire what one sees.' This was delightful. At once we were on cordial terms, in complete artistic accord.

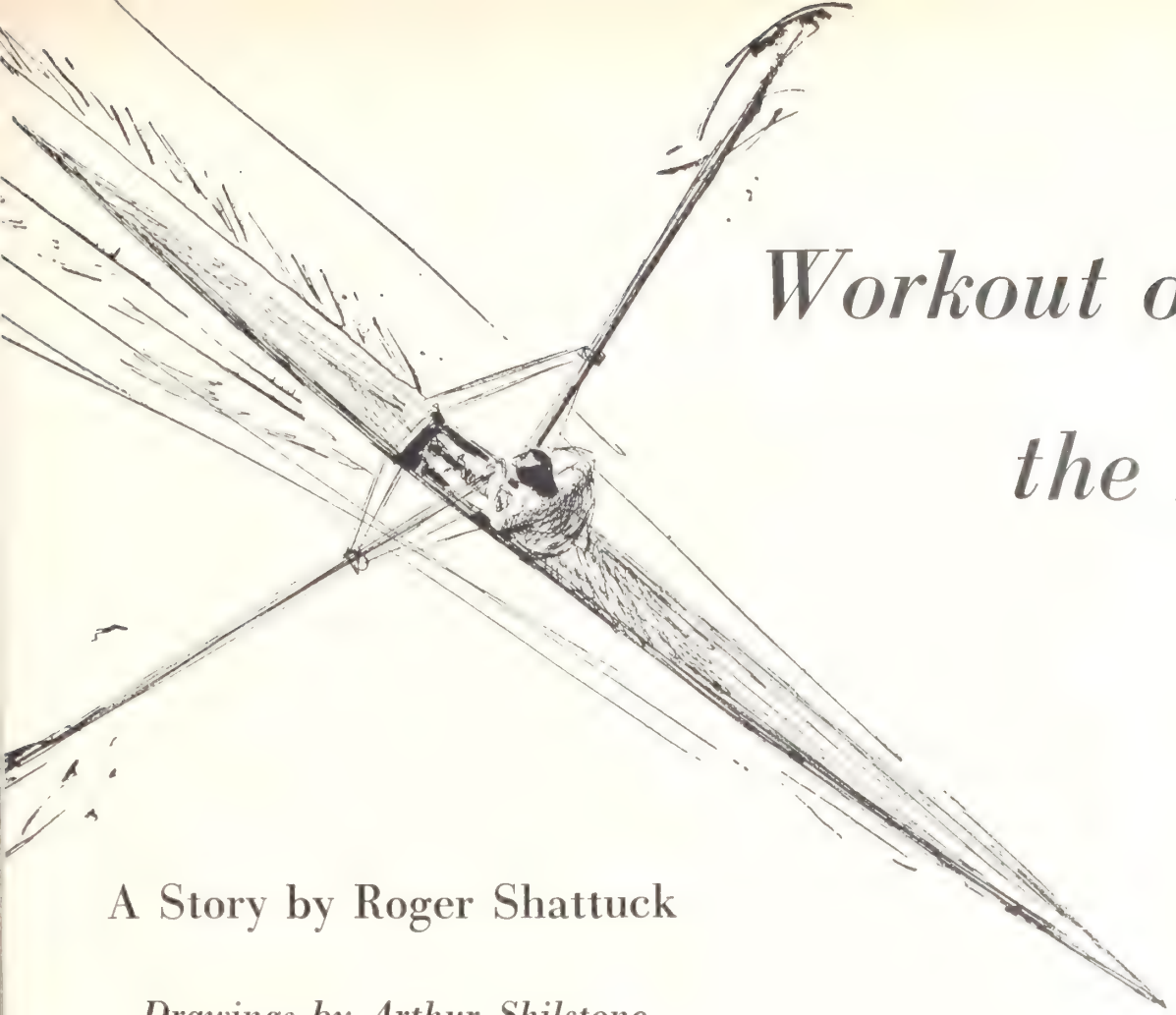
"'You must have been to an exhibition at the Academy,' I said. 'The sepulcher of Art,' he sorrowfully agreed. Then I asked him to sit for a portrait. 'My life is spent in sitting,' he complained. 'Parliament does nothing else.' He advised me to paint him from the gallery. I said that I would have to arrange him before painting him. He did not care to be arranged. It was very sad. He would have made a wonderful arrangement in white and black, or perhaps in his robes, a harmony of red and gold. But he refused to be immortalized, and I had to be content with his promise that if he sat to any artist it would be to me. He kept his promise: he sat to no artist; instead, he posed for Millais. It was a dreadful thing to do, and he was rightly punished for it. One day he caught sight of the portrait. True, it was not finished; but even in that state it was bad enough. Think of it! A picture by Millais—the post-pre-Raphaelite. Deadly, eh what? As he looked at it, the aged statesman remembered what might have been; he remembered Whistler; and he went home and died."

In giving this account and others like it, Whistler imitated Beaconsfield's voice and manner. But not a syllable of the story was true, except his keen desire to make an "arrangement" of the Prime Minister. What actually happened was less agreeable to his vanity.

In St. James's Park one day he saw the model of his dreams sitting in solitude, the far-off look in the eyes denoting complete absorption in thought or abstraction from life. It took all Whistler's courage to approach the motionless enigmatic figure and make himself known. But the graven image showed no consciousness of having heard his name, nor of a wish to hear it. Disheartened but not baffled, Whistler spoke of his ambition to paint the great man. He might have been addressing the seat on which the figure sat. There was no response, not a movement to suggest that Dizzy had heard him or was aware of his presence. But when the artist again began to speak, the lips of the statue were seen to part and a few words, mumbled in a hollow voice, were audible: "Go away, little man, go away."

Whistler went.

Next month Mr. Pearson will portray Whistler as a revolutionary interior decorator.



Workout on the River

A Story by Roger Shattuck

Drawings by Arthur Shilstone

STANDING in the wide doors of the boathouse, Jim saw the attendant take the measure of his burly body in T shirt and shorts. Even though at thirty-seven he had put on weight and developed a little stoop, Jim had not gone soft. He probably even looked a little like a former athlete. The weathered attendant, who served as trainer for the university crews and was in charge of the shells, nodded with the tired gray wisdom of a man who has devoted his life to one calling.

"Okay, professor, you look like you can handle a single. I got no wherries in shape anyway. You say you rowed in college?"

"Number three. I didn't carry so much weight then."

Jim would have preferred the clumsy safety of a wherry; but somehow he had anticipated that on this first return to rowing after fifteen years he would have to brave the graceful trickiness of a single scull. At least he had come down at lunchtime when the crews were not going out.

Together they lifted the sleek shell off the racks, carried it down the length of the dock, and set it gently in the water. The man went back to get the oars and rubbed some soap on the leather collars. He watched in silence as Jim fastened the gates of his riggers, placed his foot between the two brass runners of the slide, and lowered himself carefully onto the tiny seat. The sides of the shell lay scarcely an inch from the bulge of his hips, and he looked down at the brittle ply of wood forming the hull. The mere weight of his foot in the wrong place would go right through to water.

"You better fix your stretcher before you push off," the man said amiably.

"Of course." Jim covered his annoyance at having forgotten by asking a question. "Which way do I go, up or down?"

The man squatted down beside him, holding the shaft of the oar to steady the boat. He looked out speculatively at the river. "Either way. Most people go down. The river gets wider and you can see the new belt parkway down along the shore. They all say the best view of the city is from the water. If you go

up it gets a little narrow and winding."

"Well, I'll see. Hope the weather holds."

The air was balmy and the spring sun was trying to burn through a thin overcast. The man took the blade of the oar and pushed the single slowly out from the dock. As soon as he was clear with both oars resting on the water, Jim felt the precariousness of the shell, its nervous response to his tiniest movement. He tested his balance for a moment, tipping the boat back and forth gingerly with the oars. He was both scared and excited in a profound alertness—a tension of all his senses such as had allowed him in the past to travel hundreds of miles in the jungle and live for months in native villages. He had not experienced the feeling since his last trip to New Guinea.

"Just take it easy at first, Professor. Make sure you square up at the catch and before long you'll get back onto your stroke. If you're rigged too low, just come back in and I'll put in a couple of washers."

Although he understood what the man was saying, Jim heard the words as a half-forgotten jargon out of the past. He was listening instead to the way the man said "professor"—to the ease with which he expressed both respect and familiarity in the word. Jim began automatically to reflect upon the man's ambiguous status as half menial, half responsible employee of the university, and then he stopped himself. This was no time to act the anthropologist. He had come out for a row.

On the first choppy stroke the single lurched to port and righted itself. The current had turned his bow downstream, and he accepted the direction. His oars dragged the water on the recovery, but for the moment that was inevitable. He yanked the end of the second stroke and washed out hugely, projecting sheets of water into the air and almost losing control in his surprise. He had to make a fresh start. Afterward he steadied down a bit, trying to keep the stroke long, but he knew that his movements were all separate and angular. The light craft moved easily under his oars, and he began to leave the boathouse behind.

The first parts of him to tire after no more than fifty strokes were his forearms. They tightened up as if no other muscles had been working, and he realized he had been gripping the oars much too tightly. He stopped and looked around toward the irregular buildings and towers of the city. There along the bank ran a raw gash in the earth with a ribbon of bright new pavement down the middle and cars speeding along in their lanes. The river widened out lower down and flowed lethargically under the motor launches moored near the stone and girder bridge. Jim regarded the scene briefly and then turned the shell around. The sluggish water and the gray buildings crowding its banks held nothing to lure him. He settled himself anew on the seat, straightened his back, and prepared himself for a long pull upstream against the current.

Ten minutes later he was still rowing, but far from easily. He fought the oars and threw his weight around in the boat and splashed water at the catch. His hands gripped the oars tensely again, and he kept going out of pure stubbornness. He knew that his stroke had lost all efficiency, and his mind had begun to work as savagely as his body. He chopped at the water in accompaniment to his teeming thoughts: the thoughts which had driven him out here on the river.

In his graduate anthropology seminar yesterday a student had broached in one wide-eyed question the dilemma Jim had found himself facing more squarely every year. He had watched the serious young man fumbling for words and hesitating to express his idea with personal reference.

"Take yourself, Mr. Welling. You're a professor of anthropology and you study other cultures and our own as objectively as possible. Certainly marriage and religion and ethics have come to have new meanings for you or to lose their old meanings. In a sense you are a kind of official revolutionary whose ideas are permitted in books in academic language. You're paid to question everything we live by. But at the same time, as a professor in a famous university, you are expected to be a model citizen, a solid family man, a pillar of the church, and all the rest. You're supposed to be the complete member of our society. How can you do it? I don't mean you personally of course. . . ."

Jim yanked at the oars, exasperated at the memory of the student's half-suave, half-timid voice; the boy had not phrased his question very aptly, but Jim had heard all his meaning.

The terms of the dilemma had taken shape in his mind long ago. He had replied to the student a little scathingly.

"Haven't you heard of the absent-minded professor? There's your answer. Anyone that thinks things through becomes eccentric, a crackpot—you know that. In our society we tolerate and make jokes about the harmless professor who has worn his mind out and can't remember his own address or keep his trousers buttoned. The adaptation takes place on both sides—eccentricity and tolerance. No one gets hurt. The revolutionary professor gone stale is accepted as colorful. Didn't you know I was planning to become an eccentric? I'm in line to be the next campus character."

The students laughed; they liked him to talk like that. Jim laughed with them, but at home he muttered during dinner that "a couple of those grad students are smart cookies all right. Do I do such a lousy job of acting like a respectable professor?" He looked down the table at the salt and pepper and dish of pickles and all the accouterments of their eating. On the wall an ugly primitive head carved out of jet-black wood looked down on them in malevolence. Mary at the other end of the table beyond the two kids knew better than to answer such a question. A few minutes later she brought up the rowing. It had originally been his off-hand idea suggested by walking by the boathouse every day. She reverted to it now with the observation that a friend had told her that her husband always said the best view of the city was from the river. Jim heard her little stratagem with just a faint twinge of resistance.

One of the difficulties was that Mary was too sympathetic. He could take nothing out on her. With her serious face and blond hair, she followed even the most technical parts of his work with disconcertingly accurate understanding and always seemed to sense just where he stood on things. She had told him once, "If you ever really want to make a break and throw all this over, you can count on me. We don't have to do what's expected of us forever."

The only thing she did not understand was that he needed an antagonist, someone near him to represent the values he had lost track of. He could have respected them in Mary. He might have fought with her, but her knowledge of a stable life would have given him a reality to reckon with. As it was, her sympathy and gentleness seemed to pad him in cotton wool and make everything he did ineffectual. She refused to let him be alone in his struggle with his ideas and with the society around them; if she had allowed him to wander away from her at times, she would have been able to pull him up short before he really lost his way. But she followed him closely and accepted his path; he knew no way of asking her to wait until he found his direction.

As for this "working it out on the river," she had said gaily that there was no accom-



panying him out in a single. And thus he had come out finally to see what the exercise would do for him. Today he could find adversaries in the elusive mass of the water, in the paper-thin shell, and in the nearly lost grace of his own body.

Although half his effort was wasted and his oars waved wildly in the air, Jim knew the shell was still moving. He had left the boathouse fully a mile behind and had been plunking away doggedly for perhaps fifteen minutes. Suddenly he caught sight of something out of the corner of his eye, and its presence ripped through his reflections. He turned around, saw the bank a few yards away, and knifed in deeply with both oars. The single rolled and righted itself and came to a dead stop. He had almost run ashore in a sharp elbow of the river where the banks narrowed abruptly. He would have to be more careful. Panting and stiff, he rested on his oars. As the flurry of emotion subsided within him, he found himself confronting a memory which he almost never recalled explicitly but which was always with him. The event had never faded into the past and continued to carry the strange blend of uncertainty and reassurance it had first brought him. In his mind it marked the start of his professional career and, as well, of the upheaval which had come to jeopardize every habit and belief he had learned since childhood.

Ten years ago he and a young colleague from another university had scraped together enough money for a trip to New Guinea for six months—their first direct experience with primitive societies. They were flown from Moresby in an old Ford trimotor to a remote Australian government outpost in the range south of the Sepic river. For some reason the lone Australian agent on the post had not met them, and the plane deposited them and took off again. As they stood on the uphill end of the sloping grass strip looking out over the wide magnificently green valley where they were to spend six months, a crowd of fifty or so natives appeared. They grinned all over their dark scarred faces; their black hair was ruddy at the ends and stiffly erect from the pig grease in it; their necks and chests were hung with shells and beads. Jim and his friend stood their ground, uncertain of what to do in the presence of these apparently friendly creatures. There came a moment's pause with the two groups only a few feet apart, and then it happened.

Two of the natives stepped forward, obviously to greet the arrivals. They extended their hands not at elbow level, but down swiftly and openly toward the genitals of the two white men. Jim, his own palm half raised to shake hands, felt his heart thud; he froze into an instant of absolute clarity. He must not jump, he must keep himself in control. Incredibly, he found the power not to draw back, and as steadily as he could he reached down, took the man's hand, and gripped it in a Western handshake.

As he did so—and as he heard his friend cry out and jerk back into a defensive attitude—Jim felt part of himself dropping away. It was as if the unexpected power which had freed him from the necessity of acting on first impulse had also cut the bonds attaching him to any one set of responses. He knew at that moment that he would never again be able to perform with equanimity the ordinary gesture of shaking hands.

The bearded Australian agent had come up in a few minutes and chased the natives off. He explained half apologetically, half amusedly, that this was simply their way of greeting strangers by verifying their masculinity. Jim did not join in his companion's nervous laughter. He had become aware suddenly of the immense distance which separated this wild lush valley with its idiotic name from the rest of the world he knew. Already he felt as if he were living in a new medium into which he could carry over no previous knowledge of how to act or think or feel. Afterward he began in that very place the work which was to make his reputation when he published his first book.

The current began twisting the single around and carrying it downstream, and the thought of losing ground immediately disturbed Jim. A few tugs on one oar headed him upstream again. The first stroke came more easily after the rest, and he steered with care, looking frequently over his shoulder at the curving shore ahead. There were fewer houses now, and undergrowth came down to the water's edge. In a new placidity of movement he thought of his book.

For all those scholarly reviews, only one fly-by-night literary magazine had bothered to read between the lines. "Happily Mr. Welling makes no prideful and conventional claims about his objectivity as an observer. He suggests implicitly that anthropological field work is strong medicine for the stoutest personality and he does not deny having felt the dose he took. Only twice—but then unmistakably—does he let us understand the challenge he intends to throw up: the same challenge to behavior in our society as relativity has been to the old physics of simple time and space."

The book, received as important and authoritative in its field, had earned him a good appointment in a big Eastern university. He had been sent back again to New Guinea to do further researches and had published a second work. Now he was a full professor with a house of his own for his family. It had all seemed to happen at once. Above all, he was a member of a tightly knit university community with its special conventions and social demands. There was the dilemma. How was he to act at a party after the third cocktail when he always felt like speaking out? His tense little tirades sounded either facetious or professional. And why did he feel so profoundly uneasy on Sundays, as if there were nothing in his life to fill their emptiness, no natural manner of taking his rest after a week of work? These were the stresses he felt; they were what Mary meant when she spoke of "throwing it all over," and what he meant himself when he thought of "working it out on the river."

As he rowed on, Jim's thoughts meandered and lost their urgency. His body began to assert itself. Since he was tiring, he tried to relax between strokes. His arms were doing more than their share of the work, and he concentrated on his legs. Pulling around a gentle bend he came to a low stone bridge with a group of teen-aged boys leaning over the side watching him approach. They yelled words he could not distinguish, and he tried to tidy up his style and apply a little more power.

Not until he slid under the arch of the bridge did he notice the blobs of white dropping around him. One splatted its slime on his bare shin: they were spitting on him. He heard them whoop across the bridge and wait for him on the other side. He pulled hard and shot quickly through their barrage and into the clear. Only one more sticky mess landed on the shaft of his starboard oar. Then two dogs which must have been on the bridge ran down to the bank, barking and prancing wildly. The boys sicked the animals on, and they followed the shell along the shore with their persistent yapping. It seemed a mile before he could leave them behind, and his body ached with fatigue. His forearms were numb; his shoulders felt thick and powerless; a dull pain gnawed near the small of his back where he could not ease it by shifting his weight; and he felt the sting in his hands where blisters must have formed and burst. Savagely he resolved to last through fifty more strokes. For the first time a real sweat had broken through his pores, and he counted aloud at each catch with a loud grunt. He was set on pushing himself to the limit.

On the twelfth stroke his starboard oar dug deep, stuck, thumped him unawares in the chest, and swung by him: he had caught a crab. Somehow he held on, maintained a crazy equilibrium, and eased the oar back into position without capsizing. He slouched forward and for a time felt nothing but the shrieking pain of his whole body. It rose thick and black to submerge him and then receded slowly.

When his system recovered he saw that the shell was rigged too low, for his right thumb had been gouging down into his thigh on the release. Below the bottom of his shorts the skin had chafed in a long red furrow. There was no way to prevent its getting worse on the way back. He wondered how far he had come, and paddled on again slowly, watching the shore.

The houses faced the other way, and their gardens and back lots ran down to the green bank of the river. The sun was almost breaking through, and his white skin felt its intensity. He had not reckoned on the heat. He passed a small dock like countless others he had seen on the way, a heavy wooden affair on piles near a weeping willow. The sight of its tidy shelter interrupted his rowing, and he knew that he was looking for a place to stop. "Weigh enough," he muttered aloud. He turned the single back toward the landing.

Afterward he could not be sure exactly what happened. He must have misjudged because of his rowing with the current instead of against it, or else the river swirled in a treacherous eddy in the little cove. Whatever it was, he suddenly found himself almost on top of the dock and going much too fast. He barely managed to stop the shell short of the dock, and then his co-ordination abandoned him. He watched the current carry the thin delicate prow of the shell toward a post on which it would splinter immediately, and he was afraid to use the oars because he could no longer remember which way the shell would respond. It was total physical panic, freezing his limbs and isolating his mind to observe calmly how he was going to wreck the boat after his long row up the river. He had been a fool to take the fragile shell out in the first place; now he would feel it collapse beneath him like an accordion.

Jim did not see the young boy appear; he was suddenly there, standing on the dock with a solemn look on his round face. He seemed uncertain whether to run off or to oppose this surprise approach. In the moments during which the prow of the shell was still moving across the few feet of water toward the pile, Jim's memory sparked to life again and carried him fatefully back to New Guinea to a similar experience which had put everything in jeopardy.

To the south of one village where he lived for several months there was an area where he was never taken. Most of the paths skirted it and the natives never referred to it. Finally one morning when the men were off after crocodiles and most of the women had gone to the stream at the other end of the village to fetch water and gossip, he set out to explore for himself. A narrow deeply worn path led toward the overgrown area, and as he ducked low under the vines he noticed an unfamiliar and vaguely sickening smell. His mind leaped instantly to hearsay information he had picked up of villages clinging to a few vestiges of cannibalism and reverting to the old practices on certain occasions. He moved forward warily and decided to follow a small trail that turned off to the right. After scarcely ten yards he stumbled over a rock, lunged ahead to keep his balance, slipped on a steep slope that seemed to open under his feet, and found himself crouched at the bottom of a deep pit. It only took an instant to perceive that he had fallen into a hole dug for the refuse of the village and partly filled with soft rotting ordure. The steep side rose several feet over his head, and he stood up in the stinking pit trying to discover a way to climb out.

Then he saw the children. Two grave black faces stared down at him from under a clump of bushes as if they had followed his whole progress and were now watching his inevitable fate. It was one of the moments—the first of them had come when he felt the strange hand touch his groin—when his very presence in the land was challenged. His mind stayed alert but utterly vacant during the moments that he stared up toward the lurking faces. They seemed to fade into the background. Then, spontaneously, he laughed and raised his hands in a gesture of helplessness. Two little rows of white teeth appeared, and a shrill giggling tumbled down toward him. A situation that had appeared ominous and almost sinister turned into comedy, and he knew he was safe. The kids brought a strong vine which they tied to a tree and let down into the pit. They stood about smirking after he had climbed back up to the path, as if they had all connived in a wonderful adventure. He saluted with mock gravity and they scampered off, still giggling.

Jim recalled this incident in a fleeting instant while the shell still closed on the dock. He had time to wonder how this pouting boy, washed and dressed and civilized, would react to the catastrophe. Then Jim heard himself laugh again in foolish resignation at his predicament and at the quirk of his memory. The boy acted with surprising swiftness. He squatted on the edge of the dock and with his foot fended off the sharp prow. Deflected just in time, the single swung sideways to the landing and hovered there. The boy straightened up again, grinned, and spoke half boastfully.

"Thought you was a goner."

Jim did not understand exactly who thought so—himself or the boy or both of them—but he nodded. "Thanks, young feller. You saved my skin all right. I lost control for a minute."

"You looked like you was trying to hit. But I stopped you."

"A good thing. But I wasn't trying. Really. Will you take that oar and pull me in a little? Then I'll be safe."

Jim allowed himself to dangle pleasantly between the two experiences, for together they offered him a precious reassurance. Twice he had been convinced that he had gone too far and was utterly lost. Both times a child had appeared to save him. It was more than he deserved.

"Does the seat push back and forth?" The boy, a pudgy composed lad of nine or ten, had become serious again and was pointing at the shell.

"Yes, so you can use your legs." Jim demonstrated. "You must see lots of shells coming up the river."

The boy shook his head, still peering inside the boat and along its taut tapering deck. "They don't come up this far. Daddy says the river's too crooked. I thought it wasn't deep enough maybe."

At the word "crooked" he looked Jim in the eye. Despite his short stature he rose above Jim who was seated low in the boat. A shade of defiance lingered in the way he stood stolidly with his feet apart, as if he expected Jim to justify his presence.

"I guess your daddy's right. The river almost did me in. You mind if I rest here for a minute before I row back to the city?"

"The city? All the way?" The boy's face showed awe, and he pronounced very slowly the name of the city as if it were on the other side of the globe. Then he crinkled up his face in an expression of secret triumph and said very low, "It's all right. No one comes down here but me." He turned and ran jarringly up the dock and out of sight.

Jim rested long enough to notice that the sun, directly overhead now, had finally burned through the overcast. It made his limbs glow and the water glisten all around him. He thought of the long stretch of river below him which he would have to travel again—the gradually relaxing turns, the bridges, and the buildings which would slowly cluster into a city. He looked toward the farthest sweep of river above him where it disappeared around a young elm half toppled toward the water. It would have to wait for the next trip; he was ready to go back. He pushed out into the current and settled himself on the seat.



On the way down there came to him the twin image of himself as an eccentric and a solid citizen. He would like to have laughed, but the smile on his lips was tight and bitter. To some people he already behaved like an eccentric. In the same New Guinea village where he had fallen into the pit he had had hiccups for two days and had accepted the drum beatings and charms to hang around his neck which the native doctors prescribed. But the second evening he could make no one bring him food and drink; he was supposed to drive out the evil spirit with thirst and hunger. Finally, weak as a baby, he staggered out of the hut to his water bag, and they did not stop him. But by that act he ceased to be one of them. The fact that his hiccups stopped a little later made no difference.

Back in America he had received the same looks of outraged custom when one day in a bargain basement he opened an umbrella to see if there were any holes in it. The women's expressions made him remember how his mother had been in horror of seeing an umbrella opened indoors, and he wondered when he had forgotten this little belief. As with so many things he did, he had not even thought twice to open an umbrella there. In the same way he wore gaudy ties and ate peanuts walking down the street and liked to go without an overcoat in any weather.

By losing touch with cures for hiccups and folk customs about umbrellas, he had

become an eccentric. Was there, then, no deep taproot of behavior which could still nourish him? No set of habits which would link him with this culture and with his own past? At least children accepted him without demur.

After a time Jim began to find his second wind. Because the current flowed with him he rowed easily, counting his proportion in order to get good spacing. He watched the tight swirling puddles his oars made stretch out behind him, and he was able to hold his course without zigzagging. The bridge from which the boys had spat on him was deserted and no dogs raced along the bank to annoy him. The stiffness in his limbs thawed gradually, and with a sense of being capable of much more, he began to exert power on each long sweep of his blades. In between came the unhurried, carefully balanced recovery with both oars poised over the water. In these swift silent intervals, the shell began to get its run.

Time stilled. Perspiring steadily like an easing of pressure all over his body, Jim could feel the firmness of the water against his oars. He finally paused in his rowing almost to convince himself that his action was real. He relaxed and drifted peaceably, knowing the current flowed with him. When he began again he decided that this would be the last stretch, to take him all the way to the boathouse. Sensations of speed and balance and latent strength began to absorb his attention, and he discovered that he could control his breathing to be deep and regular. From his earliest crew days he recalled the words of the coach speaking slowly through the megaphone. "All right number three. Feel your feet push steadily on the stretcher. Keep your back moving all the time. There are only two rapid movements during the stroke—just at the catch when you drop your oar in, and at the release when you flick it out. Everything else is long and strong and even. Remember that. Nothing ever stops."

For the first time he seemed to be able to feel his muscles work and to adjust their timing. He found that he had been letting his knees sag at the catch and had been slumping forward between them. Down the long reaches of the river widening around him he concentrated on his form. His arms pulled steadily, and his wrists got onto the knack of dropping just at the end of the stroke to feather the oar cleanly out of the water. Piece by piece the form he once had came back to him, the unbroken movement of an oarsman who is using every muscle effectively and tirelessly. It was his body that remembered; he had had to wait all this time for his mind to come to rest and for the fatigue and stiffness to wax and wane before his limbs could rediscover a skill they had known long ago.

When he rounded the last bend in the river and sighted down the long clear expanse of water toward the boathouse with the city beyond, he was able to line up his course on a tree astern and row without turning around. He had been going steadily for over five minutes, but no ache made him aware of any separate part of his body. Sweat flowed down his face and back and legs, and everything moved together in warm clean moistness. In cautious excitement he allowed himself to raise the stroke, keeping the proportion which was giving a long run to his little craft. The rhythm came from all his limbs as one, and he did not have to count any longer. The faster stroke did not seem to roughen his style; rather he felt a swelling strength. He was even physically conscious of the inch or two the shell rose out of the water during his pull-through and of how it settled slowly during the recovery until he caught it up once more. Jim put the stroke still higher, holding his course midway between the banks which he could see without turning his head. He gave himself ten power strokes—no faster, merely stronger, so that the puddles seemed to jump out astern under his eyes. The enormous throb of his body blanketed all other sensations—a single clot of fatigue which strained his system to the limit in anticipation of his stopping. The scene around him shook unsteadily in his vision, but he moved steadily in the secure center of his single, narrow as a coffin and swift as a fish. He felt as if he were all heat and strength and balance.

The boathouse crept into his field of vision to port, and he opened up for the final sprint. There was no reality in the world beyond his body moving through its cycle and the shell underneath him cutting through the water. He knew he had won and could stop now when he wanted.

He completed a strong stroke, flipped the oars back over the water, and drifted half way down his slide while the boat continued to run. He held himself poised as if he were going to begin again, and the blood thudded against the thick surface of his body. He wiped his eyes with an arm that hardly seemed his own and looked toward the dock.

THE university crews were going out. Tall young men carried the smooth shells bottoms up like huge water beetles emerging from the boathouse. Shorts-clad oarsmen paraded with long sweeps like lances making dramatic diagonals in the air. Crews pushed off one after another, the eight rowers and their little coxswain looking disarranged and helpless until a sharp command brought them to attention. A quick flash of the blades set the shell in motion. Jim paddled up and stopped off the end of the dock. He watched the jaunty way the young men carried their oars and the care with which they knelt to oil their slides and adjust their stretchers. For seven years in school and college he had done just this. He could have performed every gesture; he knew the intensity of their devotion. And in the last few moments he had touched once again the deep reward of this sport.

He was paddling gently to hold his own in the current when he heard the voice come loud and hollow through the megaphone.

"Okay, Professor. Give me two minutes to get these rookies out and we'll bring you in. You looked pretty good out there."

Several young faces turned his way; the word "professor" appeared to startle them. He waved back at the attendant on the dock, and when the man put the megaphone to his ear, Jim shouted, "No hurry."

He decided it must be around two-thirty. The crews got off rapidly and headed downstream after the coach's launch. They would work out where the river was wide and unimpeded down near the city in sight of the new parkway. He steered the shell easily alongside the dock, and the attendant pulled him in.

"Who won?" the man asked unsmilingly.

Jim followed the man's eyes to his own thigh. There, where his thumb had merely chafed earlier, his nail had now dug deep and drawn blood. The constant grazing across the wound had spread blood down his thigh to his knee and had carried it up across his belly and shorts, staining everything. Always at the beginning of the season in college he used to do the same thing, and he remembered the little vanity which he had indulged in wearing bloodied rowing shorts. One of his calves was also oozing now where it came down on the end of the slide, but there was no pain in either place.

Jim took time to laugh and then looked up soberly. "I did," he said and the attendant nodded.

"You looked as if you got your stroke back on that last stretch. Feels good, eh?"

"I didn't know I'd remember. I needed that."

The man agreed as if he knew what Jim was talking about.

THEY carried the single into the boathouse which was empty of half its shells. When they lifted it up onto the racks Jim looked at the narrow, flawlessly smooth hull which had seemed so precarious to start with and had taken so long to control. He was glad that he had not gone out in a broad-bottomed wherry. When he went upstairs to dress he felt reluctant to wash away the badge of his blood, yet there was no one for whom he could wear it. In the shower the bright stain came off with disconcerting ease and swirled down the drain. Under the hot water he had the sensation of being doped. His limbs were light and buoyant with fatigue, and his senses seemed to be cleaned and freshened to a heightened pitch of response.

He suddenly realized that he was singing—bellowing loud and tonelessly like a show-off schoolboy. He laughed at himself, and the sound boomed big and hollow in the huge shower room where he was all alone. His elation lasted until he had toweled himself vigorously all over and sat down on the bench in the locker room to dress. Then he fell into a reverie in which he beheld himself in astonishment. He had never had such a day.

He had come out to work the tension out of his system. Perhaps he actually had rid himself of some of the restlessness and fury which he could not hide from himself or from Mary, but which he had to mask as best he could in front of the graduate students

with their innocent questions. But just by going up and down the river for a couple of hours with his muscles protesting, what had he found to make him so idiotically gay? There had been a boy who stopped him from cracking up, and he had found that he could still handle a single after all. Was that enough to make him sing in the shower and feel like a new man?

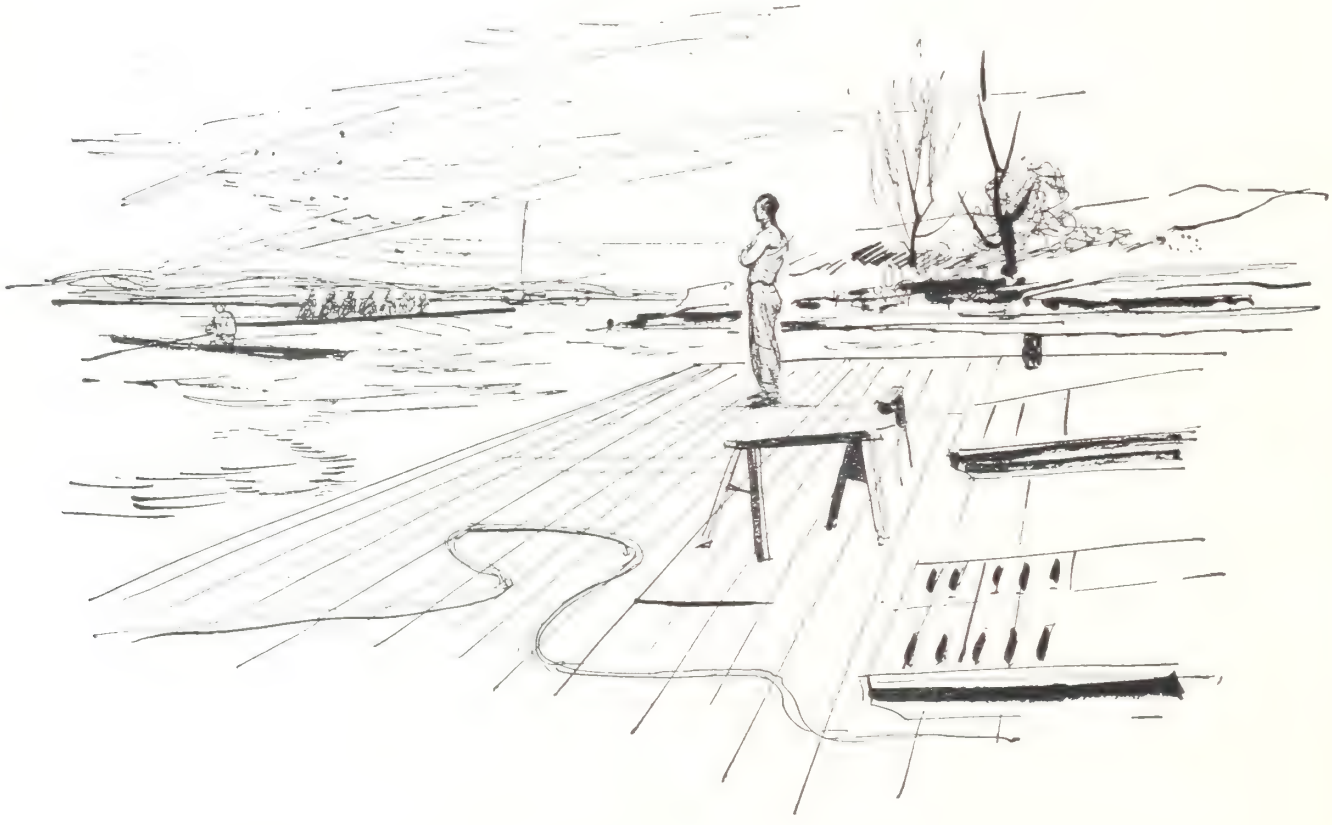
Jim smiled as he bent over to tie his shoes. Anything was enough. There wasn't much left after he had spent ten-odd years questioning everything he lived by in the name of anthropology. If he could count on children to treat him like an ordinary person and if his own body obeyed him, he had a pretty good start.

With his limbs protesting their new aliveness under the drab gray suit, he went to say good-by to the trainer. After one look at Jim in his street clothes, the man's lank gray face turned back to watch the water. For a moment Jim thought he might tell him what had happened—the spitting boys and the dogs and the boy on the dock. But finally he said what anyone might say after a row.

"I almost cracked your shell up at the top of the river. But I'll be a safer oarsman next time."

"Okay, Professor. Any day except Sunday. I'm always here."

Ludicrously Jim toyed for an instant with the idea of asking him what he found to do on Sunday, but the man had walked down the dock. Jim went out through the dim boathouse wondering what pleased him so much about the man. He remembered as he stepped out into the muggy heat of the street. It was the way the man said "professor." That was something else to make him feel good.



The Easy Chair

Remainder Shelf

Bernard DeVoto

BLESSED are they who read books simply because they like to. They have the amateur spirit and they get one of the few pure pleasures an impure world affords. There are other sound and no doubt more praiseworthy motives for reading: the hope of growing in knowledge as the book plates promise you will, a desire for self-improvement, a determination to understand the critics or to keep up with things or to find out whether Joe knows what he is talking about. But they are all tainted and ulterior motives; they kill the amateur spirit.

The amateurs are a fortunate species and no writers belong to it. When you become a writer, you forfeit forever the finest satisfaction that the trade you practice undertakes to provide for others. You may get different satisfactions from some of the reading you do, such as an insider's appreciation of professional skill. But your trade requires you to read a mass of abominable stuff that it would be diseased to enjoy, and everything you read serves some professional interest. You cannot even turn to "escape literature" without constantly taking it apart to see how well it is done and whether it could have been done better in some other way. Worse still, you read everything as a deposit to your capital account. There is no subject so far from your activity that it may not prove useful professionally. Thus I am one of what must be a very small number of people who have read the *Dictionary of American Biography*. While it was being published I kept the latest volume beside my bed and read myself to sleep with it every night. Besides welcome dividends of sleep, I got an enormous amount of amusement and satisfaction from it, but they were like the pleasure of a professional tennis player who enjoys a match he is being paid to play.

Finishing the book which I was careful to advertise in this column some months ago* brought me as close to the innocence of a true amateur as a writer ever gets after he has signed his first contract. Though the chores connected with it have continued, I have not had to read anything for it since early in the year—no documents, no monographs, no latest words. This release from the seventeenth and eighteenth century, from obligatory reading, has resulted in a euphoria that makes me a set-up for a book. The realization that something I pick up cannot be brought to bear on the canoe route to Lake Winnipeg, or that if it can it's too late now for they're plating my book, makes me glow with good will. And yet the professional taint is always there. I read books because part of my job is to keep up with what is being published and because you never know when they will prove useful. Last week in a piece I was writing I referred with graceful erudition to the first model-railroad fan, which gives you the idea: he had stuck in my mind from Volume V of the *DAB*, published in 1930.

DURING the year I served as a judge—not all the virtues of that term are apparent at first glance—in two novel contests. Neither of them produced anything that moved me to modify the wail which, twice during the year, I added here to the general lugubriousness about the state of current fiction. I did get one satisfaction for I

* See "Next to Reading Matter" (July 1952). The book is Mr. DeVoto's *The Course of Empire.—The Editors.*

was moved to go on and read some two hundred reports on novel-manuscripts by publishers' first readers. They interested me more than any novel entered in the contests and later in the winter I will set forth here some of the conclusions they suggest. Meanwhile, the usual steady stream of novels has been coming in from publishers who hope they can get a blurb, and if they can get one for some turkey they have been stuck with, so much the better. As always this continuing flood of free books puzzles me. I wonder why publishers waste money sending them to people like me, for I am moved to write a blurb only about once in two years, and I wonder why they voluntarily lose money publishing the novels they send. My end-of-a-book euphoria has led me to read more of them than normally I would have done but they have not intensified it. They have only highlighted the low state of current fiction.

And yet an awkward fact nudges me. Although the run-of-the-mill novel has been fully as bad this year as we have all been saying, I have read four first-rate novels. I am not tempted to extrapolate and predict that there will be two more by Christmas: the percentages say there won't be. But four first-rate novels are twice as many as the percentages say any year will have: they make 1952 extraordinary, even if you will memorable. I don't know what this indicates about the state of fiction but I am going to stop deploring it.

What were they? Gladly: H. L. Davis's *Winds of Morning*, Pat Frank's *Hold Back the Night*, Mary McCarthy's *Groves of Academe*, and Gerald Warner Brace's *The Spire*. The fact that the last two have a college background is fortuitous and does not indicate a trend. The college novel is going to get worse on the average, not better: college has replaced the war as the natural subject for first novels and the ads are going to be full of hurt sophomores and disenchanted seniors.

How many critics have bothered to puncture the Damon Runyon bubble, how many have understood that puncturing it was a useful thing to do? The year's critical activity has been divided between an outbreak of civil war inside what has been calling itself the New Criticism for a generation and an even more affecting plebiscite on what opinions about American life and culture it is now proper for intellectuals to hold. (If you did not see the *Partisan Review's* symposium which found that in many ways the United States has become worthy of its intellectuals, you missed a precious thing, but borrow a motorcyclist's belt when you read it for it puts a strain on the abdominal muscles.) But Mr. Alistair Cooke saw what needed to be said about Runyon and said it. He did an excellent job of literary criticism—see his remarks on the American vernacular, for instance—but it was incidental to something more important. I offer the Runyon piece as representative of Mr. Cooke's book, *One Man's America*, which gave me more satisfaction than anything else I have read this year.

Mr. Cooke is a naturalized citizen. He has kept the fresh, detached, individual point of view that he brought here as an Englishman, and he has acquired a feel for American realities surer than that of most native-born writers. He is, in fact, a kind of one-man cartel in restraint of domestic enterprise; in order to write as he does you have to be a newspaperman, a literary man, a critic, and a scholar, and expert at all four trades, and you have to be a lover too. Not many qualify. But Mr. Cooke belongs to an even smaller group, writers who know the whole country intimately. Of course he has also joined the most endearing of small-town Americans, the New Yorkers, and a slur on his home town makes him as red-necked with local patriotism as any native of Allegan, Michigan, now teaching at Columbia University. But he has the continental awareness that comes only from firsthand knowledge of all our regions and ought to be regarded as prerequisite to the expression of opinions about the United States.

The breadth and the depth of his knowledge dismay one who tries to work the same vein but they are also a constant delight. An incidental remark in the Runyon piece says that American slang derives "from the collision of Dutch and French and German with English, or from the Spanish days of the Southwest, or from pioneering, mule-driving, railroading, baseball, poker, the cattle kingdom, mining." That is a wide range of information to bring to bear on an incidental

remark; it represents a lot of scholarly reading but it also represents direct experience right on the spot, on many spots. When he mentions a factory that has moved from Bridgeport to Texas, he speaks from a knowledge not only of the economies of both regions but of their racial stocks, folkways, accents, diversions, and history as well. When he writes about Washington, his political analysis rests on a cultural foundation so ample that I can only call it contemporary archaeology. Summer heat appears to be one American phenomenon he cannot accept for it keeps cropping up in his stuff; he is able to discuss it with reference to its horrors in a dozen regions and he ends, typically, with the Hopi snake dance, which few Americans have ever seen and even fewer are prepared to understand. (There are not many subjects I feel competent to instruct him about, but he submits no evidence that he has been in either Cairo or Bakersfield during August and so I inform him that the climax which will give artistic form to his experience is still to come.) I suspect that the best gauge of a writer's authority about the American past and present is what he says about New England; Mr. Cooke's short piece, spun round the Yankee autumn, is profound and very moving. (Next time he goes to Newfane he ought to drive on up the river and look at Thetford Hill, then come down the other bank and look at Orford—he will see why. And I suggest to him that Mr. Toynbee may have found the structural symbolism of his history on some October day when a friend drove him from Montreal to Boston.)

Whatever Mr. Cooke's topic—a memory of Anza and Portolá in Cahuenga Pass, night classes for foreign-born parents of native-born children, the dangerous prissiness that shrinks from using such words as "Jew" and "Negro" and supposes it is ameliorating a problem by refusing to mention it by name—everything he writes is a gloss on a line that is the weightiest one in his book. He tells his listeners in England—these pieces were originally short-wave broadcasts—that "America is not a bigger Britain. It is a bigger Europe." That is the theme which engrosses his extraordinary knowledge, wisdom, and skill. We are lucky to have so gifted an interpreter speaking for us overseas but the most valuable yield will be here at home.

Whenever a newspaperman from England or the Dominions comes to the United States on assignment, his first move is to get in touch with Mr. Cooke, who forthwith orders him to make a transcontinental automobile trip—to learn the size of his job and to acquire a working basis for it. This supplementary service has probably contributed to the good press we get in foreign parts these days, and I suppose a good press is desirable, but I miss something. It is no longer a novelty when an Englishman writes about the United States with understanding and respect—Graham Hutton, for instance, or Dennis Brogan, who knows even more American history than Mr. Cooke but doesn't do so much field work. And there is a constantly growing literature by Englishmen who look at us through a rosy mist—or the well-being that a porterhouse can produce. It praises us so fulsomely and unrealistically that the reticent American soul is shocked and there is an urge to mutter, "Just stick around a while, son." And it creates a yen that is not easily satisfied these days.

Mr. Cooke pinks J. B. Priestley with an expertly tossed dart but I would admire to read such a book as Mr. Priestley used to write, or W. L. George, G. K. Chesterton, Philip Guedalla, and on up to four more English writers per publishing season who came over here for a lecture tour with the manuscript of their American impressions in their pockets, worked up from the village cinema and *Martin Chuzzlewit*. I long to hear the local chairman say, "Waal, now, I swan by heck," to see how strident and vindictive and sexless the American woman is and how she cows her husband who as a lover is a baboon trying to play a violin, to learn that our colonial culture is foul with dollar-chasing and worship of the shower bath, and that it is against God for Omaha to be so far from Grand Central—Oxford can be reached in an hour and forty minutes from Paddington. That was a noble, immensely satisfying literary form; we must not let it wither away. Surely some foundation could subsidize Geoffrey Gorer for a return engagement.

In this generation the interior West, the West this side of the Sierra-Cascades divide, has had only two writers of national importance. When Joseph Kinsey

Howard, who was one of them, died a year ago, he had just finished a remarkable book. Called *Strange Empire,* it is a study of Louis Riel, the Metís rebellions, and the tragic, now almost forgotten drama associated with them. It has just been published as I write this but, since it was my melancholy privilege to write a preface for it, I will say here only that it is pure gold. It is stirring, heartbreaking, history as a fine art, and one of the few books ever written that deal justly with Indians.

The other Western writer who has stayed home is Thomas Hornsby Ferril and he too has just published a book, *New and Selected Poems.* A public expression of my liking for his work is as heavy a burden as a poet should be asked to bear, so I will not handicap the book further by saying why I regard him as the best poet now in active practice. But anyone who writes prose must accept comment from me as an ordinary risk and every week, under one of the antic pseudonyms it amuses him to use, Tom Ferril writes a column for the paper which he has called the *Rocky Mountain Albatross.* Mr. Harper reported the Democratic convention for the *Albatross* but Personal & Otherwise has not mentioned it since last month and I want to put in a plug for it.

I must warn you, however, that as a reporter Tom Ferril sometimes exhibits the mendacity and, to use at last a word I have long tried to find a spot for, the pusillanimity that are traditions of Western journalism. Thus last spring I happened to be staying with a friend of mine who is the president of a university about forty minutes from Denver when the campus erupted in one of the "panty raids" that so gratified the Luce magazines. My friend boiled out and promptly stopped a flying brick with his forehead. Mr. Ferril reported that fact as accurately as the *New York Times* could have done. But he then lapsed into the Bonfils-Tammen strain and said that during this fete I took refuge in a culvert. I hurl the lie back in his teeth. That was not a culvert I was in, it was a daze, even a stupor; I was shocked numb by incontrovertible evidence of the decline in virility of the American college boy and the great West.

Well, Tom Ferril lives in Denver and he has a fine life. He is within easy reach of the most magnificent country in the United States, and he is sanctioned by his job to drive about it constantly in an automobile (he has a new one, the *Albatross* says) and frequently to fly over it. He is a fine photographer and his job pays for all the film, lenses, and new gadgets he may care to play with. He takes stills that editors will print and movies that people will look at. He gets along amiably with Westerners, which is a skill I have never been able to acquire. At intervals he concentrates in a few lines—there are twenty-four in "High Passage"—something that is all symbol and that says what gifted novelists frequently prove unable to say in five hundred pages. And every week he writes a column called "Ideas and Comments" for the weekly newspaper which he inherited and which his wife edits. He himself can mark each one of them "must." What more is there?

The real name of the paper is the *Rocky Mountain Herald,* and its address is P. O. Box 1047, Denver. It costs a dollar a year, no subscription blank necessary. It is the biggest dollar's worth in American publishing. A lot of Tom's opinions would bring the vigilantes down on him if it were not for the decline in Western masculinity I have alluded to. Some of them horrify me, but it's the prose I'm talking about now. Anybody who read "Western Half-Acre," the column he used to write for *Harper's* but gave up because, so he said, it did not leave him enough time for fishing, knows the quality of that prose. He has never written a mediocre piece; I can't remember even a sloppy paragraph. It is by so far the best weekly column in contemporary journalism that there is no second place; the runner-up comes in third. I began this piece by alluding to the pure pleasure of reading. The only place I know of where it can be depended upon week by week is Tom Ferril's *Albatross.* Why wait?—sign up today. And, since seven years of those columns have piled up since *I Hate Thursday,* why don't Harper & Brothers bring out another collection?

Comeback from a Brain Operation

Lawrence B. Bixby

It is embarrassing to admit, for it was not at all a customary family greeting, but I distinctly remember saying, "Hi, Toots," when my wife leaned over the hospital bed as I regained consciousness. I didn't know the doctors were hidden behind the head of the bed to see if I could speak at all. They had not expected me to live and had told my wife that if I did, the chances were that I would neither move nor speak again. But that morning, as they drilled two small holes in the back of my head for an X-ray study, the drill, quite by accident, punctured a brain abscess, and consciousness returned.

That was the beginning of six hard months of intensive work, just to regain elementary skills that most of us take for granted. My right vision was blank, my hands would not co-ordinate to use a knife and fork, and it was impossible to read or write. Numbers on telephone dials baffled me, and wholly gone was the ability to solve simple problems in arithmetic or use the typewriter which had been my companion for years. Such handicaps were so intolerable that I became obsessed with a grim determination to overcome them somehow, no matter how great the effort. The doctors told me that my faculties would return, but that I would have to work at it. They did return, but the way was long and hard, and without guide posts anywhere.

In January of 1949 I was a regular army colonel, fifty-two years old, in excellent health, and in command of an army post on the island of Eta Jima in Japan. Near the end of May a series of severe headaches, chills, fever, and spells of dizziness led to my evacuation by air to Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington, D. C. Because of a mistake in the initial diagnosis, the streptococcic infection that caused my illness progressed without treatment for twenty-three days. Before leaving Japan my right vision had become blank, and during the trip two large abscesses developed and my right side became paralyzed. Barely conscious upon arrival in Washington, I was in such bad condition that an accurate diagnosis was impossible.

I wavered between excruciating headaches and unconsciousness, and when the doctors asked me how I felt, my stock answer was, "Fine." It exasperated them because they had to learn my true condition from my wife, who had accompanied me throughout the evacuation flight. I did not expect to die, but she told me later I was depressed because my military career seemed ended. In spite of her best efforts to keep him from alarming me, a chaplain came to my room during one of my few lucid moments. He grasped my hand and told me to be brave in meeting my Maker. When I told my wife about the "sky pilot's" visit she was furious. But I said, "It doesn't matter. I humored him, for he was doing his duty as he saw it."

The next day, when the drill punctured

His own old-fashioned courage and rare intelligence, along with the medical skill and new techniques of a great hospital staff, brought Colonel Bixby back into active service after an experience which makes a grim but fascinating case history.

the brain abscess, my headaches stopped. On the day after that, when the doctors came to withdraw fluid from my brain to examine it, I was amazed, for I didn't know they had drilled the holes. For a few hours afterward, when I moved my head, it sounded like an empty watermelon, but I couldn't feel it, for there is no sensation in the brain itself. Large quantities of penicillin and other drugs killed the infection, and ten days later Dr. Hugo V. Rizzoli performed a long and delicate operation which removed the capsulated abscess from my brain.

Within a week I was able to sit up and look at the world around me, but it was not the clear, sharp world that I had known. It was a frustrating place, hazy and dreamlike, with unexpected pitfalls and stumbling blocks everywhere.

Doctors came frequently to my room, asked my name and where I was. I knew my name, but told them I was in Tokyo. From their reactions I sensed that something was wrong, but I didn't know what it was. They wanted me to remember their names, but it was impossible. I tried to jot them down and memorize them, but would lose my notes, and when I found them later I couldn't read them. My wife brought a diary for recording names and events. The first entry, several days after the operation, read, "Sat ypin clairn," and four days later, "mi coldar pain in highs." I had attempted to write: "Sat up in chair," and, "Muscular pain in thighs."

Even greater confusion came from vision. The doctors told me frankly that my right vision would not return, yet with my left eye closed, I knew that I could see a little with the right one. But what I saw didn't make sense. When I looked squarely at someone a few feet away only half his face would look back at me. The other half would just not be there. It took several weeks for me to learn that "right vision" means the right half of the field of view of both eyes. That being blank, I saw only the left half of whatever my eyes focused upon. To understand the difficulty was of great help later on, but in the meantime many problems in daily living had to be solved.

At mealtimes the ward man placed a tray so that I could sit on the edge of the bed to eat. The simple operation of cutting a piece of meat required intense concentration. My right hand, which had been paralyzed before the operation, was very weak. To use it I had to turn my head, adjust my field of view to include both knife and fork, and use my eyes to co-ordinate the action of both hands. When I didn't keep my right hand in view it would knock over a glass of milk, or come to rest in a bowl of hot soup. After the meal, when I wanted to light a cigarette, the lighter and the cigarette would seek each other in vain. These problems raised a question for immediate decision.

Although I had used my right hand habitually, I was somewhat ambidextrous. Which hand should I use? With my right hand weak, and my right vision blank, perhaps it would be easier to use the left hand; but on the other hand, if I forced the use of my right hand, maybe it would strengthen my ability to do so. I decided the harder way would produce better results in the long run. I used the right hand. That first decision started a chain of events that led to my recovery.

I asked my wife to bring something to represent Chinese walnuts. We had learned in China how people there gain strength and suppleness in their fingers by rolling two old walnuts in one hand without allowing them to touch each other. I practiced daily with two golf balls, rolling them in one hand, and frequently passing them from one hand to the other for co-ordination. A few weeks later a young surgeon, who had insisted that my right vision would not return, saw me light a cigarette. He stared and asked, "How did you do that with your right hand?" I couldn't explain, because the use of my right hand had again become an unconscious act.

But in the meantime, and before any success followed my effort, new pitfalls presented themselves. My physical condition improved steadily, and nine days after the operation the doctor suggested a trip outdoors in a wheel chair. My own motion, and the movements of people and vehicles along the way, threw me into complete confusion. Lawns and trees were meaningless blotches of green. I saw trunks of trees and patches of foliage, but couldn't tell which were close and which were far away. There was nothing on which to fix a conscious fear, yet I was terrified. I could not tell where the hospital was, how far away, nor in which direction. Actually, we

had not gone over three hundred feet, and had turned only two corners, but I was lost and bewildered in patterns of color and movement my mind could neither analyze nor accept. When people or vehicles moved I glanced at them, but when I looked again they would seem to have disappeared, and I could not find them. Everything moved too fast for me to follow with my eyes. I was glad to get back to the security of my room, and reluctant to go outdoors again. That first trip into the outer world caused more mental anguish than any other phase of my illness.

Two weeks after the operation the doctors stopped administering the huge quantities of drugs. Nurses no longer awakened me every two hours for penicillin injections, I began visiting clinics for tests and X-rays, and one of the surgeons invited my wife and me to dinner at the officers' club. This created new problems—to dress completely for the first time since my illness, and to find my way about. In the small hospital room, when I wanted to hang up a coat, I made false starts toward several pieces of furniture before finding the single wall locker. It made me furiously angry that more often than not I got my underwear on backwards. When I tried to find my own way to a clinic my upset vision gave me the choice between avoiding collisions in the hallways or finding the clinic, but I couldn't do both at the same time. When I concentrated on the moving traffic of people, litters, and pushcarts, I would miss corners and the signs on doorways; and when I concentrated on the route and the signs, I would suffer all kinds of disaster along the way, bump into people, trip over the extension cords of waxing machines, and be sideswiped by passing equipment. To ask directions was of little help, for north and south, and left and right, had a strange way of registering by opposites in my mind. The frequent recurrence of such experiences made me uncomfortable about being with other people, for I was all too conscious of these idiosyncrasies, yet powerless to master them.

II

One day I tried to write a letter, but the result was shockingly illegible. My thoughts seemed clear enough, but somehow the wrong letters appeared on the paper. Often, when I started to write a word, my hand felt paralyzed, the pencil made meaningless jagged marks, and then visualization of the word became impossible. Writing was slow and laborious, and impatience only increased the difficulty. Alarmed, I asked the doctors about it, and it was then that they said my abilities would return, but that I would have to work to help restore them. The doctors offered no advice as to how to proceed. They could bring about my physical recovery, but in the complicated fields of motivation, mentality, and skills, it was up to me.

To be unable to write rapidly and freely was intolerable, so I started methodical practice. Several times a day I wrote and printed the alphabet, and the familiar sentence with all the letters: "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog." The work was hard and tiring, and I had to rest between practice periods. When I practiced too long at a time errors increased, and I became frustrated and discouraged. One page of writing was all that I could manage at first, but on the fourth day I completed the exercise once without error. Encouraged, I continued to practice alphabets but added an exercise which required composing sentences as I wrote them. That was more difficult than writing memorized sentences, for when my thoughts were on the sense of a statement, instead of on the letters my hand was forming, many errors crept in.

Perhaps the difficulty of co-ordinating mind, hand, and narrowed vision would have discouraged me completely if I had not corrected and scored my daily work. The scores gave conclusive proof that my work was improving, in spite of the inner feeling that it was not. In addition, the papers enabled me to pinpoint recurrent errors. I discovered that many of them followed a consistent pattern. Somehow my hand avoided letters with loops below the line, and readily substituted "b's" for "p's" and "f's." I discovered that these same letters caused the feeling of paralysis when I tried to write them at the beginning of words. By the end of two weeks I knew which letters troubled me the most, and from then on confined my practice to writing tongue twisters which contained them. Once I had mastered such sentences as:

"Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is the perfect beer for the berry picker's prefecture," I was satisfied that I had recovered the ability to write. By the end of six weeks my handwriting had resumed its normal appearance.

Although I had succeeded in my efforts to regain manual dexterity and ability to write, an increasing list of disquieting handicaps faced me. After a month of recuperation my physical condition had improved to the point where I could get around quite readily, swim in the pool, and visit stores near the hospital. But as I became more active, I found new disabilities. I could not read newspapers or magazines. Even when I wrote a telephone number on a piece of paper and held it before me, I could not dial it correctly. I remembered mathematical formulas and felt that I could handle problems in mental arithmetic, but that dream was shattered one day when a doctor asked me, "What is a thousand less seven?" My mind went into complete confusion as zeros, nines, and threes chased each other around in space without falling in line with an answer.

At the end of the first month I tried to typewrite and produced such garbled results that I postponed further effort on it. Names and dates continued to escape from memory within a few moments after hearing them. If I wrote three letters on the same day I had to look up the date three times. One day I went shopping and bought a sport coat, but when I took out my check book I realized I didn't know how to write a check. After intense study and concentration, and three attempts, I finally got the words and figures in the right places.

THERE was hardly a moment in the day without its reminder of some incapacity. Although I was free to go where I pleased, when I moved around the motion disturbed my vision and robbed the activity of its pleasure. Restricted vision and "head consciousness" following the operation on my skull bothered me when I got in and out of vehicles; and the difficulty of merging and focusing my eyes on people and vehicles in busy streets made me dizzy and exhausted after a very few minutes. My judgment of distances was not good, and after many years of driving without accident, I felt unsure while crossing an ordinary street on foot.

Two months earlier I had been overflowing with quick energy. Every day had been a round of meeting people, supervising training, leading conferences, making decisions, and handling the many activities that fill the life of a commander of a large military establishment. There had been no time to think of myself. But now, although I had recovered physically from my illness, each day was filled with personal problems that were part of an intense struggle to bring back the ability to do things which formerly were spontaneous and required no thought at all. Underlying all the problems was a sharp feeling of inferiority in my present condition. That was the element that I could not accept. My sense of pride in personal efficiency, and my professional record at West Point and in the Army, would not tolerate a collapse of the abilities I had acquired over the years. I wanted to return to active military duty, and I was determined that somehow I would.

As an instructor in horsemanship in my earlier army days, I learned the principle that when a man falls off his horse it is of utmost importance that he get on and ride again at once, in order to dispel any fear. The positive aggressiveness of that principle appealed to me, and I followed it. But it was not easy. Over and over during my convalescence I repeated the pattern of hesitating fearfully before doing something, then forcing myself to do it and thus eliminating the fear. That approach saw me through many small problems as the days went on, but it didn't seem to work for the recovery of skills.

My concern about the many handicaps and incapacities led the doctors to arrange for some psychological tests to see just what the problems were. The tests for aphasia were simple, and I felt they were too elementary to indicate the extent of my handicaps, but they did show that my reading was extremely slow and jerky. More than anything else at that time I wanted to be able to read easily, but I didn't know how to start working at it. That most of my handicaps centered in vision was becoming obvious, and it was in that area of the brain that the abscess had developed. But vision, in the brain, is more complicated than just seeing with the eyes. Vision involves directing and focusing the eyes, merging them at a single point, and interpreting what they see. I did not understand the mechanics of

vision, but I knew it was impossible to keep my eyes on a line of print and move them easily along it to catch the thought. Often, before my eyes traveled the width of a newspaper column, there would be an apparent burst in which letters seemed to fly in all directions and become hopelessly scrambled. Sometimes a thought entirely foreign to the subject would come to mind, and later I would discover that my eye had picked up a word or two of heavy print from somewhere near the bottom of the page. Reading about Chiang Kai-shek, I would learn that he had the ball on the ten-yard line—then realize my eyes had jumped to another column. As a result, I could not read more than a paragraph at a time, and even that required exhausting concentration.

I thumbed through magazines restlessly, trying to read small items that looked easy. One day I struggled with a short poem in the "Post Scripts" column of the *Saturday Evening Post*. It shocked me to realize that my mind couldn't grasp it. A second attempt was no better and, discouraged, I got back in bed to rest from the effort. Later I returned to the poem, determined to master it word by word, and line by line, by copying it in my own handwriting. Then I found it was a "nonsense rhyme" that made no sense at all.

The doctors had planned to let me go on sick leave about two months after the operation, but when they realized my determination to recover reading skill they arranged for me to take a course in rapid reading given to Air Force officers on duty at the Pentagon, in Washington. During the course, which lasted six weeks, my span of vision doubled in width, and my reading speed increased from 160 words a minute to over 350. Tests at the hospital showed that during the course some vision returned in the right upper quadrant of my visual field. I am very sure that the intense effort for an hour each day, six days a week, stimulated its return.

Daily trips from hospital to Pentagon required considerable effort. I declined transportation by automobile, because I felt there was more to gain by learning to find my own way. It turned out that catching busses, transferring, and timing my activities provided perfect training for recovering self-confidence. My sense of orientation with regard to distance, direction, and spatial relationships had been shattered, and I needed practice in remembering streets and directions, planning and following routes to get about the city, and mingling with crowds of people. Such things were not easy at first, for I had to stop in order to read signs or see what was in store windows, and I had to keep a sharp lookout to avoid collisions with other people.

On the way through downtown Washington I visited the shops. Shopping in large stores had never been a pleasant task for me, and now I dreaded it. Moving through crowded aisles, searching for departments and the things I wanted, and describing them to clerks upset me almost to the point of panic. So I practiced by going into five- and ten-cent stores with definite objectives in mind, and making projects of finding specific things. It is difficult to explain what a severe discipline this was. It involved simultaneous use of vision, to find my way through the stores; memory, to keep in mind what I wanted; and poise in dealing with the clerks, for it was a fixed rule neither to explain nor excuse my handicaps, but to concentrate on overcoming them.

In the Pentagon I met old friends, felt ashamed of my incapacities, but did not let myself follow the inclination to withdraw from people. I forced myself to meet them, talk with them, and arrange to see them again, for experience was beginning to teach me how to overcome the timidity that followed my illness. In the old army days of the horse we said, "When you come to a hurdle, if you throw your heart over it, the horse will go along, too." It made sense, and when I forced myself to do things that were uncomfortable, it was not long before they became comfortable. When I threw my heart into them, the rest of me went along.

For two to three months after the operation my schedule was full from morning to night, and there was never enough time to do everything I wanted to. Each day started with physical exercises in the gymnasium, I made the trip to the Pentagon for reading practice, and in the evening my wife and I took long walks or kept social engagements. In every spare moment in between I practiced typing.

I had used the typewriter for over thirty years and had become quite dependent upon

it for work and pleasure. When I tried to type after my illness the garbled results had discouraged me. Then my wife analyzed my typing and found that most of the trouble came from striking too low and one space to the left with my right hand. The difficulty seemed simple enough to overcome, so I began typing at every opportunity, struggling to regain speed and accuracy while watching my right hand and using my old seven-finger style. As a result it took weeks of frustrating effort to restore my skill. In retrospect I know that it would have been better had I started anew with the orthodox touch system.

III

When I finished the rapid reading course the doctors suggested a leave of absence so that I could get away from the hospital atmosphere and try my hand at the outside world. My wife and I decided to take a short trip to Cuba and Jamaica, then spend the rest of the time near St. Petersburg, Florida. We started out gaily from the hospital and taxied to the railroad depot in Washington, where the cab driver unloaded our bags and trunk locker on a sidewalk near the railroad station. Union rules did not permit the cab driver to carry baggage into the station, and Red Caps were not allowed to leave the station to get it, so I dragged the trunk into the station myself—a little weak in the knees, but out in the world and on my own, and no mistaking it. Yet without my wife to handle time tables and itineraries we would have been badly off indeed, for numbers, schedules, and maps still confused my vision.

Traveling, and directing my thoughts toward strange countries and people, instead of dwelling inwardly on my incapacities, had a most stimulating effect. We color-photoed enthusiastically for two weeks in Miami, Cuba, and Jamaica before moving into a small apartment overlooking the ocean at Pass-a-Grille Beach in Florida. Once there, however, I was ready to settle down to the final grind—a review of arithmetic and mathematics.

The doctors had told me that skill in mathematics would be the last ability to return. I had tried earlier to regain it and had failed. It had been during the summer when the temperature and humidity in Washington were at their worst. In spite of the heat by day and the sleepless nights, and in spite of a severe rash from the huge quantities of penicillin I had absorbed the month before, I had tried my hand at eighth-grade arithmetic. A young woman psychologist had offered to help me. I struggled with columns of figures, adding them over and over, but never getting the same answer twice in succession. One day I had a particularly hard time getting the right answer. After my sixth attempt the psychologist added her total again, blushed, and admitted that my first addition had been correct, hers wrong. But that was the exception rather than the usual result, for when I worked with numbers strange things happened that neither of us could understand.

As soon as my wife and I were settled at Pass-a-Grille I tackled mathematics systematically. I found a second-hand book which reviewed arithmetic and mathematics, and included a section with answers to the problems. Progress was slow at first and required all the concentration I could muster. I found it useless to work after mental fatigue set in, for that only increased my errors. It took ten periods of daily work for me to solve the problems designed for the first three days. Two days and five separate attempts went to one complicated problem in factoring before I had the right answer. Nothing less than correct solutions seemed satisfactory, because my West Point training had stressed the importance of conscientious accuracy in thinking, as had my thirty years' experience as a field artilleryman, in which accuracy meant the difference between success or failure in target firing, and life or death in combat.

My work improved rapidly, and by the end of three weeks I realized that the mathematical processes were not stumbling blocks at all, but that all my troubles came from misreading or misusing single numerals in simple arithmetic. It was vision again. Sometimes I read 30 and wrote 33, and sometimes I added a number in a column, then added it again without realizing the duplication. In afternoon shuffle-board games I noticed that other people had trouble adding up scores, so I decided to relax about arithmetic and let my gradually improving vision correct the residual difficulties.

The course of my recovery had been marked by periods of hard work, often accompanied by discouragement and depression, followed by a sudden feeling of accomplishment and success. In the same week that mathematics came under control, my typing returned to normal speed and accuracy. I composed a long and difficult letter, found the first draft wholly satisfactory, and typed it in final form without error. I felt a surge of confidence in all departments of living. "Lefts" and "rights" assumed their proper roles, compass directions began to straighten out, and to top it all my wife and I, as a team, took second place in a shuffle-board tournament, beaten only by the smallest possible margin.

We returned to Walter Reed General Hospital, where I went through a final round of X-rays, examinations, and tests. The doctors found my physical condition excellent, my vision widened, and improvement all along the line. They told me I was qualified to return to full military duty. My goal was realized, and the six months of hard work repaid in full measure.

During the month of tests, and while awaiting reassignment, I wrote. The doctors had encouraged me to keep a diary and to preserve the records of my methods and progress in recovering skills, so that they could study them. In Florida, for typing practice, I drafted the material. Now, in Washington, I rewrote the 24,000-word manuscript in ten days, and my wife typed the final copies. Our inspiration in the effort was the skill and conscientious work of the surgeons who had saved my life and put me back on my feet as an effective member of society.

My experience in the hospital had taught many lessons that I wanted to pass along for the benefit of future patients, for the effect of a brain operation is not all in your head. It involves the total personality in a bewildering complex of wishes and motives, conflicts and frustrations. But recovery of mental powers, physical co-ordination, and self-confidence is possible, if one will work at it. It takes motivation and self-discipline to overcome lethargy, but if the patient will accept discomfort as a stepping stone toward his goal, he can overcome handicaps and disabilities, and sometimes come out better than he was before. Each handicap is like a hurdle in a steeplechase, and when you ride up to it, if you throw your heart over, the horse will go along too.

I came out from my long hours indoors over the typewriter, completing the case history and records, with a beautiful head cold. But what's a head cold, when you're on your way back to duty after a brain operation?

Plasma

HORTENSE FLEXNER

To match blood as ribbon
Without a seam,
Is unearthly shopping.
For who would have thought
These veins, so breached to air,
Keyed to the final,
Ice-rimmed by death
And carrying life to last escape—
Should be healed by this,
This steady
Market product
Well packaged, neat,
Guaranteed to flow smoothly
For seventy years?

This, Too, Happened in Pasadena

Joseph A. Brandt

WHEN Willard Goslin became superintendent of schools in Pasadena several years ago, he expressed the wish that he could get 50,000 citizens to sit down each week to talk about educational problems. By an ironical twist of fate, he realized his wish *in absentia* but in a form which offers great hope for the future of American education.

Two years ago the city voted down his proposal to increase the tax rate to support and expand its elementary schools. Soon thereafter the board of education fired Goslin and the city was engulfed in one of the bitterest disputes in the history of American education. All sorts of wild accusations flew about in the ensuing civic free-for-all—including charges that the schools were "socialistic," that students were not taught enough "Americanism," and that some textbooks used in the schools were "subversive." The bitterness of the attacks and counterattacks left Pasadena a divided city. David Hulburd, a San Francisco journalist, described the fight in a fast-paced book, *This Happened in Pasadena;* and from one end of the country to the other, teachers, school administrators, and parents began to wonder what such an upheaval—in a city with a notable reputation for enlightenment—might mean for American education at large.

It might be a good idea for these worried people to take another look at Pasadena now. For since the fracas of 1950 her citizens have been giving a remarkable demonstration of how to heal civic wounds without surgery. Pasadena's educational problems are by no means wholly solved, but the atmosphere has changed so incredibly, and the prospects are now so bright, that it begins to look as if many another community might take a leaf out of Pasadena's book.

What the city did, when it found itself at loggerheads over school policy, was to engage in a very unusual sort of school survey. It differed from any previous public-school survey not only in the number of citizens involved but also in the extent to which it adapted to the circumstances of a large community the spirit of the old American town meeting. In the words of the resident director of the survey, Lloyd N. Morrisett, "When doubts arise in the minds of parents about the education their children receive, there is only one way to resolve them. And that is, let the citizens study their own problems, inform themselves, and either convince themselves that they were right or persuade themselves that they were misinformed."

Even before Superintendent Goslin was dismissed, a citizens' group was demanding of the board of education that it conduct a school survey. The board agreed and named a twelve-member citizens' survey committee, composed of all the varying elements which had participated in the election battle, to take charge of the survey; and this committee chose two men to work with them: Clyde M. Hill, Sterling professor of education at Yale and dean of the Yale Graduate School of Education, and Morrisett, professor of educa-

Two years ago Pasadena schools made headline news when the city fired Superintendent Willard Goslin. Here the chairman of the graduate department of journalism at the University of California tells what's been going on in Pasadena's school system since.

tion at the University of California at Los Angeles. These men became co-directors, with Morrisett devoting full time to the survey as resident director.

The city was fortunate in its choices. Hill is a veteran school surveyor—and a man who prefers to discover his own mistakes rather than have others discover them. Morrisett, formerly assistant superintendent of schools in Yonkers, New York, had also conducted numerous school surveys, and furthermore was familiar with Pasadena's problems because he had been making a study of teacher work-loads in the junior colleges of the city. He also has a knack of getting along with all sorts of people—a happy trait in Pasadena's explosive situation.

The board of education appropriated $45,000 for the expense of the survey. Hill and Morrisett found that the Citizens' Survey Committee—headed by James B. Boyle, a prominent lawyer who had never been active in school affairs before, with Walter S. Young, manager of the fabulous Bullock's Pasadena department store, as vice chairman—was ready and eager to help. The stage was set.

So far the pattern was familiar. Surveys are an old and tested device for resolving a city's school difficulties. Usually what happens is that one or more nationally known educators come in, assisted by their more promising graduate students, to conduct numerous interviews and send out lengthy questionnaires; thereupon the educators write a bulky report and lay it before the board of education—which then has to decide how far it will go in accepting the recommendations.

But it was obvious to the two directors that the conventional school survey would not satisfy Pasadena. There was too much bitterness and suspicion left in the air. Superintendent Goslin was no longer an issue, to be sure; but a great many citizens could be expected to look with doubt upon the findings of any professional educators, and to suspect them of trying to whitewash the school administration. Furthermore, the notions about subversive textbooks and the menace of "progressive" education which had been planted in the public mind by the more violent critics of the school system would not be easily eradicated by a report drawn up by professional educators. The people would have to satisfy themselves on these charges.

So Hill and Morrisett decided that the survey would have to be conducted *by the citizens of Pasadena themselves,* with the educational experts simply standing by for consultation and technical help. Hill had tried out a pattern of citizenship participation on a minor scale in a school survey in Lincoln, Nebraska; Morrisett and he proposed that this pattern be extended. "Part of the trouble with the schools today," Morrisett says, "is that they're too far removed from the people. Before this country became so large, people used to sit about the pot-bellied stove in the country or general store and talk about the problems of the community. We had pretty good schools in those days because the people talked about the problems of the schools and satisfied themselves as to what they wanted.

"Now, had Clyde Hill or I read the textbooks which some people thought subversive, and reported that they were not, we wouldn't have convinced anyone. It was far different when every member of the committee read every textbook, talked over doubtful points, and finally reached agreement."

II

Fourteen areas of study were agreed upon by the two directors and the Citizens' Survey Committee, ranging from such material subjects as finance, plant and equipment, personnel, and school administration, to the basic problems in elementary school, secondary school, junior college, and adult education. These areas were assigned to steering committees comprised equally of lay citizens and school employees and the topics were further subdivided among subcommittees. Altogether, there were 117 committees with a total membership of 1,019 citizens.

Nor was this all. Many of these committees held widely-attended hearings, and some arranged to poll the residents of the city on various issues. How many of the people of Pasadena thus took part in the survey in one capacity or another it is impossible to say with any precision, but the number was very large.

Although the board of education had signed the contract with the two directors on January 15, 1951, it was not until April that

the screening of the committee members was completed and actual work begun. From then on, education was the Number 1 topic of conversation in Pasadena. Housewives who had done their own work at home hired maids to free them for their research. Business men took time off from their jobs—in some cases as much as a fortnight—to devote themselves to their assignments. Late in March 1952 they completed their work. The five-member board of education has published this fall the 1,200,000-word survey report in a 1,012-page volume with two columns to a page in an edition of 2,000 copies. The Haynes Foundation is making available a 150-page summary of the report, also in an edition of 2,000 copies. Both will be available on a loan basis, since the board cannot sell the report under state law.

Boyle, the patient, hard-working chairman of the Citizens' Survey Committee, is confident of Pasadena's verdict when all of its citizens can read what their fellow citizens *themselves* think is right with the Pasadena Schools, what is wrong, and what should be done. The citizen survey approach, he says now that the work is all over, "is the only way" to educational peace and understanding.

III

The citizen investigators found: (1) That no textbooks used in the schools contained so much as a line that could be considered subversive.

(2) That the school system was badly organized—with too much responsibility (and detail, for that matter) concentrated at the top. They recommended a new organizational chart, drawn up by Morrisett (who acted as educational consultant to this committee), which might well become a model for cities of the size of Pasadena. They recommended that the board of education should name a lay advisory board of nine members to consult with it on community wishes in matters of education; and furthermore that the superintendent of schools should also have the advice of an elected committee drawn from the school system itself. Thus there would be frequent opportunities to feel the pulse, both of the community and of the teachers, with regard to school problems.

(3) The investigators found that the Pasadena school system—like most school systems and, for that matter, most colleges and universities—was very weak in its personnel relations. They recommended the appointment of an assistant superintendent of schools in charge of personnel; and said furthermore that the school system should constantly compare its salary scale with that of the industrial world, so that good teachers might be kept in the system and new ones attracted to it.

(4) They discovered that about three-fourths of the citizens of Pasadena would willingly pay more taxes to insure adequate education; that an overwhelming majority of these citizens believed that junior-high-school students should be given information about other governments and world affairs; and that a comfortable majority thought junior-high-school students should be given information on all sides of a controversial question before forming an opinion.

(5) But they came to the conclusion that Pasadena was still a divided city on the merits of the educational plan which it had introduced in 1928, the so-called 6-4-4 plan, dividing the school system into a six-year elementary school, a four-year junior high school (which includes grades seven through ten), and a four-year junior college. This Pasadena plan had been for years the idol of advanced educators, who believed that for the first time it put the right age groups together. No other city's school system had been so closely examined and appraised over the past twenty years or more as Pasadena's. No other city had brought its junior college plan to such a high stage of development. But the committee found that so many Pasadenans were still doubtful as to the merits of the 6-4-4 plan that they would have to leave its future disposition to the voters.

(6) Yet the survey also concluded that despite the uncertainty on this point, and despite the considerable number of ways in which the school system could be improved, it was really a surprisingly good system, one of the best in the country in terms of the needs of the modern student.

Pasadena now knows its schools as it never knew them before. It has a blueprint for future development which is generally satisfactory to the people of the city.

And even though disagreement persists over the controversial 6-4-4 plan, the change in the public temper is hard to believe. Indeed, the morale of the school system was never higher than it is today.

In the June issue of *Harper's,* Professor Paul Woodring, in "An Open Letter to Teachers," laid down the principle that school administrators and teachers who are under attack should "turn for guidance and assistance to the more reasonable and representative members of the community, and work with them to improve the schools." This is just what Pasadena has been doing, and on an unprecedented scale. A new and workable formula has been found by which parents and other citizens can do their own investigating, find out just what is wrong with the schools, and decide how to meet the situation intelligently—arriving, in the process, at a meeting of minds with the professional educators. Perhaps in the long run it may prove that what happened in Pasadena, despite its damaging repercussions in 1950, may prove to have been, in sum, to the benefit of American education.

Thanks and Amen

THE faults and shortcomings of America—which, unlike those of the Soviet Union, are wide open to the world and freely discussed by Americans themselves—have led too many people in Europe to lose their sense of judgment and ignore the plain fact that the U.S.A. has recently been the best "top nation" since Rome. It establishes order, resists the aggressor, defends the attacked, strengthens the weak, and succors the poor. The U.S.A. is the first world power to give money away, to tax itself for the foreigner in peacetime. We are too little astonished at the unprecedented virtuousness of U.S. foreign policy and at its good sense; the masterly handling of Yugoslavia, for instance, and the European Payments Union. Or on a smaller scale the tactful and happy inspiration that set up the Anglo-American Productivity Council. We pay altogether too much attention to the lunatic fringe in U.S.A. We forget the workaday, the decent, the poor, the intelligent American citizen. We even forget the influential citizen, the President himself. Ordinarily when the tumult and the shouting dies the U.S. government turns out to have done the right thing; but we are still reading what Senator McCarthy said it ought to do. . . . In short, the power of the U.S.A. (including the atom bomb), far from menacing Western Europe, is the safest guarantee of its continued independent existence.

—*From* Britain and the Cold War, *a publication of the Oxford Radical Association, "a small group of University teachers in Oxford interested in the discussion of contemporary political problems," whose chairman says it took the "Radical" label "not out of any preference for drastic remedies, but in the belief that a good many traditional assumptions need to be critically examined in the light of changed circumstances."*

The Byrd Machine

William Manchester

The most powerful political engine in the United States is the julep-cooled antique now celebrating its golden jubilee in Virginia. It is quite old, as such apparatus go, but it is well oiled and frequently cleaned, and its patents could not conceivably be duplicated elsewhere. The men at its winches are proud of its lack of streamlining. Other machines, more spectacular but less hardy, have collapsed and seem beyond repair; Virginia's has never known a serious stoppage, and the interchangeability of its parts suggests it may never know one. Crump, Hague, and Kelly-Nash to the contrary, it rumbles cheerfully along the road's right shoulder, never skipping, never knocking, and never exceeding the speed limit. Its present boss, whose name it bears, is a Shenandoah Valley apple-grower named Harry Flood Byrd.

But Byrd is not the Byrd machine. He has done a great deal for it, but it has done as much for him, and its efficiency is not dependent upon his personal following. A Byrd defeat would be a machine defeat, but it would not destroy the machine. The mechanism is not as delicate as that. Virginia does not value it as cheaply as that. To unhorse it would take more than an election, or even a series of elections. In all probability, nothing short of a social revolution would do it.

For the machine, or, as its partisans prefer to call it, the Organization, is part of Virginia's way of life, so closely bound to the state's genteel traditions that a break of the tie would imply a renunciation of the past and, thereby, of the present's faith in the past. Francis Pickens Miller, Byrd's opponent in the Democratic primary of July 15, protested that the Senator had "championed no great forward-looking measures" during his nineteen years in Washington. He was barely heard. The machine and its supporters have little use for forward-lookers, particularly such as Colonel Miller, who regards Harry Truman's congressional proposals with approval and looked forward to voting for them.

Virginia's population is predominantly rural, Protestant, and, because Negro labor discourages immigrants, native-born. Apart from a few scattered colonies of Bohemians and Pennsylvania Dutch, it is extraordinarily homogeneous; it is, moreover, fired by an *esprit de corps* which reaches the lowliest of its citizens and works to the great advantage of the Bourbons manning the machine. The conservative farmers and the well-born business and professional people lead a restricted and therefore easily handled electorate. They are so solidly behind the oligarchy that they discourage opposition, and the machine, with the one-party system, an extremely helpful body of election laws, and a thorough organization of public servants, does the rest.

The result is an uninspired, but not un-

How has Virginia's half-century of government by political machine worked out in terms of benefits to the men who run it and the people who support it? This assessment is by a non-Virginian, William Manchester of the Baltimore Sunpapers.

pleasant, native dynasty, notable for honesty and low standards of public service, which controls both Senators, nine out of ten Congressmen, all state offices, and, except for ten Republicans and three or four anti-machine Democrats, all one hundred and forty seats in the Legislature. It is an institution peculiarly Virginian, smacking of yams, hard crabs, and cornfield peas. Now and then, as when Senator Byrd tried to identify Martin Hutchinson, his eminently respectable opponent of six years ago, with the CIO and threats to Virginia's way of life, it takes on a strong flavor of Smithfield ham; but generally it is forthright, incorrupt, and almost offensively virtuous. "We like to think of it," a machine leader says, "as government by gentlemen." One reason gentlemen govern in Virginia is that they can afford their campaigns. Under Byrd, the machine is extremely economical to run.

II

It was cast in 1902, in the still smoldering mold of Reconstruction days. The wave of constitutional conventions which swept the South after the Populists threatened to split the solid white vote had reached the Old Dominion two years before. Sentiment for the Populists, or, as they were known in Virginia, the "Readjustors," was strong enough to beat a convention vote in 1897, but in 1900 the objectors were squeezed out, and the rewriting began. One of the designers of the new charter was Congressman "Hal" Flood, who was an uncle of the present boss and is now at rest from his patrician labors in an enormous marble mausoleum on the Appomatox courthouse lawn. The most significant contribution of the Congressman and his colleagues, whose constitution was promulgated, not voted upon, was a poll tax payable three years in advance and six months before election day. It survives, a vital weapon in reducing the electorate to manageable size.

Until the end of World War I the machine's boss was Senator Thomas S. Martin, a powerful orator and veteran of the War Between the States. His ally was the celebrated Dry, Bishop James Cannon, Jr. In 1919 Martin died, the Bishop received a call to north Texas, and the mantle fell upon the less capable shoulders of Senator Claude Swanson. The years between Martin's death and the defeat, in 1925, of G. Walter Mapp, Bishop Cannon's personal candidate for the governorship, constituted the machine's weak period. The essentials were still there, however, and under the new leadership retooling was an easy matter.

The man who defeated Mapp was Harry Byrd. Then thirty-eight, he had come up quickly; he was chairman of the Democratic State Committee and a veteran of eleven years in the State Senate, where his pay-as-you-go road system—his first stand for fiscal sanity—had been widely admired. Sooner or later he would have become Governor anyhow, but his defeat of Cannon was a mighty achievement, and it gave Virginia an inkling of the kind of leader he was. Byrd was a Bourbon, a direct descendent of the fabulous William Byrd of Westover, founder of Richmond and Petersburg. But he had known hard times. At the age of fifteen he had undertaken to regain his fallen family fortunes, and he had more than done it; he was a newspaper publisher, the owner of the largest private apple orchards in the world, a wealthy, self-made man.

Governor Byrd's administration was anti-lynch, anti-corporation, anti-waste, and pro-machine. While he was fighting the oil and telephone companies, saving the state $400,000 by cutting duplicating services, and ending mob justice in Virginia, he was carefully building organization power, changing this law, strengthening that county, tightening the machine's structure and sealing its welds to bear all stresses. Sometimes he was able to serve both state and party with one act; thus he eliminated the outrageous fee system, under which the salaries of county officeholders were decided by the number of convictions, and substituted a State Compensation Board whose three members, appointed by the Governor, determine the wages and expense allowances of local jobholders. With this stroke of political genius he reduced a potential source of scandal and bound the courthouse crowds to the State House, diminishing the chances of the factional revolt which has plagued other one-party leaders in the South.

His achievements were widely admired by his colleagues, and in 1932 they gave him the state's recommendation for the Presidency.

He lost to someone else, but the following year Senator Swanson was appointed Secretary of the Navy, and Byrd took his place in the Senate. He has held it since, an irreconcilable enemy of his party's national leadership. He has kept in close touch with affairs at home and is, despite his modest disclaimers, still very much boss of the Old Dominion. Anticipating his fourth Senatorial campaign this year, the machine thoughtfully switched the Virginia primary from the traditional August to mid-July so that he could be a free agent in Chicago.

III

THE courthouse rings form the machine's cutting edge. There are 100 counties in Virginia, and about 85 of them are the organization's. In each ring are five elected jobholders: the Commonwealth's Attorney, the Treasurer, the Commissioner of Revenue, the Sheriff, and the Clerk of the Circuit Court; these, together with a half-dozen others in each county, make up the organization's lower ranks, through which aspiring young machine men rise. They always rise this way, never on the outside. One of the secrets of the organization's strength is that it promotes its own. The leadership, carefully watching from the home office in Richmond, has a fair idea of whom it will advance from post to post; thus Harry Byrd, Jr., a bright light in the State Senate, is considered gubernatorial material for four or eight years from now.

Curiously, the leadership of the machine is its least understood component, perhaps because the men at the top are so thoroughly in agreement on everything from johnnycake to FEPC that they act as one in most matters. There is Byrd, of course, the titular head, the philosopher and godhead of the regime. There is former Governor William M. Tuck, a gruff country lawyer and impenetrable conservative. There is John S. Battle, the present Governor; Sidney Kellam, the shrewd head of the conservation department; and E. R. ("Ebbie") Combs, former chairman of the State Compensation Board, clerk of the State Senate, and Byrd's chief lieutenant. But who decides what, and where each ranks in the high command, remain a mystery to all but those in the sanctum sanctorum.

Between the leaders and the led, running up and down the pyramid of authority, are the organization's lifelines: the intangible ties of loyalty and self-interest and the substantial bonds of machine structure. The compensation board, though incorrupt, is a great persuader for those who might otherwise splinter away. Equally important, in many counties, are the circuit judges, elected by the Legislature and empowered to appoint welfare, school, and, most important, electoral boards. Some judges are relatively aloof from precinct politics; others function as inspector-generals for the regime; virtually all are machine men, valuable links between Richmond and the county rings. The rings themselves are organized horizontally, by office; all Commonwealth's Attorneys belong to one association, all Treasurers to another, and so on. Periodically they convene in Richmond, ostensibly to get "the other fellow's point of view," more often to get "the word."

THE word, or "the nod," is machinese for command decision. It is not given lightly. Up to a certain point ambitious organization men are permitted to compete for the approval of their colleagues. When one emerges as the clear favorite—when the general staff has the "feel" of the situation—the indicators are set and the machine ticks away, exploding on primary day. Meanwhile the losers in the popularity contest have quietly dropped out, to run again, perhaps, another day. Elsewhere the disgruntled would form a separate faction, but in Virginia the machine is so powerful that until this year, factionalism has seemed futile. Until now, one man of tested mettle has emerged as the candidate most highly esteemed in the ranks, and the passers of the word have been shrewd enough to take him and not someone closer to their hearts.

All else being equal, an admirer of Senator Byrd's performance in Washington is preferred, but when inequalities appear, the preference is set aside. John W. Flannagan, Jr. went to Congress for nine straight terms because he could beat Republicans in the machine's most lightly held district, the rugged "Fighting Ninth," and Senator A. Willis Robertson was second choice to succeed Carter Glass; Byrd wanted Congressman Howard W. Smith, with a voting record even more conservative than his own. In the most ex-

treme example of machine flexibility, James H. Price was elected Governor fifteen years ago with organization support, for all the good it did him. Price was a New Dealer. The announcement of his candidacy was received without enthusiasm by the commanders, but he was known to be popular, and they took him. Machine men crowded on his bandwagon, whooped him into office, and quietly strangled his program in the Legislature.

The poll tax is the organization's greatest single asset in the necessary business of balloting, not because of its amount, $1.50 a year, but because of the six-months rule. The voter must make a blind date at the polls and pay for it before any sort of race has taken shape, and registration is therefore depressingly low—36 per cent of the adult population in the 1948 Presidential election, which was the most exciting, for Virginia, in over a decade. Because the machine controls the electoral boards through the circuit judges and, through boards, the precinct clerks, this gives it a distinct advantage. It knows who is paying his tax and who isn't and can gently remind those who haven't to hurry up. In the counties it can, and often does, make block payments for the faithful in return for a few minutes of their time the day of the vote.

The Ninth is the only district where the Republicans are really troublesome, and they haven't been in control there since the nineteen-twenties. Elsewhere, with few exceptions, the Virginia GOP is an arm of the Byrd machine, a somewhat withered arm living in eternal hope of a Republican President and federal patronage. Its leaders reason there isn't much point in fighting Byrd, since he is about as close to their national party line as any of them are likely to get. For this they have the word of a man they admire greatly, Senator Robert A. Taft. In Richmond last winter, Taft said he and Byrd saw eye to eye nine times out of ten, and "that's about as high a degree of agreement as I have with any Republican Senator." "Harry Byrd," cried Francis Pickens Miller, "has sold us down the Ohio River."

The Republican faith in Byrd presents men like Miller with a staggering problem: since Virginia primaries are not closed, they must beat both machine *and* Republicans in the same election. Miller is generally considered to have licked the machine in 1949, when he ran a close second to the present Governor, John S. Battle. A former Rhodes Scholar, a former colonel on Eisenhower's staff, he was the most formidable candidate to face the organization in a generation. As if his scholarship and valor weren't enough, Miller's mother actually recalled childhood rides on Lee's horse "Traveler," with the general himself at the reins—a touch bound to draw carriage loads of the traditionalists who normally swear by the machine. But before the primary Henry A. Wise, a Republican leader, instructed his people to swarm across the party line and vote for Battle. Battle welcomed their support, and they came. He polled 135,000 votes, 25,000 to 30,000 of which, the detached believe, were cast by Republicans. Colonel Miller lost by 24,000 votes. If the situation had been reversed—if Wise had declared for Miller—no line-crossing would have been permitted. Under Democratic primary rules, election officials could have, and should have, disqualified the mugwumps. The rules were, of course, conveniently ignored.

IV

Miller, Martin Hutchinson, and the handful of other brave souls who tilt with the inevitable gather their strength from a few pockets of labor and urban resistance; the Ninth District, in the southwest tip of the state; Alleghany, Arlington, and Fairfax counties; Clifton Forge, Danville, and Alexandria; and the stretch of tidewater from Richmond to the sea, ending in the industrial complex of Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Newport News.

The machine lives in the counties and knows it. Byrd men always poll their best vote in the rural areas, partly because farmers are naturally conservative, but also because they benefit from machine rule. Virginia is not the only state which robs its cities to give to its counties, but it is one of the few which go so far as to build and maintain county roads. This bonanza to county supervisors, which Byrd introduced, is rooted in the organization's concept of administration, and not even the machine's leaders can set it aside when they wish to. During the last session of the General Assembly Governor

Battle, noting that the farmers were about to benefit from a $15,000,000 school fund, asked that they be required to enact a minimum amount of taxation for school purposes. The counties were able to smother the bill because of the disproportionate representation the machine has given them in the Legislature. For example, Halifax county, with 41,442 people, has one state senator, and Norfolk, with 213,513, only two—an injustice, incidentally, which is extended to congressional representation—Norfolk's Second District Congressman represents 403,293 Virginians; Winchester's Seventh, 289,598. During the 1952 redistricting a county man, justifying this outrage, explained the need to keep the state under the control of "the men who feed the hogs and milk the cows."

Richmond's paternalism, together with a policy of keeping the courthouse crowds prosperous but dependent, has placed the machine's boss in the highly vulnerable position of practicing the very thing he so effectively deplores in Washington. If the federal government is in business, so is Virginia's; last year its state liquor monopoly cleared $16,000,000, and other state agencies are engaged in the operation of toll bridges, ferries, and printing plants. Between 1925, the year of Byrd's election as Governor, and 1952, federal nonmilitary spending rose 942 per cent and Virginia's 896 per cent—almost as much. During the same period, federal nonmilitary personnel grew by 324 per cent and Virginia's by 445 per cent—considerably more. The truth is that the assassin of dragons has been feeding a dragon, and a very fat one, in his own back yard.

But flagrant contradictions are nothing new to politics, and ambiguity is not likely to trouble an electorate which has consistently approved Byrd's candidates and consistently disapproved their rejection of the national Democratic leadership. The machine has done everything short of renaming the party to emphasize its divorce from Roosevelt and Truman, but somehow the voters remain unpersuaded. Four years ago Governor Tuck, with Byrd's blessing, launched one of the most remarkable legislative proposals of modern times, a bill which would have permitted the machine leadership to decide who got Virginia's votes in the electoral college. The newspapers protested, the General Assembly balked, and Tuck was obliged to recant and satisfy himself with a few resolutions denouncing Truman in the state convention. What makes all this especially odd is that candidates in Virginia's Democratic primary are obliged to swear upon their "sacred honor" that they will support the Democratic party in the coming election. The oddity has been bypassed by three even odder decisions, from three Attorney Generals, to the effect that this doesn't necessarily mean they will support the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The voters seem to think it does, however, and in 1948, despite Byrd's silence and Tuck's tacit support of the Dixiecrats, Thurmond carried but one county, Tuck's own, Halifax. This year, in desperation, the machine literally split the ballot in two. Virginians who want to vote for a Democratic President this month are obliged to mark a separate sheet. The state ballot will be untainted.

So cavalier an attitude indicates the extent of machine strength. It is also a tribute to the people's indifference. Power breeds power, the machine seems unbeatable, and the majority of Virginians either don't care or don't feel it much matters whether they care or not. The result is probably the most apathetic electorate in the country. Fewer than 18 per cent of the state's adult population turned out for the bitter primary this past July, and while Byrd won handsomely, he received the registered approval of but one out of ten of the voters he will represent for the next six years. Nomination is equivalent to election, of course, and primary voting is so light that, according to V. O. Key, Jr., "the Byrd organization has had to receive the support of only from 5 to 7 per cent of the adult population. . . . By contrast, Mississippi is a hotbed of democracy."

Dr. Robert D. Meade, professor of history at Randolph-Macon Woman's College, has looked into this matter of voter apathy and turned up some curious examples of it. His home city of Lynchburg, with a population of 44,000, cast 879 votes in the congressional election of 1946. A city-wide meeting of Lynchburg Democrats drew forty-two people; another, of Republicans, fetched nine. Moreover, Dr. Meade's findings clearly indicate

that the decline of enthusiasm among the Virginia electorate approximated the rise of the machine. In the gubernatorial election of 1885, over 86 per cent of the state's voter potential cast ballots; in the same race sixty years later, only 9.4 per cent voted.

Labor leaders, newspapers, and the League of Women Voters denounce the stay-at-homes, but there is something to be said in their behalf. There isn't much to vote for, really. Six Congressmen were chosen this year in district conventions rather than by public ballot—one of them, a forthcoming gubernatorial candidate, because he did not want to risk loss of face in a primary. Some other conventions were the result of a legal tangle arising from this year's redistricting law, but the local convention has always had a place in Virginia. It is regularly used in the Ninth District, and until 1948 it was customary in the Seventh, Byrd's home.

One of Byrd's contributions as Governor was the institution of the "short ballot," under which Virginians, who once approved a long slate of state officials, vote for just three: the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and Attorney General. The rest are appointed. From the machine's point of view this is an advantage, because it reduces the number of men with personal followings, but there is little to excite the electorate in a structure of authority so removed from the will of the people. All judges of courts of record in Virginia are either elected in the Legislature or appointed by the Governor, and they name the trial justices and fix their salaries. Special sessions of the Legislature are customarily limited to the Governor's proposals; constitutional conventions, in practice at least, are restricted; and no school officials are elected. The choosing of a local school superintendent in Virginia is, indeed, an interesting example of just how far from the voters a public servant can be. He is appointed by a school board, which is appointed by a school trustee electoral board, which is appointed by the local circuit court. He must be selected from a list of qualified candidates drawn up by the Superintendent of Public Instruction, whose appointment by the Governor is confirmed in the Senate. If the selection turns out badly, presumably every jobholder in the state above the rank of stenographer shares in the blame.

V

Whether machine rule is good for Virginians depends upon what is meant by good and upon the definition of Virginian. It is good for some and bad for others, which is true of any administrative concept, including that now dominant in Washington, which the machine's does not resemble, and that of colonial Williamsburg, which it does. Any government leans toward one end of the economic scale, and the people in the middle generally fare as well under this one as that. "If capital and labor ever do get together," Abe Martin once observed, "it's good night for the rest of us."

The machine is certainly good to men of property. Utilities benefit from two state evaluations, a low one for the purpose of assessment and a high one for the determination of rates based on a fair return from investments. The organization has been slow to develop Virginia's great rivers; electric power comes from coal, hauled across the state at a high freight rate. The dairy interests are well pleased with the State Milk Commission, which fixes their prices, and refugees from New York state's income taxes appreciate Virginia's. The state's taxes have always been low under Byrd.

The worker is less well off. Virginia prohibits the closed shop and mass picketing in labor disputes, and has just about removed the possibility of utility strikes with a law providing that the state shall operate a utility for the company if any unpleasantness arises. This last was passed at the urging of Governor Tuck, who at one time prepared to keep the lights on by drafting strikebound power workers into the state militia. Tuck is not well liked in labor circles. In the UMW strike of late 1949, he was the only governor to defy John L. Lewis. He produced coal from Virginia's strip mines with the help of unexpired wartime powers, under the protection of the state police.

Virginia's record in public services—schools, health, welfare—is wretched. The reason may be traced to the stream of arch conservative thought emanating from the machine's oracle. Harry Byrd's nineteen years in the Senate have been spent in relentless opposition to virtually every progressive piece of legislation, and the impact of this attitude on the

needy at home has been hard. Economy is a fine thing, but while the average American family on relief gets $47.98 a month, straitened Virginia families receive $26.45, and the state program for helping dependent children ranks forty-first in the country.

The latest complete figures from the Council of State Governments puts Virginia's mental health expenditures eighth from the bottom. Governor Battle's program should improve this, and he is concentrating on the school system, which certainly needs it. The most recent census data classifies nearly one in four of Virginia's adult population as "functional illiterates" with less than five years of school. Even Arkansas, Tennessee, and Kentucky ranked higher.

Worst of all, the state's expenditures for old-age assistance—$1.55 per inhabitant, compared with the national average of $9.56—trail the nation. Following its leader, who voted against the Social Security Act of 1935, Virginia became the last state to join the Social Security program. Today 790,000 Virginians are covered by it, and it is well they are, for less than half as many old people are receiving state help in Virginia as in the country at large, and they are getting half as much money. It is entirely possible that elderly Virginians are prouder than elderly Americans generally, but it is not likely they are thriftier.

Nevertheless, it is hard to escape the conclusion that the machine has given Virginia sound, if not altogether munificent, government. It is certainly honest government, or as honest as we have any right to expect. Bribery in the General Assembly is unheard of, and apart from a nasty situation in the Ninth District seven years ago, when somebody stole the poll books in Wise county, there has not been a major scandal in over a decade. There are no low deals with contractors, no winking at abuses, and if a treasurer gets in a jam, as one did not long ago, there is no point in going to Harry Byrd. He has no influence he will use.

The machine's record in race relations is also commendable. It has produced no Bilbo, no Talmadge, no "Cotton Ed" Smith. Gentlemen, it is explained, simply do not behave that way. Negro teachers' pay actually averages somewhat higher than white teachers', because they have more degrees; a Negro sits in the Richmond City Council; and colored people throughout the state are gradually being enfranchised, despite the fact that they vote, almost to a man, against the machine. The literacy test, never stiff, has almost disappeared as a source of complaint. The Supreme Court, of course, killed the white primary, but it is to Virginia's credit that it lit no crosses at the graveside and held no wake.

Now and then the General Assembly gets out of hand, as in 1948, when its members blandly voted themselves $300 bonuses, but judged by the records of other legislatures it is a good one. Like their boss, who has never accepted federal soil conservation payments for his orchards and never bought fertilizer from the government, machine men generally show a consistency and a sense of responsibility not often found in state government. Virginia office-holders are a notch or two above the average. They are because politics there is respectable. It is because there is little unpleasantness. The organization is so completely in control there is no need for any.

VI

However, no machine is rust-proof or sabotage-proof, and there are signs that both time and internal trouble may eventually test the organization's perpetuation of power. It is not likely to be overthrown. There are no signs in that direction. But there is every indication it will be obliged to alter its form to meet new situations, and, in the process, destroy the thing it has been.

Until Hutchinson's impertinence of 1946 Senator Byrd was unopposed in the primary, and he became rather aloof to the tussles below. He won effortlessly then, but this year he faced a real fight and had to descend and slug. Virginians, more accustomed to decorum than highjinks from their politicians, actually faced the prospect of a mountain-climbing race between Byrd and Colonel Miller. Miller's campaign manager called Byrd a "tired senator," and the Senator suggested he and his belittlers race up a Virginia hill to prove he wasn't. The machine was stunned when Miller cheerfully revealed he had once climbed the Matterhorn and still kept his

Alpine equipment in his attic. Somehow this race never came off, and in the one which did Byrd carried every congressional district except the stubborn Ninth; but to turn the trick his men had to carry all the customary trappings of a tight campaign, including a bin of buttons bearing images of the Senator's mascot, a cardinal. (In Richmond the irreverent labored the fact that the byrd was red.)

Moreover, one important machine cog has been removed. The last Legislature, facing the likelihood that two organization men will run against one another in the 1953 gubernatorial race and split the loyal vote, introduced a primary runoff to mobilize strength against the anti-organization candidate—a move which may encourage intramural battles in the future and so weaken machine discipline.

Less imminent, but perhaps more important, is the prospect of the abolition of poll taxes for federal elections. If Congress ever gets around to enacting this, Virginia must either join the repeal in its local races or face chaos at the polls. In 1949 a study begun by Governor Price actually brought this issue to the ballot, but by the time it had passed through the organization's hands it was so twisted and full of snakes that the people who really favored repeal were obliged to oppose it, and it went down. If the tax were abolished, and the state's Negro voter potential mobilized, it is difficult to see how the machine could survive without a major overhauling.

Finally, Virginia is changing. The counties still hold the whip hand, but the state's population is expanding steadily, and eventually those charged with legislative districting may be forced to recognize the character of the growth. Between 1900 and 1950 the urban population of Virginia nearly quadrupled, and the largest increase in the half-century came in its last decade, when the number of city people multiplied 41.4 per cent. Since Hal Flood and his friends wrote their constitution the proportion of Virginians living in cities has risen from 18 to 40 per cent. In urban areas, and in the coal barrens of western Virginia, where the heirs of the readjustors are still trying to readjust, the machine is at its weakest. If a Hutchinson or a Miller can ever capture the imagination of the disfranchised and indifferent in these, he may capture a primary, an election, and a faction.

Yet it is doubtful he could ever bag the machine itself. Probably there will always be a spot in Virginia's government for certified men of distinction, and as long as that spot is the top one, no insurgent will be permitted to seize control. Besides, if they ever were driven out, the organization would quickly lose its identity; there would be little left to take over. Without them there, wielding power in their courtly vacuum, light years away from nearly every major governmental concept to emerge since 1933, it would soon vanish as Virginia's, and perhaps even the South's, most peculiar institution.

Transmutation

KATHLEEN RAINE

At the day's end I found
Nightfall wrapped about a stone.

I took the cold stone in my hand,
The shadowy surfaces of life unwound
And within I found
A bird's fine bone.

I warmed the relic in my hand
Until a living heart
Beat, and the tides flowed
Above, below, within.

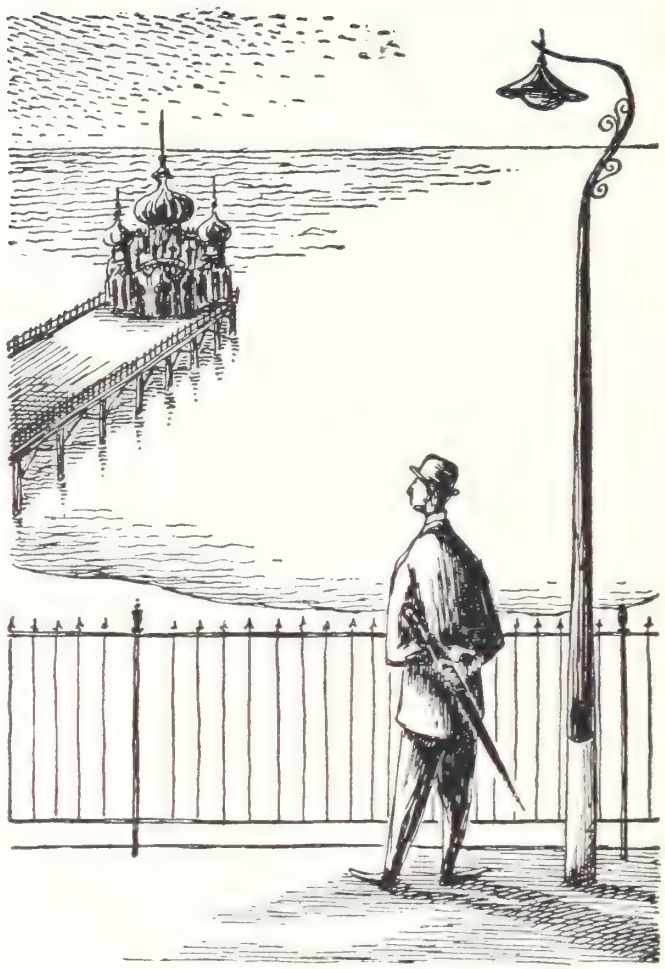
There came a boat riding the storm of blood
And in the boat a child,

In the boat a child
Riding the waves of song,
Riding the waves of pain.

Evangelist

A Story by Joyce Cary

Drawings by Edward Gorey



JOHN PRATT, fifty-five, on holiday at the sea, gets up one sunny morning, looks from the window, says, " It won't last," and picks from his seven suits the only dark one. He dresses himself with care, and eats for breakfast one piece of dry toast.

"A touch of liver," he says to himself, takes his umbrella and a bowler, and goes for his morning walk along the Parade.

"Why the bowler?" he asks himself. "I'm not going back to town." And suddenly it strikes him that he is bored. "Impossible," he says; "I've only been here a week and my regular time is always a fortnight."

He looks about him to discover some usual source of pleasure in this charming old place; and immediately he is seized, possessed, overwhelmed with boredom, with the most malignant and hopeless of all boredoms, holiday boredom. It rises from his stomach, it falls from the lukewarm air. Everything in sight is instantly perceived as squalid, mercenary, debased by mean use and vulgar motives. The Regency façades whose delicate taste he has so much admired, which bring him year after year to a place neither smart nor quiet, seem to leer at him with the sly, false primness of old kept women on the lookout for some city lecher, willing to set off cracked plaster against lewd dexterity.

He looks at the sea for freshness. But it appears thick, greasy: he murmurs with horror, "The cesspool of the whole earth." He sees the drains discharging from a million towns, the rubbish unbucketed from ten thousand years of ships, wrecks full of corpses; the splash of glitter beyond the pier is like the explosion of some hidden corruption. The ozone comes to his nose like a stench.

He sees from the distance a friend, the Colonel in his light gray suit, stepping briskly. He is whirling his stick—it is plain that he is in his usual high spirits.

Pratt crosses the road to avoid him. A taxi hoots in an angry and distracted manner, but he does not hurry, he would rather be killed than betray the dignity of his despair. The taxi's brakes squawk like Donald Duck—it comes to a stop at his elbow—a furious young man with upstanding black hair and red-rimmed eyes, thrusts out his neck and bawls insults. Bystanders laugh and stare. Pratt does not turn his head or quicken his walk. He accepts these humiliations as appropriate to such a morning in such a world.

The shopping housewives with their predatory eyes and anxious wrinkled foreheads fill him with a lofty and scornful pity, as for insects generated by a conspiracy of gases and instinct to toil in blind necessity for the production of more insects.

Yes, he thinks, humanity is like the maggots on a perishing carcass. Its history is the history of maggots; the fly, the buzz, the coupling of flies, the dropping of their poison on every clean thing, the hunt for some ordure, some corpse, the laying of eggs, and another generation of maggots. Foulness upon foulness. Tides of disgust and scorn rise in his soul; he stalks more grandly; he has become a giant for whom all history is meaner than the dust on his boot soles.

Suddenly he is accosted by a red-faced man, an hotel acquaintance, who starts out



of a shop and seizes him by the hand—impossible to avoid this person. The red-faced man is in a fluster. Has Mr. Pratt seen the news? Is there going to be a war, is this it? Should he sell out his investments and pay his debts; should he fetch back his family from abroad?

Pratt draws himself up and out of mere wrath at this intrusion, utters in severe tones such banalities as amaze his own ears. If war comes, he says, it will come, and if not, then not. There are good arguments on both sides of the question. If we believe our freedom is worth defending, then we should be ready to defend it at all costs. For faith is not faith, not what we truly believe, unless we are prepared to die for it. And in a conflict of faith those alone who are prepared to die for what they believe deserve to win. As for bombs, one can die but once. One will die anyhow and possibly much worse than by a bomb.

And all these panic-mongers, are they not more than foolish? Panic is not only useless, it is a treachery—a defeat—an invitation to the enemy within as well as without.

The red-faced man is taken aback by this rigmarole of eloquence. He listens with surprised attention in his green eyes—then with respect. Pratt's unmoved solemnity, his severe tone born of scornful indifference, impress him. He ejaculates murmurs of approval. He says that this is just what he himself has always thought. And this is probably true. He could scarcely have escaped such reflections.

At last he is greatly moved. He turns even redder, his gooseberry eyes shine. He grasps Pratt's hand with fervor and a glance that means, "This is an important, a solemn occasion. You are a bigger man than I took you for. Men of sense and courage, like ourselves, should be better acquainted." He departs exalted.

Pratt walks on alone, his step is still majestic but full of spring. He is exhilarated; he looks at the sea and it appears to him noble in its vastness, transcendent in its unconcern, venerable in its intimation of glorious deeds. The houses are like veteran soldiers in line, meeting with stoic pride the injuries of time. The housewives, striving, saving for their families, wear the brows of angels; the battered angels roughly carved on some primitive church. He salutes with heroic elation a world made for heroes. He perceives with joy that it is going to be a fine day, that he is hungry. He whirls his umbrella.



Chester Bowles, New-Style Diplomat

Jean Lyon

A COMMON Asiatic cliché, which one used to hear frequently in pre-Mao China, is that the American people are all right, but the American government is suspect. One still hears it fairly often in India, but since October 1951, when U. S. Ambassador Bowles arrived in New Delhi, it has been said with somewhat less certainty. For long-jawed, gangling Chester Bowles, as much by his day-to-day actions as by his underlying policy, has been narrowing the distinction between official and unofficial America in Indian eyes, presenting the picture of a generous, impetuous, informal American as the official representative of his country, and creating a whole new atmosphere for Indian thinking about the United States. At the same time he has raised a whole new set of challenges for American foreign policy.

The stories of his first days in India are well known by now—the way he had to borrow striped pants and a cutaway from the Italian ambassador to present his credentials to President Rajendra Prasad; the way he put his feet on coffee tables and sat around his Embassy residence in his shirtsleeves, callers or no callers; the evening he rode his wife home from a party on the handlebars of a bicycle; and, above all, the way he enrolled his children in a Delhi public school instead of sending them to the hills to a British- or American-run mission school in the traditional manner of Western diplomats.

He has yet to say "Your Highness" to an Indian Maharajah, but he has plodded on foot through the dust of Indian villages talking to the people. When a Minister of the Government of India remonstrated with him because several American representatives had sat in their shirtsleeves and smoked through a meeting presided over by a Maharajah, Bowles is said to have replied, "Americans would take off their coats if they were hot and smoke if they wanted to in front of the President of the United States. What's a Maharajah to an American anyhow?"

On *Holi*, an Indian festival when bright red and yellow powders and dyes are thrown at anyone who walks through the crowds, he took his two teen-age daughters and his eleven-year-old son into the market places, and came back with his clothes, face, and hair as stained as any urchin's in town.

Behind all this, it has become evident as his work has developed, is a definite philosophy, a definite purpose, and a definite plan. Bowles' objective, in his own words, is to "sell democracy," not his country right or wrong, and he has brought to bear on it all the selling skill he learned in his years as idea man and partner of the Benton and Bowles advertising agency. Perhaps his greatest gift is for dramatizing ideas. Either by natural instinct or by a highly artful technique or by a combination of the two which has become second nature to him, he has shown the Indian people in his own person one aspect of democracy in action, cutting alike through Delhi's diplomatic and upper-class stuffiness.

It was not President Truman who picked Bowles for India. It was Bowles who picked India. He had never been there and it

Repercussions of Chester Bowles' impact on India have been felt in America as well as the East. Here Jean Lyon, former Peiping representative for the New York Times, *who has been living in India for the past two years, explains his underlying policy.*

was listed in the State Department records as a "hardship post." But when, after he was defeated for re-election as Governor of Connecticut, Truman offered him several other posts, he turned them all down and then said, "I would go to India."

He had a conviction about India. As he put it recently to a group of Delhi students, "The test of our times is whether or not democracy can harness the forces of the modern world to benefit the common man and at the same time preserve the freedom of the human individual. The proving ground is right here in India." He was thinking along the same lines at least as far back as 1948 when he wrote an article for the *New York Times Magazine* which stressed the necessity for an American policy that would be "*for* as well as *against*." "We must," he wrote in that article, "take our stand unequivocally beside the hungry and oppressed people all over the world in their fight for increased economic security," and he specifically mentioned the aid America might give to "help in raising the living standards of the people whom Gandhi and Nehru have wakened from their long slumber."

In 1951 Bowles felt there was still a chance, though a dwindling one, that American policy might become a positive factor in Asia—through India, the largest and most influential of all the newly independent non-Communist Asian countries. Before his appointment an initial agreement had already been signed between the United States and India for technical aid. In this he saw an opportunity to put Point IV to a real test. And he came to India to "sell democracy" by practical demonstration—by American technical skills, American dollars, and American idealism.

II

THROUGH an Indian source twice removed, I have been told that Prime Minister Nehru did not at first accept Bowles and his plans with any great enthusiasm. He is reported to have listened to Bowles' initial proposals skeptically, to have sensed hidden political "strings," and even to have said, "No, in that case, we will have none of your aid."

This reaction had been reflected throughout the country for some months. For more than a year and a half I myself have been running into it, from the Malabar Coast in the south to the Himalayas in the north. And it comes just as often from serious-minded middle-of-the-road Indian professional people and government workers as from Communists.

"We want peace," I am told again and again. "We must develop our country. You expect war and want us on your side. We don't want to be on any side. We have just freed ourselves from Britain. Do you think we are going to tie ourselves now to either you or Russia? We will be tied to no one, and your aid will not buy us."

Nevertheless by January 5 of this year, less than three months after Bowles arrived in India, the new Indo-American Technical Cooperation Agreement had been signed, and on February 18 Nehru assured a critical group of Indian newspapermen that there were no strings attached to the agreement, that the only thing he had committed India to was to promote international good will and world peace, and that the American aid would merely enable India to carry out her own Five Year Plan with more speed.

This was a considerable achievement, and there are those who give Chester Bowles full credit for it. But there were contributing conditions. India's Planning Commission, chaired by Nehru himself, had just completed its task of drawing up its first Five Year Plan and faced the obvious fact that foreign aid would be needed to carry it out with any rapidity. Also India's first elections on the basis of adult franchise were held soon after Bowles came. They sharpened the feeling among government leaders that economic development had to be pushed ahead. Opposition parties were loudly critical of the government's inaction and absorption in "paper planning," and the emergence of the Communists as the leading opposition in the south underlined the growing dissatisfaction in certain areas of the country.

And despite the signing of the aid agreement, there is much of the old sentiment against American assistance left. It is a strong and deeply imbedded part of the present-day Indian emotional structure. "Are we so depleted," one member of the newly elected Indian Parliament asked recently, "that even in our village program, to which Gandhi gave

so much of his life, we must depend upon the Americans?"

The Communists in Parliament are also becoming noisier about their opposition to American aid. Their main argument is the well-worn one of American Imperialism by way of the Almighty Dollar, but it still carries weight in non-Communist India. Indians have not forgotten that England's two-hundred-year hold over them began innocently enough with some British traders who formed the East India Company.

NEVERTHELESS, when all this has been taken into account, it must be acknowledged that a marked change in feeling did take place between Bowles' arrival in October and the signing of the Indo-American Agreement, and Bowles himself did much to bring it about. Privately, publicly, and especially at press conferences, at which he is a master performer, he emphasized again and again that all America wanted was to help India strengthen her own form of democracy.

Once he was asked by a persistent Indian reporter if America's real hope wasn't to make India lean toward the Western democracies. "Sure," replied Bowles. "At least we hope you won't lean the other way. But how you lean is your own business. We want to see you strong enough and free and independent enough so that you can choose which way you want to lean."

He further showed his good faith by carefully studying India's Five Year Plan and suggesting that substantial American aid, in funds and technicians, go into the field which India's planners had marked for first priority —increasing food production on the community level.

At home this may sound like unadulterated altruism or, as some people have claimed, the old New Deal "give-away" technique which is destined to send more American taxpayers' money down a new drain. But to Bowles India's community development scheme was a dramatic, made-to-order way to give the Indian peasant quick, tangible, belly-filling proof that democracy works for his benefit. And its major strength was that it was an Indian, not an American, plan.

As the specific project agreements, based on the Indian Planning Commission's own blueprints, were drawn up, Bowles saw to it that the major part of this year's fifty-four-and-a-half-million-dollar U. S. allocation for technical assistance to India was channeled into community development.

As the plan now stands, fifty-five community projects of three hundred villages each, affecting some eleven million villagers, will be started this year. The hope is that these areas can be increased to five hundred in the five-year period and will in the end affect more than one hundred million peasants—nearly a third of India's population. India is aiming at a ten-million-ton increase in food production in five years, to make her self-sufficient in food, and to reduce the huge amounts of foreign exchange now absorbed in buying grain abroad so that India may use the funds for hydro-electric plants, irrigation dams, and industry. This is why Bowles has been talking in terms of one billion dollars of U. S. aid for India in the next four years.

III

BOWLES' policy in India is not confined to community development projects, however. By his own definition, American support, both moral and financial, is justified in every field in which the Indian government is advancing, or hoping to advance, along democratic lines. These include a sound system of public education, healthy competitive free enterprise, and a well co-ordinated system of administrative machinery for the central government and the states. Bowles watches Indian problems in these fields as they arise, and if he sees a place where American experience can help, he is usually ready to offer it in specific terms.

To do this effectively, Bowles has had to pick up an immense amount of background information on what India has already done and how her approach to similar problems differs from America's. People who have worked for years on certain phases of Indian life observe enviously that he apparently gets this "by osmosis." So far he seems to have stepped carefully and wisely as he ventured into new fields. He hasn't yet made any suggestions which would bring about drastic changes. In the main his suggestions offer India a self-starter or booster.

Education is one example. India's educational system is something of a mid-Victorian

ornament which India inherited from the British Raj. It turns out Indian clerks and white-collar workers who feel they cannot demean themselves at any of the grimy tasks of life. This may have been all right in the days when what Britain needed was native clerks to help run a colonial government. But what independent India needs is people with the skills and leadership to build a nation.

Indian educators have been searching for the best ways to make the needed change in Indian schools. Bowles proposed an exchange of top-level Indian and American educators, each to make a study of the other's educational system, followed by round-table discussions. Indian educators are interested in the idea. So, now, is the Ford Foundation.

Government administration is another field in which India is trying to find answers to the new problems which have arisen since independence. Bowles' administrative experience, as OPA chief in Washington during the war and as Governor of Connecticut, has given him a fund of practical experience on which to draw when Indian government officials discuss these problems with him. They have evidently decided from this that it might be helpful for them to learn more of American methods, for the Indian government recently invited Dean Paul Appleby of the Maxwell School of Public Administration of Syracuse University, former Under Secretary of Agriculture, to advise them for a period of several months on how to train administrators for the new community developments. The Ford Foundation will pay.

One of Bowles' favorite subjects is free enterprise and expanding markets, and even here, despite India's general economic bent toward socialism, he seems to have won a hearing, for he talks in terms of India's own development, not of American business interests in India.

Not long ago he had a chance to expound his theories in a specific instance. Under one of the TCA operational agreements, 100,000 tons of American fertilizers are scheduled to be shipped to India, a small portion of which will be distributed below cost to Indian farmers. Some Indian industrialists see in this a threat to their own interests and an infringement on their markets. To Chester Bowles, who as an advertising executive during the Depression talked Maxwell House Coffee and several other major firms in America into slashing their prices in half in order to reach the wider market of the lower-income consumer, the Indian industrialists' practices and theories seem obsolete and stultifying to any real industrial growth. When the fertilizer question came up, he explained, with his customary conviction, that American fertilizer distributed below cost to Indian farmers, most of whom had never used chemical fertilizers before, would in the long run tremendously expand the market for Indian manufacturers.

In this, as in all his diplomacy, Bowles injected his own strong sense of urgency. Talking to an American firm about a contract for building tubewells, he asked how soon they could get the job done. They estimated it would take four years.

"That's too late," said Bowles. "You'll be digging them for the Communists."

He keeps setting deadlines. The end of the U. S. government's fiscal year on June 30 gave him good reason to push through the project for American aid, and he met with his TCA staff constantly as the agreements were being drawn up. Further deadlines will be more difficult to meet. But Bowles considers that trying to hold the program to a schedule is one of the most valuable contributions American advisers can make. When people question the soundness of trying to speed up a program based on the slow-moving democratic processes in slow-moving India, Bowles grows impatient. "Lack of time is the greatest danger of all," he says. And for this reason he is always completely candid about the mistakes America has made. "India can learn from our mistakes," he explains. "India hasn't time to make mistakes."

It is the same driving sense of urgency that took Bowles back to the United States twice in his first eight months as Ambassador and that makes him keep up a steady flow of letters home when he is here. The mail from the Ambassador's office in New Delhi averages fifty pounds a week, much of it personal letters from the Ambassador to old associates in key jobs. He is determined to have America know more about India than where to find it on the map, and also to get the necessary home support for his

program. Recent cuts in appropriations are going to slow it down, and he is convinced that there isn't time to go slow.

IV

It is hard for anyone who is aware of the importance of Asia to America and of the problems involved to find much fault with what Bowles says. But among some Americans in India who are most concerned and most familiar with Indian affairs, and among some Indian leaders basically sympathetic with Bowles' theme, there is growing uneasiness about the ultimate effect his policy may have.

There is first of all the danger that American aid in large quantities will kill India's own initiative toward her own development. Both Nehru and Bowles have tried to recognize this threat in the terms of the aid agreement. India has accepted the financial responsibility for providing all the rupees to put American dollars to work and taken the administrative responsibility. America gives only advice and such materials as fertilizers, tubewells, and iron and steel for farm instruments. But still the danger remains.

Another source of uneasiness, among both Americans and Indians, is whether Bowles' policy is really strengthening Indian democracy or merely a particular regime. Bowles talks of the democracy India already has, but there are those who seriously question whether it can actually be called a democracy yet. Under Nehru's leadership its direction is unquestionably in the constitutional and democratic pattern, and the Congress party has within the past few months been voted back into power for another five years by a general constitutional election. But America must be aware of the peril, especially in the light of her other Asiatic experiences, of bolstering a regime beyond the time when it has any democratic meaning to its people—even though the danger does not seem to be immediate in India.

But the most serious question raised about Bowles' policy and methods is whether in the end they may not do exactly what he says they must not do—impose upon India some American procedures and patterns which will neither take root nor have any appreciable effect on the Indian villager's life, and which may serve to revive Indo-American antagonisms. The uneasiness on this score comes from two sources: the great gulf between American and Indian ways of life and Bowles' own personality.

One Indian described Bowles as "dangerously engaging," and by both nature and experience he is far more of a promoter than a student. This has given some people the feeling that his understanding of India is necessarily superficial. If it is, he has so far shown an uncanny instinct for sensing India's moods and needs. But his critics fear that his instinct will one day play him false. To avoid serious blunders in carrying out as comprehensive a policy as his, they argue, would demand a genius.

There are those, it must be said, among serious students of India who sincerely regard him as a genius. He has, they claim, an amazing ability to assimilate information, to absorb critical comments on his program and work them into his own thinking, and to single out experts, both Indian and foreign, and pump them dry. Others have had the opposite experience with him and found him disinclined to listen, even after he had asked for advice or an opinion. And they naturally are suspicious of his ability to find out what India really is or may become.

The trouble is that Chester Bowles reflects a fault inherent in the American genius for salesmanship—the apparent necessity for presenting one's product, be it a breakfast food or an idea, in unrelieved blacks and whites. Bowles presents to the public the picture of what India can do with American aid in the next five years in dazzling whites—she can be self-sufficient in food, she can reach one-third of her remote, thirteenth-century peasantry with a higher standard of living and a glimpse of what democracy is, she can modernize and expand her industries. What will happen if she doesn't receive sufficient outside help to do these things comes out in equally strong blacks (although he presents these in Washington rather than New Delhi)—she will "go China's way" and Asia will be "lost."

It is not likely that India will move quite as fast as this with American help, or quite as slowly without. She is both moving and groping, and she will undoubtedly continue

to do so whether or not Americans advise her. Bowles knows this and in private he admits it. But his enthusiasm for his program is so unbounded that whether or not he will recognize some of the obstacles to it in sufficient detail to deal with them is still a vital and unanswered question. Will he, for example, be able to restrain his own and the American sense of urgency if he finds it is not fully shared by India? Or will he revive the Indian fear that this is, after all, an American program, not a truly Indian one?

Time is different in India and America. In the United States it is a matter of second hands and revolutions of wheels and exact timetables. In India it extends back to one's great-great-grandfather and forward to one's great-great-grandson, and is divided by monsoon rains once or twice a year.

And time is only one difference between the two cultures. An Indian village is very different from an American small town. It has not yet fully emerged from feudalism, and its landlord-peasant relationships are as obscure to the twentieth-century foreigner as a modern painter's abstractions would have been to Queen Victoria. Its caste and family-within-caste relationships are as little understood by the outsider as the structure of matter is by a three-year-old. If American methods were directly applied to, let us say, the organizing of a village night school, they might carelessly ignore some deeply rooted custom and make a night school in that village impossible for years to come. Indians, as well as Americans, have their own way of doing things, and the one doesn't necessarily work in the other's environment.

The difference between any American's experience of life and any Indian's is so great that for many Americans India is the most difficult country in the world in which to work. It has unpredictable frustrations, unintelligible customs and beliefs which the American is likely to ridicule in order to keep himself sane, and devastatingly discouraging psychological and emotional barriers. It takes a staunch American to withstand all this and to adjust himself to it. If he keeps on being homesick for the corner drugstore and the kitchen icebox, he is apt to turn into a *pukka sahib* and a minor dictator. Even if he doesn't, his wife may.

Bowles is inclined to minimize these difficulties and to feel that any good, sound, democratically reared American should be able to make the adjustment as well as he and his family have. But as the number of American experts sent out to advise increases, so does the danger that their behavior and methods will backfire and become offensive to Indians. It is inevitable that out of a given number of trained American technicians, a fair proportion will be neither saints nor scholars.

They are already arriving in Delhi, complete with sturdy-looking wives and rowdy children dressed in blue jeans and Hawaiian beach shirts. Their first innocent questions about where is Madras and what is a Rajpremukh are startling, to say the least. Their opposite numbers in the Indian government may not know as much about how to grow corn, but they are likely to know far more about geography and literature.

The challenging question is whether or not these Americans, even guided by Bowles, can sort out those things in their American thinking which are essential to India's democracy and continue to respect and leave unmolested the Indian methods and manners which may seem very different and even disgusting to them but which are still by no means undemocratic. A flush toilet doesn't make a man into a democratic human being, nor the chewing of betel nut create a feudalistic one.

Giving aid without dominating, gently pushing without shoving, praising without patronizing, are acts that call for great delicacy of understanding and also for characteristics for which Americans are not—at least as yet—famous. Yet they are essential in carrying out the bold new policy that Bowles has introduced in India. And they are the final test of the Point IV program wherever it is applied. Bowles has made India judge America a little less harshly and suspiciously than she did, has made the United States sound to some Indians once more like the traditional champion of freedom, a nation that genuinely believes in peace and the independence of peoples from foreign domination. But it has yet to be proved that Bowles truly represents American policy. And this can be proved only in the implementation of his program in India and in the reaction to that program at home. Bowles has launched something bigger than Bowles.

Our Enemy the Oak Wilt

Lee Templeton

Every oak tree in the United States—and that means most of the best hardwood timber we have left, plus our most valuable shade and park plantings—is today under threat of destruction by what is potentially the most dangerous invader the forests of this country have ever known. Even the chestnut blight that completely wiped out one of our finest native trees a generation ago did not rival the new enemy in potential destructiveness. The reason is simple: the chestnut was seldom, if ever, more than a small fraction of the forest, whereas in parts of the United States oak constitutes more than half the total tree cover. If all our oaks go, we shall be in trouble indeed.

The invader which may bring us to this pass is a tiny, exquisitely delicate fungus called *Chalara quercina*. It causes oak wilt, a disease now firmly entrenched in parts of eighteen states, from Kansas and Nebraska on the west to North Carolina and Pennsylvania on the east. And at present the disease is incurable.

So far, there has been no report of the spread of oak wilt into new areas in 1952. Possibly it has not advanced any farther. Possibly, for some reason beyond our understanding, it will not continue its recent relentless spread. However, the Upper Ohio Valley states which reported that the disease had reached them in 1951 have been much harder hit this summer; and there seems to be no sound basis for confidence that the wilt will not continue its march east to the Atlantic and south to the Gulf.

What would the loss of all our oak mean to us? Well, the Forest Service estimates that one-third of all the hardwood saw timber in the Eastern United States is oak—over 100 billion board feet of it. Put a conservative average price of $20 a thousand on that, and you arrive at a potential loss of over two billion dollars on the stump; wilt-infected trees rot too swiftly to allow any large-scale salvage. But that figure tells only a fraction of the story, for it takes no account of the numerous indirect results of such a scourge. Consider Ohio, for instance, where oak makes up 40 per cent of all the woods in the state. Some 3,000 small business concerns of various sorts depend upon the oak they can draw upon there. They meet an annual payroll of a quarter of a billion dollars. Cripple them and you deal many towns a crushing blow. And think, too, of the damage to the parks—to the shade trees—to the squirrels, rabbits, deer, and game birds; and of what will happen to the streams and lakes—and incidentally to the fish in them—when the forest floor that traps and holds the moisture from rainfall, and slows the silting-up process, is a forest floor no longer?

It is not too much to say that the oak wilt might cancel the results of half a century of flood control, conservation, and reforestation in the humid East.

Evidently we can't blame the oak wilt on someone else; it's a home-grown pest. Early in this century, Wisconsin foresters were describing troubles that hindsight tells us were probably *Chalara* at work. Foresters wrote of seemingly healthy trees

which would suddenly turn bronze. Within a month or two they looked as if they had been dead for years. Pockets of desolation quickly developed around these blighted oaks. In the space of an acre or more, no new seedlings grew, and stumps rotted with peculiar rapidity and sent up no new shoots.

But Wisconsin and upper Illinois, where the trouble was also noted, are near the northern edge of the oak's range; oak trees die there for many reasons. The trouble was not pinned down until 1944 when *Chalara** was finally identified. As late as 1949, oak wilt had been found only in Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, and northern Missouri—all states where the oak is relatively unimportant. That summer, however, it was uncovered in the Ozarks, where oak forests are a major economic resource, and also in Indiana—a fact which indicated that it was spreading to the oak-rich Ohio Valley.

By the next summer it had jumped to Ohio, Pennsylvania, and well down into the Ozarks. Now it was on the move with a vengeance.

As yet, there is no cure for the oak wilt—and no very effective defense against it. The best we can do is take aerial surveys to spot the tell-tale bronze leaves which make sick trees stand out against green summer foliage, and then dispatch mobile cutting crews to destroy the trees before the infection spreads. However that process may take place.

The answer to the whole oak-wilt riddle lies largely in finding how it can wipe out a solid block of trees, then leapfrog to another county, or another state, hundreds of miles away, leaving whole forests untouched in between.

At one time, reputable scientists went so far as to suspect bacteriological warfare. This notion has since been discounted (the fungus is too delicate, the spores die too quickly when dry, to make random scattering effective); but the fact that it could be seriously considered is evidence of the bafflement men feel.

Probably the most promising lead now being explored has been uncovered by Charles Griswold, an entomologist in the Ohio research program headed by Dr. H. C. Young. Griswold has found three minute bark beetles which seem to be present in most wilt-killed wood. He postulates that they carry the *Chalara* spores on their shells or in their bodies, much as similar beetles carry the Dutch elm blight, a related disease. Extensive experiments are under way now, testing this conclusion, but no definite answer has been found.

If Griswold's beetles do carry *Chalara,* it will still be necessary to find an insecticide cheap enough and effective enough to make spraying thousands of forest acres practical. That is a large order. Hoping to avoid having to fill it, other research teams are trying to find chemo-therapeutic or antibiotic agents which could be dusted over the foliage and then absorbed directly into the tree's system. There they would help the tree to fight the fungus itself, ignoring the carrier.

All this reseach is the one bright spot in the oak wilt picture. Every infected state has its own research team—many of them very good. The National Oak Wilt Research Committee co-ordinates their work, and finances some of it. The Committee is backed by commercial lumbermen, and directed by Dr. A. J. Riker of the University of Wisconsin, one of the men who first isolated *Chalara.*

In addition, the Bureau of Plant Industry maintains an extensive oak wilt research program in Missouri. In the main, it is concerned with the history of the fungus; with determining what trees it will attack (so far, all 60-plus varieties of oaks, all chestnuts, and the beeches); and with developing wilt-resistant strains. This is a hope, but a slim one. The substitute is seldom as good a tree as the original; even if it were, replanting the country's forests within the space of a few years would be a labor only Hercules—or Paul Bunyan—could accomplish.

The sad fact remains: we have never before licked a disease like this. There is no history of success to encourage us. There is, of course, the remote possibility that some natural enemy of the wilt may, quite unknown to us, be preparing to wage war against it. But our chief hope lies in the fact that we have never before been so deeply threatened, and thus so readily moved to spend such large amounts of time, money, and scientific talent to find an answer.

* Strictly speaking, the fungus is now correctly called a *Ceratostomella* since Dr. Theodore Bretz of the USDA's Bureau of Plant Industry has discovered its rare perfect stage, and thus made possible more accurate classification. The men working with it, however, still call it *Chalara,* and so shall I.

After Hours

Liar

Jan de Hartog, the author of "The Fourposter," which has been romping along on Broadway and on the road for many months, and of *The Distant Shore,* a novel which has recently been dealt out in carloads by the Literary Guild, is a liar. An aunt of his once said to him; "I am glad I'll be leaving this world soon, for surely damnation is near. In my day you were spanked for your lies, now you are paid for them."

Well paid. Other authors of novels and plays write what they call "fiction"; de Hartog writes, with obvious relish, just plain lies . . . outrageous lies, which come a great deal closer to the truth than many men's fiction and are a great deal pleasanter to read. It is as though Mr. de Hartog, who lives and writes on a boat, had tacked a motto on his bulkhead: "Never let the truth come between me and a good story, but never let me tell a lie that does not reveal the truth."

If this is his motto, he sometimes, but not often, falls short of it. "The Fourposter" is, as you surely know by now, six scenes in the life of a married couple. It takes place in one room, has a cast of two (when I saw it, the two were Betty Field and Burgess Meredith), and is talk, talk, talk, talk for about two and a half hours. The talk is funny, the situations are funny—even when they spill over into sentimentality and near mawkishness, they are funny. Like any good farce the whole thing is a lie, but unlike any recent farce that I can remember, the lie makes a truth of its own which is not only plausible in its details but entirely human in its sum and substance. Mr. de Hartog is always over the edge in a land inhabited entirely by de Hartogs. But he takes you with him; it's an agreeable place to be.

De Hartog is a seafaring man. He ran away from home when he was ten to sail in a fishing boat in the Zuider Zee. His education was scrappy and his only formal schooling was three months at the Amsterdam (Holland) Naval College from which he was fired with a letter from the Head saying, "This school is not for pirates." When asked by the Literary Guild in a questionnaire to state his "school or college activities," he merely wrote: "H'm." In this same questionnaire he described himself as follows: "Date of birth: 22nd April 1914; Place: Holland; Height: 3 feet; Weight: 2 ounces; Complexion: pimply; Color of hair: mouse; Color of eyes: Ibid." When asked, "What is the nicest or most amusing comment anyone ever made about your work?" he replied: "Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who commented upon an article I wrote in an English weekly entitled 'Is God an Englishman?' (a question I answered in the negative): 'It must be obvious to any intelligent reader that whenever this young man mentions "God" he means himself.'" His native language is Dutch, but he writes now in English better than most Englishmen and most Americans write in English, and unquestionably better than any Englishman or American writes in Dutch. He is married to J. B. Priestley's eldest daughter, Angela, and they live on a small windjammer called *Rival,* which is likely to be tied up in the Seine at Paris or cruising on the French Riviera. End of biography.

This is not a book review column, and I do not intend to impinge on the province of those on this magazine who are better equipped than I to talk about literature. But the theater *is* my province, and for those who have seen "The Fourposter" and those who are likely to see it (I can't believe that it won't be standard repertory for as long as two actors want a very inexpensive vehicle that gives them a chance to show off like fury), I would like to suggest that their acquaintance with

Mr. de Hartog need not stop at the theater. He is at his best elsewhere. He is at his best, in my modest estimation, in a slim little book of about 30,000 words called *The Lost Sea.* It is a story of his boyhood on a fishing boat, the truth elaborately embellished to make a kind of poetic and piercing childhood adventure in a world too big for adults. This little book is a better one than *The Distant Shore,* which is really two short novels loosely sewed together with a slender piece of tarred twine, exciting though it is and sometimes poetic, and nearly always credible. De Hartog is his own best liar, but *The Lost Sea* contains his model, a storyteller whose voice, like de Hartog's own, "seemed to be alone in a world of wind and water." De Hartog calls his storyteller "The Liar" and veers a few degrees from the course of his novel to let him weave a grim and beautiful fantasy of a woman searching for her lover lost at sea.

If you have seen "The Fourposter," you have seen only a fragment of de Hartog's preposterous and wonderful narrative talent. If you will read *The Lost Sea* and *The Distant Shore* you will understand what he meant when he wrote recently: "I started telling stories at an early age. When I was six, I told a girl of four that I was the Emperor of China. She didn't believe me, but I did."

Parlor Game

If your friends are as fallible as mine, you will probably have found yourself at dinner parties recently where the host, sensing a slump in the conversation, has cried out with ill-concealed glee, "Well! Let's take a look at some of my Kodachromes! I just got a new batch back today." With that he produces a collection of black boxes, sets up a screen, plugs in a cord, plunges you into darkness and begins flashing bright pictures at you. Luck is a relative thing, but if you're blessed with it, you'll see Italian landscapes, sailing on Penobscot Bay, desert flowers of Arizona, or a market place in Jamaica. If you are not so blessed you'll sit through interminable (and badly exposed) views of two-year-old Buzzy at the beach, Mrs. Smashpipes at the ship's rail, Uncle Charlie being funny at the steak fry, and The Hotel We Stayed At In Liverpool. The recent fad for color transparencies, while less strenuous for the victim than charades, can be almost as deadly as home movies. It especially saddens me to admit this because I am myself guilty. That host might easily have been me.

But whatever its parlor excesses, color photography is a fascinating hobby. For most amateurs, its biggest enticement is that Kodachrome is such a simple thing to use. You buy the roll, snap the pictures, and then send the roll back to the factory where it's processed free of charge. No negatives, no enlarging. You get back a transparency which can't be duplicated, and although this is something of an inconvenience now and then (no extra prints to send to relatives) it also simplifies the storage problem. And all you really need to take the pictures is the camera itself and the film. I've found, however, that a few extras are more than worth their cost. For instance, an exposure meter is a great help in color work; because there is no negative, bad exposures cannot be remedied in printing or enlarging, and although most normal outdoor subjects will require the same exposure, the film is too expensive to allow experimentation for oddly-lighted subjects. Secondly, it helps to have some means of lighting up or projecting the slides. Color prints, except for very expensive ones, are second-rate; they simply do not do justice to the richness of Kodachrome color. Slides require light shown through them. There are some good table viewers on the market, and gadgets which you hold up to your eye and squint through. I got along for a while with a squint-type viewer, but last winter gave in and bought a projector and a screen. It's worth it; the pictures look far better. The best projectors, incidentally, are air-cooled, and the best screens are beaded. Slide boxes, tripods, and flash equipment are all nice to play with but essentially superfluous.

A note about film: miniature (35mm) cameras take Kodachrome film (or similar brands, Ansco color for instance, by other manufacturers), while larger roll-film cameras take Ektachrome. For manufacturing reasons of its own, Eastman Kodak puts out the two types. They're both excellent, though not quite identical. Kodachrome tends to play up the reds and the blues and is not so good on greens (except on dull days or in softer light). Ektachrome shots are generally a shade less brilliant than Kodachrome ones, with

better sunlit greens. Ektachrome's processing is not prepaid, and so its initial cost is less than Kodachrome's. Avoid Kodacolor—a film which yields prints rather than transparencies—its prints are wretched pink, orange, and baby blue monstrosities. Kodachrome, incidentally, comes in two varieties, one for outdoor light and another (called "Type A") for artificial light. That is because outdoor, natural light is essentially bluish while incandescent light has a great deal of red in it. The easiest way around this problem is to use outdoor type film exclusively, correcting for artificial light shots by using a blue filter.

Two great pitfalls face all Kodachrome snappers. One is that the picture cannot readily be cropped. Eastman sends back the whole transparency mounted in a cardboard frame, and if the shot is badly composed or includes something it shouldn't, there isn't much to be done about it. The other pitfall is that a bad Kodachrome is still a bad picture even though slightly gaudier than a black and white one. It took me a while to learn that color pictures should basically be good black and white pictures; the color should be a bonus for the viewer. This actually makes weeding out easier; visualizing the transparency as if it had no color will determine whether it's a good picture or not. Tastes differ, but I've adopted a policy of criticizing my shots severely and throwing away all the not-so-good ones. I hope my audience appreciates it; at least I have a less guilty conscience when I show them slides.

The real fun of Kodachrome is the chance to experiment with it. It can do wonderful tricks, and for my money the effect of different lights on that gelatin film is far more exciting than anything in the scope of black and white photography. Experimentation, of course, requires a fair knowledge of photograhic technique and of the nature of light itself—a knowledge, for instance, of what to do about deep shadows, about reflections, about distant haze. But once the rules are mastered, they can (within reason) be broken. At this point it becomes great fun to start taking pictures into the light, with the shadows coming toward the camera and the light coming through the subject. Wonderful shots can be taken in the twilight or the dawn, in the rain or even during a snowfall. Soft haze and even gray skies help many pictures (the good fashion photographers learned this some time ago, as a glance through *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* will show). A good soupy fog can be a fine thing even in color. A moving object not quite stopped by the shutter gives a good ghostly effect. And there's no law against silhouettes on color film; they can furnish an interesting relief to the dazzling color.

This is when color photography starts being a kind of art, and when it can be more than a personal vacation chronicle. And now, George, if you'll snap out that light, I'll just run through this latest batch of slides that came back from processing today.

Flying with a Map

On an airliner, some people like to read, others to talk, others to doze. I like to grab the front seat on what will be the shady side of the plane and then glue my nose to the window and survey the countryside—with the aid of a map.

Without one, it's absurdly hard to tell what you're flying over. A city or town which you know well from the touring automobilist's or even the resident's point of view may present a wholly unfamiliar aspect from a few thousand feet up. Its main street, its residential areas, look like any others; and the triangular pond, or the three-chimneyed factory, which seems from the air to be an infallible mark of identification may be tucked away in an area of the town that you are quite unfamiliar with. The most conspicuous things in the view from the air are not necessarily those that would seem to the earthbound to be the sights of the town. They are, first of all, rivers and other bodies of water (startlingly blue on a fair day, purple toward evening, bright silver when they catch the light); and such things as divided highways with clover-leaf intersections; drive-in movies (wedge-shaped patches); smoking factory chimneys; airfields (broad bands of gray in triangular and criss-cross patterns); and parking lots (which if the sun is shining set up a fine shimmering glitter). Whereas the hills flatten out, and expensive suburbs look much like inexpensive ones, and there always seems to be much less town and much more open country than you had realized.

But if you will take along with you in the

plane a good map, or more than one, you may on occasion—with luck—be able to follow your course all the way from city to city—spotting this river or that lake as you pass over it, finding the expected railroad track slanting across your course at the correct angle of direction, and ticking off the towns and villages as they move slowly beneath you. For this exercise I recommend the aeronautical charts got out by the Coast and Geodetic Survey, which cost a quarter apiece. These show you not only such strange things as CAUTION AREAS and DANGER AREAS (where some military unit may be experimenting with gunfire) and radio bearings, but also the airways along which the airliners travel, so that, for example, on a flight from Boston to New York, you will know, when the plane swings to the left about ten minutes out of Boston, that you are leaving Red 11 for Amber 7, a route which will take you just to the left of both Worcester and Hartford. And for supplementary use I recommend any good road map such as the filling stations provide. This will show you not only the main roads which are indicated in the aeronautical maps, but also the arrangement of minor roads and various other details which will help you to place yourself—and incidentally to remind yourself that what you are looking down at is not just a superb map done in full color, but a real countryside full of human beings. (The U.S. Geological Survey maps provide much more detail—they even show each individual house—and for areas recently mapped they are superb; but using them on a long flight would be like studying an elephant with a microscope.)

And why, one may ask, try to place yourself?

Well, each to his taste. You may prefer to read. But to me flying with a map is a superior sort of geographical solitaire, played on a board of endlessly unexpected beauty and meaning. And while one plays it, one has a chance to note that a distant town, seen in the afternoon, looks like little pink and white beads strung on a network of intersecting strings; that a white groove through a forest is a road, and a dark one may be a railroad, and a wide, straight clearing means a high tension line; that a sailboat is a tiny white triangle, and a steamboat is a slug with a very long forked tail; and that, at night, a crisscross effect of vague blurs of light is the street lights of a village half hidden under maples.

Sometimes I wish I might travel by air with an agricultural expert on one side and an industrial expert on the other. I can tell the burnt sienna of plowed land from the green strips of orchards and the solid green of growing crops; but from the air I can't tell one crop from another, and I don't know what makes purple stains on plowed fields in Kentucky in May—stains that look just like cloud-shadows except that they don't move. (Some sort of fertilizer?) I can spot an Ohio strip mine or a Pennsylvania steel mill, but most factories are just factories to me, and I wish I could deduce, from a mile or two upstairs, just what they are producing. But even without such expert knowledge a fellow with a map, and a little topographical sense, and some curiosity, can enjoy something of the feeling of a god inspecting his domain.

Waist Not, Want Not

"Dior leaves nothing to chance; the dress dominates the figure."—Vogue, *September 1, 1952.*

Oh, body beautiful beneath,
Submit you must to domination,
However shapeless is the sheath,
Whatever the abomination.

Your waist which once attracted many
This year is artfully corrected:
You look as though you hadn't any
Or else, alas, you look bisected.

Your hips are wings full-spread for flight
Above which floats your torso.
Changing what God had thought was right,
Dior just makes it more and more so.

Or else he takes away the waist
And in a most unlikely area
He puts it back, somewhat debased,
Where nothing could look scarier.

Let us bemoan the belt that's slipped;
It gives no cause for us to laugh.
When lovely lady's falsely hipped,
Who knows which is her better half?

—*Mr. Harper*

NEW BOOKS

Fiction, History, Fun

Gilbert Highet

It is strange to compare the world of books with the other realms of communication: the movies, the radio, and their child TV. If you go regularly to the movies, watch and listen to TV and radio, you keep feeling that they are brilliant in execution, but poor, desperately poor, in ideas. When you look over a bookstore, you find the opposite. Thousands, millions of ideas confront you; almost too many to cope with; a wonderful plenty: something like the richness of life itself. Only, the execution is often faulty. Brilliant thoughts are unintelligibly presented. Complex arguments are buried beneath irrelevant facts. Often a good conception is clumsily worked out and couched in ugly jargon. Still, there is no dearth of ideas in our world. They come up so plentifully that we can only select, and admire, and enjoy. Here are a few of the many.

Gushers

First come three elaborate novels, all, as it happens, from the frontiers of society and experience. In ***Giant*** (Doubleday, $3.95) Miss Edna Ferber plants many a bright banderilla deep in the hide of Texas. Her book is a historical satire on the big ranchers of the B.O. generation (no, that means *Before Oil)* in the form of a romantic novel. Its heroine dislikes Texas for its food (greasy fried steaks and barbecued calf's head, scoop out the brains you'self), its women's voices, their names (as naïve and fantastic as cactus flowers: Adarene, Ila Rose, Joella), its men's arrogance, its climate, its wealth, its poverty, its scorn of the "Mex," and even sometimes for what most of us would consider its best qualities: drive, unconventionality, energy, optimism. She is brought violently against all these facts and reacts violently against them. As a result, the whole book is full of vitality, color, heat, and noise.

Unfortunately, Miss Ferber has chosen one of the worst possible methods for satire. She has poured these criticisms of Texas into the mold of a conventional story of young married love, with all its dear uncertainties. She shows us Texas through the eyes, not of a sensible man, but of a young bride straight from the East, aged twenty-three and carefully reared—a girl who would have found an Oregon lumber town or a California fruit farm equally unattractive. Such girls always hate moving. By the way, the bride is one of three sisters, daughters of a brilliant doctor; she is slender and fine-boned, brave and willful; but her name is Leslie, not Katharine.

Satire and romance do not mix. They weaken each other. The romance sounds trivial and the satire distorted. We can never really see why the young bride finally gets to like Texas, unless it is through love for her hard-driving husband. The result is something unhappily like those Western B-pictures in which a schoolmarm introduces the cowpokes to baths and good manners, and then falls in love with John Wayne and fights like a varmint, back to back with him in the rustlers' canyon. Miss Ferber has written a woman-sized book about a man-sized state.

At first I thought that the huge two-volume novel, ***Sironia, Texas*** (Houghton Mifflin, $10), had been written by a woman too. I believed that only women possessed that peculiar ability to recall and set down every single detail of the past, that power which

STEINBECK's

EAST OF EDEN

"A novel planned on the grandest possible scale.... Here is one of those occasions when a writer has aimed high and then summoned every ounce of energy, talent, seriousness and passion of which he was capable." —Joseph Wood Krutch, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

"One of the best novels of the past ten years and the best book John Steinbeck has written since *The Grapes of Wrath*.... Convincingly demonstrates that he is still one of the most important writers of our time." —Harvey Curtis Webster, *Saturday Review*

"Steinbeck's greatest book.... It compels and holds the reader's fascinated attention from the first chapter to the last." —Harrison Smith, *Philadelphia Bulletin*

"A moving, crying pageant with wilderness strengths." —Carl Sandburg

"Probably the best of John Steinbeck's novels... a strange and original work of art." —Mark Schorer, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

$4.50

A lifetime adventure in medical pioneering

BRAIN SURGEON

The autobiography of a man who has often held life and death in his hands

Dr. William Sharpe,

one of our great neuro-surgeons, tells his extraordinary success story with warm humanity, humility, a sense of drama, and a lively humor. "It is a privilege to share Dr. Sharpe's stirring life in this honest, pungent, vivid account of a distinguished doctor's long service to humanity." —Dorothy Canfield Fisher

$3.75

Tomorrow the universe!

Here's the story of the space station we will soon build and inhabit

ACROSS THE SPACE FRONTIER

In 10 or 15 years *it can be done!* Expert rocket scientists discuss the problems involved, and give a vivid description of the space station itself, 1,075 miles from earth, which will be a take-off point for outer space. Originally an article in *Collier's*, this fascinating material has been expanded into a big 8½" x 10¾" book. Illustrated in color by Bonestell and others; written by Dr. Wernher von Braun, Willy Ley, Dr. Fred L. Whipple, etc. Edited by Cornelius Ryan. $3.95

Angus Wilson's mordant first novel of sexual aberration—the most talked-about book of the London season—is now published in America. By the author of *The Wrong Set*. $3.00

HEMLOCK and AFTER

George Soule's expert restatement of the living ideas of great economists, from Plato to John Maynard Keynes, simply and forcefully explains their basic doctrines for the modern reader. $3.50

IDEAS of the GREAT ECONOMISTS

THE VIKING PRESS

At all booksellers

makes one trifle depend upon another and upon a third: "I know it was Tuesday because I was wearing my blue dress, and the cleaner doesn't come on Tuesdays." That is the first impression received from this vast and boring work. It is a two-volume junk shop, in which every triviality has been lovingly preserved. It is a fake-Gothic cathedral built out of matchsticks. It is a Grand Canyon of the insignificant.

There is also something feminine about the loving attention which the creator of this monstrosity pays to the family relationships of unimportant people. Everyone in the book seems to matter because he was connected with somebody else. People say, "Who would have thought such a thing, of a *Snatchpoke?*" —and you are meant to remember that the imaginary family of Snatchpokes were terribly influential in the imaginary town of Sironia about 1906. Most men don't really care about all that. Again and again, as I labored through these endless pages, I remembered the terse description, in Strachey's *Queen Victoria,* of the equivalent tedium of royal reminiscence: "She would not lose one memory or one pin."

However, this impression was mistaken. The publishers of the novel assure us that its creator is a man. Mr. Madison Cooper, who has passed the last few years in re-creating the last few generations, has enormous powers of observation and recall, a fine ear for conversation, a limited field of vision, and practically no ability to tell a story. The result of his labors is a cross between the unedited works of Thomas Wolfe (minus all that fine rhetoric) and the last sixty Sears-Roebuck catalogues, with just a pinch of Faulkner and a smidgen of Capote dusted over the top. Its horizon is bounded by the interrelations of a few vigorous but undistinguished small-town families, their needlessly complex sexual adventures, the interior decoration of their homes and the dresses of their womenfolk, and the portable property they possess. Racial tension appears toward the end and converts the last section of the novel into a raging melodrama. All the rest is gossip, thick with the close smell of domesticity. You would never think that outside there stretched the challenging plains and blew the hard dry winds of Texas.

Far better written, but far more unreal than either of these, is Angus Wilson's ***Hemlock and After*** (Viking, $3). This is largely about male perverts. Evidently Mr. Wilson knows far more about them than the average reader, so that his book is full of reproductions of their slang and allusions to their favorite European haunts. A well-known face, not too obscurely disguised, occasionally emerges from the perfumed smoke and disappears again. The main story-line, conveyed by allusions, is so dirty that it could scarcely be set down directly in this magazine. The wit of the dialogue, the grace and cunning of the descriptions, are truly remarkable. It is rather like appreciating certain volumes of Proust. You simply breathe through your mouth all the time; and afterward, wash; and then go out and walk in the fresh air for an hour, looking at normal human beings.

Histories of Our Time

RANKE said that his duty, when writing history, was to say "how things really happened." But how can we tell, in looking at history or even in glancing backward over our own lives, what really happened? All sorts of things have happened. Only a misguided few like Mr. Madison Cooper believe they are all important. To select the really essential happenings in a lifetime or an epoch, to discuss how they are caused, interconnected, and expressed, to judge them as temporary aberrations or durable activities, and to arrange and describe them in an order which is both logical and lively, is work for a rarely talented historian. Mr. Frederick Lewis Allen possesses this unusual talent. His new book, ***The Big Change*** (Harper, $3.50), deals with a difficult subject, worthy of his gifts—the transformation of American social, economic, and political life in the last half-century. Not many people know so much about the United States as Mr. Allen. Few could set down so many facts about this bewildering country with such easy clarity. Very few indeed could maintain such poise and humor while doing so. The result is a history which is both wise and witty.

To turn from Mr. Allen's lucid realism and humane optimism to Curzio Malaparte's ***The Skin*** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) is like turning from sanity to madness. Mr. Malaparte is one of the best living



How 6th graders changed "the world"

"The World" was ready to go to press! The experts had checked and re-checked every idea, every fact, every word in the colorful new 32-page article on "The World." But World Book's editor felt that the illustrations, which are so vital to the article, should be previewed by boys and girls in the classroom.

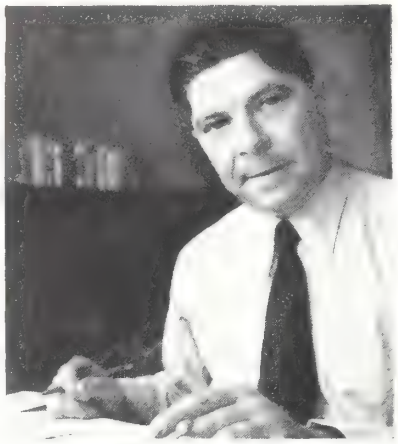
So the managing editor went to school ... along with the World Book art director. The sixth grade looked, listened and made helpful suggestions. "That page is too crowded," one boy said, and the artist suggested what to do about it. The editor showed two diagrams on "How Climate Affects Man" and the class decided which they liked better. And so it was that "The World" was changed—by some alert sixth graders in an Illinois town!

This kind of objectivity which can take a learned editor back to school is one of the many reasons why World Book has continued as first choice in America's schools and libraries for so many years.

WORLD BOOK *Encyclopedia*

Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division *35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois*

"Why am I writing this autobiography?"





"..the source of all literature: the desire to share one's experiences with others, and by means of this intimate communication to transcend the isolation of the self."

"When one re-reads the entries in one's diary after five years, one is surprised to find that the most significant events are all strangely under-emphasized. Thus the selection of relevant material is a highly problematical affair, and the crux of all autobiography."





"I have no idea whether fifty years from now anybody will want to read a book of mine, but I have a fairly precise idea what makes me, as a writer tick. It is the wish to trade a hundred contemporary readers against ten readers in ten years' time and one reader in a hundred years' time."

PHOTOS BY ERICH HARTMANN

Here is the first volume of an autobiography which covers 26 tempestuous years of an extraordinary life. Here is faithfully recorded the growth of a political and social philosophy from experiences as a precocious lonely child, as an undergraduate member of a duelling fraternity, as a worker on a communal farm in Palestine, as a lemonade vendor in the streets of Haifa, as a correspondent in the Middle East, Paris and Berlin, as a reporter on the Graf Zeppelin's North Pole expedition, as a neophyte in the C.P.

ARROW in the BLUE

By ARTHUR KOESTLER

$5.00 at all bookstores

The Macmillan Company

writers in any language, but he writes like a lunatic who is struggling to remain sane and expecting to fail. He belongs to the same generation as Malraux, Koestler, and Orwell. Like them, he has led a fantastically odd life—beginning as a Fascist, then becoming one of Mussolini's enemies and prisoners, then working as an Axis war correspondent, and lately serving as an Italian liaison officer attached to the U. S. forces entering Italy. In *Kaputt* he described the atrocious crudities and cruelties of the Germans in Poland and Russia with really astounding vividness. In this book he does the same for the liberation of Italy. He is obviously a wonderful talker. His technique, which derives from conversation, is to take single anecdotes of grotesque and horrible adventures—a visit to a child-slave-market, the crushing of a man under a tank—and to describe every detail meditatively and mercilessly, adding sound, color, smell, gesture, emotional tone, even aesthetic comparison, until the incident becomes absolutely clear and unforgettable. The only trouble is that he sounds rather crazy. You believe that he saw these things. But you cannot always believe they happened like that. And you know that elsewhere, before and after and beside these horrors, men and women were struggling to lead a decent life although Mr. Malaparte never sees them. It looks as though his aim were to persuade Europe to despair of itself rather than to cure itself, and America that Europe is beyond salvation. The result is therefore something between brilliantly sensational reporting, brutal satire, and such moral nihilism as we find in Lautréamont. Europe has been sick for many centuries. It still has far more life in it than Mr. Malaparte can discern. (His book, by the way, is beautifully translated by David Moore.)

I WONDER if Bill Shirer ever met Malaparte? Certainly Mr. Shirer was a war correspondent in Berlin until nearly 1942, making those admirable broadcasts home to America which marked him out as one of the shrewdest reporters who ever tapped a typewriter. But in recent years he has tended to give up reporting, and

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY · BOSTON

My Island Home

The Autobiography of
JAMES NORMAN HALL

"The late James Norman Hall was a storyteller in the best sense of the word," says the *Saturday Review Syndicate* — and this autobiography is the most memorable story he ever told: a chronicle of physical and moral courage, of adventure and war, tranquility and creation . . . the candid review of a life fully lived by a greatly loved man. *Illustrated with photographs.* $4.00

Isolation and Alliances

An American Speaks to the British

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Long one of our most seriously regarded authorities on contemporary affairs, Walter Lippmann can be depended on for a lucid and penetrating appraisal of the international scene. In this analysis of the enormous change in American foreign policy since 1940, Mr. Lippmann holds that "the Atlantic Alliance is now the cornerstone of our foreign policy." In this election year, ISOLATION AND ALLIANCES is vitally important for all who are concerned about America's future and the world. $1.50

A Boy in the House

and Other Stories

By MAZO DE LA ROCHE

A volume of nine short stories and a novelette, by the beloved creator of *Jalna,* which show — with simplicity and power — the full range of human emotions; the enduring ability of men and women to live and laugh and love. $3.00

Devil's Bridge

By MARY DEASY

A small town in the mid-South during the early years of the Depression is the setting for this potent American novel — the story of a man whose ambitions could not be beaten by the schemes of politicians, nor swayed by the fears of the woman he loved. $3.00

Come Back to Sorrento

By JOSEPH PETRACCA

The author has been hailed by *Collier's* as "one of our most popular short story writers," and this buoyant, endearing novel of an Italian family learning "the American way" gives wonderful proof of his ability—his humor, vitality and perception. $3.00

Independent Schoolmaster

By CLAUDE MOORE FUESS

For more than forty years, as headmaster of Andover, Claude Moore Fuess, the distinguished biographer of Caleb Cushing, Daniel Webster and Calvin Coolidge, was "close to the center of things in the evolution of American secondary education." His autobiography is a lively record of a life of intellectual industry. $5.00

At all bookstores

These are all Atlantic Monthly Press Books

THE MARK OF GOOD BOOKS SINCE 1837

William L. Shirer



"has surpassed all his earlier books

. . . *Midcentury Journey* is a vivid panorama of modern history in the making; a dramatic picture of the changes that have overtaken the Western world since 1914 . . . brilliantly clarifying."
—LLOYD MORRIS

"Top reporting by a top flight reporter on the part of the world where the struggle between communism and freedom is most acute. It is essential reading." —MARQUIS CHILDS
$3.50

MIDCENTURY JOURNEY

FARRAR, STRAUS & YOUNG
101 Fifth Ave., New York 3

EDMUND WILSON's
Literary Chronicle
of the 20's and 30's

As in *Classics and Commercials*, Wilson has revised many of his early essays and reviews. But this new, larger volume includes much new material to form a brilliant cultural history of an exciting era. $6.50

THE SHORES OF LIGHT

The new novel by
the author of Finistère
FRITZ PETERS

A powerful and moving story that explores the forces driving a group of people to their common destiny. In it, the author suggests that what happens in human life is the inescapable result of who a person really is, and what he is seeking $3.00

THE DESCENT

to become more of a political commentator. His latest book, ***Midcentury Journey*** (Farrar, Straus and Young, $3.50), is an attempt to combine these vocations. In form it is a brief account of a visit to four or five Western European countries. Occasionally the experienced reporter reappears, as when he gives us a short but clear view of the deposition of the late king of Belgium. But most of the space is taken up with hindsight and emotional reminiscence: how wrong everyone was in the thirties! how weak Daladier was not to shoot down the crowds in the Place de la Concorde (Hitler and Stalin would have done it)! how blind the French and English were to hurrah for peace in 1938! Yet with all this hindsight Mr. Shirer does not appear to have acquired much foresight. For example, he blames some of the French newspapers of the last generation for being sold to the Germans; he does not point out that some of them are now working for the Russians—unless perhaps he means that by the phrase "superbly organized propaganda." In discussing the French resistance movement he damns de Gaulle by comparisons with Pétain, Mussolini, and Hitler; but he does not mention how ruthlessly the Communists used the resistance movement and attempted to ride it into a dictatorship as complete as Hitler's. And so, although he frequently points out the dangers of the present Russian aggression, he scarcely realizes that the bitterness of which he complains in America today is a direct result of such aggression, and that instead of berating his fellow-citizens for "hysteria" he ought on his own standards to be praising them for avoiding the blindness which beset the Western Europeans a generation ago, when faced with another wily and relentless dictator. *Midcentury Journey* would have benefited from careful editing. Its expression, like its thought, suffers from clichés and misused metaphors: "shambles" are not ruins; you cannot call a man "a small fry"; and only a very tired writer can speak of "siphoning off the lion's share." I hope Mr. Shirer will soon get back to the job for which he is so well fitted, that of observing and reporting how things really happen.

WHAT is justice? Is it the state's law? Then justice must vary in various places and times. Or is there an overriding set of principles which govern conscience, and which legislators attempt to approximate? These difficult questions are approached by Mr. Herbert Agar in ***A Declaration of Faith*** (Houghton Mifflin, $3); and their analysis is linked with a short survey of the crimes and failures incurred by Western civilization through wars and despotisms. The book suffers from its brevity, which does less than justice to important figures like Grotius and betrays Mr. Agar into some unhappy distortions of history. But it is full of deeply pondered arguments, which cannot be read without a sense of the nobility of man's effort to rise above himself.

Prods and Parodies

IT IS rather dangerous to recommend funny books. "Serious Non-Fiction," yes: you can discuss it and pro-and-con it. But humor—who can criticize it or even explain it? I remember once trying to tell a friend about the famous and wonderful vaudeville act of the crazy builders, Willie West and McGinty. While I got more and more snarled up in swooping gestures and imitation prattfalls, and howled with reminiscent laughter, he watched indulgently. He even smiled a little. But by a true comic coincidence, we saw the act unexpectedly on TV that evening, and in five minutes we were both weeping tears of pure unreflective delight.

So this month all I dare to do is to name half a dozen new books I found funny, and to hope you will enjoy them too. The best is H. Allen Smith's ***Smith's London Journal*** ("Now First Published from the Original Manuscript," Doubleday, $3). It tells how Mr. Smith went to England, ostensibly to attend the opening of his film "Rhubarb," but really, like an eighteenth-century nobleman on the Grand Tour, to acquire a veneer of culture and to learn an important foreign language. After the chambermaid at the Savoy caught him improvising a microphone out of a water glass to overhear the conversation next door—or perhaps after he arrived at a dinner

How any girl can make any man...

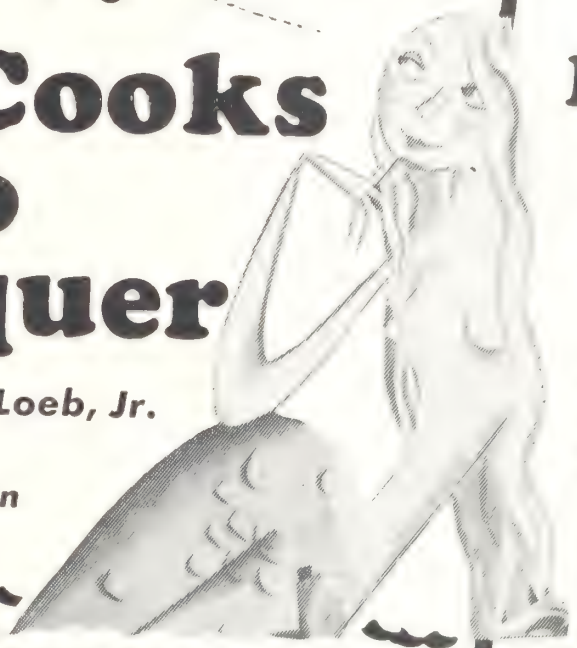
happy!

She Cooks to Conquer

by Robert H. Loeb, Jr.

Illustrated by

Laura Jean Allen





HERE is a superb collection of saucepan sorcery which will make every woman a Circe . . . together with a collection of drinks that will go to his heart as well as his head.

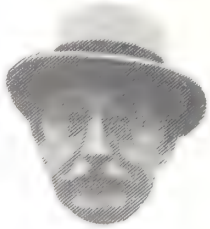


All the taste-titillating recipes are done with diagrammatic pictures which leave no room for confusion over measurements or unfamiliar cooking terms . . . and the dishes and menus are streamlined for the time-shy girl. For the girl who is tired of Cooking for One — the greatest threat to bachelorhood since the first Leap Year! $3.95



"An able biography of an able and exciting personality."—HARPERS

Judge Medina



A BIOGRAPHY

by HAWTHORNE DANIEL

THE life of the jurist whose conduct during the trial of the eleven Communists earned him the respect of a nation. Previously unrevealed secrets of the Red conspiracy to harass the judge's mind, wreck his health, even drive him to suicide. "A sound and thorough introduction to a man whose impact on American jurisprudence is . . . just beginning to be felt."—*New York Herald Tribune Book Review* $4.00

Loafer or Empire Builder? Your glands helped make you what you are today

Glands, Sex and Personality

by Herman H. Rubin, M.D.

THEY are the driving power behind your life—leading you to success or casting you into the depths. In this fascinating book an eminent specialist tells you how your glands and hormones keep you healthy or ill, change your body and personality, give you a happy sex life or an abnormal outlook. As informal and as wise as a private chat with your doctor. $2.95

Plots that Sell to Top-Pay Magazines

by Charles Simmons

The thirty basic fiction plots most acceptable to leading national magazines. $2.95

Three Centuries of English Domestic Silver (1500-1820)

by Bernard and Therle Hughes

A practical guide for the silver collector; illustrated with 103 line drawings and 159 handsome photographs. $6.00

WILFRED FUNK, INC.

33 West 46th Street, New York 36

A NATIONAL BEST SELLER FOR MORE THAN 68 WEEKS!

Isn't it time you read

THE SEA AROUND US

By RACHEL L. CARSON

AUTHOR OF

Under the Sea-Wind

$3.50 EACH, AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Oxford University Press

114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11

Get the BEST! Get

FUNK & WAGNALLS

DICTIONARIES

New College Standard Dictionary EM'-PHA-TYPE Edition

Most complete college-size edition — 145,000 definitions — at-a-glance pronunciation.

$5.50 plain $6.00 thumb-indexed

New Desk Standard Dictionary EM'-PHA-TYPE Edition

Perfect for home and office use. 100,000 definitions—synonyms, antonyms, secretarial practice, charts, tables, etc., etc.

$3.75 plain $4.25 thumb-indexed

New Standard Dictionary Unabridged Edition

Accepted all over the world as unquestioned authority. 2,927 pages; 7,000 illustrations. $30.00 Buckram binding $35.00 Sheepskin binding

At Your Bookstore or Direct From

FUNK & WAGNALLS

153 E. 24 St. New York 10, N. Y.

party in Belgravia wearing a business suit and carrying a gift parcel of bacon and butter wrapped in the *Daily Mail*—he gave up the struggle to acquire that high polish which takes the English fifteen years of education and lifelong practice to assume. But he learned the language marvelously. Eck-tually he did! Ebb-so-lutely! He even learned Cockney. On page 283 you will find that he correctly translated the Cockney's question to a bobby: "Whuh uh beh wye uh geh uh Wuh uh loo Sty uh?" Mr. Smith is a talented traveler.

The British themselves know they are funny, and they have nearly always cherished several calm but persistent drolls who poked fun at their vagaries. A fine new collection of such criticisms appears in ***The Best Cartoons from Punch***, edited by M. Rosenberg and W. Cole (Simon & Schuster, $3), a delightfully gay assortment of humors and styles. The prose in *Punch* is often unreadable and the poems are often embarrassing; but these drawings, economical like Langdon's or Gothically elaborate like Emett's, and the captions (which some time ago were unexpectedly brisked up and New-Yorkerized), are internationally funny.

In prose, the classic of British humor at present is of course* Stephen Potter. In three volumes, doubtless the opening of a 55-volume series of *Rather Great Books*, the Master has been expounding the elementary principles of Lifemanship—the art of being always One-Up, in conversation, in social intercourse, in games, and of course in business. Beginners can see the technique being usefully practiced by a wisp of aesthetes in Angus Wilson's novel reviewed above, and by a clutch of business men in Shepherd Mead's ***How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*** (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). The Master's latest *chef d'oeuvre*, ***One-upmanship*** (Holt, $2.75), is an essential work. It belongs on the same shelf as the *Psyllidôpe* of Plato. It is a more than adequate answer to Lenin's question: "Who whom?"** The attention of advanced students is particularly drawn to an important footnote (pp. 119-120) on Pipemanship as an aid to conversation; also to Potter's superb reply to De Voto's Really-Cold-Martini gambit: "Serve the drink so cold that it is *frozen to the glass* and has to be *filed out* and *chewed*."* The publication of this masterpiece puts Potter Three-Up on the entire universe.

THE worst of being funny in magazines, like John Lardner, is that your finest stuff is apt to vanish along with the back numbers, unless somebody will select and collect it. So, blessings on Louis Untermeyer and Ralph Shikes for compiling ***The Best Humor Annual*** (Holt, $3.75), which contains some fine pieces I had already read and wanted to rediscover, and some terribly funny pieces that I missed. Somehow I never got around to an uproarious short dialogue on family life by Robert Yoder, perhaps because it appeared in *Woman's Day*. Here also is an essential work on TV drama by its twin patrons, Elliott and Goulding, authors of "Mary Backstage, Noble Wife."

Something quieter and richer? Try a collection of stories and parodies by Peter De Vries, with the delicious title ***No But I Saw the Movie*** (Little, Brown, $3). Something louder and brasher? Try Ruark's chronicle of outrageous social and political adventures, ***Grenadine's Spawn*** (Doubleday, $3); and reflect that its mock-daring scenes are outdone by many novels intended to be taken seriously, and that its screwy political mixups are equaled, though less chummily reported, every week. The work is "respectfully dedicated to the author's liver, without whose constant encouragement he would feel no choler and would also be dead."

This sentiment, combining truth and originality, nobly typifies this red-hot *roman-fleuve*.**

Or does print tire the eyes? Try Hank Ketchum's spiritedly pessimistic drawings of his own spawn, ***Dennis the Menace*** (Holt, $1), a con-

* "Of course" used like this is a simple but effective critical ploy.

** In the original Russian this sounds less like a bird imitation. Expert Lifemen will of course use the original.

* The italics are my own, on temporary loan from the Williams Press, Albany, N. Y., an O.K. firm.

** Another O.K. expression, recommended to young critics who read slowly.

PUNCH'S SPECIAL CORONATION OFFER:



Only $5.25 for 54 Issues

plus the historic

Coronation Number

Enjoy the world's most famous humor magazine! 52 delightful weeks of Punch—*plus* the magnificent Punch Coronation Number *plus* two gigantic bonus issues *at no extra cost*—are yours for only $5.25 . . . *less than 10¢ an issue!*

PUNCH is Britain's outstanding magazine of wit and humor. It has held this position, unchallenged, since 1841. Its delicate wit and ntle irony have become a touchstone civilization around the world.

A limited number of subscriptions to nch are now being offered in the U. S. the remarkable price of $5.25 for a full ar's subscription. This includes 52 reg- r weekly issues, the Punch Almanack, Double Summer Number, and the at—once in a reign—Coronation Num- r, destined to become a landmark in blishing history.

Although less than one American in thousand presently subscribes, nch's reputation has preceded its ad- rtising. In the past 12 months, Punch rtoons have been reproduced no less n 200 times in American publications.

Simply by filling in the coupon at right can enjoy this deliciously different gazine, sent direct from London. It costs you less than 10 cents a copy.

Special Coronation Number

This year there is a special [illegible] reason for subscribing to Punch. To celebrate the forthcoming coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, Mr. Punch is preparing a **Special Coronation Number**. This historic document of 148 pages—64 of them in full color—will be crammed with contributions by the cream of Britain's humorists and cartoonists.

Mr. Punch cannot promise copies except to regular subscribers. The only sure way of getting your copy is to fill in the coupon and mail it *today*.

The perfect Christmas Gift

A number of astute Americans have discovered the perfect Christmas present for their discriminating friends: a subscription to Punch. It is unusual, hilarious and flattering to receive—for Punch is written for the *adult* mind. Just send us the names of your friends and $5.25 for each one. A special Christmas card in your name will be sent to each person on your list. *Do it now.*

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

To: British Publications Inc., Department P-50
30 East 60th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

[illegible] Coronation Number, the Double Summer [illegible] to the names listed. I enclose $5.25 for each subscription.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

List your gift subscriptions and attach. A [illegible]

You are invited to a special exhibition of original drawings from Punch, open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., November 11 to December 6, in the Reception Lounge of the Time-Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York

UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE

Literary Agent established 37 years. Manuscripts criticized, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.

AGNES M. REEVE,
Dept. B, FRANKLIN, O.

ATHEIST BOOKS

32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO.

38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

BOOKS FOUND—Any Title!

Free world-wide search service! Any author, new or old, in or out of print. Fast service; reasonable prices. Send titles wanted—no obligation.

INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS,
Box 3003-H BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

GOOD USED BOOKS

50c-$1 Thousands of Librarians and bargain-wise book buyers regularly receive our famous lists. Literature, arts, history, biography, philosophy, popular fiction, detective, juvenile, etc., etc. Just drop us a post card.

Editions, Dept. E, Hempstead, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices.

(We also supply all current books at retail store prices —Postpaid, *as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of* Harper's Magazine.*)*

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 36, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines.

Story Classics

EXQUISITE, prize-winning limited editions illustrated by famous artists, issued regularly to just 3,000 subscribers at *only* $1.25. Choose from 16 titles. Extra Dividend Volume at no additional cost! Write for free brochure:

STORY CLASSICS, Dept. HM3, Emmaus, Pa.

YOU CAN USE THIS SPACE TO WISH YOUR FRIENDS A CHEERFUL 1953

(SEE REVERSE SIDE)

sistently delicious series which shows why, looking at children born of one's own flesh and blood, one can easily believe the doctrine of Original Sin. Or do you like surrealist pictures blended, *interwoven,* NAY, CO-COMPOSED with fine hand-done lettering? If so, get the new volume, ***I Go Pogo,*** by Walt Kelly (Simon & Schuster, $1), in which a world of animals far nicer than Human Beans talk in jokes so elegantly designed that we can hear their voices and savor their dialects. One can only wish that Mr. Kelly would turn aside from doing strips just long enough to construct a larger and roomier world for his critters, something like the islands and the deserts once inhabited by his late majesty, King Babar.

Next month, a group of valuable works on criticism, headed by the new Edmund Wilson; some important biography; and more novels, original and varied. Plenty of good books.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

Testimonies, by Patrick O'Brian.
A compelling story of love and tragedy on a Welsh mountainside emerges from this series of "testimonies" by the people involved—Mr. Pugh, the retired Oxford don who has come there to live, Bronwen Vaughn, beautiful wife of a local farmer, and others of the small village. It is as if God were the interlocutor (for the questions are always compassionate and one of those questioned is already dead) and were giving inarticulate people, each in turn, a chance to explain his view of the tragedy. It sounds artificial but it is so simply told that one does not resent the device that allows these silent people, dominated by their rugged and beautiful country, to have their moment of urgent speech. Harcourt, Brace, $3

Campbell's Kingdom, by Hammond Innes.
"Campbell's Kingdom" is an upland valley, a bowl between two high peaks in the Canadian Rockies. Campbell, an old oil prospector, had lost all he had as well as the money of many local backers, trying to prove that there was oil in his "kingdom." He died without accomplishing his purpose or clearing his name, but left the Kingdom and its possibilities and responsibilities as a legacy to his English grandson who had seen him only once. The grandson's adventures with the local people, both hostile and friendly, in dangerous but incredibly beautiful country make a tale as exciting and frightening and satisfying as anyone could wish. When you think it over the story seems quite impossible, but while you are reading it, it seems absolutely credible. What more can one say in praise? By the author of *Air Bridge.* Knopf, $3.50

Sing for Your Supper, by Eleanor Lothrop.
This is a novel about three divorced women living in New York, those lonely women who at six o'clock "all over the city . . . are waiting for the telephone to ring." It is a limited subject inflated beyond its proper dimensions, and in giving the stories of three women and their three lovers the author divides rather than multiplies the impact of her story. In spite of some nice writing and real insights into the human problems involved, she has not made any of her characters endearing, or of much concern to the reader. Through detailing their miseries she has somehow made her women whine. And who can care about a whiner? Rinehart, $3

Many Mansions, by Isabel Bolton.
This story of an old woman of eighty-four rereading the novel she has written about her life is as evocative and intense as poetry. It is also as emotionally stirring and as closely woven in its texture as poetry should be. One is afraid of losing a single word for fear of losing in turn the full tragic impact of past on present. Like poetry too, the story is full of symbols and one feels that one could go on reading meanings into it for days. But the very reading of it once is pleasure enough—for story, for images, for the beauty of the prose. By the author of *Do I Wake or Sleep.* Scribner, $3

BOOKS FROM Chicago

The CIO and the Democratic Party

By FAY CALKINS. What influence can the CIO exercise in state and local elections? Here is an impartial, factual study of this important aspect of democracy. The author points out the legitimate courses of action open to pressure groups, the effectiveness of each course, and the limitations imposed by political resources available. *$4.00*

Spain and the Empire

By BOHDAN CHUDOBA. A new interpretation of Spain's "golden century," based on hitherto unpublished documents discovered by the author. This book is devoted exclusively to Spain as the leading nation of Europe during the 16th and early 17th centuries rather than to Spain as the first great colonial power. *$5.00*

Racial Separation in South Africa

By EUGENE P. DVORIN. A dispassionate and objective study of the South African program which involves permanent division of the country into separate areas for black and white. *$4.50*

At all bookstores
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Act of Passion, by Georges Simenon. As in his last book, *The Girl in His Past*, M. Simenon here tells the story of a violent murder through the words of the murderer—this time in the form of a letter to his lawyer. In each case the murderer has no regrets and only one fear—that he will be thought insane. To him, the murderer (in each case a man of respectable middle-class French background), the crime has an obvious and inner logic which he is at pains to make clear to the reader. In each case the reader is spellbound and thoroughly frightened at the tragic destruction of character and at the knife-edged border between sanity and insanity. Was he sane, or wasn't he? M. Simenon's characters are always credible, his stories full of internal suspense and excitement, but one hopes that in the next novel he will change his formula of presentation.

Prentice-Hall, $3.50

NON-FICTION

We Chose the Islands, by Sir Arthur Grimble.

It would be difficult to find a more charming book than this autobiographical story of a young Englishman and his bride who went out to the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Protectorate in 1914. It was his first assignment as cadet officer in the Colonial Service and they stayed there six years. (In time he became resident commissioner of those islands, Governor of the Seychelles and Windward Islands, and was knighted along the way. But that was all much later.) There is a quality about his story of those six years that is hard to describe. It is partly the grace of the writing, partly the nostalgia of all lost worlds, partly the attitude of the writer and his young wife—affection and respect for the people in their charge, a courageous gaiety in the face of any trial, whether four-inch cockroaches, childbirth with no doctor, octopuses, or difficult social situations arising from the inevitable differences in cultures. The whole book is a delight and *Harper's* readers have already had a taste of it in "Tales of the Gilbert Islands" in our August issue.

Morrow, $5

Notes on Three Books

SAM CLEMENS OF HANNIBAL

By Dixon Wecter

"As a work of art, as the story of a boy growing up on the American heartland during the 1820's, *Sam Clemens of Hannibal* is absorbing in itself, quite apart from its bearing on literary history. But since the boy became a great artist and wrote some of our greatest books, it is a fundamental literary study. It is the necessary, the impatiently awaited biography which we have so far had to do without."

—Bernard DeVoto, N. Y. Herald Tribune $4.00

THE SKIN

By Curzio Malaparte

A portrait of Italy, invaded and liberated by the Americans. It is bitter and beautiful, shocking and wise, as irrefutable as a Goya canvas. $3.50

J. P. MARQUAND, ESQUIRE

A PORTRAIT IN THE FORM OF A NOVEL

By Philip Hamburger

"*J. P. Marquand, Esquire* is a suave portrait of a man of property. . . Here, to the life, is the author of *Melville Goodwin, USA, Point of No Return* and other adroitly entertaining novels."

—Charles Poore, N. Y. Times $2.00

Houghton Mifflin Company

- *It keeps England warm and Texas profitable*
- *It helped Columbus discover America*
- *It bore devils to the ancient lands*

THE OCEAN RIVER



By ***Henry Chapin,*** noted historian and anthropologist and ***F. G. Walton Smith,*** director of the Marine Laboratory in Coral Gables, Florida.

The fascinating story of the Gulf Stream through the ages — its causes, its course, its effect on currents and winds, its influence on plant and animal life — and the daring voyagers who risked their lives because of it.

$3.50 at all booksellers

SCRIBNERS



Thousands of readers have gained real personal happiness from sharing Mrs. Vining's life in Japan.

So will you!

ELIZABETH GRAY VINING'S

Windows for the Crown Prince

"Elizabeth Gray Vining opened windows on the western world and on life itself for young Crown Prince Akihito of Japan and in this exquisitely written book she tells how she did it."
—*Chicago Tribune*

8th PRINTING

Illustrated with photographs.
$4.00 *at all bookstores*

LIPPINCOTT

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Karen, by Marie Killelea.
If you were to be told when your child was a year old that it was afflicted with cerebral palsy and would never walk or talk, what would you do? This is the story of what the Killeleas did for their daughter, Karen, in the face of the opinion of dozens of doctors, as well as financial disaster. They finally found one doctor who gave them hope and taught them the therapy that would help the child. Now at the age of eight she walks, talks, reads and writes, and has a mentality well above average. It is a heartening story of moral courage, family solidarity, and formal religious belief (for the Killeleas are Catholics), and it is told without a trace of sentimentality, self-pity, or bitterness: indeed with much humor. But the ignorance, heartlessness, and stupidity that they occasionally met in their long battle inspired them to start, with others, the United Cerebral Palsy Association, whose origin and astonishing growth is also related here. An absorbing, not to say inspiring, personal story and an important one medically too.
Doubleday, $2.95

Living with Cancer, by Edna Kaehele.
This is another courageous, almost miraculous story of what another woman did in defiance of medical opinion. Six years ago she was told that she had a malignant cancer and was given six months to live. She went through all the expected stages, went from 140 to less than 90 pounds, couldn't bear food of any kind, and all but shriveled away mentally and physically. Not suddenly, but gradually, she came to the decision that she was more important than any growth or pain inside her and that she could do something about it. She started, literally, to feed her cancer. She began eating enough (especially protein) for two, her cancer and herself. She began to take an active interest in things again. Now she weighs 140 pounds once more, does all her own work, breeds dogs, writes books, and still has her cancer. It is not even, in the medical sense, an arrested case. But she is living with it. She offers no false hopes or panaceas. All this took a long time, as she explains, and dogged courage and faith—though hers is not a formal religion. It is basically the story of the conquest of fear in terms which make the normally healthy feel very humble indeed. Doubleday, $

The Bicycle Rider in Beverly Hills, by William Saroyan.
In brief, largely disconnected, arresting paragraphs Mr. Saroyan tells us how he came to love the world, how he became a writer, how he feels about streets, orphanages, children, bicycles, cars (forerunners of the flying trapeze). Yet through its disjointed but readable pages one learns a great deal about Mr. Saroyan as a child, selling papers, delivering telegrams, and seeing and feeling life vividly in the towns of California (Fresno and Beverly Hills). And incidentally about what makes him the unique character and writer that he is. Scribner, $

FORECAST

The Lean Months

Traditionally November and December are not months in which many books are launched. The publishers are busy with their spring lists and with giving a big Christmas push to the avalanche of books that have appeared in September and October. However, there are notable exceptions to this rule. For instance: On November 6 Rinehart is publishing a novel by one of its most distinguished authors, ***Margaret Kennedy,*** called *Troy Chimneys;* and Knopf business is to be scrutinized in not one but two novels in November. On the 10th Tupper and Love (Atlantic) have scheduled *Big Beverage* by ***William T. Cambell,*** all about a beverage tycoon who makes something called Solo Soda; and Macmillan on the 18th is publishing a first novel by ***Henry W. Clune*** about a man called Alan Wesley, founder of the group. Wesley works in an upstate New York town, who has everything—great wealth, great power—but at a crucial moment in his life realizes that he has not love. The novel is called *By His Own Hand* and the publishers are saying that it will be one of the rare experiences in your reading life. . . . And still another novel for November is one which has had great pre-publication *récla*

he new book almanac

erally hundreds of books are published
ry single week. In this flood of print that
ns up so much learning and so much
, many a fine book goes unreviewed . . .
ost unannounced. Some are privately
ted, others too special for the literary
mn. Many more are missed simply be-
se there are so many new books that
ics can find time and space for only a
with broad appeal. The New Book
anac is planned as a reference place
re publishers can call to the attention of
per's readers, who are bookhounds of a
cially eager breed, good books, reviewed
nreviewed, which they may have missed.

STORY

REEDOM'S ALTAR The Martyr Complex in Abolition Movement By Hazel Catherine Wolf
s the story of the abolitionists of the pre-War era who waged a bloody and dramatic against slavery. Their concept of martyrdom not unlike that of the early Christians and devotion to their cause no less intense. An al and objective approach to a group in ican history whom it has been difficult to ler without bias. University of Wisconsin . 212 pages. 18 Illus.....$3.75

TORY OF THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE by ander A. Vasiliev. Unavailable for many years, standard history of the Byzantine Empire ap- in a new edition. The period covered by this the fourth century to the fifteenth, shows the dations being laid for much of the modern rn world, especially its system of laws, its nd its religion. University of Wisconsin Press. ages. 6 maps. Bibliography.....$10.00

ORDER ANY OF THESE BOOKS FROM YOUR OWN BOOKSELLER

ou want catalogs of any schools or ps advertised, or not advertised, in this e, we'll gladly have them sent for your y and guidance.

ou need authoritative and impartial sug- ions about schools or camps, we can st you as we have thousands of parents, dians, etc., for over 50 years.

Address Mrs. Lewis D. Bement,
Director of Educational Guidance
HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., New York 16

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

hether you are changing your address for ew months or permanently, you will want receive every issue of Harper's promptly. hen advising us of a change of address ase indicate *both* the old and new address. ase allow four weeks for effecting this nge. Address all correspondence to:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
E. 33rd St. New York 16, N. Y.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

It is called *The Devil Rides Outside*, by ***John Howard Griffin***, a blind veteran, and is published by a small publishing house called Smiths, in Fort Worth, Texas.

Big Issues

Almost as soon as the elections are over there will be three books coming out to claim your serious attention. ***Telford Taylor***, the American general who prosecuted the German war criminals, has a book called *Sword and Swastika* which Simon and Schuster are publishing; ***Norman Cousins***, editor of the *Saturday Review*, has one called *Who Speaks for Man?*—a discussion of a world organization capable of coping with our troubled times (Macmillan); and ***F. S. C. Northrop***, who wrote *The Meeting of East and West*, discusses the "cultural bases of international policy" in another Macmillan book called *The Taming of the Nations.*

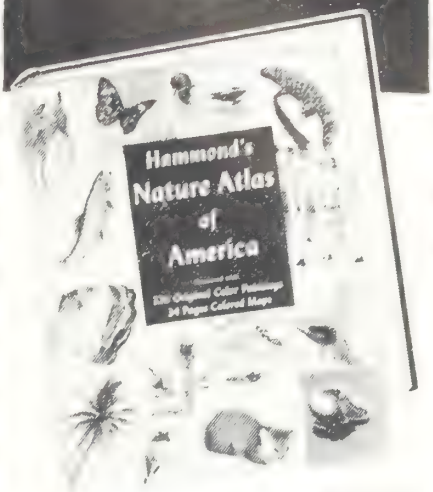
Erle Stanley Gardner

It is good news that there are to be reissues of some old Perry Mason stories—a series of them ending with *The Case of the Lucky Legs* on November 5 (from Morrow). There will be another ***Erle Stanley Gardner*** in a somewhat different vein though not a different field. This time he writes of his own experiences as a trial lawyer in behalf of the "little man." The book is called *The Court of Last Resort* and is published by William Sloane Associates.

Book Club Choices

And then comes December. The Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen for the Christmas month *The Magic Lantern* (Holt), a history of the movies from the very beginning, by ***Robert Carson;*** and if one can possibly think beyond Christmas, the Literary Guild has chosen as reserve selections early in 1953 ***Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings'*** *The Sojourner* (farm novel) from Scribner; ***Tom Lea's*** *The Wonderful Country* (Texas and Mexico around 1870) from Little, Brown; and *Désirée* by ***Annemarie Selinko***, a novel about the wife of General Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, Napoleon's general who became King of Sweden in 1810 (Morrow). Skoal, 1953!

NEW!
8 NATURE BOOKS IN 1
HAMMOND'S
Nature Atlas
OF AMERICA



Size 9½"x 12½" ONLY $7.50

This superb achievement by Dr. E. L. Jordan with the assistance of outstanding experts in the various branches of nature is a book you will want to refer to and read again and again. Dramatically illustrated in full color it's both thrilling and educational. 8 fact-packed sections of pictures, maps and text answer practically every question on nature and wildlife; tell what to see . . . where to see our country's fascinating nature life. It's a "must" for years of exciting reading and reference for children and grown-ups.

•

320 Full-color magnificent original paintings of BIRDS • ANIMALS • TREES WILDFLOWERS • FISHES • REPTILES INSECTS • MINERALS and ROCKS.

•

104 Full-color Range Maps locate the 320 subjects.

•

Colored Sectional Maps show finest nature observation posts for the nature lover and student to observe and photograph and the sportsman where to fish and hunt.

•

Natural Distribution Maps emphasize relief, vegetation, temperature and rainfall.

•

Tables of Wildlife Refuges

•

Indexed for easy reference

•

BUY IT FROM YOUR FAVORITE BOOKSTORE

C. S. HAMMOND & CO.
Maplewood 2, New Jersey

Which of these HARPER BOOKS will bring you the insights you have been looking for—and the inspiration you need?

NICOLAS BERDYAEV'S
The Beginning and the End

"One of the most important writers of our time"* constructs his philosophy and metaphysic around a "meditation" on his spiritual experiences provoked by "catastrophic events of our time." It is a definitive position established with respect to Heraclitus, Kant and Nietzsche.
*WILLIAM TEMPLE. $3.50

LEROY WATERMAN'S
The Religion of Jesus

"This is the most clarifying and exciting book I have read leading away from the theologized Christ to the great ethical figure of the man Jesus. Here a man stands forth instead of a theologized concept."
–HARRY A. OVERSTREET. $3.00

DOROTHY DAY'S
Autobiography
The Long Loneliness

"The glowing story of an inspired life."—*Washington Post.* "Exciting, thoughtful, vigorous, contemplative." — *N. Y. Times Book Review.* "It has wit, humility and humanity." — *The New Yorker.* Illustrated by FRITZ EICHENBERG. $3.50

DOROTHY L. SAYERS'
The Emperor Constantine

"A heroic tragedy and a religious drama of large dimensions . . . colorful and witty, also serious and intelligent."–PHILIP BURNHAM. "Dramatically absorbing at every moment."
—EDMUND FULLER. $2.50



Harry Emerson Fosdick's
A FAITH FOR TOUGH TIMES

More than a quarter of a million people have found themselves better able to handle their lives thanks to Dr. Fosdick's *On Being a Real Person.* Now, nine years later, times are tougher: the margin of error has shrunk. We must live well in order to live at all. In *A Faith for Tough Times* Dr. Fosdick shows us how: by drawing on the vitality and power available to us in the certainties of our religious heritage. $1.75



Elton Trueblood's
YOUR OTHER VOCATION

One of today's most-quoted writers on religious subjects here presents his plan for revitalizing religion in America. Boldly challenging "over-professionalization" in the churches, Dr. Trueblood calls for "full employment" of laity everywhere and a new program of training for every man. Like James Keller in *You Can Change the World,* he aims at "the complete Christian" in every area of life. $1.50



Bernard Iddings Bell's
CROWD CULTURE

Is America really a nation of individualists or have we made conformity king? Canon Bell holds that we have succumbed to all the lures of crowd culture, and produces evidence from the press, television, the theatre, pictorial arts, the home, manners, etc., to prove that no man is free from bondage to the herd mind. Even religion and education, our two most hopeful institutions, are prey to crowd culture. A book for the genuine individualist (which is most of us), especially for those who will want to argue with the conclusions of America's "gloomy dean." $2.00

At your bookseller

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

The New Recordings

High Fidelity

Edward Tatnall Canby

: THE early months of a department such as this its author anders occasionally before his new l enigmatic audience. Are these same good people one knows ewhere through writing, or are y of some other breed? From read- *Harper's* I have found no clue to its readers' specific phonophic needs, but I think I begin least to know the Harper reader it. He is not a craver of high ssuring in the current American e. He has an inquiring mind in modern sense—a mind needing re than slogans and bright persuaa to bring it around. He can take leisure in reading; he manages to p some quiet for himself amid twentieth century's noise.

t is not easy to write quietly, erly, especially about a booming, le-open business, hell-bent for cul- al heaven, such as this musicotronic High Fidelity, the baseject of this column. I'll have to nit, as a sometime writer for io as well as a grasper of hi-fi's ky tail, to a certain enforced train- in this current showmanship. It s, after all, the inflated coinage oday's communication, but I pre- to think of it as springing from a ire for a higher coherence. ere's nothing inherently evil in idea—it is merely the common tent that annoys us.

ou won't understand "hi-fi" with- giving way a bit to the streamd age. But I think I can perde you, the Harper reader, that e is cultural energy of the highs importance here, behind the big yhoo.

igh Fidelity—if some readers are fused—refers at once to a new by, a splendidly improved medi- for better musical reproduction en it is rightly put to use), a ming industry, and a high-flying sales area. On the musical side, roduct on LP records is accumug the greatest collection of audimusical performance ever imad, resurrecting a half-dozen cenes of musical art for the listening ear. On the engineering side it offers not a phonograph, in the singular, but numerous separate component units of reproducing machinery from various manufacturers joined into what for lack of a better term we call a "system," a flexible, expansible entity that can take care not only of records but radio, tape recording, TV. This high-fidelity equipment is sold (over the counter or by mail) through erstwhile radio parts houses now hastily rechristened audio centers, sound salons. The prices are net, some 30 per cent or more below the hypothetical retail level. A "hi-fi system" for your music is cheap, adaptable, versatile, low in obsolescence, high in durability. It can blend into or partake of home furnishing as no old-fashioned machine can.

But most important, it sounds better. The new separate-unit high-fidelity industry has moved far ahead of the old mass-production phonograph makers, incorporating the large technical advances of the postwar period as the latter have not. Publicity or no, the first hearing of a good hi-fi system, properly used, is a revelation for most music lovers. The pitfalls are many, but with a system of this sort, even in the low-priced area, music on records can now come closer to that desirable artistic communication between composer and listener than it does in our concert halls, and this in spite of the physical absence of the performer himself. Are we not too performer-conscious, in any case—not enough composer-conscious? Frankly, I myself prefer to commune with the composer, whose message is in the music.

It was not long ago that the invention of printing turned the literary art to unexpected new courses. Photography had no less sensational effects, ultimately, upon the visual arts—a revolution that is yet to be completed. High Fidelity, the new technique of musical reproduction, is bound to have a similar effect upon music, the audible art, and in no less large a way.

MUSIC LOVERS!

REMEMBER THIS MARK!

AT LAST — here is a NEW sound studio incorporating every modern device known. Designed for you so that you may experience listening conditions as they would be in your own home.

SOUND ENTHUSIASTS — Use our exclusive Audio-MAT, it enables you to select from over 8200 different combinations at the touch of a button.

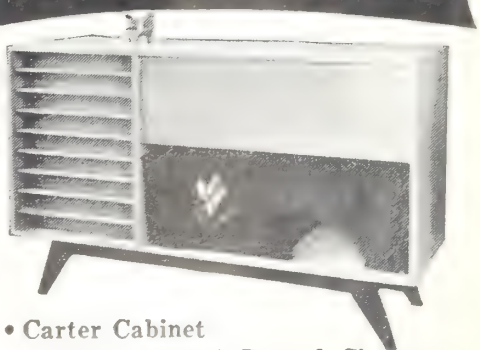
- A complete selection of all leading brands from pickup to speaker.
- America's largest display of tape and disc recording equipment.
- A courteous highly trained staff of sound consultants supervised by Mr. Irving Greene famous author and expert on high fidelity, are on hand to assist you.

COME IN — or write — for your free copy of "Sound Advice", 132 pages of valuable information for you.

Visit us at the Audio Fair - Room 512 Hotel New Yorker, Oct. 29 thru Nov. 1

ALLIED SOUND CORPORATION
115 WEST 45 STREET (3rd FLOOR)
NEXT TO TIMES SQUARE
NEW YORK 36, NEW YORK

THE FINEST IN MUSIC IN FINE FURNITURE



- Carter Cabinet
- Garrard 3-speed Record Changer
- Audak Stylus • Radio Craftsmen AM-FM Tuner • Radio Craftsmen "Musicians" Amplifier • Altec-Lansing Duplex Speaker.

COMPLETE UNIT
$665.00

The famous Carter Cabinet with a Shrader custom set in either blonde Korina, mahogany or walnut. Cabinet alone $225.00.

Delivery—4 Weeks F.O.B. Washington

Write for our Catalogue

"SHRADER"
CUSTOM SOUND
2803 M STREET, N. W.
WASHINGTON 7, D. C.

Handel: Judas Maccabaeus (Univ. of Utah Chorus, Utah Symphony, soloists, Abravanel) Handel Society HDL 12 (3 LPs, boxed).
Handel: Alexander's Feast (Cornell Univ. Chorus, Handel Soc. Orch., soloists, Robert Hull) Handel Society HDL 13 (2 LPs).

It has taken four years for the record makers to begin to see the ultimate potentialities of the LP medium, so vast was the change. The recording of long musical works, hopelessly impractical on the old discs, began in earnest with opera on LP, notably the works of Verdi. "Minor" operas that the most ardent opera fans never dreamed of hearing in a lifetime are now down complete and available for anybody's pleasure, operas with strange names like "Luisa Miller" and "Battaglia di Legnano." With that task about done, LP is already turning to oratorio for more giant albums. The staples, "The Messiah," the Bach B Minor Mass, "Elijah," came first; now the significant stage is reached with the bringing back to musical life of the great bulk of forgotten first-rate music in the Handel catalogue.

Two more resurrected marvels gain currency in the records named above, not only as new LP material but as recorded evidence of new stimulation in the "live" musical scene—for these were obviously major undertakings in their respective academic locales, west and east. "Judas Maccabaeus," faultlessly recorded (except for some inner groove fuzziness) is an immediately impressive musical edifice, ranking easily with "Messiah" in the parts, if not entirely in the drama of the whole. It abounds in the sure dramatic techniques that make "Messiah" so effective, the splendid choruses, the dialogues of emphasis between voices and orchestra, the pitting of the choral entities—tenors, basses, sopranos—against each other as mass solos. The continuing change in our oratorio thinking is well demonstrated in this performance; the solists are as usual trained in our fusty "oratorio" style, tenth-hand out of Mendelssohn and the dregs of what was once the true Handelian manner, but these voices are young and relatively flexible, their Handel within striking distance of the original intent.

In the new manner, there is the proper harpsichord *continuo* (unheard of a decade ago); the instrumental sonorities, approaching the original, are noticeably thinner and brighter than old-style heavy oratorio. Altogether a convincing and exciting recreation of a work that will not disappear again.

"Alexander's Feast," an earlier work in a more florid, high colored style, is more complex, less dynamic than "Judas," a brilliantly baroque collection of show pieces set to the incredible words of Dryden himself (*"See the snakes that they rear, how they hiss in their hair . . ."*!). The Cornell performance is decked with a more scholarly approach; attention is paid to authenticity in detail, the necessary matters of correct ornamentation and the dotted rhythm (not indicated literally by Handel) are well understood, the orchestra is still thinner, the chorus closer. A good performance, but somewhat less musical than Utah's.

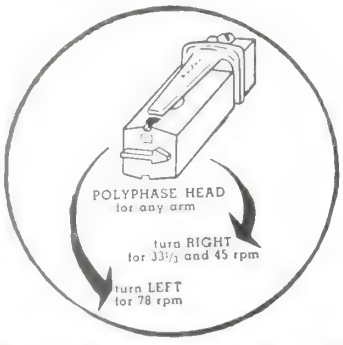
Handel: Apollo e Dafne (La Terre e Liberata) (Kathryn Harvey, Derek Olsen; Radio Zurich Orch., Goehr) Handel Society HDL 14.
Handel: Apollo e Dafne (Margaret Ritchie, Bruce Boyce; Orch. cond. Anthony Lewis) Oiseau-Lyre OL LD-14.

The present impact of LP on music in-the-large is further illustrated by these—two recordings of one of the hitherto obscure vocal cantatas written by the youthful Handel before his English period. As usual, once uncovered this territory will be further explored; though this music is quite unlike the familiar English oratorio, it makes de

if it's musical quality you're after

the new AUDAX magnetic reproducer is indispensable." *So writes an eminent college president in his music-critic-newspaper columns.*

"Never before such listening-quality, such faithful reproduction." Yet POLYPHASE costs no more than ordinary magnetic pickups.



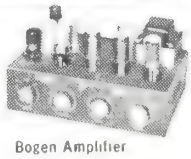
Be sure to obtain the 1953 ELECTRONIC PHONO FACTS Booklet from your dealer.

AUDAK COMPANY
500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36 Dept. B
"Creators of fine Music Reproducers for 25 years"

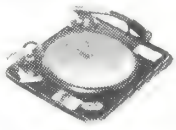
For Music Lovers
Here is the quality your ear demands
Here is the value selected by experts

Best Buy in a High-Fidelity Music System Recommended by *Saturday Review's* E. T. Canby

Now you can revel in full-fidelity, distortion-free reproduction of your records. Here is an easy-to-assemble custom music system at a sensible price — selected and recommended by E. T. Canby and associated authorities on the reproduction of recorded music. Complete system includes: Bogen DB40-1 High-Fidelity Amplifier, Garrard RC-80 3-Speed Changer with two G. E. cartridges and diamond stylii, Electro-Voice SP12B Coaxial Speaker. Complete with cables (no soldering connections required), hardware, and [illegible] instructions. Shpg wt., 65 lbs.
93-572. *Only* **$162.75**


Bogen Amplifier

98-650. Pilot AF-821 FM-AM High Fidelity Radio Tuner for above system. *Only* . . **$99.95**
Other fine custom quality home music systems from $108 to $1250


Garrard Changer

Outstanding Book on High-Fidelity. If you're interested in recorded music, you'll want a copy of *"The Saturday Review Home Book of Recorded Music and Music Reproduction."* Complete, authoritative information on all aspects of high-fidelity reproduction [illegible] **37-946.** *Postpaid* . . . **$4.40**


Electro-Voice Speaker



FREE 236 Page Hi-Fi, TV and Radio Catalog

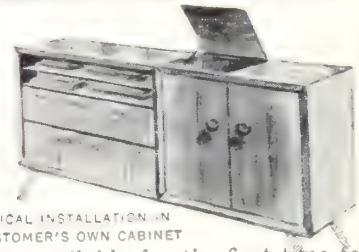
Send for the complete Buying Guide to everything in High-Fidelity, TV, Radio and Electronic Equipment. Unsurpassed selection of quality apparatus and fine values. Ask for your FREE copy today.

ALLIED RADIO
833 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 66-L-2, Chicago 7, Illinois

FINEST IN RADIO—PHONO

Lafayette presents

STROMBERG-CARLSON
Custom Four Hundred


TYPICAL INSTALLATION IN CUSTOMER'S OWN CABINET

Now available for the first time for your listening pleasure — the Stromberg-Carlson line of high-fidelity reproduction equipment. This is the radio-phono system that is used and recommended by a world-famous orchestra conductor. Mail coupon for information.

Lafayette Custom Radio & Television

New York: 100 Sixth Ave. • RE 2-8600
Newark: 24 Central Ave. • MA 2-1661
Boston: 110 Federal St. • HU 2-7850

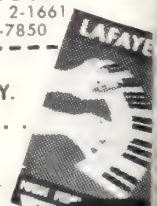
LAFAYETTE, Dept. MK
100 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 13, N. Y.

Send FREE Hi-Fi Guide . . . everything on high fidelity.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . .



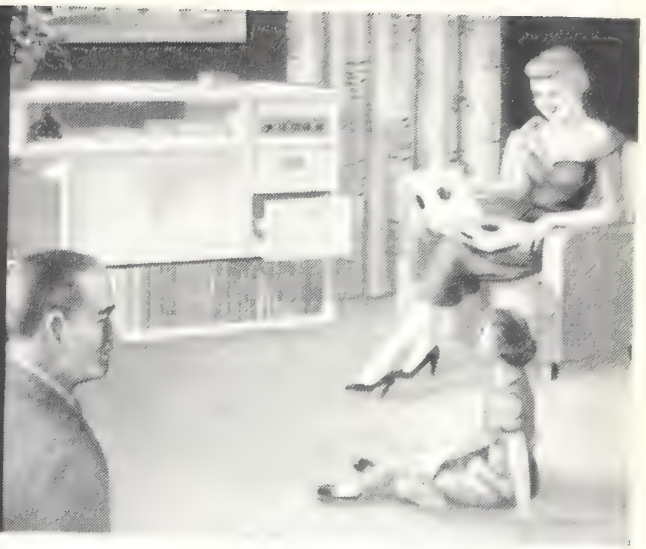
ltful and easy listening if tolerance is nted to the limitation of a single r of solo voices, minus chorus. These ly international performances are ewhat anglicized in style an anachism of a permissible sort in view of ndel's later career. Of the two, the eau-Lyre team displays the better e and vocal competence; but the ndel Society version seems to me the e musical in the ensemble, in spite Mr. Olsen's inability to hit numerous notes without strain. It is not easy valuate today's singing of this kind music—for vocal technique is now iously and painfully inadequate to ndel's demands. We can do no more accept the musical intention beI the effort as our best guide, hopalways that a true Handelian voice some day appear. Technical foot: On high fidelity machines the eau-Lyre recording rates a very low k, with considerable distortion, s entirely lacking. The Handel So. LP is a modern wide-range tapeded job.

ndel: Water Music Suite (Com-e) (Berlin Philharmonic, Fritz mann) Decca DL 9594.

ere is similar evidence in the instrutal field of the rapidly extending research into wider areas of great ic, until now for all intents and oses lost to the music-listening id. Sir Hamilton Harty's typical LP condensation of six movements e "Water Music" became an interonal favorite concert piece in the teen-thirties—but in thousands of ormances and recorded playings e was not so much as a hint that the r movements, some twenty in the egate, might also be listenable. In , a number of other orchestral arements were made of the same six rpts. A year or so ago, LP brought inevitable first complete recording the National Gallery Orchestra of hington, D. C. (WCFM-2). The nt and second complete recording, Germany, is of a Beecham-Harty arrangement, made many years re those gentlemen did their Handel cribing, by Chrysander back in , the heyday of heavyweight Rotic orchestration. Those who have ed to prefer the style of the original eenth-century performances will this version too symphonic, too , and a bit too cute; but Fritz Lehn makes the musical best of it and s of the familiar six-movement suite be delighted to discover that the r portions are well up to the inter- f the familiar numbers.

if you want the BEST MUSIC possible.. you want a McIntosh

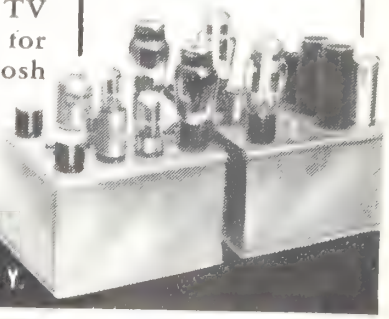
WORLD'S FINEST CUSTOM AMPLIFIER!



If you want greater listening pleasure from music . . . you want the laboratory perfection of the MCINTOSH AMPLIFIER . . . acclaimed by leading musicians, recording engineers and those laboratories where measurement of sound is critical.

Hear a demonstration of this unique, patented instrument . . . learn how *easily* it can become the heart of your own custom sound system . . . for radio, records, TV or tape. *Write today* for the name of a McIntosh dealer nearest you.

Get your FREE copy of "LOST INSTRUMENTS"
A light-hearted, well illustrated, non-technical discussion of what to look for in high-fidelity reproducing equipment.



Export Division:
25 Warren Street, New York 7, N. Y.

50W-2 amplifier

McIntosh LABORATORY, Inc.
328 Water St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Unheard-of QUALITY
30 to 22,000 cycles*
GUARANTEED



*Average radio: 100 — 5000 cycles

by the maker, ALTEC LANSING
by the distributor, RADIO SHACK

NEW High-Fidelity 12"—15" Speakers

Hear tones and instruments you've never heard on your present radio-phono or hi-fi system! Separate units for highs and lows! Crossover networks! And guaranteed *30-22,000* response!

FREE! Radio Shack's authoritative 36-page rotogravure mail order catalog describing Altec speakers, tuners, amplifiers, changers, recorders. Write TODAY!



RADIO SHACK
CORPORATION
167 Washington St., Boston 8, Mass.

New Releases!



TCHAIKOVSKY
Symphony No. 5 in E Minor
MG50008

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV
Scheherazade
Symphonic Suite, OP. 35
MG 50009 (33⅓), X50009 (45 rpm)

MENDELSSOHN
Symphony No. 4
in A Major ("Italian")

MOZART
Symphony No 40 in G Minor
MG50010



ANTAL DORATI
Conducting the
MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



Mercury OLYMPIAN SERIES
LIVING PRESENCE

SALE of FINE BOOKS

Outstanding titles, recommended for good reading and good value by Union Library Association, America's oldest mail-order book house.

CHOOSE WITH CONFIDENCE—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

660. **AMERICA BEFORE COLUMBUS.** America 1355–[illegible] A New Chapter in Pre-Columbian History. By Hjalmar R. Holand. Fully illustrated. "A fascinating [illegible] the early Norse explorers who built the tower [illegible] Minnesota before the days of Columbus." [illegible] Only **1.89**

109. **COLONIAL NEW ENGLAND.** Jonathan Fisher: [illegible] 1768–1847. By Mary Ellen Chase. 1st edition. Illustrated. "His biography is a picture of [illegible] New England life, manners and moral." Pub. [illegible] Only **69c**

723. **THOMAS PAINE, The Writings of.** "Before the [illegible] Washington had expressed himself as immovably set against Independence. In Pre-Revolutionary America Paine's words were **'dynamite'.**" Read the writings that made Washington **change his mind:** The [illegible] "The American Crisis; Common Sense; Rights of Man; The Agrarian Justice . . . 632 **pages.** ALL in 1 vol. for only **1.98**

422. **INGERSOLL'S GREATEST LECTURES.** "The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Robert G. Ingersoll were the two greatest brilliant speaker of the English language on the face of the Globe'." **500** pages. Only **1.98**

592. **A HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. Orpheus.** By Solomon Reinach. Revised and enlarged edition. Illus. "Outstanding popular history of religions of the world." Only **2.89**

765. **A PICTORIAL HISTORY of the CONFEDERACY.** Ed. by Lamont Buchanan. With **700 illustrations.** "Here for the first time, in this large handsome volume is the whole story in pictures from Fort Sumter to Appomattox." 8"x11". Only **4.88**

851. **The CONFEDERACY'S GREATEST CAVALRY LEADER.** A Mockingbird Sang at Chickamauga. By Alfred Leland Crabb. **1st edition.** "A thrilling Civil War historical novel with General Bedford Forrest as a central figure. **General Sherman** once exclaimed: ' I'm going to get Forrest if it costs 10,000 lives and breaks the U. S. Treasury.' It cost more than 10,000 lives but in 4 years of brilliant leadership Forrest never knew defeat." Pub. at $2.75. Only **89c**

959. **COLORING BOOKS:** Aesop's Fables; Jack and the Beanstalk; Little Red Riding Hood; Sleeping Beauty; The Gingerbread Man; Pinocchio. With over 96 action pictures to color. Includes box of super-last **crayons** and luscious cellophane-wrapped **lollipops.** All **boxed.** Complete, only **97c**

735. **CURRIER & IVES CHRISTMAS CARDS.** Superbly lithographed in color. As high as $3,000 has been paid for a single original Currier & Ives lithographed print. "Christmas Sleigh Ride," "Colonial Winter Scene," "Home for Christmas," "Winter in the Country," and other famous Currier & Ives winter scenes. With envelopes to match. Size 6"x4". The 18 cards, attractively boxed, only **98c**

105. **HEIDI.** By Johanna Spyri. Beautifully illustrated throughout with full-page **color plates** and numerous drawings. "The delightful story of child life in the Swiss Alps and very generally considered the **most nearly perfect** of all children's books." **-Bridgeport Public Library.** For ages 8 to 12. Imported from **England.** Only **98c**

157. **$4.00 to $5.00 WORTH of ALL OCCASION CARDS for ONLY 98c.** "Jumbo Bag" containing **50** attractive all occasion greeting cards for birthdays, sick friends, etc., with envelopes packed in attractive drawstring moisture proof, **plastic bag,** so convenient for many after-purpose uses. Reg. retail $4.00 to $5.00. All for only **98c**

546. **PREHISTORIC ENGLAND.** Early Britain. By Jac. Hawkes. Illus throughout. Starts with Paleolithic Period 500,000 B.C.—to Anglo Saxon Settlement in 597 A.D. Pub. at $2.00. Special, only **59c**

841. **CAPITALISM — Communism — Socialism—Fascism—Cooperation.** Comparative Economic Systems. By W. N. Loucks, Prof. of Economics, Wharton School, Univ. of Penn. 3rd edition. Index. **836 pages.** Special only **1.29**

187. **A WORLD-FAMOUS SURGEON, George Crile: An Autobiography. 1st Ed.** In 2 handsome vols. The fascinating memoirs of a brilliant, internationally famous surgeon. Illus. **624 pages.** Boxed. Pub at $10.00. The 2-vol. set, only **1.89**

304. **LOST LANGUAGE OF SYMBOLISM.** By Harold Bayley. In 2 vols. with **1,400 illus.** "The Origin of Certain Letters, Words, Names, Fairy-Tales, Folklore, and Mythologies. Does for symbolism what Fraser's 'Golden Bough' does for religious anthropology." Second hand copies have fetched $50.00. The set, only **12.49**

166. **THE GOLDEN BOUGH.** A study in Magic and Religion by Sir James G. Fraser. Index. **864 pages.** "One of the greatest books of all time." Contains the wealth of the 12-volume edition. Pub. at $30.00. Only **5.88**

966. **GIFT WRAPPING for ALL OCCASIONS. Fourteen sheets** measuring 30" x 20", magnificently and cleverly designed in **full-color** by the famous Angela and Bridget. With these beautiful "gift wraps" in assorted designs and colors on hand, you can always be proud of the appearance of your gifts at Christmas and every other occasion. Boxed. Retail value $1.25. Special, only **69c**

889. **CHRISTMAS STORIES.** By Charles Dickens. Beautifully illustrated with full-page **color plates** and numerous drawings. "No other writer has presented the Christmas spirit as Dickens has. Fascinating reading for boys and girls from the age of 12 and up." Imported from England. Only **98c**

642. **The BOOK of the DEAD.** Three volumes in one. Translated by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge. Second ed. Revised and Enlarged. With **442 illustrations,** including 22 full-page plates. "Of fascinating interest 'The Book of the Dead,' is one of the oldest known books." Boxed. Only **7.49**

701. **PLATO, The Works of.** Trans. by B. Jowett. "Emerson awards to Plato's 'The Republic' the words of Omar about the Koran: 'Burn the libraries, for their value is in this book'." **1738 large type pages.** Formerly pub. at $12.00. Only **3.88**

737. **THE BOOK OF THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND A NIGHT.** Trans. by Sir Richard Burton. The only complete, **unexpurgated** edition, **including the Supplemental Nights,** of Burton's famous Arabian Nights (at a price less than the ordinary not illus novel of today). In 16 handsome, **fully illustrated** volumes, 6¼" x9¼". Privately printed. Pub. at $112.00. The 16-volume set, only **43.89**

532. **GREEK and ROMAN MYTHOLOGY.** Manual of Mythology. By Alexander S. Murray. With **200 illustrations. Index, 427 pages.** "Without a knowledge of mythology, a great part of English literature can neither be appreciated nor even understood." Only **2.49**

802. **"The Strangest Book EVER WRITTEN."** La Bas. By J. K. Huysmans, author of "Against The Grain." **Unexpurgated** translation. With illus. throughout by Felicien Rops. " 'La Bas' (Down There) is the masterpiece of this greatest of French decadents. There is no other book in the history of literature remotely similar to this volume." Special, only **98c**

727. **THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA.** A Subjective Approach by D. W. Cory. Intro. by Albert Ellis, Ph.D. Index. **326 pages.** "This book is likely to take its place with classics of sexual literature on a shelf with the contributions of Krafft-Ebing, Havelock Ellis, Freud, and Kinsey." Only **3.88**

540. **SEXUAL ANOMALIES.** The Origins, Nature, and Treatment of Sexual Disorders. By Magnus Hirschfield, M. D., President World League for Sexual Reform, etc. Sales restricted to doctors, lawyers, educators, criminologists, and adult students. Only **6.49**

403. **SEXUAL LIFE of the SAVAGES.** By B. Malinowski, Ph.D., Sc. Introduction by Havelock Ellis. Illustrated with over **100 photographs.** "The most authentic and informative of all studies of sexual customs and activities in a primitive society." **603 pages.** Complete ed. Only **3.88**

359. **ROBERT BURNS, The Complete Poems of.** With 30 illustrations. Magnificently bound in full padded silk **Royal Stewart tartan,** genuine gold top. **704 pages.** Boxed. Imported from Scotland. Only **2.49**

827. **F. D. R. His Personal Letters.** Foreword by Eleanor Roosevelt. Edited by Elliott Roosevelt. In 4 handsome volumes. Illustrated with many photographs. "Even were these letters not of historic importance, they would be an amazing and interesting collection." Sat. Rev. 2,832 **pages.** Pub at $20.00. The 4-vol. set, only **9.88**

4, 5, 6, 7, 8. **FOREIGN LANGUAGE Records and Books.** Learn Foreign Languages by Listening. Each record is a 7" **unbreakable** 78-RPM vinylite two-sided disc. With these records and books (the only phrase books available with a good index) **anyone** can acquire a basic vocabulary and general familiarity with these languages: **4. Spanish; 5. French; 6. German; 7. Russian; 8. Italian.** Both record and book for **each** language. Only **1.24**

569. **THE OPERA LIBRETTO LIBRARY.** Contains all the words and music of the principal arias of 33 great **operas,** 3-volume set containing **16 Wagner Operas,** including the entire Ring, Tannhauser; **11 Italian Operas** including Aida, Pagliacci, Il Trovatore; **13 French and German Operas,** including Carmen, Faust, Fidelio, Hansel and Gretel. Authentic original text with full English translations in parallel columns. Boxed. The 3 vols., only **8.49**

351. **MODERN ASTRONOMY.** Field Book of the Skies by W. T. Orcott. Fully Illus. "If the sun ever bothers you you had better not take a spaceship to the Hercules Cluster there are not less than **100,000** suns up there. Although this Cluster is 36,000 **light years** away, it is visible to the naked eye on a clear moonless night. 534 pages of [illegible] Only **3.88**

503. **NOSTRADAMUS.** The Complete Prophecies of. The World of today . . . and beyond! 1555 to 3797. For the first time, all the prophecies of Nostradamus, 16th century European astrologer and prophet. **Foretold major events of past 400 years.** In the [illegible] Only **2.89**

101. **The SUPPRESSED BOOKS of the Bible and Forgotten Books of Eden.** 2 Vols. complete in 1 large full illustrated vol. **562 pages.** The fascinating Apocrypha Books of the New Testament. Only **1.98**

286. **ENCYCLOPEDIA of RELIGION.** "The one authoritative work in its field." Embraces tens of thousands of articles [illegible] included. "A truly great achievement." **-N. Y. Times** Ed. by Vergilius Ferm with 190 collaborators. **844 pages** Pub. at $10.00. Only **4.88**

731. **ATLAS OF HUMAN ANATOMY.** By J. F. Williams M.D. Illus. with the famous **color plates** by Franz Frohse "The color plates alone, in this work, sell in charts at $140.00 the set." Only **1.79**

651. **JUST SO STORIES.** By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated with 72 **full-color** pictures by Nicolas. [illegible] The Elephant's Child; How the Leopard Got His Spots; etc., all in one stunning volume. "The most beautiful and lavish edition of [illegible] stories ever published." Only **2.49**

261. **SEX LIFE of the UNMARRIED ADULT.** An Intelligent and Authoritative Guide to Current Sex Practices. Ed. by Ira S. Wile, M.D. "This courageous volume attacks problems [illegible] problems." **320 pages.** Only **2.88**

989. **JUSTINE or The Misfortunes of Virtue.** Written by the Marquis de Sade in 1791. Does "Lolita" or drawings by Madison Blaine. "The revelations in Krafft-Ebing adopted the term 'sadism' from de Sade, the author of Justine." Special, only **2.88**

336. **$5.00 WORTH of CHRISTMAS CARDS for only 98c. "Jumbo Bag"** containing **50** attractive Christmas cards with envelopes. Packed in attractive drawstring moisture-proof, **plastic bag,** so convenient for many after-purpose uses. Reg. retail value $5.00. All for only **98c**

239. **WINSLOW HOMER Watercolors.** A portfolio of [illegible] watercolors and [illegible] studies by the great American artist, reproduced by the Metropolitan Museum of Art with all the vivid brilliance of the **originals** from which they are carefully and [illegible] 12" x 15" ready for **framing.** Pub. at $5.00. Only **3.88**

507. **100 STUDIES of the Figure.** By John Rawlings. Masterful [illegible] by a leading American [illegible] **100 illustrations,** beautifully printed on [illegible] de luxe paper. A splendid book for artists, photographers and lovers of beautiful books. Only **5.49**

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

The UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

America's Oldest Mail Order Book House—Established 1884
123 East 24th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me, postpaid, the items I have circled.

I enclose $.....

[illegible]	6	7	8	101	105
[illegible]	166	187	239	261	286
[illegible]	351	359	403	422	503
[illegible]	540	546	569	592	642
[illegible]	723	727	731	735	737
[illegible]	827	841	851	860	889
[illegible]	966	989			

Circle items desired

☐ **Please send me FREE 36-page Bargain Catalog 381-HM containing hundreds of other Book Bargains—just off the press!**

Name .....
(Please print)
Address .....
City ..... Postal Zone ..... State **HM-8**

EXTRA SAVINGS when you select six books or more!

[illegible] 2 items, 15% off on 13 to 19 items, 20% off on 20 items or more. (These special discounts apply only to items listed on this page.)

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"

The Medal SCOTCH *of the World*



The famous Tartan of Clan Stewart

No prouder tradition in Scottish history than the story of the Clans... their colorful tartans worn in glory through the years. Traditional, too, is Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

for distinguished service

White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years

Victoria Vat
"None Finer"



PORTED Schenley · Schenley Import Corp., N. Y

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky



A FASCINATING VARIETY OF SIGHTS AWAITS YOU ON A GRACE LINE CRUISE

Really relax on a GRACE LINE CRUISE to the CARIBBEAN and SOUTH AMERICA

The "Santa Rosa" and "Santa Paula," especially designed for tropical cruising, provide every comfort and luxury: large, outdoor tiled swimming pools; light, airy dining rooms on top decks; excellent cuisine; gracious public rooms; beauty salons; sun decks; attractive cocktail lounges; dance orchestras; shipboard entertainment and interesting trips ashore. Every room is outside, each with private bath

Twelve Day Cruises from New York every Friday.

Also 16-18 Day Cruises every Friday from New York on cargo-passenger "Santas." See your travel agent or

GRACE LINE

10 Hanover Sq., New York. Agents and offices in all principal cities.

Harper's MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1952

FIFTY CENTS

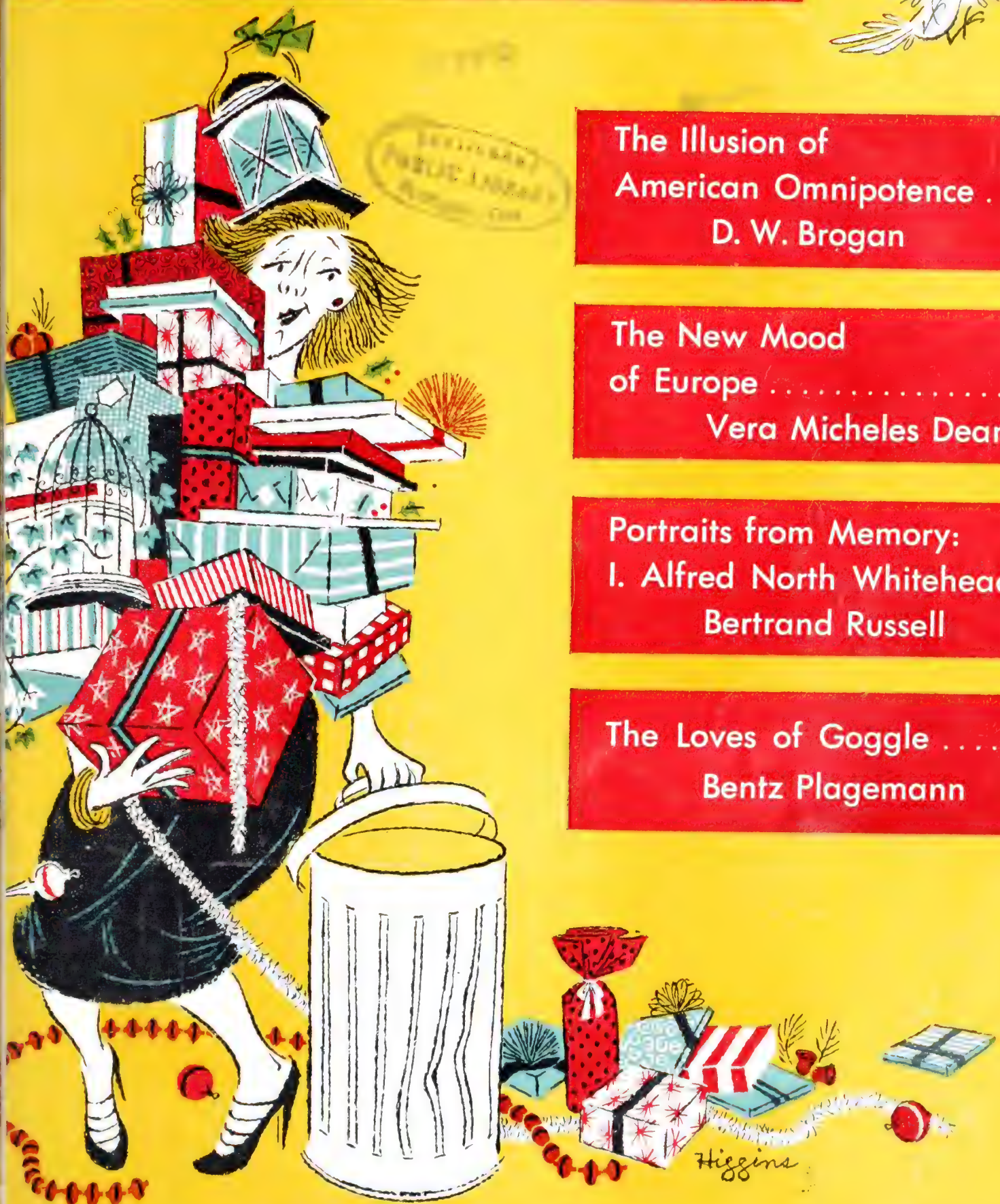


The Illusion of American Omnipotence . . . . . D. W. Brogan

The New Mood of Europe . . . . . Vera Micheles Dean

Portraits from Memory: I. Alfred North Whitehead . . . Bertrand Russell

The Loves of Goggle . . . . . Bentz Plagemann



Away From Me with Those Christmas Gifts — *by Sylvia Wright*

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock...YOURS IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS!





The whiskey that didn't watch the clock

IN ANY CONTAINER, Old Charter is a masterpiece, quietly aged to perfection. So, if you would give nobly, choose Old Charter in this gleaming gift decanter, available at no extra cost. (Naturally, Old Charter is also available in the standard package with a gay Christmas carton.)



TH

OLI

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., INC. • LOUISVILLE, KY.

A whole Company of Marines said "THANKS"

How a group of telephone women helped to make it a Merry Christmas for the men in Korea



Santa's suit was made by a South Korean who had never seen or heard of Santa Claus. South Koreans also took turns in drawing the jeep trailer.

Helping others to have a Merry Christmas is a tradition among telephone people. In recent years there has been an increasing number of gifts for those in the service.

One group of telephone women observed last Christmas by sending a holiday package to every man in Company E of the 1st Marines in Korea. They adopted this company in remembrance of Corporal Richard E. deVilliers, a gallant fellow-worker who was killed in action while serving with Company E.

You can imagine what happened when all those packages arrived.

The boys made quite an occasion of it. There was much scurrying around to get a Santa Claus suit. None was available but finally they found a South Korean who could sew and the job was completed after a lot of picture drawing and explaining. Then Santa was mounted on a jeep trailer and drawn along in state.

After the packages were opened, a scroll of appreciation was signed by every member of the company and sent back to this country. More than two hundred of the men wrote letters of thanks.

"Your kindness," wrote their Captain, "brought happiness to the hearts of a group of Marines, many of whom were spending their first Christmas away from home."

It all turned out so well that it was decided to do the same thing again this year. So hundreds of packages are again on their way across the seas to help make it a Merry Christmas in Korea.



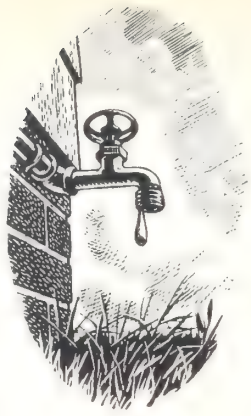
Members of the TEVS, *the Telephone Employees Volunteer Service in San Francisco, holding the scroll of thanks from the Marines. It is one of their proudest possessions.*

THIS IS JUST ONE OF MANY WAYS in which telephone people in many communities say "Merry Christmas."

Whether it's dressing dolls for orphaned children, or contributing trees and turkeys and baskets of food, telephone men and women are spurred by the desire to be helpful. Through all the year they try to keep good will and The Voice With The Smile in telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Our terrible thirst



Anxious city planners are sitting up nights biting their pencils over this:

We use 1,100 gallons of water per person a day in the United States.

Not even an enemy bomb could stifle the growth of our communities as effectively as a water shortage. Our homes, our health, our industries, our standard of living all depend on plenty of clean, fresh water.

2

Why should there be a shortage when water equal to 25 times our need falls from the skies every year?

Unhappily, the rain doesn't always fall where we need it most. Our reservoirs, many of them, were built with no expectation that our cities might double or triple in size. Cities have always been understandably reluctant to buy equipment enough to anticipate the needs of people and industries yet unborn.

Water pollution is no less a cause than population and industrial growth. 75% of our communities get their water from lakes and streams. Many of these communities are in the position of the Ancient Mariner, with water, water everywhere but not a drop to drink—until it has been treated.

3

The picture isn't all black, even though there is no quick national solution. Since the problem differs in each community, it is being attacked where it has to be attacked, at the community level.

Any community will act *after* it has had an emergency. It takes an enlightened community to build *before* the pinch.

Shortly after World War II, General Electric began a educational program to assist communities to estimat their future needs and plan the equipment needed. Th was a logical step, since the effort was in the field we kno best, the application of electric power.

Two motion pictures have been prepared by Gener Electric in collaboration with the U.S. Public Healt Service. "Clean Waters," a twenty-five-minute picture, h been shown to almost 2,000,000 people. A new movi "Pipeline to the Clouds," has already had over one tho sand showings.

Today, with the aid of giant electric motors, water i pumped hundreds of miles to cities and farms. (Example The city of Los Angeles is getting most of its needed wat from watersheds 300 miles away.)

As for water pollution, cities find the answer in sewag treatment plants, which release rivers, streams, and lak to their original uses. The nation has over 30 times a many such plants as in 1910. The Public Health Servic estimates a third more are needed.

Together, communities and private industry have foun new water sources, built tunnels and aqueducts. It is har to write a definition of the American way. But thes hand-in-hand accomplishments of the American Wate works Association, the U.S. Public Health Service an industry are a good example.

NOTE: Interested city committees or city officials wh wish showings of the motion pictures mentioned, pleas address correspondence to General Electric Company Section 6A, Schenectady 5, N. Y.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
Editor in Chief

RUSSELL LYNES
KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON
ERIC LARRABEE
CATHARINE MEYER
ANNE G. FREEDGOOD
Editors

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN
JOHN FISCHER
RICHARD H. ROVERE
Contributing Editors

JOHN JAY HUGHES
Assistant to the Publisher, Circulation Director

HARPER & BROTHERS
PUBLISHERS

CASS CANFIELD
Chairman of the Board

FRANK S. MACGREGOR
President

RAYMOND C. HARWOOD
Executive Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
WILLIAM H. ROSE, JR.
EDWARD J. TYLER, JR.
Vice Presidents

r advertising data, consult HARPER-LANTIC SALES, INC., 49 East 33rd Street, w York 16, N. Y. Telephone: Murray ll 3-5225.

rper's Magazine, issue for December 52. Vol. 205. Serial No. 1231. Copyht 1952 in the United States and Great itain by Harper & Brothers. All rights, luding translation into other languages, erved by the Publisher in the United tes. Great Britain, Mexico, and all ntries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Panerican Copyright Convention.
blished monthly by Harper & Brothers, East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y. mposed and printed in the U.S.A. by ion labor at the Williams Press, 99-129 rth Broadway, Albany, New York. Ented as second-class matter at the post ce at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of arch 3, 1879.
bscription Rates: 50¢ per copy; $5.00 e year; $8.00 two years; $10 three years. reign postage—except Canada and Pan erica—$1.50 per year additional.
ange of Address: Four weeks' adnce notice, and old address as well as w, are necessary. Address all correndence relating to subscriptions to: bscription Dept., 49 East 33d St., New rk 16, N. Y.

Harper's MAGAZINE

Vol. 205 DECEMBER 1952 No. 1231

PERSONAL & OTHERWISE 4
LETTERS 16
THE ILLUSION OF AMERICAN OMNIPOTENCE
D. W. Brogan 21
RENDEZVOUS—*A Poem*
Anne Goodwin Winslow 28
GET AWAY FROM ME WITH THOSE CHRISTMAS GIFTS
Sylvia Wright 29
THE OPEN CITY 32
THE NEW MOOD OF EUROPE
Vera Micheles Dean 33
THESE EVERLASTING REGULATIONS 40
THE LEGENDS OF HENRY EVERETT—*A Story*
Louis Auchincloss 41
PORTRAITS FROM MEMORY—*I. Alfred North Whitehead*
Bertrand Russell 50
CONVERSATION PIECE—*A Poem*
Agnes Rogers 52
THE EASY CHAIR—*Samuel Hall, Gent.*
Bernard DeVoto 53
THE OLD ORDER—*Berchtesgaden Seven Years After*
Paul Moor 57
CHIEF RAINBOW AND THE KID IN PARIS—*A Story*
Max Steele 68
THE MAN WHISTLER—*Part III: The Peacock Room*
Hesketh Pearson 75
THE ROLE OF THE UNDESIRABLES
Eric Hoffer 79
THE LOVES OF GOGGLE
Bentz Plagemann 85
WITHOUT FAREWELL—1952—*A Poem*
Hortense Flexner 90
WHO SHOULD DO THE WRITING?
Victor Ratner 91
AFTER HOURS
Mr. Harper 92
NEW BOOKS
Gilbert Highet 96
BOOKS IN BRIEF
Katherine Gauss Jackson 106
THE NEW RECORDINGS
Edward Tatnall Canby 110

Cover by Donald Higgins

Personal & Otherwise

It used to be thought clever, in the moral climate fostered by the Chicago *Tribune's* Colonel McCormick (that grim old reaper of isolationist wild oats), to quip that "England expects every American to do his duty." The shoe is apparently on the other foot nowadays. There are some Americans who think everybody else in the world, even those in the shadow of Stalin's concentration camps, should fight communism so that Americans won't have to.

D. W. Brogan, in his article on "The Illusion of American Omnipotence" (p. 21), points out that influential Americans have seriously proposed that we should subsidize resistance movements in Poland and elsewhere in order to divert Russian attention from the Americans in Korea. Even General Eisenhower, at one point in his political campaign, seemed to be suggesting something very like this. What it boils down to, of course, is suggesting that America should expect every Pole to do his duty, and our duty too.

The best you can say for such a proposal is that it is Utopian nonsense. When Sir Thomas More, in 1516, described the Utopian method of waging war, he pointed out that the citizens of that Ideal Commonwealth hired soldiers from other countries to fight for them and were "not at all troubled how many of these happen to be killed, and reckon it a service done to mankind if they could be a means to deliver the world from such a lewd and vicious sort of people." With these hirelings they sent "a few of their own people . . . to command in chief." Of course in some wars, on their own soil, the Utopians themselves had to fight, but if possible they "let all the action and danger fall upon the troops that they hire." All in all, it sounds like just the sort of country a good many Americans would like to live in, but unfortunately Utopia, as the Greek origin of the name indicates, is Nowhere—certainly not here.

In the world as given, even Americans have to undertake the responsibilities which go with power. Only a kind of naïve immaturity, which would be ludicrous if it weren't dangerous, can explain the hurt and bewildered air with which some of us discover that the world won't leave us alone and let us have things all our own way. Mr. Brogan calls it the "you-can't-do-this-to-me" mentality, which is one aspect of the "Illusion of American Omnipotence" about which he is writing.

Mr. Brogan, a Scot who was educated at the University of Glasgow and at Oxford and got an M.A. in American history at Harvard, carries on the long and worthy tradition of British commentators on American affairs. He is lecturing this year at the University of Washington in Seattle, though his regular teaching professorship is at Cambridge University. Like the best of his predecessors, from Harriet Martineau to Lord Bryce, he writes about Americans with affection as well as with understanding. Unlike some of his predecessors, he also writes about us with humor and without awe.

He has written several books about us, including *The American Political System* (1938), *The American Character* (1944), and *American Themes* (1948), and each of these volumes demonstrates a familiarity with our habits and attitudes which an outsider is not expected to have. Yet some of the best things Mr. Brogan has had to say about us are to be found not in any of these books but in a book



The yeast he guards is twice his age

To a whiskey maker, yeast is liquid gold. It is the vital ingredient in fermenting fine whiskey.

Nearly sixty years ago, there was developed a perfect "strain" of yeast. Down through the years, skilled hands at Schenley have kept it absolutely pure, guarded under lock and key. Today, Schenley still grows billions and billions of yeast cells from this original strain—all as perfect as the first pure cell back in the 1890's.

From that first cell grew the yeast in the flask the man is holding. And from the yeast in the tiny flask came the millions of cells in the giant tub he is watching.

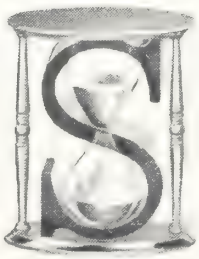
Schenley's use of the best yeast . . . the finest grains . . . the purest water . . . is part of the complete network of quality controls which guard Schenley whiskies from the time the grain is grown till, years later, the whiskey is in your glass.

Thus, Schenley makes certain that you get the utmost enjoyment in every drop of every drink. *Schenley Distillers, Inc., N. Y. C.* ©1952



Nature's unhurried goodness

+ S =



The best-tasting whiskies in ages

SCHENLEY

called *Creating an Industrial Civilization* (1952), which is a report on a conference held at Corning, New York, in May 1951.

IN ONE part of his discussion at Corning Mr. Brogan spoke of the American tendency to ignore the complications which can arise when our methods are transplanted to other societies. As an example, he spoke of American policy in Bavaria, as he had seen it working out there. The policy rested upon "the simple assumption that what happens in Connecticut will do equally well for Bavaria."

> Well, it isn't true [he said]; and what Bavaria needs is not the sense of American virtues that can be brought in by a few handbooks. . . . You can't give the best that America can give to the outside world—namely, not only how to make this new society but how to live inside it unless there is more, shall I say, humility before the job, more objectivity. . . . I have been moving around Europe a great deal recently, in the few times I am not in the United States, and there you see people behaving badly to America, ungratefully, resentfully, foolishly—but humanly. If only Americans would accept the fact—that people can be very foolish, very ungrateful, very stupid, and yet be human beings who deserve not only to be treated as human beings but could possibly be integrated into the whole modern economy with a little more adjustment.

FEW of us are in a position to observe the actual day-to-day problems which arise when our policy is based on "the simple assumption that what happens in Connecticut will do equally well for Bavaria." But the next best thing to firsthand observation is a reading of ***Paul Moor's*** article in this issue on "The Old Order—Berchtesgaden Seven Years After" (p. 57).

This Bavarian community, where Hitler and many of his Nazi associates had houses at the Obersalzberg, has been in American hands since the war, and in November 1951 the American Land Commissioner and the Bavarian government jointly announced that all the Obersalzberg buildings, which had been bombed to ruins during the war and looted since, would be razed and the area replanted with grass and trees.

The decision was a simple one. The ruins were an eyesore, and they were dangerously likely to topple on a sight-seer. Besides, they were a reminder of the Nazis, and there was the possibility that the neo-Nazis might make of them a shrine. Obviously, they should be removed.

Well, Mr. Moor's article makes clear, concretely and specifically, how this "simple" matter became complicated as its effects ramified through the community. By his sensitive and honest reporting of his conversations with Dr. Bartscherer and Georg Mehr he lets us see, what so few of our political spokesmen seem to see, that the problems we have to deal with in Germany—as elsewhere—are not abstractions like democracy versus nazism, but foolish and resentful human beings quite like ourselves.

In spirit, as well as in tone, Mr. Moor's piece reminds P & O of Michael Keon's "Episode in Malaya," which we published two months ago, in the October issue. If you missed it, and still have the October issue around the house, we think you would be interested to compare the British difficulties in Malaya with ours in Berchtesgaden. The trouble in Malaya, as Mr. Keon sees it, is that too few of the British see the problem in human terms, regarding it "simply" as another "Communist conspiracy." By telling us about Wu and Miss Leong he succeeds, as Mr. Moor does in this month's article, in making us understand how far from "simple" the problems are.

And yet both these articles are profoundly reassuring. At first glance they may seem to suggest that the problems we face in Europe and Asia (to say nothing of South America and Africa) are too complicated for us ever to understand. Certainly the two pieces give no encouragement to those who want a neat, slide-rule formula for coping with destiny.

But in a deeper sense, the two pieces bring the problems we face into manageable proportions. They show us that what we have to deal with is not a bewildering array of conflicting ideologies—nazism, neo-nazism, and the various brands of national and international communism, or even socialism, or capitalism, or (in Colonel McCormick's case) isolationism—which it would take a lifetime to begin to understand. Instead, what we have to deal with—in Berchtesgaden and Malaya and everywhere else on the globe—is hu-



"The Same to You... and Many of Them"

BLACK & WHITE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS



DANGER SIGNS

Some warnings you can't miss—they're obvious to everyone.

But when it comes to investing—to an individual stock or a complete portfolio—it may take an expert to spot early warnings.

Maybe there has been a recent change in management, a slight drop in earnings, some alert new competitor . . .

Maybe a program you planned for safety now looks a bit speculative, a few favorite stocks carry far too much weight, the diversification and balance are somewhat distorted.

Danger signals like those the average investor might miss. But, the man trained to look for them should catch them at a glance.

Here at Merrill Lynch, for instance, our Research Department points to thousands of such signs for investors each year . . . is happy to do so for anyone who asks.

And whether you do business with us—or don't . . .

Whether you'd like to ask us about one stock, ten, or your complete portfolio—there's no charge for this service, no obligation.

We'll be happy to send the most revealing review we can of your particular situation. Simply address your letter to—

WALTER A. SCHOLL,
Investment Inquiries

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 103 Cities

man beings. Since we are human beings ourselves, not the omnipotent creatures which, as Mr. Brogan points out, we sometimes seem to think we are, we might make out all right if we would try to understand one another and let the isms go. Human beings are not simple, to be sure; but, unlike nazism and communism, they are flesh and blood, and you can recognize them for what they are without waiting for the Chicago *Tribune* or *Pravda* to explain them.

AS FOR Mr. Moor himself: he should already be known to *Harper's* readers as the author of articles on Leonard Bernstein, Tennessee Williams, and the European music festivals. A concert pianist, born in Texas and long resident in New York, he has given recitals in this country and abroad, and is planning a sonata-recital tour of Germany early next year with Pablo Casals' protégée, Madeline Foley. He is also a photographer whose work appears regularly in various European illustrated magazines. His moves about Europe in the past year and a half have taken him from Prades to Corsica, Nice, Paris, Oslo, the Arctic frontier between Norway and the U.S.S.R., Copenhagen, Salzburg, and Vienna.

You Can Help

WHILE we are on the subject of understanding our fellow human beings in other countries, perhaps we ought to add a word about their understanding us. There is evidence that they do not find it easy.

One of the most effective nongovernmental agencies in promoting international understanding has long been the American Library in Paris. Begun after the first world war, with an original endowment from the American Library Association, it has grown in recent years till there are seven branches in various parts of France serving more than 20,000 readers a month. It is a private, nonprofit organization, dependent upon private support.

A recent letter from Mrs. William B. Olmsted, Jr., the American representative of the Library, calls our attention to the Library's need of recent books, fiction and non-fiction,



ASK ABOUT
Canada's
10 TOP MAPLE LEAF VACATIONS

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

*Canadian National Railways offices in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Flint, Mich., Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. In Canada, 360 McGill Street, Montreal, Que.



Plan Now
for your
WINTER VACATION
in La Province de Québec

Enjoy the bright sunlight, the brisk, dry atmosphere, the shining bright snow of Quebec's mountain districts. All winter sports are at their best. You will be welcomed with true French-Canadian hospitality in comfortable, modern inns and hotels. *Write today for your copy of free illustrated booklet "SKI IN LA PROVINCE DE QUEBEC" to Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Quebec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.*

LA PROVINCE DE Québec

d current magazines such as *arper's*. The cost of sending books magazines by parcel post to Paris 12 cents a pound, but packages y not weigh more than 6 pounds, ounces. Parcel-post shipping labels ve been printed and will be sent any *Harper's* reader who requests em from Mrs. Olmsted, who may addressed at the Library's Amern headquarters, 159 East 63rd eet, New York 21, N. Y. We urge to get a supply of the labels and il a package of one or two books d a current *Harper's* to the library ery now and then.

Mrs. Olmsted will also be glad to eive checks, made out to the Amern Library in Paris, for any taxductible donation you can afford make.

Freedom in Human Work

I believe—without being by nature inclined to optimism—that in ny conflict between civilizations he ultimate victory will come to hat civilization which permits more reedom in human work, and which hus can adjust itself more flexibly o all sorts of varied and changing onditions. . . . It seems to me that he history and destiny of the United tates offer a more striking conrmation of this thesis than any ther part of historical experience. And I think, too, that its truth is acitly taken for granted in the houghts which Americans give to he future of their country.

WITH these words Paul Schrecker, an eminent European philosoer of history, concluded the final t of his "American Diary" which published in *Harper's* in Septem- 1944. The thesis is an interestone, and is related, it seems to O, to the one which ***Eric Hoffer*** forth in his article in the present e on "The Role of the Undesira-," (p. 79).

Ir. Hoffer makes the point that erica was built, largely, by hordes 'undesirables" from Europe, and s correct, of course, however pain- the idea may be to our latter-day estor-worshippers. With relaly few exceptions, as Professor omas Jefferson Wertenbaker te in his history of *The Found- of American Civilization*, "the cture of America was reared by

We're going again on the "Sunset Limited" to California



VIA NEW ORLEANS & SOUTHERN ARIZONA

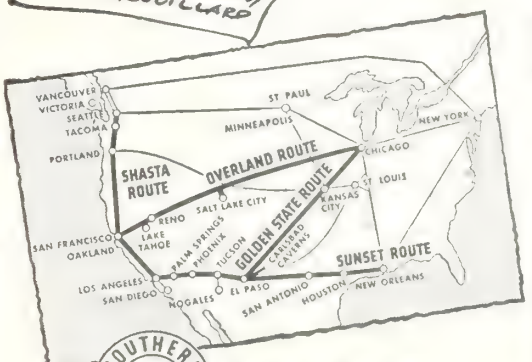
STOP OVER IN GAY NEW ORLEANS EN ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA. THAT'S THE NEW SMART WAY TO GO WEST. JUST 42 HOURS - NEW ORLEANS TO LOS ANGELES.



THE "SUNSET LIMITED" CARRIES THAT MINT JULEPY OLD SOUTH FLAVOR RIGHT ALONG WEST WITH YOU. HERE'S MY BRIDE IN THE "FRENCH QUARTER LOUNGE"

THE AUDUBON DINING ROOM WITH ITS FAMOUS BIRD PRINTS IS A ROLLING ART GALLERY FOR GOURMETS.

NOTES AND SKETCHES BY L. MACQUILLARD



PULLMAN ROOMS ON THE "SUNSET LIMITED" ARE AMERICA'S FINEST. EVERY LUXURY GADGET YOU CAN DREAM OF! THERE ARE CHAIR CARS TOO— ECONOMICAL, TERRIFICALLY POPULAR - SO RESERVE EARLY!

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES S·P

AMERICA'S MOST MODERN TRAINS

C. T. Collett, Southern Pacific, Dept. 522
310 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois.

Please send me, free, your New Orleans folder, your full-color "*Sunset Limited*" description book, and your planning folder, "*How to See Twice as Much on Your Trip to California*".

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY & ZONE_____ STATE_____

(IF STUDENT, PLEASE STATE GRADE_____)

Love letter to a Giant

Many people respect, hate or are awed by New York City.

Roger Angell, a HOLIDAY editor, has a brighter emotional regard for it; he loves the place and in this month's HOLIDAY he unabashedly tells why. We think you'll like his observations.

We also think you'll find this a penetrating guide to the city in its winter clothing and a help in enjoying New York, whether you are a visitor or one of those people who are too busy living there to see as much of it as they'd really like.

This is, of course, the second time HOLIDAY has produced a major valentine to New York. The first was E. B. White's memorable article, which appeared in April 1949, and which later became a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. We predict equally nice things for our current offering.

* * * * *

Other gift-wrapped features in the December HOLIDAY include a charming Christmas story by Ludwig Bemelmans; a nostalgic account of a visit home by Phil Stong; S. J. Perelman's portrait of Fred Allen; Havana by Hamilton Basso and the Monterey Peninsula by Herbert Warren Wind.

the poor and the downtrodden of Europe." And it is to this fact that we can turn for an explanation of why America has permitted that "freedom in human work" which Professor Schrecker felt was so important.

Had it been the nobles, or the solid middle classes, who came to America (and why should *they* have abandoned their comforts at home for the risks of the wilderness?), they would have brought with them the assumption that the son of a merchant was a merchant, the son of a farmer a farmer, in relatively fixed succession forever. But the "undesirables"—the poor, the outcasts, the misfits—would try anything, and would not be surprised if their neighbors did the same. As Mr. Hoffer writes, "the importance of these inferior elements as formative factors lies in the readiness with which they are swayed in any direction. This peculiarity is due to their inclination to take risks ('not giving a damn') and their propensity for united action."

The undesirables, as Mr. Hoffer calls them, could be adaptable and flexible ("not giving a damn") because they had nothing to lose and everything to gain. And since it was they who reared the structure of American society, that structure inevitably permits the "freedom in human work" which Professor Schrecker saw as the key to our civilization's triumph.

And lest all this strike you as purely speculative and theoretical, P & O should remind you that the man who wrote "The Role of the Undesirables" is neither a professor nor a journalist, but a full-time longshoreman on the San Francisco waterfront. Born poor, nearly blind till he was fifteen, and self-educated, Mr. Hoffer has also been a dishwasher, a worker on skid row, a gold miner, and,—as he tells in the present article—a migratory farm worker. Somehow all this gives additional force to the concluding paragraph of his article, in which he writes:

> Small wonder that we in this country have a deeply ingrained faith in human regeneration. We believe that, given a chance, even the degraded and the apparently worthless are capable of constructive work and great deeds.

And Now . . .

P & O had not remembered the passage in Paul Schrecker's "American Diary" (quoted at the start of this section) until he came upon it, accidentally, in the course of looking over the first issue of *Harper's* for which he wrote this column. That was eight years and one month, and something over 400,000 words, ago.

Writing the column has been a strangely anonymous task. There have been times when it seemed presumptous to give what were my own opinions the semi-official status which an unsigned editorial column implies. In such cases I tried (by such devices as "P & O thinks . . .") to protect my colleagues from blame for my own shortcomings. May I say as I turn the column over to others that at no time have my fellow editors denied me the right to say what I believed, even though this column's anonymity might result in the magazine's being blamed for views which its editorial board did not share. In times like these that is a proud record.

[*Thus writes John A. Kouwenhoven, professor of English at Barnard College and contributing editor of this magazine, who is interrupting his labors on the Personal & Otherwise columns to edit, for Columbia University, a pictorial history of New York City which Doubleday & Company will publish next fall. (It should be added that Mr. Kouwenhoven is the author of* Made in America *and of an earlier volume of old pictures from* Harper's Weekly *with explanatory text, which was entitled* Adventures in America.) *Mr. Kouwenhoven will continue as a contributing editor, but for the time being, at least, his P & O assignments will be taken over by other members of the staff.*—The Editors.]

Moods and Portraits

•••If you think you detect a trace of acid in that otherwise cheerful yuletide bit of ours, "Get Away from Me with Those Christmas Gifts" (p. 29), it may be there. At all events ***Sylvia Wright,*** who wrote the thing, suspects that all people who are unmarried (as she is) harbor a deep, unconscious resentment about Christ

as. As she points out, you have to ive separate presents to all your ieces and nephews, the real ones nd the friends' children who merely *ll* you Aunt or Uncle. But in re- urn, not being a child any longer, ou get just one present from each mily. It's sort of like Lend-Lease.

As the progeny multiply, you have o spend quite a lot of time looking or inexpensive presents, and it was Miss Wright's researches in the gift ctions of the magazines that turned p the gory items she describes in er piece.

Miss Wright's first book was her ther's. That is to say, it was she ho cut and prepared for publica- on (in 1942) that extraordinary ook *Islandia,* written by her father, professor of law who had died me years earlier. *Islandia,* as many aders found to their delight, was n imaginary country which had een a lifelong preoccupation of Pro- ssor Wright's, for which he had in- ented and mapped a geography, reated a language and literature, nd imagined a history. The job of educing the thousands of pages of pescript to a publishable volume as Miss Wright's editorial baptism y fire.

As a result of it, she got a job ith Farrar & Rinehart, who had ublished the book. In 1944 she ent to work for the OWI, first in ew York and later in London, aris, and Munich. For a while after turning to the United States in 946 she was features editor of *Harper's Bazaar,* but for the past ree years has been doing free-lance riting for *McCall's,* the *Reporter,* e *New York Times Magazine,* and ther periodicals in addition to writ- g booklets and articles for the ate Department's information pro- am.

••Now that the election jitters are ver, perhaps we can take a look at e world in the sober light of day. appily, there is something both ew and good to be said for Europe nd our allies. ***Vera Micheles Dean,*** hose reputation as acute political nalyst and fascinating speaker on oreign affairs comes to mind when- ver one thinks of the Foreign Policy ssociation, reports in "The New ood of Europe" (p. 33) on her im- ressions gathered on the Continent

Come to *joyful* Spain



Beautiful Spain



Hospitable Spain



Relaxing Spain



A richly historic past and modern travel comfort



"Different" Spain



Romantic Spain



A gay atmosphere of fiesta enhances your visit



Spain is in season all the year. It is easy to reach, easy to travel through, difficult to leave behind.

All-expense 15-day, 1600-mile tour of Spain (de luxe motor coaches and hotels) for only $11 per day.

Consult Your Travel Agent or

SPANISH TOURIST OFFICE

485 Madison Avenue
New York 22, N. Y.
NEW YORK

39 South La Salle Street
Chicago 3, Ill.
CHICAGO

68 Post Street
San Francisco 4, Calif.
SAN FRANCISCO

MODERN GROUP WELFARE PLANNING

If you are an Employer or an Employee, the pamphlet describing the benefits and advantages of Sun Life of Canada's famous Group Insurance plans should be in your hands *because* . . .

(a) . . . employers and employees of many important institutions of commerce, industry, transport, municipalities, hospitals, etc., are making constant and increasing use of the advice, experience and facilities of the famous Sun Life Group Service so freely and continuously available from key centers across the United States.

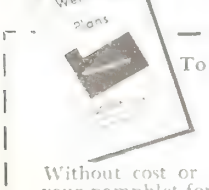
(b) . . . the Sun Life was among the pioneers on the North American continent to offer the protection of Group life insurance benefits at wholesale rates to men and women engaged in business and industry.

(c) . . . the Sun Life, since issuing its first Group Protection Policy in 1919, has maintained a foremost position in the field and, today, Sun Life Group welfare plans give comprehensive protection to nearly 700,000 employers and employees throughout the United States and Canada.

If You are an Employer or an Employee . . .

. . . you will want to be well informed on modern Group Welfare protection as designed by the Sun Life. The benefits of Life, Sickness, Accident, Disability and Pension insurance are available to groups of 25 or more persons regardless of age and other conditions which often preclude such protection under individual plans.

The pamphlet "GROUP WELFARE PLANS DESIGNED BY THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA", yours without charge or obligation, gives the following information: (1) *Why Planned Protection?* (2) *Advantages,* (3) *Group Life Insurance Benefits,* (4) *Group Pensions,* (5) *Continuance of Income Benefits,* (6) *Hospital Expense Benefits,* (7) *Surgical Expense Benefits,* (8) *Medical Expense Benefits,* (9) *Accidental Death and Dismemberment Benefits,* (10) *Diagnostic, X-Ray and Laboratory Benefits,* (11) *Poliomyelitis Expense Benefits,* (12) *Dependents' Benefits, etc.*



The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada invites you to mail this coupon without delay.

To SUN LIFE OF CANADA,
2212 Superior Ave.,
Cleveland 14, Ohio.

Without cost or obligation please send me your pamphlet for Employers and Employees outlining the modern way of securing Life, Sickness, Accident, Disability and Pension Benefits through the Group Welfare Plans designed by the Sun Life of Canada.

Name: .....

Address: .....

this past summer.' Visiting Europe is an old habit with her, and she has also traveled in South America and Asia, often attending conferences and international meetings. The persons she quotes in her article range from prime ministers to ordinary untitled Europeans.

Mrs. Dean, who joined the Foreign Policy Association in 1928, is editor of FPA publications and writes frequently for them about Europe, India, and Russia. Some of her books are *Europe and the United States, Europe in Retreat, The Four Cornerstones of Peace,* and *The United States and Russia.* Last summer FPA issued her Headline Series pamphlet, "How to Make Friends for the U. S.," and McGraw-Hill will publish her new book early in 1952: *Foreign Policy Without Fear.* This year she is giving an interdepartmental course at Smith College on "Contemporary India and Its Role in World Affairs."

Mrs. Dean's training was directly introductory to her work at the Foreign Policy Association. She was born in Russia, and her early education emphasized history and languages. After coming to the United States in 1919, she received her B.A. and Ph.D. degrees at Radcliffe College and an M.A. in international law from Yale University. She became an American citizen in 1928.

•••Until last year ***Louis Auchincloss,*** who wrote "The Legends of Henry Everett" (p. 41), was a lawyer practicing with a Wall Street firm. He was born in New York and was educated at Groton, Yale, and the University of Virginia Law School. His career as a lawyer, which he began in 1941, was interrupted by sea duty in the Navy during the war. At that time he found the opportunity to write his first published novel, *The Indifferent Children,* brought out in 1947 under the pseudonym of Andrew Lee. After the war, Houghton Mifflin published his book of short stories, called *The Injustice Collectors,* and *Sybil,* a second novel. Writing about *Sybil,* Katherine Gauss Jackson in her *Harper's* review last February mentioned the dry and pure style, the sure sense of narrative, and the accurate picture of a devastating and soul-destroying way of life. In "Henry Everett" the picture is mod erated but the style and narrative skill are all there.

Mr. Auchincloss has left the prac tice of law to devote his full time to writing. If you want another quite different example of his art try his tragic picture of adolescenc in "Billy and the Gargoyles," pub lished last spring in *New World Writing.*

•••***Bertrand Russell*** was five year old in 1877 when, as he relates in hi "Portraits from Memory" (p. 50 he first became acquainted with th clergyman father of Alfred Nort Whitehead, the great philosophe and mathematician who is the sul ject of this essay. Lord Russell w brought up by his paternal gran father, who had introduced the r form of 1832. It was a very soli world into which he was born, Vi torian England and a wealthy an distinguished family of austere ma ners. The young Russell got to Car bridge when he was eighteen and h found the place a joy because h discovered people who, unlike h family, did not think of philosoph in which he was already deeply i terested, as absurd. Philosophy f his family had been summed up these two questions: "What is ma ter? Never mind. What is min No matter." Having heard this je *ad nauseam,* the youth had ceas to find it funny and had stopp talking about what he really thoug

Whitehead was one of the peop who welcomed him to Cambrid and made him feel intellectually home. The friendship was so fru ful that the two men collaborat in the years following Russell's gra uation on the great book *Princi Mathematica,* which came out 1910. Much later, in the ninete forties, Whitehead and Russell ea received the British Order of Mer and Russell won the Nobel Prize Literature in 1950. Whitehead, w spent his later years on the facu of Harvard University, died at t age of eighty-six in Cambridge, M sachusetts, five years ago this mon

In his essay about Whitehe which *Harper's* presents as the fi in a series of portraits of well kno modern thinkers by one of the gre est of them, Lord Russell tells the personal and intellectual side

P & O

eir relationship. American readers ill relish also the forthcoming etches of John Maynard Keynes, ytton Strachey, D. H. Lawrence, d Sidney and Beatrice Webb; we e indebted for them all to the itish Broadcasting Corporation d its magazine, the *Listener;* for rd Russell made the portraits first talks for the BBC. And for the pressions of Lord Russell's youth t down above, P & O is indebted a National Broadcasting Com- ny interview between Lord Rus- l and Romney Wheeler, broadcast st summer on the philosopher's ghtieth birthday and later printed the *Atlantic Monthly.*

• ***Max Steele,*** the author of "Chief inbow and the Kid in Paris" 68), is a veteran of the Army Air rce now living in Paris, studying d writing. His novel, *Debby,* won e Harper Prize Novel Contest in 50. The most recent of his stories *Harper's* was "Captain of the hite Yacht," which appeared last rch.

Looking at the old *Harper's* in rch of a story or sketch of Bo- mian life in Paris to compare with ax Steele's vivid picture of the ung American exiles and students re today, P & O came upon a ce by Richard Harding Davis in issue of October 1894 called "The eets of Paris." We found not at we were looking for exactly, t something else which seemed rming and, if not appropriate to . Steele's Paris, pertinent to the ssage of time which has brought out the present-day Bohemia of ich he writes.

I do not think we appreciate how nuch we owe to the women in Paris who go without bonnets Davis wrote]. They give the city so omelike and friendly an air, as hough every woman knew every ther woman so well that she did ot mind running across the street gossip with her neighbor without he formality of a head-covering. nd it really seems strange that the rettiest bonnets should come from he city where the women of the oorer classes have shown how very retty a woman of any class can ook without any bonnet at all.

o it was in the good old days



Britain's favorite way to travel will become yours, too —for here is railway service at its finest and most convenient, from famous "named" trains to little country locals. Rail fares are the lowest in history for American visitors as your Travel Agent will point out. Secure your tickets and reservations before you leave.

NEW 9-DAY "Guest Ticket" For UNLIMITED Rail Travel ONLY $24.00 THIRD CLASS $36.00 FIRST CLASS Not obtainable in Britain—Purchase before you leave

BRITISH RAILWAYS

For information and literature write Dept. 23 at any British Railways Office

NEW YORK 20, N.Y., 9 Rockefeller Plaza • CHICAGO 3, ILL., 39 So. La Salle Street
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL., 510 W. 6th Street • TORONTO, ONT., 69 Yonge Street

At last here is a simple guide that takes the guesswork and confusion out of wine selection. It tells at a glance which wine goes best with each dish. For your complimentary copy, write

CRESTA BLANCA
WINE COMPANY, LIVERMORE, CALIF.



Consistent Winner of Major Wine Awards Since 1889

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Whether you are changing your address for a few months or permanently, you will want to receive every issue of Harper's promptly. When advising us of a change of address please indicate *both* the old and new address. Please allow four weeks for effecting this change. Address all correspondence to:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 E. 33rd St. New York 16, N. Y.

"There Is No God"

"Belief in spirits, gods and the supernatural originated from the dreams of Old Stone Age men. Modern man has discarded their stone axes for the guided missile and the atomic bomb. Superior Men have dropped the belief in God and the supernatural for science and reason." For the rational viewpoint, read the condensed, easily read, pocket sized, card covered 192-page booklet,

SUPERIOR MEN
By James Hervey Johnson
"A BOLD BOOK"
$1.00 Postpaid *{Mention Harper's}*
JHJ • Box 2832 • San Diego 12, Calif.

There's an easier way to get upstairs!





Yes, people who should avoid stairclimbing can get up and down stairs easily and comfortably by installing an INCLIN-ATOR, the stair-climbing lift. Installation in straight stairways is simple. Operates on house current and folds neatly against wall when not in use. The most economical home lift.



"Elevette", a small household elevator, easily installed in stairwell, hall, room-corner or closet, in new or existing homes.

Write for literature and name of nearest dealer.

INCLINATOR COMPANY OF AMERICA
2214 Paxton Blvd. Harrisburg, Pa.

Follow The OCEAN HIWAY NEW YORK TO FLORIDA

FASTEST SAFEST ROUTE SOUTH

Avoid Dangers of Big City Traffic Congestion. Follow the Historical Coast South. It's Warmer on the Coast!

FREE

Postpaid by Return Mail

1953 OCEAN HIWAY MAP FOLDER

You'll Need Only This One Big Map Folder On Your Entire Trip!

Send 50 cents for postpaid copy of "Sunny Sunshine," brand new issue of 80 page illustrated official guide book of the Ocean Hiway.

OCEAN HIWAY ASSOCIATION
Dept. H Box 1552
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

when a respectable though poor girl who left off her bonnet could symbolize for the international reporter the very spirit of informality and warmth. What would Davis think of Mr. Steele's Kate?

•••P & O has referred before to *Thinking It Over,* a book by ***Hesketh Pearson,*** whose series of sketches of James McNeill Whistler for *Harper's* concludes this month with "The Peacock Room" (p. 75). *The Man Whistler,* Mr. Pearson's new biography, which is to be published next March, will come after a good dozen full-length biographies from the same typewriter. In *Thinking It Over,* published in 1938, Mr. Pearson, who had already written several biographies, talked a good deal about his favorite study and its methods. He said that he realized at the outset of his career as a biographer—he had already been a business man, a soldier, and an actor—that the ideal "Life" would be "a fusion of Boswell's method, whereby the characters reveal themselves by anecdote and word of mouth, with the Strachey method, whereby nothing is included that is not significant."

Without making any claims for himself as a biographer, nor any apologies either (for, he said, "I have done as well as I can and a great deal better than I ever thought I could"), Mr. Pearson set forth the qualities that a really good biographer has to possess: "a keen sympathy with human beings, an acute understanding of them, an absolute freedom from moral cant, and an uncompromising intellectual integrity."

Whistler died in 1903, when Mr. Pearson was scarcely out of grammar school, and we doubt whether the youngster ever met the famous genius; so Mr. Pearson had no cluttering personal impressions or feelings about the man to stand in his way in writing—as he had in writing about Bernard Shaw. Besides, he was able to follow the advice of Oliver Cromwell to the painter, "Paint me, warts and all," without running the danger of Whistler's retaliation, which could have been devastating. To judge whether *The Man Whistler* stands up to Mr. Pearson's own standards, you will have to see the entire book; what the *Harper's* sketches suggest is that Mr. Pearson has succeeded again, brilliantly.

•••"The Loves of Goggle" (p. 85) by ***Bentz Plagemann*** is a companion piece with "Boy into Man" which appeared in the September issue. These sketches rest on the assumption that adolescence is an endurable condition, funny and sad but not desperate. Boarding school was the arena for Goggle's struggle in "Boy into Man"; in this month's piece, sex sets the stage—and, lo, even sex is all but endurable.

Perhaps the factor which determines whether youth is the stuff of sentiment and comedy (see *Penrod* and *Seventeen)* or of tragedy and soul-searching (see *Catcher in the Rye)* is the person who is looking at it. If Goggle instead of his father were telling the tale of his loves, the tone would surely be different. One of the charms of Mr. Plagemann's work is that the boy he observes arouses the father's rueful humor and the picture is therefore not the simple sad-comic one you see in a high-school movie but the more interestingly subtle one which is complicated by the mixed feelings of the parent.

Bentz Plagemann has written several other pieces for *Harper's,* both straight fiction and reminiscence and his published books include *Into the Labyrinth,* a novel, and *My Place to Stand,* a record of his struggle with poliomyelitis.

•••The sharp and sweet words of ghosts, "Who Should Do the Writing?" (p. 91), are by ***Victor M. Ratner,*** the director of Theater Tele-Sessions. We can tell you that Theater Tele-Sessions is a branch of Theater Network Television, Inc. and it's a very new thing (headquarters: 515 Madison Avenue, New York City). Mr. Ratner was an official of the Columbia Broadcasting System for many years and left a vice-presidency there to assume another with Macy's from 1949 until this year. His knowledge of the problems of communication is based on these commercial assignments, on what he learned as head of his own firm from 1943 to 1947, and on his experience during the war in government jobs with the OPA and the War Department.

P & O

•••The cover picture this month, s well as the illustrations for "Get Away from Me with Those Christmas Gifts," are the work of ***Donald Higgins,*** a young graduate of Pratt Institute (1951). He was born and eared in South Carolina and Virinia and only delayed his pioneering in New York until he had ompleted his college course in Henrix College in Conway, Arkansas, nd art study at the Richmond Professional Institute. He has traveled nd worked in Mexico on scholarhip.

The other artists this month are ld acquaintances in *Harper's*: ***Anhony Saris, Bernarda Bryson,*** and ***ohn Groth.*** The latest word from hese three is the news of the publiation of John Groth's book, *Studio Asia* (World Publishing Company), which contains hundreds of pictures e drew in the Far East, with his wn inspiring text.

•••The poets in this number of *Harper's* have appeared often in this nagazine over a number of years. ***Hortense Flexner,*** whose "Without Farewell—1952" appears on page 90, ontributed her first poem in September 1916; it was called "Faith" nd suggested a belief in immorality. She has taught writing, poetry, nd fiction courses at Bryn Mawr nd Sarah Lawrence since then, and ublished books for children and nuch verse.

Anne Goodwin Winslow, who appears this month with "Rendezvous" p. 28), first contributed "A New Anthology" to the January 1922 issue f *Harper's;* it was a love poem, we hink, and so is this one. Mrs. Winsow has written many short stories nd three novels since them.

Agnes Rogers' verses called "Conersation Piece" (p. 52) are as light nd witty as her several other poems n *Harper's,* the first of which was Irresolution" published in August 946. She said then:

> It isn't time so much I lack
> As something stiffer up my back.

Even so, she has managed to write everal books (some in collaboration with her husband, Frederick Lewis Allen) and a number of articles, the nost recent of which was "My Mother Lives with Us" in the November number.



Am I My Brother's Keeper?

IN INDIA I asked myself this question when I saw thousands of homeless sleeping in the streets of Calcutta and Bombay. When I saw half starved children and "hunger limp" babies like the one above.
IN KOREA (My schedule did not permit me to examine the 28 orphanages in which CCF assists Korean children). There is only ugliness and misery in Korea. Wandering refugees, little ragged children, destroyed homes. There is hardly a family not broken, fathers taken prisoners or shot, mothers abused and carried off or left dead behind a broken wall. A destroyed country of rubble, rags, disease, hunger and human misery.
IN JAPAN in the Elizabeth Saunders Home for GI babies, deserted by their American fathers, and 18 other CCF orphanages, all over-crowded.
IN GERMANY where I saw some of the several million people who are refugees in their own country. Those who escaped from East Germany won their freedom at great cost. Few families escaped intact. Children, parents, wives and husbands shot down or dragged off to labor camps. Those who escaped are destitute. They can't find work and have inadequate food and shelter.

The sick little children of India, the wandering orphans of Korea, that flaxen haired German miss, who saw her father killed, does God charge me with their plight? I have returned from overseas with the realization that the Communists care enough to make very successful capital of democracy's failures and with the strong conviction that we Americans can not close our eyes or stop our ears to the cry of a hungry child anywhere in the world — black, brown, yellow or white. The hungry children of the world are more dangerous to us than the atom bomb.
CCF assists children in 97 orphanages in the following countries: Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, Indonesia, India, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Malaya, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, United States and Western Germany. You can adopt a child in any of these countries for ten dollars a month and the child's name, address, picture and information about the child will be furnished. Correspondence with the child is invited. Smaller gifts are equally welcome. God sees not the coin but the heart that gives it.

For information write to:

Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
RICHMOND 4, VIRGINIA

YOU CAN'T GO TO COLLEGE?

Have you never realized that you can study those college courses and any advanced training courses at home?

Have you longingly considered a Bachelor's or a Master's degree . . . but residence is out of the question? Or perhaps you'd like to learn a new trade either for pleasure or for greater earning power. These ambitions need not be blocked just because you can't go to college. Adult education is so popular today that courses are given on the high school level; courses on practically every college subject are available; and also, courses teaching practically all trades and hobbies. Don't loiter . . . Use your free time to advantage . . . It will pay off!

If you would like information, write to Mrs. Lewis D. Bement, Director of Educational Guidance, HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

LETTERS

BAs and Brides—

To the Editors:

Although I hold your publication in the highest esteem, I read "Do Women's Colleges Turn Out Spinsters?" by Lynn White, jr. [October] with not a little annoyance.

Mr. White uses statistics to show that a rather insignificant margin of 3 per cent more graduates of women's colleges marry than graduates of coeducational colleges. They are better able to get husbands, he says, because they have better developed minds as a result of isolating them intellectually from men. The coed, he says, is "docile" and afraid to express herself in the presence of men and thus is doomed forever to submission to the mighty male, who incidentally rules the coeducational campus.

I happen to be a junior at just such a coeducational college, and would like to shed a little light on this subject.

Let's take a look at what Mr. White calls the "docile," "submissive" female at Knox. According to the official grade indexes of the college, the women have topped the men academically since the first arrival of such statistics in 1947. The last time a junior was chosen for membership in Phi Beta Kappa it was a woman. . . . The last time the intramural debate was held among sororities and fraternities, concerning the question of a military man for chief executive, a sorority walked away with first place. . . .

It's not at all an unusual occurrence at Knox for a woman to talk a leg off a man right smack in the middle of a class. . . . At Knox our intellectual discussions are stimulated, not hindered, by the rich flow of ideas contributed by both sexes. At the women's schools, the women are, of course, free to speak out. But what happens when they graduate and find themselves in the more natural situation of a coeducational panel? Do they close up like clams in the new environment? . . .

JANET E. WAGNER
Galesburg, Ill.

To the Editors:

In the October issue of *Harper's* President Lynn White, jr., of Mills College reported the "rather surprising fact" that ". . . the graduates of the Catholic women's colleges . . . had a marriage rate lower than that either of coeds or of the graduates of the non-Catholic women's colleges." He gives no figure for the spinster rate of graduates from the Catholic women's colleges but states that the rate of coed schools is 27 per cent and for non-Catholic women's colleges, 24 per cent. It may be presumed that he would expect the spinster rate for graduates of Catholic women's colleges to be notably higher.

In an article published in the October issue of *Social Order,* John L. Thomas, S.J., presented the results of a survey conducted during the summer of 1952 to determine the marriage and spinster rates of graduates of all Catholic women's colleges prior to 1950. He received replies from 77 out of 112 institutions. For various reasons, specified in his article, information from 18 schools could not be used.

Reports from the remaining 59 institutions contained information on the marital status of 41,805 graduates. For all years prior to 1946, 28.1 per cent of the girls who graduated were unmarried. This slightly higher spinster rate may be accounted for, at least in part, by the fact that graduates of the classes of 1941-45 are younger than either group included in President White's study.

FRANCIS S. CORLEY, S.J.
Editor, *Social Order*
St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editors:

Your article, "Do Women's Colleges Turn Out Spinsters?", really doesn't let the reader in on who is turned out and who is allowed to complete the four-year course. Which recalls the old Keith-Orpheum skit so dear to my childhood, horse play built on the old-time melodramas, in which the crisis was reached in these lines:

"What's she done, squire?"

"She ain't done nothin', but it's snowin' and out she goes."

T. H. FERRIS
Denver, Col.

On, DeVoto!—

To the Editors:

Tired of two-bit books I stuck an old copy of *Harper's* [July] in my bag the last time I made a trip. Was delighted to find Bernard DeVoto's fine essay on transcontinental flight. One unimportant point in that worries me. He speaks of the "sick entropy" toward which Congress under the Confederation "sank in its last years."

As a physicist who has seen our word *supersonic* stolen by aeronautical engineers and the word *atomic* applied widely to processes which are really nuclear, I am anxious to preserve the pristine virtue of entropy as a thermodynamic concept. While such a concept might possibly be defined for a Congress, no one has ever attempted it.

Can Mr. DeVoto explain his use of the term?

RICHARD C. RAYMOND
State College, Pa.

French Line

ACCENT ON ROMANCE

Moonlight reflects light on jet water . . . gentle ocean
breezes play tag with a fallen rose . . . two figures meet.
This is romance—this is life aboard France-Afloat where
the atmosphere is as gay and romantic as France herself.

On whichever French Line ship you journey,
you'll find the settings exquisite, the service incomparable.
The sun-warmed decks, the relaxing sports, the
entertainment, the fabulous cuisine, the excellent wines,
all contribute to make your voyage a romantic adventure

Whether you are bound for England or the Continent,
choose a great French Line ship - the luxurious
51,839-ton *Liberté* or the celebrated *Ile de France*.
You'll find the famous French flair for
fine living in all classes. Plan your voyage
now, during the thrift season.
French Line, 610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

CONSULT YOUR AUTHORIZED FRENCH LINE TRAVEL AGENT



ther French Line offices: Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, alifax, Montreal, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, ronto, Vancouver, B. C., Washington, D. C., Winnipeg, Man.

French Line sailings from New York and minimum one-way thrift-season fares to Plymouth (slightly higher for Le Havre): **Liberté,** Dec. 9, 27; Jan. 14, 30; March 6; First Class, $330; Cabin, $210; Tourist, $165. **Ile de France,** Jan. 21; Feb. 7, 26; March 14; First Class, $325; Cabin, $210; Tourist, $165.

1st Lieutenant Lloyd L. Burke
U.S. Army
Medal of Honor





THE RED KOREAN strongpoint had stalled our attack. Lieutenant Burke saw that a breakthrough must be made. Rallying 35 men, he crept close to the enemy bunkers. He laid down a grenade barrage. Then he ran forward to an



exposed knoll and opened a one-man pitched battle. He turned a light machine gun into the Red position. He caught live enemy grenades in mid-air and threw them back. Once he killed three men with his pistol. Before sunset Lieutenant Burke and 35 men had defeated 300. The lieutenant says:

"Every day, men who fought in Korea are coming home. They're finding jobs—partly because they and you and own nearly 50 billion dollars' worth of Defense Bonds. For Bond savings—which protect our own families—are also building a great backlog of *national* prosperity. Reason enough for investing in Bonds—don't you agree?"

★ ★ ★

Now E Bonds earn more! 1) All Series E Bonds bought after May 1, 1952 average 3% interest, compounded semiannually! Interest now starts after 6 months and is higher in the early years. 2) *All maturing E Bonds* automatically go on earning *after maturity*—and at the new higher interest! Today, start investing in better-paying Series E Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan.

Peace is for the strong! For peace and prosperity save with U.S. Defense Bonds!

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication

LETTERS

o the Editors:

Having twitted Bernard DeVoto bit on his dream that the recent hicago Republican convention had nihilated the Old Guard of the epublican party—by my claim that eneral Eisenhower had swallowed th the Old Guard of Taft and the ewer guard" of McCarthy, Jenner, xon, etc., and that they would be the saddle if the General were cted in November, I now want to mmend Mr. DeVoto most highly d thank him for exposing once ore [October] the stock growers of e West in their efforts to steal con- ol of the grazing lands of that gion. . . .

JOSEPH G. MASTERS
Smethport, Pa.

o the Editors:

The cleverly written indictment of Republican "Old Guard" in ur September issue together with ur editorial comments on Mr. Voto prompt me to make this re- est. The battle may be over for r. DeVoto and party, but perhaps ey follow the self-confident Mr. wey a bit too far. There are still ite a few "stalwarts" who will fight ain another day, who have not had eir heads cut off or been gutted as ur historian seems to desire. In- ed, they are fighting now. . . .

Is not your editorial policy broad ough to give your readers another icle showing the reverse side of e coin? Have there been no con- butions to the nation from any oup that does not call itself lib- al? Is there nothing to be said r a sane and rational isolationism . . that does not preclude helping r friends but is based on a realistic ew of the exhaustibility of our re- urces?

Give us something on the real ues. When and how will the coun- decide whether it wants a onger, larger, more centralized lfare state or world, or a country ich champions the rights and ob- gations of its member states and individuals?

WALTER M. MCCLURE, JR.
Fort Worth, Tex.

ove That Store—

o the Editors:

Brooks Brothers' appearance in P & O for September gave me little concern, but when John Hersey in the same issue failed to negotiate the positions of some 860 Yale grads of 1936 without referring to said haberdasher, I became somewhat irked.

This concentration of commercialism should have been enough, but no—Bentz Plagemann had barely got into his interesting account of "Boy into Man" when our hero's Papa required a Proper Tie, so Mamma was ushered off to you-know-where.

So much for those first 34 pages. I am about to read on and am completely fascinated with the thought of where Brooks Brothers will pop up next. Was one of the Brothers with Lewis and Clark at "The Turning Point"? Maybe one of Krilium's rivals is a B.B. in disguise. More than likely "I Can't Afford My Wife's Job" because she insists I buy all my clothes at that there store. . . .

JIM CAREY
Evansville, Ill.

Whose Slip Shows?—

To the Editors:

The truck drivers will probably pay for our roads. If not, the federal government will do so. The question then is: Who *will* pay for our roads? The question (and the title of an article in your October issue) "Who *Shall* Pay for Our Roads?" is an amazing slip. How did it happen?

Mr. Neuberger might well have entitled his article "Who *Should* Pay for Our Roads?" but that is another story.

EDWARD D. SNYDER
Haverford, Pa..

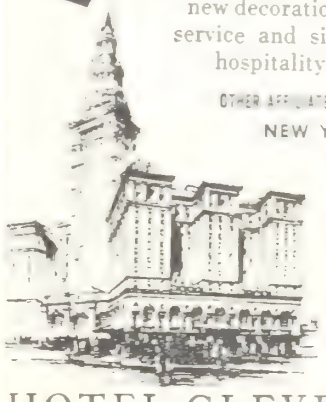
Who shall reply to Mr. Snyder's letter? We plead almost total confusion in the use of shall *and* will, *distrust any rule we have seen relating to their use, and in this case followed our ear, which told us that when the intended meaning was, approximately, "Who's Got to Pay for Our Roads?" the word to use was* shall. *Pressed by Mr. Snyder, we find that Webster's* New World Dictionary *(1951) says* shall *is used "in a question expecting* shall *in the answer," and also it is used in the second and third persons to indicate "determination, compulsion, obligation, or necessity"—which would*

the genial, friendly host in the HEART *of Cleveland*

Hotel Cleveland

Whether you come by train, plane or motor, you'll like the convenience of comfortable Hotel Cleveland. Only a few steps from Union Terminal trains and garage. Quiet, sleep-inviting rooms . . . spirited, colorful new decorations...attentive service and sincerely warm hospitality will greet you.

OTHER AFFILIATED CONNABEND HOTELS
NEW YORK The Tower
BOSTON
The Somerset
The Puritan
The Shelton
CHICAGO
Edgewater Beach Hotel
RESORTS
Westward Ho
Palm Beach, Fla.
Samoset, Rockland, Me.



HOTEL CLEVELAND
Cleveland, Ohio

KNOW PLACES & PRICES
Get The GIMLET
For 24 Years
THE GUIDE AND HANDBOOK
FOR SMART TRAVELERS
Where to go. What to see. The Costs. How to Get There
CANADA thru FLORIDA, and Enroute, Nassau, West Indies, includes New York City. 208 Pages, 300 Pictures. *Hotels, Restaurants, Prices. Hiway Data, Cruises. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS: Silver Springs, Fla. Florida's Underwater Fairyland, Bellingrath Gardens, Charm Spot of Deep South, Mobile, Ala., Natural Bridge, Va., etc. Price, $1.00; Doubledays, Brentanos or send $1.00 for postpaid copy or $1.50 (year's subscription) (2 issues) to The Gimlet, Dept. 80, 551 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*

Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

STE. ADELE LODGE
ALPINE INN
Boston, Mass.
SHERATON PLAZA
New York, N. Y.
PARK SHERATON
Philadelphia, Pa.
BARCLAY
SHERATON BELVEDERE
Washington, D. C.
SHOREHAM
Daytona Beach, Fla.
SHERATON BEACH
Miami, Fla.
THE COLUMBUS
All Air Conditioned
GULF WINDS
VILLAS & APTS.
TIDES
FLORIDAN
Air conditioned

Typical Recommended Restaurants

N. Y. City
CAVANAGH'S
GAME COCK
MADELEINE'S
KING OF THE SEA
LUM FONG
DAVY JONES SEA-FOOD HOUSE
OLD BREW HOUSE
PRESS BOX
Washington, D. C.
SHOREHAM HOTEL DINING ROOMS
GEORGE WASHINGTON RAINBOW ROOM
Miami, Fla.
COLUMBUS HOTEL DINING ROOMS
Tampa, Fla.
LAS NOVEDADES

Use American Express Travelers Cheques To Protect Your Travel Funds.

The irreverent
(and startlingly well-informed)
author of
THE PROPER BOSTONIANS
invites you to join the elegant
antics of American Society
at Play

CLEVELAND AMORY

THE
Last
Resorts





Even if the beach you tan on is Jones' or Revere (rather than Bailey's or Palm); even if you don't own a yacht (or a swimming pool shaped like a grand piano), you can now share the pleasures and palaces of those who do —and listen to what they say when the guests have gone home.



That witty and affectionately indiscreet "insider" who delighted all America with his report on Back Bay families and folkways has staked out a broader field this time — the once sacred preserves of the very rich. Probing into their homes, habits, romances, scandals, feuds and follies, he has composed a social history which is even more *fun* to read (and read aloud) than his classic Boston exposé.



THE LAST RESORTS is a story of the "right" people as well as the "right" places. Here are a host of amazingly personal portraits of Astors, Vanderbilts, and Whitneys, Morgans, Rockefellers and Stotesburys, Hollywood stars and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. A first-hand, country-wide picture containing some 3,000 carefully indexed names, THE LAST RESORTS is the last word on American society today. It may also prove to be the most entertaining saga of social climbing yet written. *527 pages. 20 photographs and 8 drawings.*

At all bookstores • $5.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

LETTERS

seem to have given us reason for expecting shall *in the answer. But the* American College Dictionary *(1947), after reciting much the same thing, concludes: "The tendency is for all forms to level to* will." *To which we might add, on our own, that the conversational tendency is for all forms to level to* going to. *Maybe, to forestall further argument, we're going to have to follow the ways of ordinary speech and say, "Who's Going to Have to Pay for Our Roads?"*

—The Editors.

Other Peoples' Cash—

To the Editors:

Of course we love talking about finances, especially other peoples'. Nothing amused me more than the letters about "Jay Taylor's" struggle with his pennies—not even the article itself—unless we include "'I Can't Afford My Wife's Job.'"

In our case we can't afford *not* to have Wife's job, though it pays less than $400 a month. . . . It's Husband's job that we are beginning to be in doubt about. How can we afford to buy farm machinery, fuel, seed, and feed for cows, pigs, chickens, and a pony? Can we afford to live seven miles from the nearest shopping center in order to say, "We grow our own feed"? Statistics show —ours show us, at least—that farming is a rich man's hobby. . . .

Long live the *Atlantic* and *Harper's*. More farm people than you may think would not be caught at home without them!

MRS. LOIS KAYSER RATLIFF
Wellington, Texas

Fine Tales—

To the Editors:

After that marvellous tale, "The Duchess and the Smugs," you now give us another fine one, "The Hollow Boy" by Hortense Calisher [October]. These are the finest tales I have read this year, and *Harper's* is to be congratulated. Where do you find them?

I have never forgotten that horror-tale of a couple of summers ago, "Cyclists' Raid." These last two are worthy to stand beside that memorable story.

MRS. EARLE B. HOYT
New York, N. Y.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHI MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATIO REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRES OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED B THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AN

JULY 2, 1946

(Title 39, United States Code, Section 23

of HARPER'S MAGAZINE

published Monthly *at* Albany, N. Y.

for October 1, 1952

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, edit managing editor, and business managers are

Publisher, HARPER & BROTHERS, a Corporation 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Editors, Frederick Lewis Allen & Russell Lynes, 49 E. 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Managing editor, Frederick Lewis Allen, 49 East 33 Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Business manager, None.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its na and address must be stated and also immediately the under the names and addresses of stockholders owning holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of individual owners must be given. If owned by a partn ship or other unincorporated firm, its name and addr as well as that of each individual member, must be giv

Cass Canfield
49 East 33 Street, New York 16, N.

Frank S. MacGregor
49 East 33 Street, New York 16, N.

Raymond C. Harwood
49 East 33 Street, New York 16, N.

Henry J. Fisher
230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.

John Fischer
55 Sterling Ave., White Plains, New Yo

Estate of Edward J. Cullen
179-11 Henley Road, Jamaica Estates 3, N.

Harriet S. Wells
Hotel Lowell, 28 East 63 St., New York N.

Martha P. Saxton
R. F. D. Canaan, Connecti

Estate of Henry S. Harper
c/o Fulton Trust Co., 149 Broadway, N. Y.

Henry Harper
c/o Riggs National Bank, 1913 Massachuset Ave., N. W., Washington, D.

Cass Canfield, Trustee
49 East 33 St., New York 16, N.

Helen P. Philbin & Richard S. Emmet, Tru tees, c/o Emmet, Marvin & Martin, 48 W Street, New York 5, N.

Marian W. Coward
c/o City Bank Farmers Trust Co., 22 Willia St., New York 15, N.

Alan Hartman as Trustee under the will Lee F. Hartman
c/o Emmet, Marvin & Martin, 48 Wall Stree New York 4, N.

Cass Canfield, Jr.
c/o Irving Trust Co., 1 Wall Street, Ne York 15, N.

Michael Temple Canfield
c/o Irving Trust Co., 1 Wall Street, New Yo 15, N.

Arthur W. Rushmore
59 Fairview Ave., Madison, New Jers

Anna L. Hoyns
1314 Carroll Street, Brooklyn 13, N.

Lucille H. Sherman
1314 Carroll Street, Brooklyn 13, N.

Estate of William H. Briggs
49 East 96th Street, New York 28, N.

Eddy & Co.
c/o Bankers Trust Co., Church St. Anne New York 8, N.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other curity holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of to amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the sto holder or security holder appears upon the books of company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstan and conditions under which stockholders and secur holders who do not appear upon the books of the comp as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity ot than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of t publication sold or distributed, through the mails or oth wise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preced the date shown above was: (This information is requi from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspap only.)

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
HARPER & BROTHERS (a Corporatio
RUSSELL LYNES, Ed

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day September, 1952.

EDWIN G. BOHREN, Notary Pub

[SEAL]

(My commission expires March 30, 1953)

Schools and Colleges

Have You a SCHOOL *or* COLLEGE *problem?*

If you want catalogs of one or more schools or colleges advertised in this issue, HARPER'S will have them sent to you, and save your making a number of individual inquiries.

If you want catalogs of any schools not advertised in this issue but have heard about otherwise, we'll gladly have them sent also for your study and guidance.

If you need authoritative and impartial suggestions about schools or colleges, we can assist you as we have thousands of parents, guardians, etc., *for over 50 years.*

The coupon below is for your convenience. There are no fees involved.

Address **Mrs. Lewis D. Bement,**
Director of Educational Guidance
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N.Y.

Please send me catalogs of the following schools and colleges:

.....

.....

.....

I would be glad to have you suggest schools or colleges. (Check)

Boys ☐ *Girls* ☐ *Coed* ☐

Age ☐

Location preferred .....

Address .....

Other requirements .....

Name .....

NEW JERSEY



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS

INDIVIDUALIZED PLAN—EACH STUDENT A CLASS

For those with educational problems — successful college preparation and general education. **Our tests discover causes of difficulties** and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and the science of study.

Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 46 years' experience

Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster

OXFORD ACADEMY

Box H-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

VIRGINIA

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY



★ Our ONE SUBJECT PLAN of Study
★ Upper School has increased number
★ of Honor Roll students by 50%, de-
★ velops capacity to concentrate. Fully
★ accredited. ROTC highest rating. 16
★ modern bldgs., 2 beautiful, spacious
★ gyms, pool, splendid environment,
★ excellent health record. Upper School
★ grades 8-12. Junior School 1-7. Sep-
★ arate bldgs. and house mothers. 56th
★ year. For ONE SUBJECT PLAN
★ booklet and catalog write:
Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 812, Fork Union, Va.
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MAINE

OAK GROVE A Friends' School for Girls—Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious, Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Speech. Grades 7-12 and P.G. for H.S. Grads needing intensive review before College. Riding included. Beautiful new fireproof Quadrangle. MR. and MRS. ROBERT OWEN, BOX 120, VASSALBORO, MAINE.

SPECIAL SCHOOL

PERKINS SCHOOL

A year round special school for the Scientific Study and Education of children of retarded development. Constant, sympathetic supervision. Individual training. Five home-like, attractive buildings. 30 acres of campus and gardens. Summer session in Maine.

FRANKLIN H. PERKINS, M.D., Dir.,
Box 11, LANCASTER, MASS.

HOME STUDY

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

Writing short stories, articles on business, politics, homemaking, current events, travel, books, local and club activities, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write the way newspaper men learn—by writing. Our unique "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation.

Veterans: *Course approved by Veterans' Training*

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
SUITE 5992-T, ONE PARK AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

OHIO

LAKE ERIE COLLEGE

"Where Every Student Travels Abroad At No Additional Cost"

Fully Accredited. Liberal Arts, Music, Dramatics, Art, Teacher Training, Sports

ADDRESS: BOX 5, LAKE ERIE COLLEGE, PAINESVILLE, OHIO

ILLINOIS

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

Fashion Merchandising with Modeling. Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Interior Decoration, Commercial Art, Photography. Coeducational. Attractive residence for girls. Living Accommodations secured for men. For Entrance dates write Room 752.

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS, 750 N. Michigan, CHICAGO 11

WISCONSIN

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

Graduates in 135 colleges, service academies. Accredited. Conference-type classes. Sr. ROTC. Highest War Dept. rating. Modern bldgs. Sports include golf, flying, riding. In Wisconsin's Land o'Lakes. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Catalog.

12122 DE KOVEN HALL, DELAFIELD, WISCONSIN

ARIZONA

FENSTER RANCH SCHOOL

A ranch school in warm, dry climate. Co-educational. Grades 1 thru 12. College preparatory. High Scholastic Standards. Riding and Swimming. Write

FENSTER RANCH SCHOOL
Dept. H-12, TUCSON, ARIZONA

A MILITARY ACADEMY

The facilities of our School Information Bureau are at your command for any additional assistance you may require in selecting the school best suited to your demands. Address

School Information Bureau, HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

SUMMER SCHOOL and CAMP

MINNESOTA

SHATTUCK SUMMER SCHOOL-CAMP

Six weeks' recreation and study for boys 9-18. Two age groups. Regular Shattuck faculty and facilities. Basic military training. Sailing, swimming, tennis, golf, other sports. Dietitian. In southern Minnesota. *Catalog.*

DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS,
529 Shumway Hall, FARIBAULT, MINN.

A Wonderful **CHRISTMAS IDEA** *for the Children*

—A gift that will be welcomed by the average youngster—is **A SUMMER AT CAMP**



Here is the gift that will last the summer long and bring with it immeasureable pleasure in a most healthful form. A splendid combination of enjoyment and body-building that will delight your boy or girl.

CAMP INFORMATION BUREAU

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd Street, New York

Harper Headliners for Christmas

TALLULAH MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By TALLULAH BANKHEAD. "Lively entertainment — witty, pugnacious and uninhibited in every department."
—*Atlantic Monthly*. 24 pages of photographs. $3.95

THE GLITTER AND THE GOLD

By CONSUELO VANDERBILT BALSAN. "The ideal epitaph of the age of elegance." —*N. Y. Times Book Review*.
32 pages of photographs. $4.00

THE BIG CHANGE

AMERICA TRANSFORMS ITSELF, 1900-1950

By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN. "One of the very best books about the United States I ever read."—JOHN GUNTHER. $3.50

THE CARTOONS OF COBEAN

More than 160 drawings, selected and arranged by SAUL STEINBERG and with an introduction by CHARLES ADDAMS. $3.95

LINCOLN A PICTURE STORY OF HIS LIFE

By STEFAN LORANT. "Unquestionably the most interesting book about Lincoln we have had since Sandburg."
—CHARLES POORE, *N. Y. Times*. 500 photographs. $6.00

HUNTER

J. A. HUNTER reviews 45 years of thrills and danger as a big-game hunter in Africa. 16 pages of photographs. $3.50

PRISONER OF GRACE

By JOYCE CARY. "Joyce Cary has done it again. His new novel is extraordinarily brilliant . . . original, powerful."
—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*. $3.00

At all bookstores **HARPER & BROTHERS**

Harper's MAGAZINE

The Illusion of American Omnipotence

D. W. Brogan

I AM writing this on the Pacific Coast, before the election, but in the conviction that the result of the election will very little affect the problem that I want to discuss. Even if the Republicans should make a clean sweep, even if the State Department is cleaned out, from the Secretary to the doorkeepers, even if the Pentagon is purged from the Joint Chiefs of Staff to the leaders of the rescue teams who find lost visitors, one problem of American policy will remain: the problem of the existence, in the American mind, of what I call the illusion of omnipotence. This is the illusion that any situation which distresses or endangers the United States can only exist because some Americans have been fools or knaves.

Such a situation may exist because of conditions about which the United States has, and will have, little to say. For America, powerful though she is, is not omnipotent. A great many things happen in the world regardless of whether the American people wish them to or not. I deeply regret this state of affairs; like Bertrand Russell, I would gladly settle for an American hegemony; but we are not representative characters, and American hegemony not only does not exist, but is not even universally expected or desired.

I should, perhaps, say that the illusion of omnipotence to which I refer is not shared by all Americans. Nothing could be sillier than to attribute to nearly 160,000,000 people one common attitude, or to assume, as many European intellectuals do, that there is such a thing as "what the American people are thinking." Nevertheless, the idea that I am trying to describe is expressed by Senators and columnists, by candidates, by preachers, by people overheard in taverns and club cars, in drugstores and restaurants—the idea that the whole world, the great globe itself, can be moving in directions annoying or dangerous to the American people only because some elected or non-elected Americans are fools or knaves. When something goes wrong, "I wuz robbed" is the spontaneous comment—the American equivalent of that disastrous French cry, *"Nous sommes trahis."*

It should also be said that I am not reproaching the American people, or even any important fraction of them, with the sort of mere arrogance that the British displayed in

Dennis Brogan, Professor of Political Science at Cambridge University and author of many books about the United States, was in Seattle at the University of Washington, on one of his frequent American visits, when he wrote this article.

the nineteenth century, the arrogance that made the humiliation of the Boer War so refreshing to the rest of the world. There would be plenty of justification for reproach if the American people were as pleased with themselves today as the English were around the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. But except in the Tribune Tower and a few other strongholds of the spirit of Jefferson Brick, Americans are not overflowing with self-satisfaction.

It would not be surprising if they were self-satisfied. For twice, in a not very long lifetime, America has redressed the balance of history. But for American intervention in the first war, it would have ended in a draw. But for American intervention in the second (which began with Lend-Lease, not with Pearl Harbor), Hitler would have had, with his Axis partners, a free hand. One result of this would, in the long run, have been war with the United States; but that long-run consequence matters little in this context. What does matter is that what stopped the Second and the Third Reich was American power. By 1945—with the greatest fleet, the greatest air force, and one of the two greatest armies in the world—the United States had become a world power such as had never been seen before. Never had plowshares been beaten into swords so fast and on so large a scale.

And never were swords beaten back into plowshares as fast as in 1945. As a demonstration of power, and of pacific intention, the scenario was perfect. The crowd that formed a conga line round the White House on V-J Day represented the American temper of August 1945 to perfection. So did Mr. Leo Crowley cutting off Lend-Lease; so did the immediate pressure to end all the controls and get the boys home. True, there was the atomic bomb—but the thought that there would soon be a world in which the atomic bomb would be a very present hope would have shocked nine Americans out of ten. The war had been won; the fascist menace had been destroyed. True, there was no such mood of high hope as in 1919; but the lesson of 1919 was not lost. America would not again take mere victory for enough, would not again walk out on the job.

And America has not walked out on the job. American policy since 1945 has, on the whole, been wise, far-seeing, magnanimous. Compare it with the policy of the years after the first war, with the policy of the years of Harding and Coolidge, and the growth in wisdom and responsibility is remarkable. Had there not been such a growth, the Kremlin would have won without firing a shot.

It is partly because the American people feel—rightly—that they have used their great power generously, that in 1952 they are perplexed, distressed, angry, and to some extent deluded. Why is it that, given the power, given the generosity of its use, the United States should be involved in the Korean mess? Why should so great a part of the world have passed into hostile hands? Why should the United States still be in danger, know the irritation of the draft in "peacetime," suffer, in Korea, one of the most humiliating of American military defeats, and nominate, for the Presidency, a soldier not merely or mainly as a reward, but because the times seem to call for a soldier in the White House?

It is my opinion that one reason for American distress is the American belief in American invulnerability and American omnipotence.

II

Belief in American invincibility is, on the whole, a good thing. A corresponding English belief in 1940, without nearly as much material justification for it, probably changed the history of the world. "The English always win, don't they?" asked my intelligent four-year-old son. The English won, but at a cost that has taken away the taste for victory. The Russians won too, but in the recent past they had lost. Probably the only people in the world who now have the historical sense of inevitable victory are the Americans. This belief, in its most extravagant, or McCormick, form, assumes that America doesn't need friends. In the less romantic, or Taft, form, it assumes that America doesn't need friends much. But even in the case of people who laugh at the Colonel and swear at the Senator, there is a lingering suspicion that there must be something grossly wrong when American policy suffers rebuffs; when, in despite of American opinion and interests, things go awry.

That grave mistakes have been made need not be doubted. As Mr. Walter Lippmann keeps on reminding his fellow-countrymen, one of the most obvious was the decision to exploit the victory at Inchon, regardless of the natural interest of the Chinese Communist government, of *any* Chinese government, in the arrival of a victorious American army on the Yalu. For that decision, Mr. Truman, Mr. Acheson, and General MacArthur are responsible, in that order. (For the actual military dispositions, General MacArthur is responsible, unless we are, belatedly, to blame Lincoln for the errors of General John Pope before Second Manassas.) That a naïve view of the world was displayed at Yalta, and long before Yalta, by many powerful Americans, is true. Eyes were kept on the conniving British Empire, as they are still kept by Colonel McCormick, Mr. George Sokolsky, and others—eyes which had better have been directed elsewhere. But even had those eyes been more prudently fastened upon Russia, even had American policy been controlled by a Richelieu or a Bismarck, some of the present disillusionment would have occurred all the same. For America, the most powerful nation in the world, was not omnipotent and a great many things in the world were going on and going their own way regardless of the views of the American people.

For, great as is American power, it is not so great as to quell, by its mere existence, all opposition. In the good old days an English fleet could sail into the Bay of Naples and tell that able Bourbon, King Charles III, that he could be neutral or have his capital blown up around his ears. In the good old days before the "good neighbor" policy, the United States (or the United Fruit Company, if they could be distinguished) could lay down the law in the Caribbean. As Cleveland's Secretary of State said, the fiat of the United States was law in America, if the United States chose to insist.

But those days are gone. The United States could insist if she wanted to, but at excessive political cost. Even that American by-blow, the Republic of Panama, can defy Washington, up to the point where the safety of the United States is directly and indisputably involved. These facts are accepted. Yet a great many Americans, when China gets out of hand, or into the wrong hands, think this can only be because of some gross error or even crime on the part of the official rulers of America. Even so simple an explanation as that Chiang made the mistake denounced in all the military textbooks, and exemplified in the careers of Jefferson Davis and of Hitler, of commanding at long range and through favorites, is ignored. People feel that Chiang's defeat (a disaster for America, I freely admit) *must* have been due to American folly or American treason. People refuse to believe that it might have had other, more important causes, above all the one admirably described by Senator Tom Connally: "If he's a generalissimo, why doesn't he generalize?"

The Chinese situation is, at the moment, the most important of these American preoccupations and causes of bewilderment. But the sense of bewilderment is visible in some American attitudes toward Europe too. Why hasn't Marshall aid won over the French Communists—that is, ended a schism in French society going back to the Commune of 1871, if not to the Commune of 1793? Why hasn't it converted "Red Emilia," the Italian district that was in a violent revolutionary uproar in Wilson's first term? Why is it not certain that the inhabitants of the "People's Republic of Germany," after being fought over, and driven here and there, and after having had their social structure destroyed, following the disillusionments caused by the collapse of the Hohenzollerns, the Weimar Republic, and the Thousand-Year-Reich, will welcome slogans admirably designed for Cincinnati or Oakland? In such perplexities there is embedded, at the foundation perhaps, the illusion that the world must go the American way if the Americans want it strongly enough and give firm orders to their agents to see that it is done.

III

This illusion of omnipotence is best illustrated by a very common American attitude toward the Chinese Revolution. In this attitude—apparently the dominant one at the moment—there is a curious absence of historical awe and historical curiosity. The Chinese Revolution, an event of immense importance, is often discussed as if it were simply a problem in American foreign and domestic policy and politics. The Com-

munist triumph in China is discussed as if it were simply the result of American action or inaction, the result of the mistakes, and worse than mistakes, of General Marshall, Secretary Acheson, President Roosevelt, and the Institute of Pacific Relations; and as if the Communists or the Russians would not have "captured" China had American policy been represented and controlled by Representative Judd—or even, perhaps, by Senators Cain and Jenner.

Is this not to display the belief in American omnipotence in very striking form? What is going on in China affects the oldest civilization now in existence. It affects about a fifth of the human race. It must have roots, deep roots, in the Chinese problem as seen by the Chinese. This is no matter of a regime imposed by Russia on a helpless small nation like Romania or Hungary. It is a historical phenomenon that may turn out to be more important than the Russian Revolution. It may well turn out, also, to be disastrous for us and for China. But the first thing to notice is the size of the phenomenon; to notice, for example, that there are five Chinese for every two Americans. What inherent necessity is there that the decision in China is, was, or ever will be in American hands?

It is not only a matter of scale. There is distance. China is six thousand miles from the Pacific Coast of America. How was and is American power to be effectively exercised at that distance? I anticipate one answer—that Russian power *is* being exercised, and that it was Russian power (in the absence of American power because of American folly and treason) that "took over" China. This is not demonstrated and in this crude and popular form is not probable. But even if it were true, Russia is not six thousand miles from China. Russia has had a common frontier with China for three hundred years, and as Russia's center of industrial gravity moves eastward, Russian power gets nearer China and can be more readily exercised there. In a straight contest for control of China between the United States and the U.S.S.R., with the Chinese regarded as vile bodies, the U.S.S.R. would hold the trumps. To ignore that is to show the attitude of mind of those who have complained that, at Yalta, F.D.R. "permitted" Russia to become a Pacific power. Russia was a Pacific power before the United States existed. And she was and is an Asiatic power, which the United States is not. Lake Baikal and Lake Superior are on different continents. Vladivostok and Peiping are not.

But the real lack of historical reverence and realism is in the assumption that Russia "took over" China as she took over Poland. Even if we assume that there is as united an opposition to Communist rule in China as I believe there is in Poland, the scale of the taking-over ought to impose reflection. By what miracle was it done? Could General Hurley or General Chennault have prevented it? Would a sounder understanding of what the Communists were have prevented the Communist triumph? If it would have, then China is a more torpid body, more open to mere manipulation, than it is pleasant to think. If so great an event as the Chinese Communist Revolution could have been prevented by a different American policy, China is "a corpse on the dissecting table," as Charles Gavan Duffy said of Ireland after the Famine. In that case, Mao and Stalin may dissect it and make a monster of it like Dr. Moreau in H. G. Well's prophetic story. If it was taken over as easily as all that, it will be kept taken over even more easily.

THERE is some reason to believe and to hope that it is not quite as simple as this. We are in danger of being obsessed with the important and indisputable fact that world Communism is a real and potent force and that it is controlled from Moscow. We tend, therefore, to see the hand of Moscow everywhere and attribute to it an initiating and dominant role that may not always be justified. The Chinese Revolution, we should remember, has been going on longer than the Russian Revolution. Sun Yat-sen was the successful leader of a revolution when Lenin was an obscure and not too hopeful exile in Switzerland. But, I shall be told, that was a *different* Chinese Revolution; that was the *good* Chinese Revolution, the one that deposed the Manchu dynasty and abolished the pigtail and the binding of feet; that was the revolution which was inspired and encouraged by American missionaries and American-trained students. But isn't it a truism of history that when you start a revolution, you can't be sure where it is going and how far?

It wasn't Lenin who overthrew the

Tsardom or Robespierre who stormed the Bastille. In a long, bloody, and profound revolution, the extreme party has many advantages. It may not win; it may not stay victorious; the Jacobins learned that. But it may destroy the old order, the old ruling classes, the rival revolutionary parties, Social Revolutionists or Girondins. It doesn't need, in a genuine revolutionary situation, outside aid, outside doctrine, though it may get and benefit by both. The Chinese Communists got aid; they got doctrine. They probably benefited by both (though in 1927 they might have done better without either). But to deny that the Chinese Communists are a large, native Chinese party is to fly in the face of all the evidence. Their leaders may be docile tools of Moscow, but that doesn't alter the fact that the Chinese Communist party which survived the Kuomintang war against it, which survived the "long march," is a formidable indigenous party. On the record, it seems to have been the most formidable indigenous party—the one that, had both the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. stayed out, might have won anyway.

Could it have been prevented from defeating the Kuomintang by the provision of "massive and controlled" American aid? I have already suggested that the Russians could play that game too, and their aid could have been both more massive and controlled than the American. But even assuming that they did not so react to open American intervention in a civil war against their political allies, in a neighboring country, how was the aid to be made massive and how was it to be controlled?

Does anyone think that a continuation of what arms aid had been given, or even a stepping-up of such aid, would have done the trick? The Washington wit who said that supplying arms to Chiang was simply a roundabout way of Lend-Lease to the Chinese Communists was a jester, possibly frivolous; but he was not altogether wrong. Lend-Lease to Britain, Lend-Lease to Russia was direct and massive aid to coherent, united, and combative governments. It was not aid to a divided party in a country torn and tired by a generation of foreign and domestic war. More aid to Chiang might have prolonged the war; it might have saved the situation south of the Yangtse; but would it have brought conquest of the Communists by Chiang's forces?

And how was American aid to be controlled —except by exercising a degree of American authority which would not only have inflamed the *amour propre* of the Generalissimo, but would have deprived the Kuomintang of its last political asset, its claim to be "nationalist," to represent the independence of China? Could the aid have been effective without active American participation—without keeping the Marines in China, without sending in more troops, without, in fact, involving the United States in a greater Korean war? Does anyone who remembers the temper of the American people in 1945, from the White House and Capitol to churches and bars, believe that such a policy was politically practicable?

I have been in America every year since 1944 with the exception of 1949. I have sometimes been twice in America in one year. I have been in all regions. At no time before the Korean war did I find anything like the resolution to make great sacrifices to save China which alone could have saved China.

IV

At first sight, the growing American distress at the continuance of the Korean war seems to show something very different from a sense of omnipotence. It shows, indeed, a sense of frustration, dismay, bewilderment. To find hundreds of thousands of American troops fighting in a remote country, seven years after "the end of the war," is baffling enough. To suffer over 120,000 casualties in such a situation is worse. The Korean war is already, in terms of losses, the third most serious war in American history. An American mother lamenting the fate of her son is a figure to inspire sympathy and understanding. It is natural that the American people should want, not on any terms but on some terms, an end to the Korean war.

But in addition to this common and natural sentiment, there is another American attitude that is less defensible and decidedly dangerous. It might be likened to the attitude of the prosperous and pompous citizen who, in a jam, firmly tells the cops, "You can't do that to me." Many, very many Americans, it seems to me, find it inconceivable that an American policy, announced and carried out by the

American government, acting with the support of the American people, does not immediately succeed. If it does not, this, they feel, must be because of stupidity or treason. That the Chinese Communist government should defy—and successfully defy—the policy of the United States, seems to them to fly in the face of a truth which they hold to be self-evident.

Yet such situations exist and may well continue to exist. It is by no means certain that American forces will easily be withdrawn from Korea, or even that they may not have to take part in other wars of that kind. Mrs. Kathleen Norris can no more alter that fact than Senator Taft can really guarantee to keep the military budget to a fixed proportion of the total. In the great power vacuum created by the decline of Europe, the United States is forced, and will be forced, to do a great many disagreeable things—or to surrender. This is a new story for the United States, but it is an old one for Europe. What the American people are enduring now is what the French, the English, the Russian peoples, even the Spanish and Italian peoples, suffered in the process of extending or trying to retain their empires.

But, it will be objected, America is not trying to extend an empire; she is defending public order and morality in Korea. This is very different from the piratical adventures of the old world, from the French in Africa, the English in India, or the Russians in Samarkand or Armenia. Morally, this is true. But, just as the purity of the American cause does not win all American families to an acceptance of the Korean war as necessary and tolerable, so the moral turpitude of European enterprises added very little to the burden of empire. And that burden was heavy in terms of lives lost.

It has been calculated—and I do not think it is an improbable calculation—that the French conquest of Algeria cost the French 150,000 lives. (What it cost the Arabs, resisting civilization, no one has paused to compute.) I don't know what the British wars in India cost either in great battles, in minor battles, or in disease, but they cost plenty. Even the British peace, imposed on India, cost plenty to the 100,000 white troops permanently garrisoned in that remote, unhealthy land. Do you think it mattered to a French mother that her son, dead in Algeria, was an agent of imperialism? All she knew was that he had paid what Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr candidly called a blood tax. And the same story can be told of Indochina seventy years ago—and now. It is one of minor themes of a once-famous novel, Loti's *Pêcheur d'Islande*. "It's a long way to Carcassonne," said the soldier of the Grande Armée, dying in the snow on the retreat from Moscow; and it is a long time since Vergil made the dying Greek remember sweet Argos.

Morally justifiable—indeed, morally splendid—as the American action in Korea on behalf of the United Nations may be, and urgent as the need may be to find an honorable way out of the predicament in which she finds herself, what Americans are paying today is one of the normal prices of being a great power, of bearing the burdens as well as enjoying the advantages of power.

Again, I have no intention of minimizing the horror of the Korean war. I was in New York in December 1950, when it was still not certain that the Marines would get out of the trap sprung on them in North Korea—when, indeed, it was not certain that many of them would ever get home. I felt passionately with the American people. And the situation is not purely American. In a year and a half, my eldest son will be in the army and may be in Malaya or Korea. It is a painful story. But it is an old one.

V

Another aspect of the "you can't do this to me" mentality—which, in turn, is an aspect of the illusion of omnipotence—can best be studied in the writings of Mr. David Lawrence of the *U. S. News & World Report*. To Mr. Lawrence the Korean war, the loss of American lives in it, is not merely painful but unendurable. It must be put an end to, and one of the methods suggested has a real interest—to me a pathological interest. If I understand Mr. Lawrence aright, in order to diminish Communist pressures on the Americans in Korea, Poles and Czechs are to be encouraged to acts of sabotage if not of active revolt, and a "resistance movement" is to be subsidized, with a view to diverting Russian or other Communist resources from Korea—that is, from the Americans in Korea.

This modest proposal deserves examination. Mr. Lawrence apparently does not pretend

that the United States proposes to do anything more to liberate Poland and Czechoslovakia than to encourage and equip saboteurs. He does not pretend that such activities, in themselves, will bring down the Stalinist regime. They will, he hopes, cause such inconvenience that the heat will be off the Americans.

It is obvious that Mr. Lawrence does not know very much about resistance movements, or the means open to a totally ruthless government to repress resistance movements. He may have heard of Lidice, of Warsaw, even of Oradour-sur-Glane. But the meaning of those episodes is lost on him (and on many other Americans). To save the lives of Americans, to relieve this new and heavy but not intolerable pressure on American society, Poles and Czechs are to risk—for themselves and for their families and, if it comes to a pitch, for their countries—total destruction, the execution of hostages, the annihilation of whole villages, possibly the fate of the peoples of the three Baltic states, of whom we do not even know that, as nations, Lithuania, Estonia, and Latvia exist any longer.

These nations, and more especially the Poles, have undergone experiences that not one home-staying American in a hundred thousand, perhaps in a million, can really comprehend. The liberation of Poland, on these terms, might mean the end of Poland. And the Poles are not even promised liberation; merely the satisfaction of annoying the Russians and relieving the Americans. If the United States were in mortal danger, patriotic Poles might be willing to take great risks to aid her, since in American survival "the only hope of freedom lies." But she is not in mortal danger; she is in what a Pole who has known first German, then Russian rule, can hardly regard as more than acute discomfort. To ask the Poles to act, at such risks, to diminish this discomfort is something pardonable only on the grounds of invincible ignorance. And it is something that Americans could hardly seriously recommend unless they saw in the situation a denial of one of "the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God," namely, the immunity of the United States from the common ills of this distressed world.

For it should be evident that only if the United States is willing, in a reasonably short time, to undertake, by general war, the liberation of the captive nations, has any American any business urging kinds of resistance which can pay only in the event of a general—and successful—war. Even were the United States to proclaim such a policy, the problem of encouraging resistance is not a simple one. It can be argued, for instance, that the damage done to France by the resistance movement there—from the torturing and burning of victims to the demoralization that some resistance methods fostered—was far more serious than any damage done to the German occupiers. The only justification for disregarding that calculation was a moral one: that if France took no part in her own liberation, she could not, in fact, be liberated; all that could be done was to expel the Germans, which was not the same thing. But even so, the appeals of General de Gaulle and others, and the organization from London of all sorts of resistance activities, were only just tolerable, because they were not only a means of saving English lives but also of saving French souls.

This is not to say that everything possible should not be done to keep alive hope, the Western tradition, the national tradition in the captive nations. A permanently hostile Poland or Czechoslovakia is a double weakness for the U.S.S.R., a possible future military weakness and a present propaganda weakness. But there is a world between the policy advocated by John Foster Dulles and that advocated by those Americans who say, "This can't go on." It may, and no amount of asserting that it can't will alter the fact.

When policies are advocated on the ground that they will "save the lives of American boys," the implication sometimes seems to be that only the lives of American boys really count. It is often forgotten, in this world of short memories, that one justification of Yalta, of the coaxing and bribing of Stalin to enter the Japanese war, was the saving of the lives of American boys. To save the lives of American boys is a high object of policy indeed. It is one of the marks of a democracy, or of a free government, that the military and political leaders can be held to account on that one point. As the Duke of Wellington pointed out, Napoleon could spend his conscripts as he liked, while Wellington might be summoned to the bar of the House of Commons if he threw away the lives of five hundred British soldiers. But that is a very dif-

ferent matter from giving the impression that American lives, as such, are of any special importance; that, as an American friend of mine put it in some unpublished verses:

> Clean-limbed American boys are not like any others.
> Only clean-limbed American boys have mothers.

Their lives are of special importance to Americans, but not to the people of other lands. And there would be widespread resentment over the thoughtless implication that it is the first duty of Poles or Czechs to save American lives.

These are hard sayings and they are negative sayings. But they may not be useless all the same. Only by constant vigilance, prudence, willingness to take the long view and to assess the situation, even in its most unpleasant, frustrating, and dangerous aspects, can American policy succeed—succeed in preserving the freedom of the United States and the freedom of other nations as a means to that end. There are no quick, sure recipes for security and power. The Kremlin hasn't got them; the White House will not have them either. This means that the American people will have to learn a great many new attitudes. (They learn fast, as the history of the world since 1939 shows.) They will have to learn that, even in election years, the world cannot be altered overnight by a speech or a platform. Only by accepting this depressing truth can American power, great, flexible, and beneficent as it is, be used to full advantage.

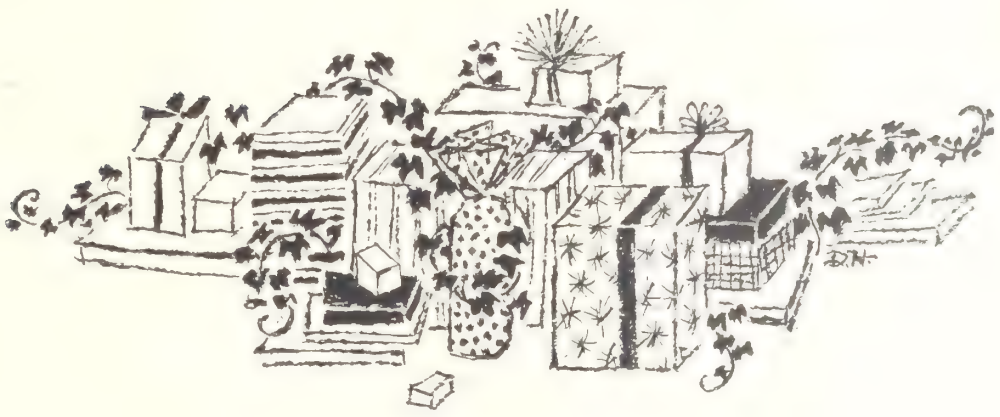
Rendezvous

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

This autumn night is like the ones
When we were here together—
Our Paris weather;
The streets all wet but not too wet
To walk—you never would forget
Those nights, you said.
You were not famous then, nor dead;
Nothing had befallen you.
And now it is Allhallows eve,
When you have leave
To come again, so do.

And then tomorrow when the bells
Begin, and all the people bring
Their wreaths of plastic immortelles
To last the heroes until spring,
And put some of the heaviest
On your light breast,
I'll only smile—remembering
How easily you still can rise
And brush the honor from your brow
And blink the glory from your eyes
And be the boy you were again,
Walking in Paris in the rain.

Get Away from Me with Those Christmas Gifts



Sylvia Wright

Drawings by Donald Higgins

I DON'T want to throw a monkey wrench—even a hand-crafted personalized monkey wrench you can plant ivy in—into the gaiety of the holiday season, but there are some things that if anybody gives them to me for Christmas I will scream. I will not scream from rage, but because I am losing my grip on reality. Maybe nobody but me has been really *reading* the catalogues and the gift (never "present") sections of the magazines. Maybe it's been building up so slowly that no one has noticed it. But in my opinion something sinister, frenetic, and slightly crazed is going on in the gift world.

Just in case someone should think *I* am the one who's slightly crazed, I will start by giving a list of the things in the gift line I'm prepared to put up with. I don't say I want them, but I won't fly off the handle if I get them. When you read the list, you'll see how reasonable I am, and will, I hope, be convinced that I haven't made it up about those other objects—the ones that are out to get me.

For example, I accept ivy—and the fact that it can be planted in anything: a cup and saucer, a coffee grinder, a bird cage, a cranberry picker, a spoon rack. Ivy has a purpose—to take up the slack in Americana. If there's an Americana item which is of absolutely no practical use to anyone, like a cobbler's bench or an ox yoke, it can be an ivy planter.

I accept dispensers. Dispensers are things it is more complicated to put the thing into than to leave it where it is. However, dispensers are a part of our national life. Americans are the original cannister kids: they love to waste time taking the coffee out of the perfectly good can it came in and putting it into another can which matches the one the flour is in. They like to send in coupons and get a hand-painted can to put the can of scouring powder in so it won't look like a can of



scouring powder. This means that the powder has to go through two sets of holes and the whole thing is clogged up most of the time. But dispensers are unquestionably here to stay. In gifts, dispensers are usually for Scotch tape or stamps, and they are sometimes made in fourteen-karat gold to give the woman who already has everything (including an identical ordinary metal dispenser left over from the Christmas before).

There are two ideas I think are pretty irritating, but I tolerate them. One is that everybody in this country has melted butter with everything, and that every household needs a lot of individualized pipkins, firkins, and noggins to put it in. The other is that everyone likes to eat off what we used to call skewers, and what are now, for some reason, called kabobs. I suppose I can always use the kabobs for what I used to use skewers for, to hold a chicken together while it's roasting.

I will go along with the fact that, as a nation, at Christmastime we can't leave the telephone alone. I expect a plastic cover in a decorator color (this means any color except tan, which is always called "natural"). There'll probably be a lamp to go on top of it and a secretary to go underneath (a secretary is something you write *on*). This is a magnetic age, so the secretary will be magnetized, and will hold a magnetic pencil. Once I get the pencil loose, I can lose it as easily as any other, but I'm not fussing. I *like* things that stick to things. I'm just waiting for the moment when the telephone gets a magnetized base by which it can be attached to the family bulletin board. Maybe then AT&T will step in and call a halt. I hope.

I accept the fact that television has given the gift manufacturers a big shot in the arm. At present, they are still getting rid of those hassocks the college girls wouldn't buy, which are now called television viewers. There's going to be a terrible moment when television and ivy get together—but let's cross that bridge when we come to it.

I'm not even complaining about the saying gifts—those endless things with eightballs, and jiggers made in the shape of thimbles, so you can pour someone "just a thimbleful." Or when someone (heaven knows why) says to a gift manufacturer, "Little pitchers have big ears," and he quickly makes a little china pitcher with two great big china ears. It's so small it won't hold anything, so it's called either a collector's item or a conversation piece.

I had better explain this fine distinction. A conversation piece is similar to a collector's item, but it is a little more transient, more sophisticated, and more likely to have something to do with drinking. For example, salt and pepper shakers made in England in the shapes of Laurel and Hardy, and miniature mustache cups, 1⅜ inches in diameter, are collector's items. Pink elephant beer mugs and Diamond Jim apron waistcoats are conversation pieces. There's a third category, when the copy-writer doesn't want to be so heavy-handed, which is described as "comment-provoking." This includes tired glasses, which are made to sag on one side and in which you, you joker, are supposed to serve the fourth round, and plastic cubes with realistic bugs frozen inside.

I will accept (just barely) that white head, called Paddy O'Hair, which sprouts green grass for hair and eyebrows.

I will even accept supererogatory gifts, by

which I mean bath mats with foot prints on them.

As you can see, I'm quite calm. Quite calm. I won't make any trouble. But there comes a point—

Take those gifts that make life more complicated.

There's a tape measure for measuring in closets that has a battery light. This gadget makes me nervous because I can't seem to figure out what it is I should be measuring in a closet. It could be the closet itself, but why have I got the door closed?

There's a gadget in which you can roast two frankfurters in their own juices in seven minutes, which can be plugged into the cigarette lighter of a car. Now presumably you're driving along an American highway, and you can get a frankfurter at least once every mile, and what's more you can get it in a roll, with mustard, a napkin, and possibly even on a plate. Yet here you are in the front seat with this "hot dog sizzler"—mustard all over everything, napkins blowing out the window, rolls on the floor. It costs $9.95: if you get it for Christmas, you'll *have* to use it. And next year, it'll be obsolete and you'll have to turn it in on the new sizzler which also splits its own damn rolls.

But these are mild. It is when something is described as "double-purpose" or "two-in-one" that things begin to come unstuck.

There's the double-purpose coffee-mill lamp. It is a lamp for a bedside table and also a real coffee grinder. You either take the coffee beans into the bedroom to grind your breakfast coffee or you unplug the lamp and take *it* into the kitchen. Or you sleep in the kitchen.

There's another lamp which is a china pig bank. There's no possible way of getting the money out without breaking the lamp.

I do not want to be given those red and green port and starboard lanterns, which are also whiskey decanters. You put them on the port and starboard ends of the mantelpiece when you're not pouring out of them. I don't intend to spend the rest of the winter trying to figure out which way my mantelpiece is sailing.

I don't want that folding hanger with the clothes brush on the end. If I had one folding hanger with a clothes brush on the end, where in all the wide world would it be when I wanted to brush my suit? Holding up my overcoat, of course. I just can't bear to have several folding hangers with clothes brushes on the ends. But what other solution is there?

I don't want that bell which really rings which is a Martini mixer. I don't think my friends would like Martinis wired for sound, and *I'd* just have to go on experimenting till I found how far I could ring the bell without spilling the Martinis. How would I find this out? Guess.

The double-purpose gambit also victimizes children. Any toy or piece of children's equipment can be made double-purpose by attaching a music box. The theory is that this soothes the child into behaving like an angel. The musical toothbrush holder plays a gay tune when the brush is removed. They *say* this will encourage Junior to brush his teeth. In my opinion it will encourage Junior to remove the brush, put it back again, remove the brush, put it back again, remove—

Then there is the bed lamp with music box. This is complicated. It has a shade that tilts, and when you tilt it the light turns on. At some point, it plays a tune which will "make children want to go to sleep." What child worth his salt would go to sleep when he could be tilting a shade back and forth to make a light go on?

Christmas might just be possible if the double-purpose thing stopped there, but it doesn't. Take ivy in a cobbler's bench. Soon you have ivy in a cobbler's bench with a lamp attached. Then you have ivy in a cobbler's bench with a lamp and a place for a highball glass. Ashtrays. Pencil sharpeners.

It's the same with dispensers. Scotch-tape dispensers get paper-clip trays on top. Then they have paper-clip trays *and* places to put ball point pens. Then the pen is a ball point dachshund.

This is the malignant gift.

There's one classic example. Some years ago, someone dredged up some otherwise useless odds and ends of plexiglass, sharpened one edge of each piece, and sold them as windshield de-icers. This is all right—in fact it's American ingenuity. Next Christmas there were some left over, so he put initials on them and sold them (for a little more) as

personalized windshield de-icers. Well, you wouldn't want your windshield de-icer to get mixed up with somebody else's. The following Christmas he bored holes in them, stuck in little chains, and brought out personalized windshield de-icer key rings. You won't believe me if you haven't been following this closely, but at present we are at the stage of the personalized windshield de-icer key ring with miniature compass.

I don't think there's a real malice in this gift. A normally adjusted American ought to be able to turn on the ignition, whip out the key, jump out of the car, de-ice the windshield, and use the compass to track his way back to the driver's seat. If it were night, he might need a flashlight to see the compass, which will give you an idea of what he will get next.

But they might decide to attach a hot dog sizzler. Or a music box. . . .

Among all the gifts, there is one which is really intentionally destructive. It is double-purpose *and* malignant, though it is only just getting started. About 1949, someone brought out a realistic looking set of false teeth (politely called dentures) which you wound with a key and which then by clockwork went yakity-yakity-yakity. In 1950 they produced a somewhat tangential gift: the denture bottle-opener. "Ridiculous, gruesome, and fun! They're so real-looking that Grandpa will snap his teeth just to be sure he's got them." This object fastened to the wall and came complete with three gum-colored wall screws. In 1951? A death's head bottle-opener which glowed in the dark so you could open beer bottles while watching television. See how it's building up? See how the whole thing is going to come together? *This* year, those teeth will be going yakity-yakity-yak, glowing in the dark, snapping off bottle caps, while the television rages on. And grass will be growing out of them.

The Open City

I HAVE been sitting in this chair [of the United Nations Economic and Social Council] for over two months, and at times my mind wandered away and did not follow the words which were being spoken. It is of these moments that I have the audacity to speak, and to share with you my thoughts and emotions. . . .

I think it was the distinguished delegate of the Philippines who mentioned the rising of cities on the banks of large rivers which led to great civilizations. I also see a great city growing up on the banks of the East River. This city has no moats or drawbridges; it has no limits or boundaries; it does not fly the flag of a Caesar. It is not built on rock or stone but on concepts and ideologies; it is not built with brick and mortar but with emotions and feelings. It is not built with the whip and lash but with freedom and dignity.

May this open city of ideas, with an ever increasing number of flags, grow and spread by the Indus and the Ganges, the Don and the Volga, the Seine and the Tiber, the Nile and the Euphrates, the Amazon and the Mississippi, the Yellow River and the Yalu. Let history show that the peoples of this century have been great architects of human dignity and human freedom, great builders of material colossi, great inventors of engines of destruction which they converted to the uplift and happiness of mankind.

—Concluding statement by Syed Amjad Ali of Pakistan, President of the 14th Session of ECOSOC, August 1, 1952.

The New Mood of Europe

Vera Micheles Dean

Having known Western Europe intimately between the two world wars, it was with a sense of sickening shock that on my return there in September 1945 I saw the physical ruins of Berlin and Frankfort, Caen and Le Havre, Manchester and Coventry, and even worse the moral ruins of six years of war, German occupation, and Nazi concentration camps. Subsequent visits in 1949 and 1950 made it clear that Europe was slowly recovering from economic destruction, but that the moral destruction had proved harder to repair. It was immensely heartening, therefore, when I returned there last summer, to see Europe gradually emerging from the slough of demoralization and defeatism, standing upright again, and looking ahead without false hopes but also without corroding despair.

Outwardly Western Europe appears more stable, more prosperous, and more serene than at any time since the long-vanished "normalcy" of the nineteen-thirties. Food of all kinds, clothing, household goods which were so pitifully scarce after the war are relatively plentiful, even though not always accessible to people with small incomes. Democratically elected governments, while still beset by many problems, remain in power and are less harassed by extremists of Right and Left than at any time in the crisis-ridden postwar period. And meanwhile fissures are appearing in Communist and neo-Nazi parties.

People are working hard, but they are also enjoying their paid vacations. This year, for example, more Italians took advantage of the holiday season to travel around their own country than had ever done so before; one saw them everywhere. Family life flourishes, filling in the gaping voids left by deaths on battlefields and in concentration camps, just as flowering bushes push up to fill the ugly holes left by bombs and artillery in towns and villages. Even in France, long threatened with biological suicide, the birth rate is going up. And while people may worry about taxes, drought, and prices that seem too high or too low, there is far less apprehension about communism and Russian aggression in Britain, West Germany, France, and Italy than in the United States.

To be sure, potentially explosive forces are at work beneath the surface, like the unseen workings of a volcano in a smiling landscape. Industrial output and employment have slumped this year in all major industrial European nations except France, where continuing inflation kept the internal market booming—and at the same time caused a collapse in France's exports. Nor is there much prospect of closing the "dollar-gap" in trade between Europe and the United States, as Europe's exports to this country decline while its imports of American goods increase.

Yet there is an encouraging change in the moral climate. Through the heavy air of stale conflicts, a new wind has unquestionably begun to blow in Britain and France, in West Germany and Italy, even though its velocity and ultimate direction are still hard to calcu-

In this report on the changing moral climate of Western Europe, Vera Micheles Dean, well known authority on international affairs and editor of the publications of the Foreign Policy Association, sums up her observations on a recent visit to that area.

late. Gone is the ardent faith nurtured by the wartime resistance movements that the end of the war and the defeat of nazism would usher in an era of peace and plenty and end all the evils that beset mankind. But gone also is the anguished feeling of 1947, after the Czechoslovak coup and the start of German recovery, that totalitarianism, either in fascist or Communist guise, must inevitably triumph over a dispirited democracy, and that Europe's only choice was between a war of obliteration or supine submission to a new aggressor.

The new mood of Europe is neither sanguine nor downcast. It is a mood based on a sober appraisal of realities, free from wishful thinking, inspired by a determination to do the best that can be done within the framework of Europe's own spiritual and material resources, avoiding both abject fear of Russia and communism and a demoralizing dependence on the United States.

This mood is expressed in a variety of ways by all kinds of people. "Britain must not become another Ruritania," a young British Laborite said to me with grim determination; "we must learn from the United States the secret of your dynamic economic life." The slogan "trade, not aid" coined by British Chancellor of the Exchequer Richard A. Butler is echoed on all sides, by thoughtful trade union leaders as well as by high-powered business executives. Britain must not hope for miracles, declares an important series of articles in the London *Observer,* but must work toward self-sufficiency, no matter how painful, as an antidote to Britain's recurring crises and repeated recourse to American loans and grants.

Self-sufficiency, too, but on a regional basis in Western Europe is advocated by Pierre Mendes-France, French governor of the International Bank and the International Fund, a lone wolf politically, conservative in his general philosophy of life but unorthodox in some of his economic remedies, who is often talked about as a possible future Premier. "No, self-sufficiency, either national or regional, is not the answer," other economists told me, "but Western Europe must stop being so dependent on the United States if it is to regain its self-respect." Europe needs and welcomes American aid, a French military expert declared to me at the height of the summer debate about American "offshore" purchases in France. "But it would be dangerous for France," he went on, "to rely exclusively on American-manufactured arms, and keep its own production of armaments at a minimum. Europe must be able, in case of need, to defend itself. What would happen in case of war if submarine warfare cuts Europe off from the United States? We must have an arms industry sufficient to assure our own defense." And European scientists plan to make the continent independent of American atomic resources by creating their own nuclear research centers.

"Whether we adopt self-sufficiency or try to expand our exports in an increasingly competitive world, we must modernize our production." This is what I found thoughtful industrialists saying in the British Midlands, in Paris, in Milan. "The United States does not owe us a living. We have to produce things that Americans need and do not produce as well themselves—and that is a tough job. We must somehow get away from craftsmanlike production for a limited market and learn your secret of cheaper mass production for a large number of consumers." "Yes, but to do this," added others, "we'll have to break up combines and cartels that keep output down and prices up—and we'll have to give the workers more incentive. We can't raise wages without encouraging further inflation, but we must somehow stabilize prices of food and consumer goods, build new workers' housing, offer all of our people some hope of security." "I don't like the Labor party," remarked a Conservative housewife in a London suburb, "but I do feel we must give all our people better opportunities for health and education."

These are sentiments which not so long ago one heard only from labor leaders. Now they are expressed and acted upon by such men as Premier Antoine Pinay, a conservative small industrialist in France, and by Harold MacMillan, Minister of Housing and Local Government in Winston Churchill's Conservative government.

Wherever I went last summer, in rich country homes and humble dwellings, in smoky pubs or sun-drenched outdoor cafés, I found Western Europe astir with efforts to rethink current policies, to realign current political groupings, to reinterpret the role of a conti-

nent whose centuries-old influence has been eclipsed since 1945 by the rise to world power of the two giants, the United States and the U.S.S.R. This new ferment is blurring differences between parties which only yesterday seemed threateningly sharp.

II

Out of this melting process there emerge three main trends. First, there is general agreement that the modern industrial state must have some concern with the well-being of all its citizens—not out of ideological considerations, but out of self-interest in maintaining a reasonably orderly and satisfied community. No government, whatever its position in the political spectrum, Right or Left, is ready to oppose the desire of all groups of the population for economic and social improvements. This basic agreement on objectives, much as various parties may differ as to methods, gives a new stability to Western European democracy.

Second, now that Western Europe, thanks to American aid through the Marshall Plan and more recently the Mutual Security Program, has had a chance to catch its breath, thoughtful Europeans—politicians, industrialists, and labor leaders—feel the need to formulate long-term plans for the economy of their countries. They are soberly aware of the threat of Russian aggression and of native communism, but they also recognize that they would face fundamental problems even if the Russians had withdrawn into their borders and all Communists had been decimated. They would have to reckon with the vast World War II losses in human and material resources; with the postwar wane of markets and sources of raw materials in Asia and the Middle East; with the growing competition from the wartime enemies, Germany and Japan; and with the anxiety created by the inability of Europe to close the "dollar-gap" in its trade with the United States.

And, third, as Western Europeans reassess their economic prospects, they realize far more vividly than at any time since the war that they must unite. In union may lie the strength to avoid the two alternatives which Hervé Alphand, president of the French delegation to the North Atlantic Union Council, has described as "war or servitude." Plans for a political union of Western Europe, which had hitherto lagged far behind plans for economic and military co-operation, have suddenly taken on new signficance. The urgent desire to escape from the narrow confines of national interests and conflicts is beginning to overcome obstacles which only a year ago appeared to be insuperable.

These three trends—the general agreement about the character of the modern industrial state, the realistic stock-taking of economic assets and liabilities, and the deep-seated desire to find new remedies to old problems through a pooling of resources and experience—are closely linked. For as long as each of the Western European nations was torn internally by controversies over its own political, economic, and social problems, it had neither the peace of mind nor the national unity which it needed if it was to plan for the future and to enter into stable commitments with its neighbors.

III

Today what may be described as a "new liberalism" is emerging—here more clearly, there more faintly—throughout Western Europe. This new liberalism represents a middle-of-the-road meeting of minds between far-sighted laborites and socialists on the one hand and far-sighted conservatives on the other. Neither side expects any longer to attain one hundred per cent of its objectives. Neither side is entirely satisfied with its past record, or dogmatically certain of its future intentions. The concept of "class warfare" which has exacerbated relations between employers and workers, between labor and the middle class, since Karl Marx brought it to the fore in the eighteen-sixties, is passing from the scene.

It is passing because—in Britain particularly, but also in other countries of Western Europe—the idea that labor has a right to participate in political life is now as widely accepted as the idea of participation by the middle class became accepted during the nineteenth century. The Labor parties of Britain and Holland, the Socialists or Social Democrats of the Scandinavian countries, of West Germany, of France, no longer have to struggle to make their voices heard in political councils. Just as the Reform Laws of the mid-

nineteenth century in Britain gave the new middle class of industrialists and traders a role in political life on a par with that of the aristocracy, so today, a century later, few except the most nostalgic Colonel Blimps expect that labor spokesmen can be indefinitely relegated to the background and limited to discussion of the technicalities of hours and wages.

This very acceptance of labor as a political force, which in Western Europe marks a new stage in the democratization of industrial society, has created a fresh sense of responsibility on the part of European labor leaders. No longer can they orate and make promises as an irresponsible opposition which has little expectation of coming to power. They must now weigh their words, measure their promises against the harsh realities with which, at the next turn of the political wheel, they may be called on to cope.

The new role of labor is particularly striking in Britain—understandably so, since in Britain the Labor party, in office for six turbulent years, is now girding itself for a possible return to power, foreshadowed, some observers believe, by the marked shift to Labor in the municipal elections of 1951-52. Far from resting on its laurels, the Labor party is taking Mr. Churchill's barbed advice, and making use of its enforced leisure to rethink its policies. Many Laborites, after carrying out their principal objectives while in office, notably the nationalization of coal and steel, now feel disillusioned to find that nationalization—particularly of coal mining, which was in a parlous condition in 1945—does not of itself offer a universal panacea. Some Laborites believe that their government made a mistake in using nationalization as a weapon in the struggle between economic groups, on the old lines of "class warfare," rather than as an instrument in the over-all planning of the nation's economy; they are pondering measures for reconstruction of the nation's economy rather than mere redistribution of existing resources.

The Conservatives, for their part, face up, as they did not do when Labor ruled Britain, to the fact that the country's economic problems are mainly due to fundamental weaknesses—obsolescence of plant and of production methods, and the stresses and strains of war—rather than to the nefarious machinations of any one political group. While opposing nationalization in principle, they are not promising to denationalize anything except steel and road haulage. They accept the idea that some industries, notably coal mining, should have been nationalized, and believe that others have become so closely incorporated into the public economy that attempts to restore them to private ownership would do more harm than good. Both Labor and Conservatives have adopted a "go-slow" policy—Labor with respect to further nationalization, in spite of pressure from the party's Bevan wing, and the Conservatives with respect to denationalization.

On a less notable scale, Premier Antoine Pinay, who heads the first right-of-center government in France since the war, is striving to keep a rough-and-ready balance between employers and workers and to introduce what he describes as "the new liberalism." To the surprise of everyone, including perhaps himself, Pinay, who started out in February 1952 by opposing new taxes and paring down new investments, and was expected to pamper the conservative industrialists and agriculturists, shifted his position until by August he was denouncing profiteering and price-fixing by industrial cartels. Under the banner of his new liberalism he promises a trust-busting fight against combines; stabilization and, if possible, reduction of prices of food and consumer goods; and social security and new housing for the workers—the latter an item long of top priority on the list of the French trade unions and parties of the Left.

In Bonn, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, who enjoys the support of the big industrialists currently restored to positions of influence, has found it necessary to accept the principle of "co-determination" by the workers in the coal and steel industries—a principle which may be introduced in other undertakings as well. And in Italy the government of Christian Democratic Premier Alcide de Gasperi, after a prolonged and disheartening period of paper-planning, is now making a modest start on the program of land reform. This program, when fully carried out in the backward and impoverished south under the auspices of a special government agency, *Cassa del Mezzogiorno,* will include an integrated scheme of irrigation, land improvement, and establishment of machine and trac-

tor stations for the co-operative cultivation of farms assigned to new owners. Few responsible Italians believe that land reform can solve the country's deep-seated problems of unemployment and surplus population. But there is growing agreement that land reform, if it does nothing else, will at least give a psychological lift to the farm population.

It would be unrealistic to assume that the rank and file of labor unions in the countries of Western Europe, as contrasted with their more responsible leaders, look with confidence on the plans of the "new liberals." "They always *promise* price reductions," growls a factory worker in the Paris area, "but when will they *carry out* their promises?" Men and women grown skeptical through years of war and postwar austerity, and weary of struggling with hardships of all kinds, are no longer satisfied with "pie in the sky." It is this dissatisfaction with the results achieved so far by their respective governments that has kept communism alive and kicking in France and Italy.

But even those who vote Communist no longer expect quick solutions. Nor do they want for their countries a Russian-type dictatorship. Thus the "new liberals" have at least a fighting chance to demonstrate what they can do to improve economic and social conditions by democratic means. Whether or not they succeed in holding the line against the extremists of the Right and Left will depend on their capacity to make their nations' economies deliver the goods, literally, to people who have been told that modern science can work miracles in improving living standards and who have grown to believe this. Throughout Western Europe the efforts of the "new liberals" are spurred by the Vatican, which unceasingly stresses the need to advance social justice and to improve the condition of workers. Ideas and practices which only a few years ago were regarded as the monopoly of Socialists are now preached by devout Catholics not only in strongholds of Catholicism like West Germany and Italy but also in anticlerical France.

Changes, some of which amount to far-reaching alterations of the political and economic structure of the Western European nations, are thus being carried out in an atmosphere of relative peace. In some instances they are carried out under the auspices of conservative political leaders who, when put to the test of practical governing, find they have more in common with the non-Communist parties of the Left than they had thought possible, and show increasing irritation toward the irresponsible industrialists and landowners who hamper reform measures. Pinay and de Gasperi, to take only two examples, find themselves opposed as often by their avowed political supporters as by their political opponents, and are more keenly aware than in the past that to stand still is to run head on into social upheaval. The Communist threat, by arousing fear of internal disorders, has thus accelerated Western Europe's transition to a broader social order in which industrial workers as well as employers and farmers play a part. If this process continues, the revolution which the Communists predicted and abetted will by-pass them, leaving them bereft of both grievances and remedies. This, and not the suppression of communism by force, is, according to Europeans, the most effective cure for communism.

The Western Europeans, in fact, take great pride in their ability thus far to maintain basic individual liberties without succumbing to communism. The British Trade Union Congress at its recent meetings gave its Communist members full opportunity to express their hostility to rearmament, then voted overwhelmingly against them. When the irrepressible Dean of Canterbury returned from China last summer repeating stories of germ warfare, British Conservatives warmly approved the stanch defense of his right to free speech made by Winston Churchill in the House of Commons and by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the House of Lords. In Rome, in the shadow of the Vatican, the Christian Democratic government of de Gasperi has not resorted to suppression of its Communist foes. Democratic deeds, not anti-Communist denunciations, say the Europeans, will in the final count decide the twentieth-century battle of ideologies.

IV

While Western Europe is still far from having healed the deep internal wounds caused by years of social strife, Nazi conquest, and resistance to nazism,

it has recovered its second wind sufficiently to appraise its own economic future on a long-term basis. Now that at least a minimum of "situations of strength" has been created through the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, Western Europe wonders whether the feverish tempo of preparedness which seemed necessary when Russian aggression appeared imminent is either feasible or desirable if the eventuality in store is a cold, not a shooting, war. And the United States itself pointed the way toward a review of military commitments when last spring it accepted the "stretch-out" idea and reduced foreign-aid appropriations.

Europe does not oppose rearmament against aggression. It is not defeatist about its own defense. This was made amply clear by the overwhelming vote of the British Trade Union Congress at Margate in September, which refused to follow the lead of Aneurin Bevan, and voted 3 to 1 in favor of the "greatest possible measure of rearmament within our power to find the means."

But conservatives and non-Communist labor parties alike are restudying "the means," just as we are doing here. They want to strike a workable balance between production for defense and production for export. Led by Britain, the Western European nations insist that although weapons must in some instances take precedence of exports, they should be manufactured if possible in European factories with financial aid through "offshore purchases" by the United States, so as to offset the loss of dollars resulting from a decline of sales in the American market. "If we can't produce more cars to sell in the United States for dollars," says a leading London publisher, "the United States can buy from us, instead, the Centurion tank or jet planes, in which we excel."

The catch is that other Western European countries also want to sell *their* tanks and planes to the United States for allocation to the NATO forces (the French have been particularly perturbed over what they regard as Washington's discrimination against their planes and its preference for American and British models). This competition over the sale of armaments—side by side with increasing competition in the export of peacetime goods—has opened a new phase in the activities of NATO. For now the members of NATO feel that it is not enough to integrate military forces. NATO, they contend, must also integrate the raw material resources, the productive facilities, and the financial plans of the fourteen NATO countries—and not leave these life-and-death matters to decisions by individual nations or to bilateral arrangements between each NATO member and the United States.

Like ourselves, the Western Europeans fervently wish that preparations for defense would not cut so deeply into the living standards and accepted ways of life in democratic societies. They would like to reduce the period of military service from two years to eighteen months. They would like to preserve enough peacetime production to maintain their still precarious living standards, only recently recovered after years of postwar reconstruction. They earnestly hope—and Winston Churchill has well expressed this hope on behalf of Britain—that the introduction of new "unconventional" weapons will make it possible to keep down the size of armed forces and the expenditure on what are euphemistically known as "conventional" armaments. They hope, above all, that the present armed truce, painful as it is, can be maintained, and that no member of the Western coalition will make an untoward gesture which might bring the shaky edifice of Europe crashing about their ears. Because of their preoccupation with avoiding any move which might upset the existing balance of power, many Western Europeans, including conservatives and Catholics who are irrevocably opposed to communism, were disturbed by the Republican party's call to "roll back" communism, which to them sounded dangerously close to preventive war—the kind of war that General Dwight D. Eisenhower, as commander in chief of SHAPE, had solemnly foresworn on behalf of the NATO coalition. And our World War II allies in Europe keep their fingers crossed about the possibility that a rearmed West Germany might seek to regain the territories it lost to Poland and Russia in 1945—thereby also creating a threat of war.

But if Europe is to have the strength to carry out the promises of "the new liberalism" and to defend itself against aggression abroad and communism at home, most European leaders believe it must stop being a client of the United States, and pull

itself up by its own bootstraps. How to do this is a constant subject of conversation in London and Paris, Bonn and Rome, The Hague and Oslo. The Europeans deeply appreciate American postwar aid. They are on the whole less critical of the United States now than at any time since they became indebted to this country for their recovery and defense. But now they want not only restoration of their economies, but also of their morale.

Many alternatives are under discussion. Western Europe welcomes statements such as that of William H. Draper, United States Special Representative in Europe, in his August report to President Truman on the Mutual Security Program, that the United States must increase its imports and its investments on the continent. But they no longer expect quick miracles from across the Atlantic. They have learned both the difficulties of hurdling American tariff restrictions and their own failings in manufacturing goods Americans need at prices Americans can afford. What they do want—and this was made plain by European spokesmen at the Mexico City meeting of the International Bank and the International Fund in September—is a full-dress discussion of the role that the U. S., the leading world producer of manufactured goods as well as the leading world consumer of raw materials, intends henceforth to play in international trade. The Europeans realize that the economy of the United States differs fundamentally from that of Britain, and that this country cannot be expected to follow the free-trade course set by Britain in the nineteenth century. They do feel, however, that the time has come for the United States to reconcile its advocacy of freer trade in Western Europe with its own continued adherence to trade restrictions.

Deeply preoccupied since the Korean war by the rise in prices of raw materials, which greatly contributed to inflation, European leaders are also looking for raw material sources outside the continent which would not cost them precious dollars and over whose flow to their factories they would have some measure of control. They no longer expect to regain the preferential, and in some instances dominant, position they once enjoyed in Asia and the Middle East. But France and Britain, Belgium, Portugal and Spain hope to expand the production of raw materials in their African colonies, and to harness the resources of the last important colonial possessions in the world to their own economies.

But here, too, "the new liberalism" is making itself felt. The Europeans are far more keenly aware than before 1945 that to avoid a catastrophe in Africa comparable to that which befell the colonial powers in Asia they must improve the lot of the African natives. They have not yet found a successful formula for reconciling "the new liberalism" with the old colonialism. Britain, with its plans for a Central African Federation of Nyasaland and Southern and Northern Rhodesia, and France with its belated program of reforms for Tunisia, hope to win the support of the native populations, and to check the inroads of Malan's South African racialism as well as of fanatical Arab nationalism in North Africa. The British have learned a great deal from their experience with guerrilla warfare in Malaya, the French from their bloody ordeal in Indochina. They recognize that war on Communists must be accompanied by improvement in the lot of non-Communists. But their own financial resources, depleted by two world wars and the expenses of postwar reconstruction, are not big enough for the vast tasks of modernizing the Dark Continent, and they look to aid from the United States. Instead of direct grants from American sources, which again would make Western Europe indebted to the United States, they would prefer something for Africa like Asia's Colombo plan, which would pool the available technical, as well as capital, resources of the Western nations for the achievement of common goals.

V

Yet whatever Europe can accomplish either in stabilizing its economic relations with the United States or in developing Africa, the core of the problem, it is recognized, still lies in the European community itself. It is here that unity of purpose must be achieved if new efforts at economic independence are to succeed.

The realization that Europe must find salvation in its own endeavors has suddenly captivated the minds of many who only last year had despaired of overcoming the ob-

stacles of sovereignty and national jealousies. The decision of the Schuman Plan Assembly in September to proceed with the drafting of plans for a political union of Europe is a milestone in the continent's efforts to overcome its age-old divisions and conflicts. It would be idle to expect startling results in a short time. The future disposition of the Saar still exacerbates Franco-German relations. Britain's continued coolness toward European Union leaves open the possibility that a revived and reunited Germany might dominate any kind of European federation. Opposition to a European army is still strong both in Germany and France. But if the new faith in the ultimate possibility of political union can be kept alive, then Western Europe may regain the self-confidence it had lost during the grueling years of war and reconstruction.

Thus Europe's 1952 mood is not either an irresponsible attitude of "gather ye rosebuds while ye may," nor an overwhelming anxiety about war and the impending downfall of democracy. It is a new mood of determination to solve admittedly tough problems through self-help and mutual aid—not by either automatically turning for help to the United States whenever the going gets rough, or helplessly bowing to the inevitability of Communist victory. The accent is on three positive notes: the "new liberalism" at home; self-defense, still with American aid but with growing emphasis on Europe's own efforts against Russian aggression; and confidence in Europe's own capacity to take united action on the continent and to solve the problems of its remaining colonial relationships.

Europe is animated by a strong desire to stand on its own feet. But it remembers, and we should never forget it, that we helped it to get up, and urged it to make its own way as soon as possible. The United States, which has done so much through the Marshall Plan and other measures to nurse Europe back from deathbed to convalescence, should welcome and encourage this new mood—even if this means that a less dependent Europe will on occasion challenge our policies. The new wind now blowing in Europe may also help to ease the tensions between East and West, as the nations which nurtured Western civilization, but in 1945 seemed to have lost the will to survive, recover at least a portion of their influence in world affairs.

These Everlasting Regulations

MARCHETTE CHUTE in her book *Geoffrey Chaucer of England* describes the tribulations of Chaucer's father, a vintner in London about 1350, as follows:

It was a profitable business but a rigidly restricted one. Even when the government was not interfering with the wine trade by incessant and frequently contradictory legislation, the importer was hampered by the multitude of regulations that had to be obeyed. There was a fee for everything: a fee to the royal gauger, a fee for unloading the wine, a fee for hoisting it to the docks, a fee to the broker, a fee for getting it off the docks again, and even an original fee levied against the wine-ships for the privilege of passing under London Bridge.

Even the laborers that a vintner employed operated under a series of fixed rules that had to be respected. No one could unload the wine on the docks, for instance, unless he belonged to the association of wine-drawers. This was composed of forty-six men who worked at a fixed rate—twopence as far as the wharf, twopence halfpenny to carry the wine to the shore, threepence to take it up the hill to Thames Street, and no wine-drawer could handle a cargo unless twelve of his associates were present.

—Printed by permission of E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

The Legends of Henry Everett

A Story by Louis Auchincloss

Drawings by Anthony Saris

When I first went to work as a clerk for the law firm of Everett & Coates, Henry Fellows Everett was already more of a legend than a man. He was in his early eighties and one of the last of that great generation of lawyers, the generation of Paul D. Cravath and Francis Lynde Stetson, which had forged the modern corporate law firm, that bright and gleaming sword, out of the rusty materials lying about the old-fashioned city lawyer's office of seventy years ago. The members of these firms today, and indeed for the past thirty years, have unlike their predecessors conformed to a certain pattern: they have become genial, available, democratic with their clerks and sympathetic with their clients, ready with a generality for every emergency and a funny story for every banquet. Eccentricity, the prerogative of the older generation, has gone out of fashion, though the middle-aged lawyer still remembers it lovingly and tells nostalgic tales of his early clerkship when he was shouted at and abused by a ferocious but magnificent taskmaster. This nostalgia, of course, is not so much a nostalgia for the days of his own subordination as for the era of the lawyer's greater glory, that halcyon time when clients as well as clerks could be shouted at, even shown the door, when fees were paid in the stock of expanding companies, when a Joseph H. Choate could persuade the Supreme Court that an income tax was unconstitutional and a William Nelson Cromwell could negotiate the Panama Canal.

Mr. Everett, younger than any of these individuals and correspondingly less of an individualist, was nonetheless a true member of the great generation. His paneled office in Everett & Coates, twice as large as any other, was hung with photographs of statesmen and peace conferences and framed illuminated manuscripts expressing tribute and conferring degrees. Rarely if ever did a clerk penetrate its interior; Mr. Everett dealt almost exclusively with his partners who addressed him as "Chief" with a little smile which only heightened one's sense of their veneration. He was a small, thin man with stooping shoulders and long, thin, brown sunken cheeks. He had gray hair, parted in the middle, which always sat so neatly on the top of his head that I think it must have been a toupee. He had large clear eyes that were almost expressionless and a sharp, rasping voice except when he spoke in public, when it had the emotional mellifluousness that comes with self-confidence or even self-admiration. He was direct, nervous, and highly irritable; he was always, so to speak, stripped for action, and his single-mindedness made one feel disorganized and inefficient. It was not till I saw him one day wearing a golf cap, a bow tie, and a pair of knickers that it struck me of a sudden that his air of intensity and preoccupation was that of a small boy.

The first time that I worked for Mr. Everett directly was when I went up to his house on Madison Avenue to take

him and Mrs. Everett their wills. They were leaving for Europe that night and the will signing, as was always the case with his personal affairs, had been put off by the old man to the last moment, when there was no one but myself in the department to handle it. The other clerk whom I had brought to act as a witness and I were ushered into the library to wait. Law reports lined the high shelves; the portrait of Mr. Everett over the mantel, in the robes of a Harvard doctor of laws, stared through open mahogany doors at the brooding marble figure of justice in the hall. The atmosphere was dank, institutional, more like a bar association than a private house.

When Mr. Everett appeared he was, as usual, nervous and impatient. He barely nodded to us.

"Have you got it there?" he snapped, taking the will from me. "Lot of damn foolishness this doing a will over every year." He sat down and turned the pages quickly, muttering to himself as he did so. "Trying to take advantage of every last wrinkle in the new tax laws. Trying too hard, that's what I tell them."

Mrs. Everett came in and shook hands with us, very nicely. She was a plain, dumpy woman with a round face and dyed red hair. She was bigger than her husband and seemed to be trying to contract herself to a more suitable size. I had heard that she behaved more like a trained nurse to her husband than a wife, giving in to him in everything except his health, but supervising that to an alarming degree, calling up his office and canceling his appointments without warning, hiding his brief case, changing travel accommodations, and bearing the angry storm of his resentment with the glittering little smile of the dedicated. She settled down at a table with her will, putting on her pince-nez.

"I won't understand a word of it, you know," she complained timidly to me. "I never do. Do I really have to read it?"

"I'm afraid you should."

"Mrs. Everett read the copy you sent her," her husband snapped at me impatiently. "She and I went over it together and approved it. This is the same thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. But how can she be sure unless she reads the original?"

"Oh, bother, Westcott," the old man retorted, "she knows what she wants done, and this does it. You can't expect her to follow the jargon. I've been over it myself, clause by clause, with Kingman."

I swallowed hard. Mr. Kingman, my boss, had specifically instructed me to be sure that they both read the originals.

"Let me put it this way, sir," I said. "Suppose there were ever a question and I had to testify? Wouldn't I have to say under oath that Mrs. Everett not only wouldn't read her will, but that she hadn't understood it?"

For a moment he glared at me and then grunted and looked away.

"All right, all right," he said. "If we must go through the rigmarole, I suppose we must. I'll run over it again with her."

He leaned over Mrs. Everett's shoulder and started explaining the will to her, summarizing the provisions hastily and inaccurately and turning the pages with an impatient hand while she sat beneath him, quiet and uncomprehending. I said nothing. I had exhausted my courage.

"All right," he said at last, handing the wills back to me. "What next? Can we actually sign them? Or do you have some other hocus-pocus?"

He made an even worse fuss when I insisted on asking him the proper questions: whether or not he had read his will, whether it had been prepared in accordance with his instructions, whether we were to act as witnesses, and so forth. He finally raised both his hands above his head in a mock gesture of oath-taking and snapped: "Yes, yes, yes, I swear, so help me, amen, whatever you want, but let's get on with it, for heaven's sake," and taking the document from my hand he signed his name on the last page with a great sprawling flourish. It was only when I picked it up to read the attestation clause that I saw that he had signed Mrs. Everett's will. I looked around at the other witness who was peering over my shoulder. His eyes were round with dismay.

"Mr. Everett," I said falteringly.

"Yes, yes, what is it?"

"You've signed your wife's will."

"What's that? Give it here." He snatched it from me again and stared at it soberly. "Well, my God! Why in the name of thunder don't they send somebody who knows enough to give me the right will?" He turned on me,

his eyes bright. "Or would that be asking too much? I suppose it would. I suppose, in this day and age, it really would!"

"I didn't give it to you, sir," I said sullenly. "You took it from me. And if I may say so, this whole thing has been too hurried from the start."

He stared at me for a moment, and then back at the inappropriate signature.

"Mrs. Everett can scratch it out," he said in a milder tone, "and then sign her own name under it. The presence of my signature is, after all, legally speaking, an irrelevance."

"That may be true, sir," I said, feeling bolder as he seemed to back down. "But it would be foolish, in my opinion, to take any chances. I'll have the will retyped and bring it back tonight."

"But I'm sailing for Europe tonight!"

"Then I'll bring it to the boat."

He gave me a sharp look.

"Are you working on the theory," he demanded, "that I'm one of those old fools who likes to be barked back at? Because I warn you, I find that theory a most offensive one. For years now impertinent young men from the office have invaded the privacy of my home to holler at me. It has not got them ahead, I assure you."

"I'm not hollering, Mr. Everett," I pointed out. "I'm only telling you the things that I'm supposed to tell you."

After the pause that followed this, he simply nodded.

"I'll see you at the boat," he said.

Apparently however, he did not mind occasional firm treatment, for when I went that night with my other witness to his cabin on the *Queen Mary* he signed his will as docilely as an office stenographer getting her legal work free.

He then made us stay while he and Mrs. Everett entertained the partners and their wives who had come to see them off. He proved a surprisingly genial host, moving jerkily around the stateroom to see that everyone had enough champagne, laughing loudly if rather mirthlessly at their jokes and telling legal anecdotes and even fishing stories. I had a curious feeling, however, that he was playing a role and enjoying it, as he must have enjoyed playing the old tartar that afternoon.

I DIDN'T work for him again until some weeks after his return from Europe when I was delegated, in Mr. Kingman's absence, to accompany him to the Appellate Division where he was to argue a will contest on appeal. It was really not a case of sufficient importance to warrant his time, but the decedent had been a friend of his, and he had insisted on handling it personally. I was glad of the chance to see the great man at work. He spoke easily and smoothly before five judges all of whom knew and respected him and none of whom, I imagined, would have pressed him too closely with tight questions. It was more like a legal discussion over an after-dinner brandy than an argument in court, and I felt rather sorry for the plaintiff's lawyer to whom Mr. Everett showed the good manners of a clubman to a fellow member's guest who is misbehaving himself.



The atmosphere was dank, institutional.



"Do I really have to read it?"

I congratulated him afterward, as we got into the back of his car, and he chuckled, obviously pleased.

"Experience still counts for something, Westcott," he said, leaning back in his seat. "Not much, I grant, but something. Oh, yes, still something."

He was in a good mood and insisted on taking me uptown to his club for a drink. I murmured something about going back to the office which he dismissed with a single impatient gesture of his hand. Obviously, he wanted to talk.

"They say we don't have the judges we used to have," he told me gruffly as we sat at a table in the dark, empty bar, each with a dry Martini. "Don't believe a word of it. Take those fellows this afternoon. Good men, every one of them. Of course, everything in the past seems better when you're middle-aged. But when you're old the way I am, it all seems part of the same thing. And the past doesn't impress you any more than the present, or the future, for that matter. The sacred Holmes, for example. They worship him today. I always thought he was a bit of a charlatan myself, with his endless chatter about manhood and war. Did you ever read a speech of his called 'The Soldier's Faith'? 'I thank God for our polo players,' he says. And why? Because they risk life and limb." He snorted contemptuously. "That's Holmes to the life. Afraid we'd go soft unless we might get killed."

"You mean he was like Hemingway?" I asked. "A muscular philosopher?"

He fixed me with his blank stare, a reminder, perhaps, that I was there to listen, not to comment.

"I haven't read your Mr. Hemingway," he retorted. "I haven't read his fiction, that is. But then I don't read fiction. I read poetry, philosophy, and history, and I counsel you to do the same. Oh, I've read his *Death in the Afternoon,* yes." He nodded several times at this. "But that, after all, is different. That deals with my favorite subject."

I stared.

"Do you mean bull-fighting, sir?"

He laughed. It was a harsh, jarring laugh.

"I mean death, young man," he said emphatically. Then he looked at me for a moment with a gaze that seemed to be taking in things behind me. "Oh, you're uncomfortable now, of course," he continued in a remote, sarcastic tone. "The old, I know, should never mention death. It's so far from you and so near to us. But what do you think we *think* about, we old?"

I lowered my eyes in embarrassment.

"We think about all the things you hope you won't be thinking about when *you're* old," he went on bitterly. "We think about when we're going to die, and what happens to us then. And don't let anybody fool you, young man, we think about it all the time!"

"You don't believe in an after-life, sir?"

My question rang out, hollow and fatuous, and I waited for him to jump down my throat. But he only shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I used to," he said, suddenly tired. "When I was young. I had faith in a scared, self-deluding sort of way. But my older brother was an atheist. It used to make him angry that I would never *know* that he was right and I was wrong. He said there ought to be a moment after death when the truth was made known. Just a single, clear, all-knowing moment before eternal blackness. And in that moment, he used to say, I would hear him laughing. Like Alberich in the darkness."

"How horrible!"

My exclamation broke into his mood and seemed to change it.

"It was horrible, wasn't it?" he said in a milder tone, smiling again. "Well, who knows? Perhaps I shall hear him. Perhaps not. But you need another drink. And, by the way, I should like you to dine with Mrs. Everett and myself tonight. It will be dull for you, but it will be a change for us. And the old should have some prerogatives."

I assured him that it would not be dull for me, but he only shrugged his shoulders again. It was obviously a matter of indifference to him whether or not it was. We had another drink and motored up to his house.

WE WERE five at dinner, as the Edward Everetts as well as myself had been invited. Edward was Mr. Everett's only son, about fifty, thin and bald and tired-looking. A partner in Everett & Coates, a position which he owed quite as much to his own ability as to his father's, he was a dry, harmless man of superficial friendliness who laughed pleasantly enough at other people's jokes and rarely told any of his own. It was his own way, perhaps, of indicating his belief that no subject other than law could really be taken seriously. His wife was a tense, rather gasping woman who kept her sharp black eyes riveted on her father-in-law during dinner, exclaiming over each truculent monosyllable that he dropped.

"I wish I'd heard you in court today, Papa," she cried. "I bet you were simply scrumptious! Wasn't he scrumptious, Mr. Westcott?"

"I suppose you might call it that, Mrs. Everett."

"Suppose? Aren't you *sure?*"

"Perhaps, Helen, Mr. Westcott would have used another word to describe me. He has sharp eyes, and youth, you know, can be cruel."

"Not to you, darling. *Never!*"

The old man turned away from her.

"Did you get a chance to read my brief, Edward? Do you think they'll reverse?"

"Of course, I don't know, Father, if the Appellate Division decides cases on the basis of scrumptiousness—"

"Edward, you're making fun of me? Before your father, too!"

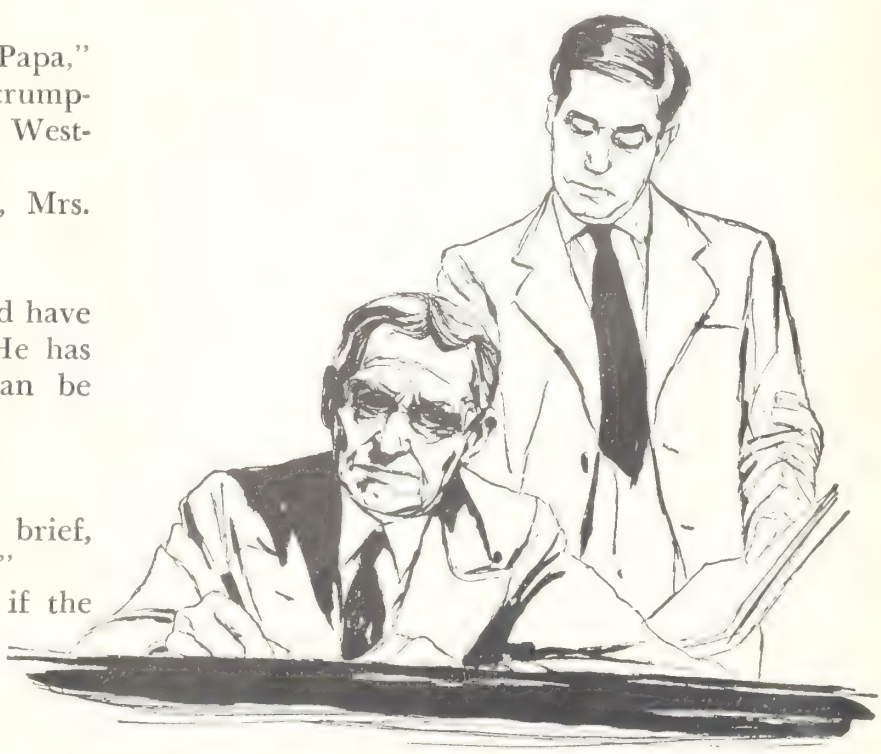
"Not at all, my dear. But to answer your question, Father, I would think, in the light of Bryan versus Fox—"

"Oh, Edward, of course, your father will win! Arguing the case himself and all that! Won't he, Mother Everett?"

"He's not going to win anything at all if he keeps up this pace. Henry, you're to go to bed at nine o'clock tonight. Remember you promised me?"

I sat in growing indignation during the rest of the meal as Mrs. Edward cooed at the old man, patted his hand, shrieked hysterically if he said anything that could be construed as funny, keeping him amused, for all the world as if he had come down for the weekend from a sanatorium, while his wife, silent, thinking only of the meal, not listening to the conversation, frowned at the butler and wagged a warning finger to indicate "no more fruit for Mr. Everett" or no more wine for his already empty glass.

It was, I could immediately see, the other side of the coin, the domestic version of the downtown legend. If in the office Mr. Everett was renowned as a tartar, a disciplinarian, a man who made other men jump, in the home this picture was to be softened by the touch of the old "sweety-pie," the husband who meekly puts on his rubbers when his wife directs, the family man, to be loved, bullied, cajoled, and passionately defended



He signed with a great sprawling flourish.

against all who might "misunderstand" him.

He seemed to have a sense of this himself, for after dinner he took me down to the library alone, leaving the others in the living room.

"There's something I want to discuss with you, Westcott," he said, sitting by the fire and stretching out his feet on the footstool. "I have a speech to make to the bar association on the sixtieth anniversary of my admission to the bar. It occurred to me that you might be of some assistance. Ordinarily I work these things out with somebody at the office with more experience than you have, but I think you and I might find our points of view congenial." I told him I would be flattered.

"What will your speech be about, sir?"

"What do you think?" he demanded, turning suddenly and fixing me with a stare of mock indignation. "What do you ever hear on such occasions? There's a recognized pattern, isn't there? I shall begin with the customary recollections of the great departed professors of law at Harvard. I will then proceed to a series of heart-warming anecdotes about my early practice. One of these will deal with a rusty old judge, some famous, lovable character of the period. It will, also, of course, serve to illustrate the intensity of my early industry in contrast to the relaxed standards of today. After this it will be almost time for me to spread my wings and flap off into the blue skies of legal philosophy, quoting Plato, Cardozo, and Holmes, reasserting my faith in mankind and the bar despite the threat of communism and the atom bomb. And I shall conclude, needless to say, with a ringing note of hope for the future." Here he jumped to his feet and stretched out his arms like a dramatic orator. "'And as the curtain descends for the last time upon my life, as surely as it appears, but only appears, to descend upon our free world today, I can yet see, in the glimmer of lights along the bay—.'" He broke off with a snort. "You finish it. Any way you want. With Arnold or Marshall or Gray. Or even with your favorite Mr. Hemingway, if you choose. For you see what I see, young man. You see it doesn't amount to a hill of beans."

There was a knock at the door, but it opened before Mr. Everett could even grunt, and the round, shining eyes and long thin nose of his daughter-in-law poked in at us.

"Are you working, Papa? Are you letting him, Mr. Westcott? Oh, for shame! When we all know he's been in court today and needs his rest. Oh, no. Come upstairs, Papa, and trounce me at backgammon. You know, he can, too, Mr. Westcott. You never saw such a fiend at any game."

"I'll be up when I'm ready, Helen," he said sharply. "I'm busy now."

Her face grew very long at this, with a kind of mock humility, and she winked at me as if to show me how to respond to his changes of mood, how to shift to the role of the hurt and sulking child.

"All right, if that's the way you're going to treat me," she said, with a little pout. "Just you see if I'll stay here another minute. I'll go up and tell Mother Everett on you."

When she had closed the door again, Mr. Everett turned to me with quiet acidity.

"You will excuse my daughter-in-law," he said. "Her apologists tell me that she means well and that she thinks I enjoy being treated like an un-house-trained puppy. Dear me. I remember, some years ago, when I had the good fortune to have Morris Cohen here for dinner. The poor gentleman was obliged for some minutes to carry on a conversation with Helen. I shall never forget his response to one of her questions. 'My dear young lady,' he said, 'how can I answer you? Your remark is without thought content.' Perfect, wasn't it? Without thought content. And such simplicity, too. Classic."

I felt my first, perhaps rather belated chill at this. Helen was a fool, of course, but even I could see that her apologists, whoever they were, might be right. Undoubtedly she did mean well. There had been a coldness in his manner of repeating Mr. Cohen's remark, an absence of family feeling that seemed suddenly to twitch off the poor woman's covering and to expose her, stripped and shivering. It was not a pleasant picture. I wanted to admire Mr. Everett; I was excited and flattered by his notice of me, but when I really admired I hated reservations, and there was a touch of cruelty in his air of satisfaction that I could not ignore. Walking home later that night I decided that if he saw things clearly, heartlessly, even destructively, it was only to a chosen few whose discretion he trusted that he imparted his vision. For the rest he ful-

filled his family duties. He submitted for the most part unprotestingly to the loving if misguided ministrations of his relatives. He discussed fishing and even baseball with his partners. He was benign when the situation required. To such a man a lack of charity could occasionally be forgiven. Certainly by his intimates, if one had the honor to be of that small and privileged group. Already, although I did not know it, I was doing what the others had done. I was constructing my own legend of Henry Everett.

WHEN I was again summoned to Mr. Everett's, a week later, I found him alone in the library. He seemed quite pleased about something.

"I know just how we'll do it, Westcott," he exclaimed as I came in. "I see it all. The speech will be in the mood of Tennyson's 'Ulysses,' filled with the note of what may yet be done. 'Though much is taken, much abides,' that idea. What do you think?"

I hesitated.

"You think it's corny?"

"I'm afraid I do, sir."

"But they'll love it, you know they will!"

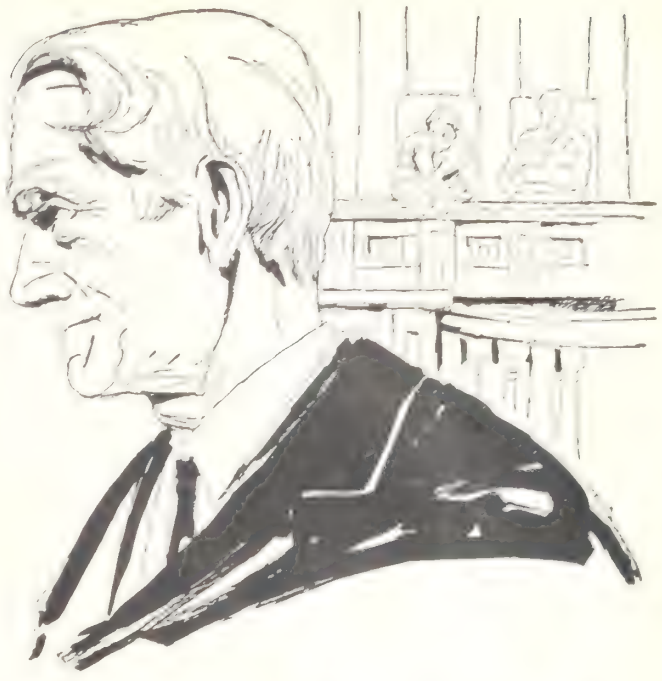
"Yes, sir. I'm afraid they will."

He chuckled and turned back to the book of poetry in his hand.

"I like this bit about Telemachus. It's Edward to the life." He read aloud to me:

> "Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
> Of common duties, decent not to fail
> In offices of tenderness, and pay
> Meet adoration to my household gods
> When I am gone."

He nodded his head several times, in agreement with the bard. "And Ulysses has no use for him, that's the point." He put the book down and stared silently into the fire. I could feel his good humor slipping away from him already as it had at his club when we had discussed death. "Which means, of course," he continued with a sigh, "that I have no use for Edward. He's so middle-aged, you see, and we old have no use for middle age. Now he and Helen have a son—you don't know him, he's still in law school—who has that precious glow of youth in his eyes. It will all be gone at twenty-five, I know, and maybe it's just as well. Then he can get on with the serious



"Experience still counts for something."

business of living, and I predict that he will be more fatuous than his mother. But nonetheless, when he turns his wide eyes on me and asks, as if he were the first person in the whole world to have thought of it: 'Grandpa, do you think a lawyer should represent a man whom he knows to be guilty?', I care more than when Edward tells me about the last case he's argued before the Supreme Court. And make no mistake, Edward is a first-class lawyer, which that boy will never be. That's the thing about Edward. He's good."

I watched him silently, knowing by now that he did not pause for my comments.

"And who am I to sneer at Edward?" he went on in sudden anger, getting up and coming towards me menacingly. "An old fool who likes to think he's Ulysses so he can look down at Telemachus! Strutting about and puffing and pretending that at eighty-two he's going 'to sail beyond the sunset and the baths of all the western stars' until he dies!" He stretched both his arms out in bitter parody of his own self-dramatization. "I'm an ass, Westcott! Remember that, an ass! Yet even as I say it, I'm secretly hoping that you'll still find me magnificent. I'm acting for you as much as I shall be acting for the bar association when I make that speech!"

He collapsed once again into his chair and his head slumped forward on his chest. The room was suddenly full of his stertorous breathing.

I got up in a panic, wondering if he had had a heart attack.

"Mr. Everett!" I cried. "Mr. Everett," I repeated, "are you all right?"

"Go away, young man," he muttered. "Go away."

I hurried upstairs to find Mrs. Everett who was in the sitting room. She followed me swiftly, without a word, but when we got to the library the heavy breathing had stopped. He was asleep. She examined him sharply for a moment and then nodded, in relief.

"You may as well go now, Mr. Westcott," she whispered. "We'll let you know when he needs you again."

THEY never did, however, nor was I surprised. It would have been perfectly natural for the family to assume that my effect on the old man was disturbing. This could even, I suppose, have been true, although it seemed unlikely to me. Any other young and respectful person could have served him as well for an audience. A few days later Edward Everett came into my office with the uneasy cordiality of the partner making a personal visit. There was a shy, semi-conspiratorial air about him, as though he were trying to let me know that he knew what I had seen and heard and was begging me, timidly enough but nicely enough, to be quiet about it.

"The old man appreciates what you've done, Peter," he said, "and you'll be glad to know that he's got the speech licked. It's just a question of a few finishing touches. He told me to tell you that he thinks he can do the rest alone. I can give him a hand myself if he needs it."

As a matter of fact, I was relieved. I had not been looking forward to my next session with Mr. Everett. It was one thing to play with the idea that I had become, in some curious fashion, the spiritual intimate of the old man's final chapter, that I might, if the relationship continued, find myself at some future date an indispensable witness to his biographers. It was quite another to be the lonely companion of his melancholia. I may have been sufficiently a dissenter to have enjoyed hearing the old and revered idol belch in the solitude of his temple and to have laughed at his sneers at the officious priests who busied themselves about the folds of his garments. But that was enough. When he grasped the pillars of the temple like the blind Samson and threatened to bring down the whole structure on top of all the priests, including even the doubters like myself, it was time to get out. I had to live in this world, and presumably for a longer time in the future than Mr. Everett.

I DID not see him again until the bar association dinner was given in the banquet hall of a large hotel and attended by several hundred people including all the partners and associates of Everett & Coates. The old man, looking very well, sat, of course, at the head table between the President of the association and the Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals. He listened to the long speeches of praise rendered in his honor with the air of one practiced in that delicate art. He sat with his head hanging down, very still, occasionally shaking it sharply to indicate his failure to merit some particularly fulsome tribute. When he laughed at a joke, he laughed heartily, shaking both shoulders. The applause when he finally rose to speak was tumultuous.

"It is commonly said that the wisest man is he who knows that he knows nothing," he began. Then he paused and reached down for his napkin with which he lightly touched his lips.

His voice, as always when he spoke in public, was rich and strong. "I wonder how many of us ever really stop to consider what it means to know nothing. Nothing at all." He paused again for emphasis. "Not even to know, for example, what Descartes assumed: that man is a thinking creature. Not even to know, as an obvious consequence, that he exists at all. Oh, I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that when a man really and truly *knows* that he knows nothing, he does not purr about it from behind a white waistcoat to the eminent members of his profession." There was a ripple of appreciative laughter. Mr. Everett however, kept his eyes dramatically and abstractedly fixed on the wall opposite him. "He locks himself up, rather," he continued grimly, "in the silence of his chamber and has the good grace not to inflict his discovery on young people whose eyes are filled with the warm charm of their own illusion. If he knows anything—that is, if he knows that he has learned nothing—he knows that this illusion

is worth all the clairvoyance that ignorant people admire in himself."

I stirred self-consciously in my chair, wondering if these words could possibly be meant for me, if this was his handsome if rather dramatic apology for any bewilderment he might have caused me. I glanced about at my neighbors to see if they noted anything unusual in the speech. Their faces, however, were bland and composed. Most of them, of course, were only half-listening, lulled by the roll of after-dinner sentences, expecting what they were used to, nobility of expression, high dignity of thought, a double Scotch and soda, and an early evening. Surely, however, some would listen and understand and shudder at the bleak wind of his doubt, surely some would see the consequences of his destructive premise. But I was going, as usual, too far. They would assume, would they not, that he was dealing in paradoxes, that the right arm of the accomplished speaker would gather in all that the left had scattered wide?

And they assumed correctly, for in a minute he went on:

"But it is one thing to know or even suspect that one knows nothing and quite another to *believe* in nothing—"

So there it was, the stratagem, and I could breathe in relief, as he rolled easily on from the terrors of conscious ignorance to the compensations of faith, from Nietzsche and Spengler and nihilism and the ultimate horror of Hitler and Stalin to the principles of Jefferson and the early fathers and their validity today. He gave himself a field day; he was more exuberant, more emotional, more convincing than I would have believed possible, and when he ended with the words of Holmes on his ninetieth birthday, the entire room rose and the applause lasted for ten uninterrupted minutes. If he was acting, as he had told me, I could conclude that, at least for the moment, he had convinced himself. The tears in his eyes were real. Turning, when it was all over, to take my place in the long, slow line of men before the coat closet, I saw Mrs. Edward give her husband a timid little smile of congratulation across the table where we had been sitting.



Nobility of expression, high dignity of thought, a double Scotch and soda, and an early evening.

Portraits from Memory

I: Alfred North Whitehead

Bertrand Russell

My first contact with Whitehead, or rather with his father, was in 1877. I had been told that the earth is round, but trusting to the evidence of the senses, I refused to believe it. The vicar of the parish, who happened to be Whitehead's father, was called in to persuade me. Clerical authority so far prevailed as to make me think an experimental test worth while, and I started to dig a hole in the hopes of emerging at the antipodes. When they told me this was useless, my doubts revived.

I had no further contact with Whitehead until the year 1890 when, as a freshman at Cambridge, I attended his lectures on statics. He told the class to study article 35 in the textbook. Then he turned to me and said, "You needn't study it, because you know it already." I had quoted it by number in the scholarship examination ten months earlier. He won my heart by remembering this fact. His kindness did not end there. On the basis of the scholarship examination he told all the cleverest undergraduates to look out for me, so that within a week I had made the acquaintance of all of them and many of them became my lifelong friends.

Throughout the gradual transition from a student to an independent writer, I profited by Whitehead's guidance. The turning point was my fellowship dissertation in 1895. I went to see him the day before the result was announced and he criticized my work somewhat severely, though quite justly. I was very crestfallen and decided to go away from Cambridge without waiting for the announcement next day. After I knew that I had been elected to a fellowship, Mrs. Whitehead took him to task for the severity of his criticism, but he defended himself by saying that it was the last time that he would be able to speak to me as a pupil. When, in 1900, I began to have ideas of my own, I had the good fortune to persuade him that they were not without value. This was the basis of our ten years' collaboration on a big book no part of which is wholly due to either.

In England, Whitehead was regarded only as a mathematician, and it was left to America to discover him as a philosopher. He and I disagreed in philosophy, so that collaboration was no longer possible, and after he went to America I naturally saw much less of him. We began to drift apart during the first world war when he completely disagreed with my pacifist position. In our differences on this subject he was more tolerant than I was, and it was much more my fault than his that these differences caused a diminution in the closeness of our friendship.

In the last months of the war his younger son, who was only just eighteen, was killed. This was an appalling grief to him and it was only by an immense effort of moral discipline that he was able to go on with his work. The pain of this loss had a great deal to do with turning his thoughts to philosophy and with causing him to seek ways of escaping from belief in a merely mechanistic universe. His philosophy was very obscure, and there was much in it that I never succeeded in understanding. He had always had a leaning toward Kant, of whom I thought ill, and when he began to develop his own philosophy he was considerably influenced by Bergson. He was impressed by the aspect of unity in the universe, and considered that it is only through this aspect that scientific inferences can be justi-

fied. My temperament led me in the opposite direction, but I doubt whether pure reason could have decided which of us was more nearly in the right. Those who prefer his outlook might say that while he aimed at bringing comfort to plain people I aimed at bringing discomfort to philosophers; one who favored my outlook might retort that while he pleased the philosophers, I amused the plain people. However that may be, we went our separate ways, though affection survived to the last.

WHITEHEAD was a man of extraordinarily wide interests, and his knowledge of history used to amaze me. At one time I discovered by chance that he was using that very serious and rather out-of-the-way work, Paolo Sarpi's *History of the Council of Trent,* as a bed book. Whatever historical subjects came up he could always supply some illuminating fact, such, for example, as the connection of Burke's political opinions with his interests in the City, and the relation of the Hussite heresy to the Bohemian silver mines. He had delightful humor and great gentleness. When I was an undergraduate he was given the nickname of "the Cherub," which those who knew him in later life would think unduly disrespectful but which at the time suited him. His family came from Kent and had been clergymen ever since about the time of the landing of St. Augustine in that county. He used to relate with amusement that my grandfather, who was much exercised by the spread of Roman Catholicism, adjured Whitehead's sister never to desert the Church of England. What amused him was that the contingency was so very improbable. Whitehead's theological opinions were not orthodox, but something of the vicarage atmosphere remained in his ways of feeling and came out in his later philosophical writings.

He was a very modest man, and his most extreme boast was that he did try to have the qualities of his defects. He never minded telling stories against himself. There were two old ladies in Cambridge who were sisters and whose manners suggested that they came straight out of *Cranford.* They were, in fact, advanced and even daring in their opinions, and were in the forefront of every movement of reform. Whitehead used to relate, somewhat ruefully, how when he first met them he was misled by their exterior and thought it would be fun to shock them a little. But when he advanced some slightly radical opinion they said, "Oh, Mr. Whitehead, we are so pleased to hear *you* say that," showing that they had hitherto viewed him as a pillar of reaction.

His capacity for concentration on work was quite extraordinary. One hot summer's day, when I was staying with him at Grantchester, our friend Crompton Davies arrived and I took him into the garden to say how-do-you-do to his host. Whitehead was sitting writing mathematics. Davies and I stood in front of him at a distance of no more than a yard and watched him covering page after page with symbols. He never saw us, and after a time we went away with a feeling of awe.

Those who knew Whitehead well became aware of many things in him which did not appear in more casual contacts. Socially he appeared kindly, rational, and imperturbable, but he was not in fact imperturbable, and was certainly not that inhuman monster "the rational man." His devotion to his wife and his children was profound and passionate. He was at all times deeply aware of the importance of religion. As a young man, he was all but converted to Roman Catholicism by the influence of Cardinal Newman. His later philosophy gave him some part of what he wanted from religion. Like other men who lead extremely disciplined lives, he was liable to distressing soliloquies, and when he thought he was alone he would mutter abuse of himself for his supposed shortcomings. The early years of his marriage were much clouded by financial anxieties, but, although he found this very difficult to bear, he never let it turn him aside from work that was important but not lucrative.

He had practical abilities which at the time when I knew him best did not find very much scope. He had a kind of shrewdness which was surprising and which enabled him to get his way on committees in a manner astonishing to those who thought of him as wholly abstract and unworldly. He might have been an able administrator but for one defect, which was a complete inability to answer letters. I once wrote a letter to him on a mathematical point, as to which I urgently needed an answer for an article I was writing against Poincaré. He did not answer, so I wrote again. He still did not answer, so I tele-

graphed. As he was still silent, I sent a reply-paid telegram. But in the end, I had to travel down to Broadstairs to get the answer. His friends gradually got to know this peculiarity, and on the rare occasions when any of them got a letter from him they would all assemble to congratulate the recipient. He justified himself by saying that if he answered letters, he would have no time for original work. I think the justification was complete and unanswerable.

Whitehead was extraordinarily perfect as a teacher. He took a personal interest in those with whom he had to deal and knew both their strong and their weak points. He would elicit from a pupil the best of which a pupil was capable. He was never repressive, or sarcastic, or superior, or any of the things that inferior teachers like to be. I think that in all the abler young men with whom he came in contact he inspired, as he did in me, a very real and lasting affection.

This is the first of a series of portraits by Bertrand Russell, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1950. Next month: John Maynard Keynes and Lytton Strachey.

Conversation Piece

AGNES ROGERS

COME *live with me and be my love*
And we will our devotion prove
By sweet adjustments, compromises,
Embracing what the other prizes.

"I'll tolerate your sulky cat,
Attend you while you choose a hat,
I'll risk a weekend on a yacht,
Although, God knows, I'd rather not."

"I'll go to every Indoor Meet,
Applaud Bob Richards' fifteen feet;
I'll stumble after beagle hounds;
And trail you to the Polo Grounds."

"I'll do my best to tell apart
Abstractionists in modern art—
If you will cultivate, my sweet,
A taste for Lower Basin Street."

"And I will learn such manly matters
As batting averages of batters
And horse's pedigrees—and, yes,
I swear I'll even master chess."

"For me, already I've begun
To memorize the works of Donne,
And though they're not what I am used to
I'll tackle Eliot and Proust, too."

So may these bonds 'twixt you and me
Augment our similarity
Till presently none can discover
Where I leave off, and you take over!

The Easy Chair

Samuel Hall, Gent.

Bernard DeVoto

Folklore is getting on in the world. A spectator who tries to keep up with the advance of knowledge is sometimes confused by intramural brawls among the scholars who instruct us about folklore, but the general trend is clear. It is now gospel that the movies produce folklore. So do Tin Pan Alley and certain, but by no means all, kinds of pulp magazines. So does Mickey Spillane, though he hasn't learned tense sequence. Which is okay and probably signifies no more than a new system of classification, but there is a corollary: if all this is true, then among the most brilliant producers are advertising agencies.

It is, however, a radically different classification. A generation back the scholars held that if a mass collaboration in Hollywood produced something it was not a folk tale and a hundred retakes wouldn't make it one. If a suit for copyright infringement could be brought, which is what happened with "The Wreck of the Old Ninety-Seven," then it was not a folk song. But now attention has shifted from the art to the circulation figures, from the substance to the box office. Folklore, we are told, is whatever satisfies a deep need by providing heroes for the folk.

But right here we must recess and look round for some folk.

In a recent article about how we like to escape from our drab existence I found this: "Two contemporary characters who are almost sure to start a conversation in any company are Al Capone and John Dillinger." It impressed me and, first looking up Dillinger to make sure I knew which one he was, I presently found that in Cambridge, Massachusetts, they are almost sure to stop a conversation for lack of fuel. Since you may have an outworn idea about Cambridge, I explain that sociologically it is a general transfer point or Grand Central Station. Strains of all the local and regional cultures mingle here, with New England having the weakest influence and Iowa the strongest.

For a time I tossed Capone and Dillinger into the conversation whenever friends came to my house and whenever I went to a cornhusking or camp meeting. People of my age—those who can refer to the two thugs as "contemporary characters"—averaged much higher on the test than the younger set, adolescents, or children. They identified Capone readily, though not as a sun myth or a culture hero; he was either a big-shot bootlegger or a crook whom the government had had to prosecute for income-tax evasion because it could not hang a murder rap on him. With Dillinger I drew a blank at least half the time. Even those who thought they knew usually asked whether he was "the one who had the girl with him when he was shot." Try it yourself: was he?

Among the younger set returns were scattering, among adolescents almost non-existent, and I found no child who knew who either of these folk heroes was. Hopalong Cassidy, yes; Capone and Dillinger, no. And don't patronize the Cambridge adult or the Cambridge child; their taste is just as low as anyone's.

My sampling included a lot of Midwesterners, almost as many Southerners, an

adequate number of Westerners, and a few residual Yankees. The truth is that if these two are folk heroes in process of creation, the American school and college system has broken down. But there may be holes in the thesis.

The article was about Billy the Kid, a rancid little psychopath who murdered a number of people, mostly on commission from others who wanted them killed for business reasons. It was a good article but it ended, apparently, by establishing the opposite of what the author intended it to. He undertook to show that the character called Billy the Kid who figures in the pulps was a creation of the folk consciousness, like Robin Hood. But in the end he proved him a creation of Grub Street, like Buffalo Bill. This, however, harmonizes with the modern view. If the folk won't create folklore, someone will create it for them.

THE folk from whom scholarship derived its original ideas were isolated and mostly illiterate rural populations, the Indians, and prisoners at Southern penitentiaries. Nowadays followers of Francis J. Child who go to the Kentucky mountains in search of Barbara Allen finally locate her at the local college; her place in the cabin up the branch has been taken by disc-jockey programs of hillbilly songs composed within a block of Broadway. The college is also keeping folk arts and crafts alive by giving extension courses in them, and has secured a retail outlet on Madison Avenue. The Indians were more refractory and yet we don't hear much about Old Man Coyote any more. We do see a lot of pageants inspired by Percy Mackaye and Agnes DeMille, and staged by the tribal council in association with the state tourist bureau.

I get about the country a lot but I never meet any American folk. Take New England, where I have lived most of my life. Plenty of "natives," especially in the northern part, speak with intonations that are traditionally Yankee but they are by no means the Yankees of the tradition; they do not look, dress, act, or think in accordance with the accepted cliché. The Yankee of that cliché remains a stock voice on radio programs and occasionally he strolls into a movie with a scythe over his shoulder and a blade of grass between his teeth, but he has vanished from American society. So have his counterparts in rural America at large.

Enough linguistic shadings are left so that we can usually tell what section a stranger comes from, but they are fading. When I came to Harvard as an undergraduate there was a Boston accent; in fact there were two of them, one called "Paak Street" and the other held to be the true original. The latter was still so vigorous that the Iowans and Californians who had already taken over the Harvard faculty thought they had to acquire it, though they never got it right. The Paak Street accent is all about us still but it must be twenty-five years since anyone who joined the Harvard faculty from Muddy Creek College supposed he had to learn proper Bostonian. It continues to be taught at a few preparatory schools, the church schools that were founded in the eighteen-nineties to develop a governing class, on a model derived from *Tom Brown's School Days*, from the sons of Chicago millionaires who signed their checks with a cross and the sons of Boston millionaires who had learned that gentlemen become book collectors. The schools teach it because it has cash value on State Street—State Street, Chicago. Which is the point I am making.

Or take the costumes worn at Plymouth by guides, waitresses, and bartenders: bonnets or hats and skirts or breeches that were originally designed by mid-nineteenth century painters who hadn't bothered to look at portraits of the Pilgrims. They are certainly not folk costumes and even more certainly they are not symbols of exuberant local pride. They are equivalent to the hoopskirts and pantalets worn during garden week, Derby week, or whenever old houses are on display at Charleston, Louisville, Natchez, or Atlanta. They are advertising, they are meant to draw trade.

PROBABLY there are only two states left where state consciousness is anything else. Even fifteen years ago emotions were still occasionally felt that corresponded to the accepted concept of the Californian, though they were only a parody of what they had once been. Apparently they disappeared for good during the state's three-year centennial, and the old-time California oratory, sentiment, and display are now strictly at the behest of

the chamber of commerce. Can you imagine a citizen of Michigan announcing that Wolverines are half snapping turtle and half chain lightning, Michigan men more orchidotrophic and their women more beautiful and compliant, and their bank clearings larger than can be found on less privileged earth? Certainly you can, but only on an occasion when a big take may be hoped for, say the week of the Minnesota game. Otherwise you would no more expect to encounter such behavior in Detroit than you would in New York, Charlottesville, or New Orleans. And the Frontier Weeks that speckle the West with beards, sunbonnets, flowered vests, and surreys with the fringe on top are purely seasonal. For the tourist trade, for box office, for pay.

That leaves as vestiges of what may have been a folk spirit only the Hoosier and the Texan. I have no explanation for the former; it is a phenomenon that has always baffled me, though I recognize it as genuine fantasy. The Hoosier consciousness is a throwback; it belongs between 1830 and 1850. This Hoosier is a woods colt or a camp-meeting baby; he will have you understand that he is bucolic, idyllic, and illiterate, Indiana being the only part of the United States where educated people are diligent to use bad grammar. But he is a durned smart bumpkin and nobody never sold him no wooden nutmegs or traded him a wind-broke hoss, nobody from no city or from the East ever will. I could suggest an explanation for the Texan but since it would call on branches of psychopathology where my authority might be questioned, I will skip it.

Instead, I submit the explanation recently published by Mr. Joseph Leach in a lively book called *The Typical Texan*. Mr. Leach says that the Texan is a product and an inhabitant of fantasy, which we already knew, but he concludes that the fantasy is not homegrown or from within. It is an imported hand-me-down, it was created by journalists and writers of cheap fiction. The Texan is a sincere man; he really feels the emotions he displays and really holds the beliefs about himself that he expresses, and they produce the behavior that so bores the rest of us. But that is nature acting on a tip from art. The Texan began as the Texian, a character part created by pulp writers in an effort to cash in on the activities of such men as Davy Crockett, Sam Houston, and Big-Foot Wallace. His boundless and bottomless naïveté comes from the heart but from the heart of ten-cent paperbacks; it is the result of playing straight a role that was intended to be romantic and comic.

This is not an explanation in full. In concentrating on the wild frontiersman it disregards the bonnie blue flag, whereas much of the noise the Texan makes covers a conflict—in the circumstances of the moment should he be charging with John B. Hood at Sharpsburg or herding little dogies on the Old Chisholm Trail? It ignores Colonel James Bowie, who is his goofer dust, protecting him by scaring hell out of us. Worse still, it ignores a central obsession in the fantasy, the figure whom an old ballad called Christopher Columbo and who stands for the castration-anxiety that seems to be endemic in the Lone Star State. But it establishes the basic fact: the Texan is not projected from the folk unconscious, he belongs to literature.

The development that has taken folklore into formal art has introduced a new set of difficulties. Billy the Kid might have made the grade if he had appeared at a time when there were still folk. An equally squalid bum named Joaquin Murieta had the good fortune to do his killing before salesmen of display space reached California, and so he became briefly a folk hero, or at any rate got into some folk songs. But in advertising matter you can't take a chance on crime; it doesn't pay. The folk would go for felony, dishonor, sin, or what you please, but Wheaties won't. Al Capone and John Dillinger will never get their pictures on a box-top that our boys and girls are to send in—these are not little folk, they're kiddies.

You will see some of the problems that folklore has to grapple with if you glance at one of the most flourishing of its art forms, the horse opera. It is moving and pellucid fantasy—in a way, on one side of a fixed line. Krazy Kat's Coconino County never had more imaginative vegetation than the eucalyptus and pepper trees that Hollywood has planted at the crossing of the Platte River where the robbers lie in wait for the stage, or the manzanita it brings to springtime glory for the Seventh Cavalry to ride through in Dakota Territory. The horse that gallops all day long, the six-gun that never has to be reloaded, the mountain range that crosses

Kansas as a background for the whiteface longhorns on their way to Abilene, the Conestogas that take the empire builders to Oregon, the keelboat laboring up Walker River, the weary stretches of the Santa Fe Trail in Mono County, the Blackfeet yipping through Middle Park, the Apaches ambushing goldwashers within sight of the Grand Teton—these are imagined with the splendor and disregard of the folk themselves. Flora, fauna, and topography picket no theaters.

But from there on the artist has got to walk with care.

I recently alluded here to the dilemma of villains and the impure of heart. Once anything went, anyone could be a badman so long as he got shot in the last fifty feet. But the State Department forbade anyone without virtue to speak with an identifiable foreign accent, thus depriving the artist of his principal technique for character portrayal, or to be a national of any signatory power. Then the FBI grew apprehensive, for in these perilous days federal law enforcement must not be undermined, so the U. S. marshal could not go wrong and any legal villain must be a county sheriff, or better still a deputy. Finally, we must not malign Indians, for God knows how many votes Oliver La Farge might be able to swing. This last danger has been taken care of, if only for the time being. If you need a redskin badman, make him a renegade, have the chief say he is unfaithful to the tribe, and let Gable fight him for the chief's daughter. But this merely postpones trouble, for the baby will be a half-breed and half-breeds have to be villains, though if you say so here comes Gilbert Seldes charging racial discrimination.

Troubles multiply in the subspecies of horse opera that involves the U. S. Army. The Battle of the Little Bighorn is ideal, for though the troops were heroic the oppressed redskins won it. But it is hard to find battles that so evenly balance the values, so safety has to be sought in balancing the villainies. God forbid that anyone who holds the President's commission should be either dishonest or cowardly, and if an enlisted man were, that would be ugly class feeling. Sometimes the offender can be made a drunkard, which gets a dividend from the Board of Temperance and Public Morals, but it is wisest to make the whole cast a series of mutually canceling, one-for-one balances. As in the Civil War horse opera.

Thus folk art recently gave us a glimpse of William Clark Quantrill, a far more repulsive specimen than Dillinger or Billy the Kid. He was an illiterate sadist and there was the additional risk that he had Southern sympathies. The answer was to make him a Confederate officer who had once been high-minded but whose honor was soured when a Northern belle scorned him, and who raided Lawrence just to get nice things for his mother. Here was love across the lines, which is the first equipoise in any Civil War opera. It enables you to use a Union hero without emptying theaters in Birmingham, and all you need do further is to make the male and female second leads Confederates and introduce one Union coward or villain. But what to do if the script calls for a Confederate villain? You might think that insoluble, but remember it is a fact, if an unhappy one, that the South lost the war.

Well, in the closing months of the war the Cause was already Lost, so anything the plot calls for can happen in that period without offending anyone. The badman won't be betraying the Confederacy, honor, or the box office if he deserts, murders, or grabs the Comstock Lode silver that brings horse opera back to the West where it originated. He is a rat, he never was in the Army of Northern Virginia. He stole his uniform and credentials and so he need not even marry the chief's daughter.

I am afraid that this sort of thing always happens when we ascend to popular literature, whose characters always have to be sandblasted to a shining purity before they can be committed to letterpress, which costs money. Ned Buntline's were a century ago; Young and Rubicam's are now. Or maybe the scholars have been following a false lead, maybe popular literature isn't a folk art at all. Folklore is after working hours, not for hire, not even for publication. Try your wife's beauty shop, or look at the yarns sent out on brokers' teletypes when trading is over for the day.

The Old Order

Berchtesgaden Seven Years After

Paul Moor

When the first deep snow of a mild winter fell on Berchtesgaden last January, it delayed until spring the demolition work which had begun only shortly before on the Obersalzberg, the mountainside above Berchtesgaden which Adolf Hitler and a circle of his dearest friends had once called home. The Obersalzberg had been bombed to ruination by the RAF nearly seven years earlier, and now the remaining wreckage of Hitler's tenancy was about to be removed. When the snow fell, quietly and heavily, a visitor who saw the pure white transfiguration of that hideous, blackened hill might have imagined that the hearts and minds of the citizens of Berchtesgaden would be likewise transfigured. But they weren't. The Berchtesgadeners were really angry, and they wanted everyone to know it.

The Obersalzberg has been under American requisition since the end of the war. Early in 1951 there began to be talk of eradicating all vestiges of the buildings there, and in March of that year the subject came formally into the open when the Social Democrats urged the demolition with the full sympathies of the Christian Socialists, claiming that unreconstructed Nazis in the vicinity were using the area as a rallying point for a revival of fascist cultism. The disposition of the Obersalzberg became definite and irrevocable in November 1951, when the American Land Commissioner for Bavaria, simultaneously with the Bavarian government, announced that the area would be razed, "all structural evidence of the buildings' locations be erased," and the ground be replanted with grass and trees. The hillside then, and only then, would be derequisitioned by the Americans.

Any concern the Berchtesgadeners might have felt about neo-nazism in their midst was eclipsed by their awareness that tourism was the area's principal bread and butter and that the ruins were one of the main things that brought outsiders to Berchtesgaden after nazism ceased to be chic.

I first saw them in the summer of 1951, during the Salzburg Festival, when I drove over for a day. It was odd to arrive in the village then and already find absolutely no indication, anywhere, of how to get up to the Obersalzberg; even in August the question seemed to have become a hot potato, something which someone, apparently, by pretending it wasn't there, was hoping would go away. The official attitude seemed to be, "If you want to go up, okay—but you're on your own."

This stopped no one, of course. Up among the ruins, cars from all over the continent befouled the air with dust; sweaty Youth Hostelers speaking exotic tongues sprawled on the ground as they panted from the long hike up from the village; two tearooms, despite the heat, were jammed to the window-screens, the cash register punctuating the bedlam with a tinkle that rang all the more silvery in that crystalline alpine air; the postcard market was booming, and as far as the eye could see the ground was littered with paper wrappers bearing the ethnic indications "Gevaert," "Ilford," "Ferrania," "Lumière,"

"Agfa," and "Kodak"; children courted sudden death in the shaky disarray of blasted air-raid shelters while distraught parents croaked imprecations. It was a scene to gladden any commercially-minded Berchtesgadener's heart, and I recalled it in all its vitality when I returned to Berchtesgaden last winter and saw the utter despondency which even a mention of the Obersalzberg brought to the burghers' almost habitually cheerful faces.

I had come back to Berchtesgaden for a variety of reasons. To begin with, the village itself is very pleasant for a short stay. Besides, the rumors of neo-nazism in the area had aroused my curiosity. German friends had told me that the Berchtesgaden meetings to protest the Obersalzberg demolition had also brought into the open certain grievances which otherwise would probably have remained cached and unexpressed, especially grievances against the Occupation. Furthermore, Berchtesgaden has been an Army Recreation Area since the end of the war; American soldiers have been to the area the principal representations of The American Way Of Life, and I was curious to see what sort of reputations they had acquired. There also, of course, was the attraction of a last look at the Obersalzberg, for the buildings there are just one more thing to be obliterated from the earth, a residue of history that would no longer be there one year later.

II

Anyone looking for microcosmic significance in Berchtesgaden will be let down, for typical is just about the last thing you could call it. Dozens of stanch Nazis who fled to the Bavarian redoubt, hoping for a last stand by the German army, remained to settle in Berchtesgaden and are still there. Even without them, the town always had a fairly high assay of Nazis, possibly owing to the villagers' desire to show their gratitude for the tourist money Hitler's favor indirectly brought them: out of a prewar population of thirty-six thousand, ten thousand belonged to either the Party or affiliated organizations. After the war, a good number of German officers decided upon Berchtesgaden as their residence in retirement, perhaps for the air, perhaps for reasons best not examined. Bavaria is traditionally a cranky and intransigent state, and generalizations applicable to it seldom hold for other parts of the nation; but the Obersalzberg controversy has moved the Berchtesgadeners to an unfettered self-expression which is not common in Germany and which makes it a dandy place to study the symptoms of what John J. McCloy once called Occupational fatigue.

On my visit to Berchtesgaden last winter, I arrived with an introduction to a gentleman I'll refer to here as Dr. Bartscherer, an elderly, widely-traveled former history teacher whose Social Democratic convictions during the Nazi period cost him his job, his savings, and seventeen months' time in Dachau. Just before his release from there, his house in Nuremberg and his wife and daughter had disappeared in an Allied air raid, and he went to live with friends in Berchtesgaden in 1944. He welcomed me with a glass of Steinhäger, and smiled gently when I got round to the subject of resurgent nazism in the area.

"It depends on which paper you read, like so many things," he said. "Herr Felder, who edits the *Berchtesgadener Kurier,* is a former Reichstag member and an old Dachau alumnus, and he's written some fairly alarming articles about these political meetings we've been having. The first one anyone worried about was a year ago February, but there have been several more since them. The other paper, the *Berchtesgadener Anzeiger,* belongs to a man called Ludwig Muller who used to be a Party member. *He* says this talk about neo-Nazism is all a lot of *Quatsch,* invented to rationalize tearing down the ruins. I've followed developments here as closely as I could, and my own opinion is somewhere in between the two. The *Anzeiger's* policy isn't really neo-Nazi, but it is anti-American on practically everything. In August 1951, when the demolition became definite, it demanded a referendum on the issue. If there had been one, just for Berchtesgaden voters alone, there would have been no demolition, by a heavy majority, but the higher levels in the government said the subject concerned more than just Berchtesgaden's commercial people."

I had heard about these political meetings. Following the old pre-1933 German custom, they had been held ever since the war in beer halls, usually the Bahnhof Gaststätte, but during the past year they had sometimes gone beyond the sudsy conviviality and friendly

argle-bargle traditional to such gatherings. "The interesting thing," Dr. Bartscherer went on, "is that while the most important of these meetings were concerned with preventing the demolition, they actually provided the first open proof that there might be something in what the Social Democrats were saying about a Nazi renaissance here."

That meeting in February 1951 had been organized by Rolf von Schön, a scion of an old Berchtesgaden family with a high Nazi content in recent years. It was called to discuss three questions: the Nuremberg sentencing of war criminals to Landsberg prison, the rearmament of Western Germany, and relations between Germany's east and west zones. Announcements in the papers attracted a heterogeneous crowd of about two hundred.

There were five speakers scheduled, but the unheralded star of the occasion was a young man named Heinz Erich Krause, who that evening made his public-speaking debut. To most of the audience he was a stranger, but a few knew him by the name Hek Rau, a nom-de-plume under which he edits, publishes, and, for the most part, writes a mimeographed clandestine monthly called *Deutschland Brief*. "No one yet knows much about Hek Rau," Dr. Bartscherer said. "He came here from Austria about six years ago, and worked for a while for your Army's motor pool here. He may or may not have a Party history—no one knows—but in any case he makes no attempt to hide his enthusiasm for everything the Nazis stood for. He's a nice-looking boy, in his thirties, and he talks rather nervously but well. The audience that night was quite responsive to him, even though a few of the older people felt he was something of an upstart. The next day everyone in the village was talking about him, asking who he was. You might say he stole the show." Rau attacked the Occupation, American policy, the Western Allies in general, and the Bonn government, but spoke warmly of Nazi aspirations, which the Allied victory had unfortunately frustrated. He also urged friendlier relations with Eastern Germany. "The audience was particularly sympathetic to his statement that a unified Germany would stabilize Europe—the old Third-Force, bridge-between-East-and-West attitude," Dr. Bartscherer said. "There had been rumors before this that the Obersalzberg would be razed, but it was one month after that meeting, to the day, that the thing came into the open and the Social Democrats in the Kreistag got round to calling for the demolition."

It was at this inopportune point, Dr. Bartscherer told me, that another issue arose in Berchtesgaden to create a new and vast ill will toward the local American military authorities. The Army felt the need of a bowling alley for the GIs, and they decided that the Kurpark, a small plaza in the center of the village, was just right for it, although to build there would necessitate cutting down a number of fine old Bavarian copper beeches. "They were just trees," said Dr. Bartscherer, "but they did mean a lot to people here, and suddenly they became a terribly important symbol." Bitter protests were made and the village proffered alternate sites, but the Recreation Area officials said they thought they preferred the Kurpark, trees or no trees. Conferences both in Berchtesgaden and in Munich came to nothing. Work began on March 28, the trees fell soon thereafter, and the former Kurpark plot is today occupied by a spacious bowling alley.

By April 1951 the increasing talk about Western German rearmament was helping the ex-Nazis of Berchtesgaden to get their voices back, for it gave them the assurance of a solid bargaining position; and the proposal to demolish the ruins was a nice opportunity to sound off.

Again Hek Rau ran through his act in Berchtesgaden, this time at a meeting of the BDJ, a youth federation; and during the summer he spoke once more. All during this time, his clandestine monthly paper was finding a wider audience and he himself was discovering unsuspected friends. Among others was Sepp Huber, the local chairman of the near-Nazi Deutsche Gemeinschaft, who at the time however preferred to say he was representing something called the Hilfswerk Helfende Hände. He endorsed Hek Rau's general line and declared he wanted people to know he was proud to have been a Nazi. Huber's DG party began to command attention a year ago November when it formed a coalition with the Refugee party and got six delegates into the Bavarian Landtag.

In the middle of August 1951, the Bavarian

Cabinet formally voted a motion to raze the Obersalszberg, and the Berchtesgaden meetings' accumulated muck hit the fan. The *Berchtesgadener Anzeiger* shrilly demanded an immediate referendum. August Haussleiter, one of the Deutsche Gemeinschaft's most militaristic leaders and an exponent of the *Dolchstosslegende,* the stab-in-the-back school of thought on the New Order's defeat, passionately denounced the Cabinet's decision. Dr. H. C. Seebohm, the Federal Traffic Minister, came out strong against the demolition. A seven-column editorial on the front page of the *Anzeiger's* September 7 issue categorically denied the existence of neo-nazism in Berchtesgaden. At a public meeting the following day, Herr Felder, of the rival *Kurier,* took the *Anzeiger* to task for this statement; late in the evening a cry of "The real and only culprits are the Jews!" rent the air, and things disintegrated into tumultuous disorder. Toward the end of that month the Social Democrats called a meeting expressly to enlist support for the demolition decision. An unusually large audience—about six hundred—showed up, but the Social Democrats were greatly outnumbered by opponents of the Cabinet order who had packed the meeting, and once more the evening turned into an acrimonious hassle.

"By October," Dr. Bartscherer told me, "the Social Democrats were disturbed enough to bring Waldemar von Knöringen, one of our best men, to debate here against Hek Rau. I am pleased to tell you that Hek Rau looked quite silly by the end of the evening. Oratorically he was completely outclassed. This loss of face lost him a good deal of support as well, for it is characteristic of these meetings that the crowd's sympathies are swayed as much by manner as by meaning. *Deutschland Brief* still comes out every month, though, poisonous as ever. By the way, the Social Democrats have a meeting scheduled this weekend which might turn out to be interesting." We arranged to meet, and I thanked him as I rose to go. "I don't suppose you have a Bavarian jacket, by any chance," he said, escorting me to the door. "At one of those meetings, as I was leaving, a man behind me who had drunk perhaps a bit too much told his companion that if he were to see an American at that moment, he would kill him. *Auf Wiederschauen!*"

III

No one seems to be sure just when Adolf Hitler first came to Berchtesgaden, but it was probably in 1922. He was introduced to its charms and beauties by Dietrich Eckart, an anti-Semitic journalist and —if the term is loosely applied—poet who was one of Hitler's earliest disciples. It was Eckart's custom to spend his summers at the Obersalzberg, especially when he was dodging the police, which was fairly often. In Munich, Hitler's artistic aspirations had brought him into contact with some of the bohemians who inhabited Schwabing, Munich's Greenwich Village; for Hitler the Obersalzberg had the allure of being the summer headquarters of the Schwabing set. A more utilitarian attraction was its nearness to the Austrian frontier, for as long as Hitler was an Austrian citizen, he had a skittish respect for the German police. Eckart is remembered today as the author of *Bolshevism from Moses to Lenin* and other works of fantasy, but in 1922 his main notoriety arose from a limitless ability to listen to and encourage Hitler's flatulent improvisations, as well as from a mighty proclivity to drink and eat himself almost out of shape. He died shortly after the Beer Hall Putsch, done in, actually, by the demon schnapps, although the story put out by the Nazi legend-makers had more finesse.

On one of his first visits to Berchtesgaden, Hitler held forth at a couple of *Sprechabende* at the Krone and Watzmann Hotels and in so doing made some influential friends. Representative of them was Carl Bechstein, the wealthy piano manufacturer, who had a house at the Obersalzberg and who contributed financially to the good of the cause. Before making these connections Hitler had been little more than a bum, and Berchtesgaden forever after had the special charm for him of being closely associated with the beginnings of his social acceptability. In 1925 his half-sister Angela, some time after her husband's death, gave up her job as a cook in Vienna to come rent a neat but not gaudy Obersalzberg villa called Haus Wachenfeld and keep house for Adolf, who was then thirty-six years old. With her came her seventeen-year-old daughter Geli, for whom Hitler, following the conjugal pattern of his father, conceived a warm and rather more than consan-

guine attachment which endured until Geli's suicide in 1931.

After Hitler became Chancellor and achieved every honest author's dream of a unanimous, albeit coerced, book-buying public, the royalties from *Mein Kampf* enabled him to purchase Haus Wachenfeld and remodel it into the luxurious architectural miscarriage known as the Berghof, or, to the Berchtesgadeners, as *das Hitlerhaus*. The Party pork barrel prospered, and other houses soon went up nearby for Göring and Bormann. Anyone in the neighborhood unfortunate enough to have a house to which he was attached found himself selling it anyway. The old Platterhof, a chalet where Hitler and Eckart had once stayed, was turned into a posh 350-room hotel for important visitors not quite important enough to stay at the Berghof—or, for that matter, to have their host foot the bill for their accommodations. Massive barracks were built for eight hundred SS troops. A landing field was constructed as near to Berchtesgaden as the mountains would permit, and a heavy cable installed from the Obersalzberg direct to Berlin. The whole layout ran to the equivalent of $300,000,000 or more.

The final fillip of *ton* was added in 1938 when Martin Bormann decided it would be nice if the people of the Reich were to give their Führer, as a birthday present, some sort of pavilion suitable for entertaining the most distinguished of the Obersalzberg's visitors, something which ideally would provide a tasteful combination of grandeur and *Gemütlichkeit*. The result was a visually undistinguished sort of blockhouse atop the Kehlstein, known in English as the Eagle's Nest but referred to more modestly in German as the Teehaus. Later on, Eva Braun occasionally used its terrace for sunbathing, although most of the time the atmosphere up there (the altitude is six thousand feet, twice that of the Berghof) was so opaque that the damp rendered mere breathing depressing. This birthday remembrance set the nation back another two or three million dollars. Considering that Hitler was never really fond of it and visited it a total of only six times in his life, the expenditure seems perhaps excessive, but Hitler pronounced himself deeply touched by the gesture. Bormann and the boys felt that it was, after all, the thought that counted.

The RAF's only objective in bombing the Obersalzberg in 1945 was to discourage Hitler in any notion he might have had of making a last stand there; it had no particular military importance, and otherwise it might have remained intact. As things worked out, though, most of the buildings were smashed to smithereens. A few days later, just before the Allied ground forces arrived, the SS men who had remained finished the job, staging a heroic immolation of flags and other relics in the main salon of the Berghof. It was due less to the bombing than to this poor man's *Götterdämmerung* that the Berghof was still on fire when the Allies made their entrance into the valley.

No one I talked to in Berchtesgaden harbored any resentment over the bombing raid, apparently for the elemental reason that it may have prevented the total destruction of the village itself: during those last days of war, the Berchtesgadeners had dismally resigned themselves to annihilation if their beloved Führer should put in an appearance. General Keitel's headquarters at that time was close by, in the Hotel Schiffmeister in Königssee, and the local Kreisleiter emotionally favored defending Berchtesgaden street by street and house by house, whether Hitler came or not. The Landrat, Theodor Jakob, had heard the news of Hitler's death over Radio Berlin and was of a less impetuous opinion. This gentleman, a big, bluff, extremely personable Bavarian, joined the Party in 1931, was Landrat in Berchtesgaden during the Nazi heyday until the end of the war, and now is Landrat once more. It was he who, by dint of some intricate footwork, contrived to short-circuit the Kreisleiter's defense order and personally led the 101st Airborne Division into Berchtesgaden without a shot's being fired.

Many of the personnel formerly employed by the Obersalzberg's Nazi ménages are working today in various Berchtesgaden establishments as cooks, drivers, and what not. I made enquiries about Georg Mehr, who had been the set-up's maintenance chief. It was Mehr who had always run the elevator whenever the urge struck anyone to go up to the Teehaus. The last I had heard of him, he had received a year's jail sentence for falsifying the date he had joined the Party, but had been sprung after six months' durance because

Special Services had a lot of high brass eager to visit the Teehaus; the elevator, when it broke down, seemed to have been wired so uniquely that no one else alive could repair it, and, since the brass had taken a sour view of hiking up, Mehr got his job back. The Teehaus and the road from the Obersalzberg up to the elevator entrance had been closed to all visitors in the summer of 1951, but I learned that Mehr was one of two men now employed by the Army to spend alternate weeks up at the Teehaus as watchmen. I was cautioned that his political outlook had undergone no perceptible change in recent years, and it was only after some persuasion that he consented to meet me that evening in a *Bierstube* near where he lived.

I ARRIVED ahead of time, and when Mehr came in he joined me at a table in the corner. "I'm a good German," he said, with a no-nonsense air, as soon as he had sat down, "and I'll talk to you as a good American. I was a Nazi in 1932 and I believed in it and I have nothing to say against Adolf Hitler except that all the good plans he had were sabotaged by the men around him, so now that's enough about politics. *Ein Märzen, bitte,*" he said to the waitress.

I offered him a cigarette which he accepted with grace and profuse thanks, but he still looked at me warily and it was obvious he wasn't trusting me, even for a moment.

"You don't work for *Yank,* do you?" he asked me, with a sidelong glance. I told him I didn't think *Yank* even existed any more. "I talked to a Jew from *Yank* in 1945," he said, "and he wrote a lot of lies, just the opposite of everything I had said. I complained and they said it was because of the language problem, but it was too late to do anything." He elevated his chin a bit and said, "I was offered as much as five thousand dollars after that for an interview, but I said no. *Noch ein Märzen, bitte,*" he called to the proprietor.

Mehr seemed at first more interested in telling me his troubles than in doing any reminiscing, so as soon as he had agreed to go with me to the ruins the next day I settled back to feeding him beer and cigarettes and listening to his windy miserere. Things were hard now, he said. He used to get 580 Reichsmarks a month plus a six-room apartment; now he gets 350 Deutschemarks—about eighty-three dollars—and pays for his own living quarters. (Even so, his present salary, paid by the Army, is better than many people of office-personnel level receive.)

"Mein Gottchen," he said, clapping his forehead, "the troubles I have now just to get a can of grease for the elevator! Bormann used to tell me I could have any supplies or equipment I asked for, but never to tell him that anything he wanted me to do was impossible. He even sent me to Berlin once, on the courier plane, just to buy supplies I needed. Now it takes everything I can do just to get a little oil." He coughed, very, very deep and long, until his face was apoplectic.

"Bormann was a *Schweinhund,*" he said, his choking making his eyes water. "He never asked me to do anything, he *ordered* me. He was drunk, usually, especially when Adolf Hitler was away. I remember he telephoned me once at four in the morning, and told me to get up and take him to the Teehaus to look at the moon. Eva Braun always *asked* me to do things, very nicely.

"All the Führer's lieutenants were *Schweinehunde,*" he went on grandly. "Everybody knew what a drunk Robert Ley was. *Der Himmler,* too—*big* drunk." Mehr hiccupped softly and swallowed another mighty draught of beer. "The Führer always gave me a nice greeting, asked about my family, and said his door was always open to me. But once when I wanted him to autograph two copies of *Mein Kampf* for my little girls, I carried them with me for weeks before I was able to get past the others to him. *They* were the ones guilty for anything bad the Nazis did, not *der Adolf Hitler.*"

I asked him if it were true that Hitler visited the Teehaus only six times in his life. *"Ja, bestimmt,"* he said. "The first time he was with all the other big Nazis and generals, and Heinrich Hoffman took a lot of pictures. The next time, he went up with the Japanese ambassador. The next two times he took up Count Ciano. The last time he was with some Belgian princess. One other time—I can't remember just when it was—I took him and King Boris of Yugoslavia up there. The Mufti of Jerusalem wanted to go up when he came to visit the Führer about 1943, but the altitude even at the Berghof gave him so much trouble with his heart that they had to

forget about it. Most of the time there wasn't anybody up there at all. The whole top of the mountain was heated by electricity, and whenever anyone decided to go up there I had to turn the heat on a long time in advance. The electric bill was *schrecklich.*"

Since the war, Mehr has conducted far more dignitaries to the Teehaus than he ever did before. Even Marshal Zhukov came down for a visit, with a suite of nine or ten other high-ranking Russians, and had a triumphant look round. When General Eisenhower first came, a sign stated that the elevator was restricted to field-grade and lady officers; Ike cast the sign a disapproving glance, asked who the hell had put it up, and, getting no precise reply, growled, well, get it the hell down. "The *Amis* tried to run the elevator themselves, but they couldn't," Mehr said with satisfaction. "Once a major general was going up when it stuck halfway. I was over in Salzburg that day, and an American officer, a Jew, came up to me on the street and called me by name. They had even been stopping cars on the Autobahn, trying to find me. The major general had been in there two solid hours by the time I got him out."

IV

Rain which fell that night had frozen by the time I picked up Mehr the following morning to visit the Obersalzberg; the ice made the shorter but steeper road slippery enough for us to choose an alternate route. Mehr was not in a talkative mood at first, and spoke in little more than monosyllables until we turned off the main highway. He pointed to a spot by the intersection and said, "There's where the *B-Barack'* used to be. The road up to the elevator was built mainly by Italians and Czechs, and *der Bormann* built the *B-Barack'* and filled it with Czech and Italian girls just for them. It was like a palace inside—so I heard—and didn't cost more than about ten Marks for everything. It meant a hell of a walk down and back up the mountain, but the laborers used to flock down there every chance they got. Nobody else," he said with a certain wistfulness, "could get in."

As we approached the Obersalzberg, we passed some areas where the green, luxuriant forest was suddenly reduced to stubby little stumps. I asked if they had been cut down, but Mehr shook his head. "Bombs," he said. "There was still a lot of snow then, or the whole forest would have burned." The forest here is normally very dense, and when the Obersalzberg razing reaches its eventual culmination, it will cover the ground where Hitler and his friends built their houses.

There was no evidence of demolition going on when we arrived at the entrance to the former compound. The only soul to be seen was a newsreel-cameraman, mooching about with the disconsolate air of his species, a camera dangling from his wrist; he was there for a last look, too, and he seemed unhappy about the gray, wintry light. We were closest to what had been Göring's house, so we drove up there first. It had no more and no less to offer in the way of interest than the thousands of other gutted houses which defile the German landscape today. The same was true of Bormann's house. Mehr identified everything chattily for me as we went along, but it was impossible to keep things straight when he said that one pile of rubble had been the Führer's greenhouse and another a nursery for the Obersalzberg kids, and if I had gone back the next day I should probably have been of no account at all to anyone as a guide. The only building habitable was one called Haus Türken, a sort of inn whose sale the Party had forced during its property-buying days. It has been returned to its original owners and so was not going to be torn down. Smoke was coming from the chimney, it had received a recent coat of paint, and all in all it exuded an optimistic air.

The Platterhof had a couple of German Labor Service guards in it, but they knew Mehr and let us in. The hotel's former opulence was still apparent, even though most signs of it had gone for good. "The French did this," said Mehr, looking dispassionately at the debris about him. "The first French troops to get here were Moroccans and Arabs and so on—pretty much like the Foreign Legion, and just as tough. They got into the wine cellar, and you can imagine the rest. Even after that, though, the hotel could have been put back into shape without too much trouble, for the building wasn't touched in the air raid. But the German guards they put up on the road got a salary worth about two packs of cigarettes a month at that time,

so people flocked up there and bribed them and took whatever they wanted."

As we drove down to make our last call, at the Berghof, a couple of trucks were visible at others of the buildings and men were shoveling rubble into them. It somehow seemed an anticlimactic way to raze anything with so flamboyant a history, but the truth is that most of the ruins were too unstable to require any blasting. It was mainly a matter of pushing them over, picking them up, and carting them off. It had begun to snow lightly, and, since the doors to Hitler's garage under the Berghof had thoughtfully been left open, I drove inside, feeling a little silly, as if someone had caught me going into the Stork Club. The walls were covered with penciled inscriptions, most of them names and addresses from all over the world. There was the same profusion of the same two symmetrical designs—the swastika and the Star of David—which I remembered having seen everywhere in the Berghof ruins on my first visit; no one can know, ever, how many of them were inscribed for their ideological meaning or for the simple pleasure they both give by being so easy to draw. As I was scrutinizing the walls minutely in conscientious quest for something pithy and significant, Mehr, across the garage, began to chuckle. I went over to where he stood. "Some old Brownshirt," he said fondly, pointing at an apparently recent addition to the mural scrawls. It said, in German, "The longer the democratic sun shines on us, the browner we get." "You can't hold an old Nazi down," said Mehr, with some pride.

We left the garage and found ourselves standing under the celebrated picture window which gave Hitler such a superb view of the valley. Bits of camouflage still stuck to the outside walls of the house. Looking up through the window of the salon, we could see nothing but the high, charred ceiling, all traces of its manufactured glory gone. The view in the other direction, though, down the hill, was as enthralling as it had been through all eternity. Hitler's desire to settle on this hill was not hard to understand. We entered the house and stood in the foyer. There was one lone, shining, dried-blood-colored stone column running from the floor to the vaulted ceiling, but the rest of the place looked as if it might have been thrown together from mud pies. Mehr told me that tons of marble—a gift from Mussolini—and tile had once covered many of the walls, but their shards had been dispersed to all the corners of the earth.

We stood at the entrance of the salon for a moment before going in. A clammy dampness hung upon the emptiness like a wet shroud. It is difficult to imagine how a room could be more completely stripped; even the floor had been torn up, revealing the heating conduits beneath it. I asked Mehr how much work the wreckers had done here. "None," he said. "After the SS men had their big fire here, all the rest was done by visitors." On one of the walls, surrounded by penciled signatures, I saw the command, *"Hitler verecke!"* —a rough equivalent of "Drop dead!"

Mehr walked to the big window and looked out. "Every year, at Christmas, the Weihnachtschutzverein used to come up from the village. They'd stand out there in the meadow and fire off those old guns of theirs to celebrate Christmas. This road used to be filled with people who came up to pass by and wish the Führer a Merry Christmas. New Year's Day was always a big time, too. I remember one New Year's Day when I went up to give my best wishes to Frau Bormann. She was a nice woman, far too good for her filthy husband. She came to the door with tears in her eyes and holding her hands as if they were hurting. Their cook told me later that Frau Bormann had got up that morning and gone in to wish her husband a Happy New Year and take him a cup of tea, but he had scalded his mouth with the tea and then thrown it all over his wife's hands."

Hitler's bedroom was above the salon. With the true simplicity of all great politicians, he preferred to keep it modest, sleeping on an iron bed of the hospital variety with a small night table and lamp alongside. The only furniture still there when I called was a big iron safe, too heavy for anyone to carry off. On the wall beside it was a penciled sign, *"Jude verecke!"* I asked where Eva Braun had lived, and Mehr said she had had quarters in another wing. Plans to arrange an apartment for her underneath Hitler's were never carried out. "She never had much to do with the other ladies who lived up here. Her best girl friend was Magda Schneider, the movie

actress, and they used to spend a lot of time here together. She was here very often, but after the war began I don't think the Führer spent a total of more than about eight weeks here. By the time the air raid came, every one of the important people had left."

The shutters on Hitler's bedroom windows were still on their hinges. "If those shutters were closed," Mehr said, "nobody was allowed to use that road down in front. They had to go around until the Führer woke up. The lawn out there used to be *wunderschön.* There was a row of trees there, going down to the road from the house." No trace of either grass or trees remained.

Mehr was getting impatient to go back down to the village, so we went through the rest of the house at a brisk clip. There was absolutely nothing left to see except the inscriptions on the walls, written up to a height as far as a man can reach. Except for the size of the rooms, the place might have been a tenement, for all the allure it retained. Mehr seemed glad to get back in the car and start moving, but as we drove away he turned round in his seat and stared out the back window until the road dropped and the houses disappeared from sight.

At the GI snack bar in Berchtesgaden, wittily called The Take Ten, I talked a little later with the State Department's Resident Officer, an earnest young man named Everett Schoening who has a wide reputation for tact and capability. "The silly thing," he said, "is that the Army sent a demolition squad down here five years ago to clear the Obersalzberg, but Special Services was getting so much revenue from it that they got on the phone to Heidelberg and got the order countermanded. In a way it's too bad, considering it turned into such a pain in the neck for everybody. I'm frankly glad it's settled and I look forward to the day when there won't be anything up there but a grove of trees. I'll leave you to draw your own conclusions, but my opinion is that the Obersalzberg thing and this Hek Rau business are two completely separate issues. All the racket about the ruins will quiet down, but I'm inclined to take the political activity more seriously. For one thing, it's bad for the prestige of the Occupation, but it could do a lot more harm than just that."

Schoening sipped his coffee. "Here in Bavaria the situation's special, and Berchtesgaden's not typical even of Bavaria. We've got a lot of old Nazis here—this was where the war ended, after all. Anyway, by tradition Bavaria is a sort of German Texas. No people on earth can be more mulish about outsiders' trying to influence them. To a Bavarian, all other Germans are Prussians, and the general attitude here is to hell with 'em. Here in Berchtesgaden we're up to our eyes in young fellows who went straight from the Hitler Youth into six or seven years in the army and then couldn't get jobs after the war because they didn't have any professional training or experience. Unemployment's bad, even during the peak tourist months. Refugees poured in after the war—Germans that got thrown out of the Sudetenland and the parts of Germany that were given to Poland and Russia. Did you know there are twelve million expellees in Western Germany? People have got a lot of different kinds of gripes, and the Occupation is a convenient whipping boy."

I asked Schoening whether he thought the hubbub over the demolition would really die down, or turn into a kind of rallying cry. He heaved a long, weary sigh and said, "Oh, nuts. The ruins *had* to come down. For one thing, it wasn't safe having all those thousands of people climbing on them—what that air raid didn't blow up was left pretty shaky. Outside of Berchtesgaden, no one seems to care."

V

That evening, Dr. Bartscherer and I arrived early at the Bahnhof Gaststätte, got seats at a good table, and were each on our second serving of Würstl when the meeting began. During the course of a quick briefing, Dr. Bartscherer had told me that the meeting had been called to allow Arno Behrisch, the Social Democrats' Bundestag delegate from Hof, to reply to some charges recently made against him by August Haussleiter, of the Deutsche Gemeinschaft. One speaker was to be Sepp Huber, the DG's local chairman who had declared the summer before that he was proud to have been a Nazi. The room was packed by the time Gerd Cramer, a local Social Democrat functionary, called the meeting to order.

Cramer said that Behrisch intended to reply

to charges that during the war, while he was living in Sweden, he had betrayed German hospital ships to the Allies. Cramer had scarcely finished the sentence before what seemed a well-organized attempt to break up the meeting began. It started with sarcastic exclamations, which moved Behrisch's supporters to begin applauding, and soon the room was reverberating with shouts.

When the ululation finally subsided to something between a murmur and a low roar, Arno Behrisch rose and, with something of the air of a lion at bay, began his speech. His opening remarks were innocuous enough, but once again the hecklers took over and the air fairly turned blue with recriminations. When Cramer cried that he would get police aid to control proceedings, he fed the hecklers their cue for one of their favorite responses: "Is this democracy?" Something faintly resembling order was finally achieved and Behrisch began ticking off the charges against him, citing chapter and verse to show how silly they were. Behrisch had fled to Sweden in 1933 and never concealed his anti-Nazi ideas and activities, but that evening in Berchtesgaden, before that audience, he was clearly regarded by many not as a hero but as a deserter. When he said he had fought National Socialism but never betrayed Germany, there were loud challenges that he justify the differentiation.

The most disturbing of the evening's many outbursts followed Behrisch's statement that the Deutsche Gemeinschaft had on All Soul's Day decorated the graves of two executed Nazis buried in Hof. At this the room exploded with yells, whistling, and applause. Policemen moved in on one husky who had drunk pretty heavily; he was bellowing abuse at a hysterical volume, and showed signs of getting even more troublesome. A crowd formed about him, and some people began moving uneasily toward the door. One of the drunk's cohorts started for the police, his fists clenched, but attention was diverted from him by a young Social Democrat partisan who rose gracefully and, over the shoulders of the police ring, delivered an exquisitely aimed blow to the nose of the culprit inside. Both the drunk and his assailant were hoisted high by the patient policeman and given the bum's rush to the door.

Although the evening never again reached this pitch, the atmosphere was fairly explosive till things broke up about midnight. Mention of the men sentenced to Landsberg prison resurrected the specter of the Nuremberg trials, and even Behrisch admitted that in his opinion justice had not always prevailed. When Behrisch said that democracy directly concerned the very existence of the German people, a voice at one side of the room cried, "Is it democracy to dismantle the Obersalzberg?" and Cramer half-rose from his seat to say hastily that they were not there to discuss that question.

When Behrisch finally sat down, mopping his gleaming brow, a Sudeten German arose and in aggressive tones demanded a list of actions in behalf of his fellow expellees. He was followed by the DG chairman, Huber, whose remarks were unexpectedly brief and equivocal; apparently he did not completely share Haussleiter's intemperate feelings against Behrisch, or he may perhaps have had a scare thrown into him by the itemized list of successful slander and libel actions Behrisch had at one point referred to. After him came an ebullient old gentleman whom I had been watching put away phenomenal quantities of beer all evening; several times he had been good-naturedly called to order, but he had seemed harmless and so was not ejected. He lurched to his feet and, weaving uncertainly, spoke at extended length on the Obersalzberg's economic importance to Berchtesgaden, and sat down amid rather indifferent applause. Behrisch made a few closing remarks, during which his uncomplimentary references to Göring incited a last complaining mutter, but everyone seemed tired and spent and even a bit relieved when the meeting adjourned. The crowd, as they poured out the front door and stood in swaying little knots saying good night to one another, had the unconcerned but satisfied air of a bunch of men leaving a good sporting event.

AWARENESS of my accent had constrained me from opening my mouth all evening, and as we walked toward Dr. Bartscherer's house through the snow our individual preoccupation with our own thoughts prolonged the silence. Dr. Bartscherer unlocked his door, turned on the light, and fetched an ice-cold bottle of Enzian. "I know what you're thinking," he said. "This meeting tonight was the noisiest we've had,

but some of the others have been a good bit more disturbing. I suppose Hek Rau is keeping out of sight until people forget the going-over von Knöringen gave him the last time he spoke. And there wasn't much tonight against the Americans. I think you got a characteristic picture, though, as far as opinions go."

We sipped our Enzian in silence for a long moment. Finally Dr. Bartscherer said, "Friends of mine have told me that the Occupation's attempts to democratize Germany haven't accomplished anything that a heavy squad of MPs couldn't have done. I can't agree. The kind of feelings you saw tonight still exist everywhere in Germany, but the elections show that the democrats' majority is—well, perhaps not secure, but comfortable. You'll find some people who can't forget so soon the way things were here just after the war. The American colonel who used to command the Recreation Area liked to refer to Berchtesgaden as 'my reservation,' and every decision involving us seemed to be reached according to only one standard: 'Well, who won the war?' Not too long ago, you know, Germans working for the Occupation even had to use separate washrooms, reserved for what you called 'indigenous personnel.' I don't mind telling you that I myself resent having our water supply made unfit to drink, by our standards, but the Army says all soldiers' water must be chlorinated and so it is. The only Americans most of us have any contact with are the soldiers."

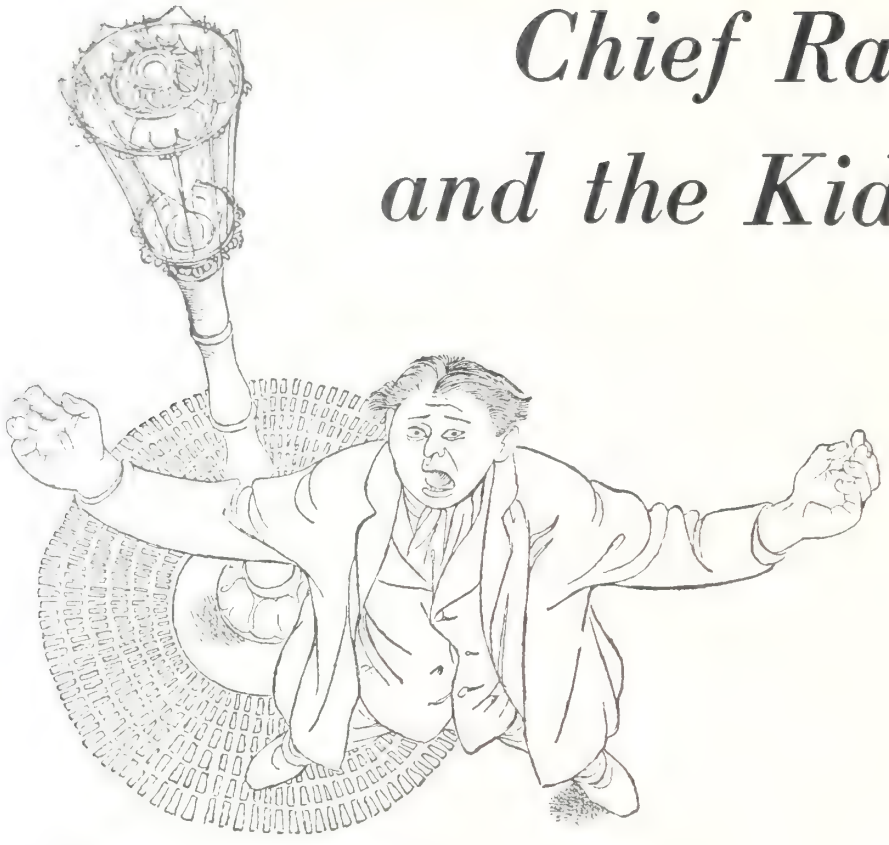
I thought about a reliable German newspaper editor's statement to me that the German Communists, at the time we resumed pouring troops into Europe, had adopted as their tactical line a secret policy of not complaining too strongly, on the grounds that the more American troops there are here, as long as they continue to arrive so utterly unprepared for a foreign culture and comport themselves as Europeans have come to expect, the easier it will be for the Communists to accomplish their ends among the German population.

Dr. Bartscherer put his hand on my arm and said, "Please do not misunderstand me, but the soldiers sometimes seem determined to prove, by their behavior, that the Germans are a superior race. The only constructive thing they have shown us, in the main, is the democratic relationship between them and their officers."

He picked up a recent issue of *Newsweek* from a stack of magazines in several languages and handed it to me; across the cover was a yellow streamer and the legend, "A Report on American Rearmament: TOO MUCH BUTTER, NOT ENOUGH GUNS." "I can't believe that Americans' memories are shorter than ours, but there are far too many of us who remember that Hermann Göring coined that phrase, and we remember the barbarous stupidity it led to. You can imagine the effect it creates to see that on a German newsstand. And if you are perhaps thinking that I favor the Communists," he said with a sudden smile, looking me straight in the eye, "excuse me, but you are crazy."

I asked what he thought of the future of the Obersalzberg as a Nazi shrine. "Oh, that," he said. "That will all die down. You saw how little was said about it tonight. There are enough other souvenirs in the area, anyway, to connect it with Hitler for a long time to come. There's a shop here run by the mistress Hitler had in between his niece and Eva Braun. Eva's father lives not far from here, in Ruhpolding, and her sister is in Munich. I read that Göring's widow took an apartment in Munich recently, to the great indignation of all the people there suffering from the housing shortage. There even is a full sister of Hitler's living over in Königssee. She changed her name after the war and lives now on the eighteen Marks a week, plus room rent, that she gets from Relief. Martin Bormann is still at large, somewhere. Dietrich Eckart is buried here, and on All Soul's Day his grave was beautifully decorated—no one knows by whom, of course. All these ties will probably remain for some years yet—and, of course, there will be the Teehaus and the Platterhof. The contractor has promised to finish dismantling everything else this summer, and then they will begin turning the rest of the area back into part of the forest.

"The fact that the ruins are replaced by pines and larches will surely not interfere with anyone's revering Hitler who really wants to." He looked at me very soberly. "Any setting will do, really—that ritual we saw tonight took place in a beer hall. The Druids, you know, worshipped groves of trees."



Chief Rainbow and the Kid in Paris

A Story

by Max Steele

Drawings
by Bernarda Bryson

I MUST confess: I am not proud of the way I managed to find this room. But then last month when I returned to Paris from hitch-hiking over Northern Europe, the only vacant rooms in the Latin Quarter near the Sorbonne were either windowless or expensive. So I slept for a while on a mattress in the room of a friend of mine, Kate, an Irish girl who was here working as a servant to learn French and to be alone.

Each morning I went from hotel to hotel asking for a room and stopped usually for lunch at a little restaurant near the Luxembourg gardens, where soup with one piece of bread cost two cents and a steak with two vegetables, twenty-five. Each day just as I finished the soup and began the steak there would be a shout in the street, the door would fly open and bang shut, and all the dignified little French would grimace before looking up, or not looking up, to see the two most loyal clients of the restaurant. The large copper-colored guy who shouted and butted through the door would stand and rub the top of his shoeblack hair and wait for the little guy, a frail childlike lad, delicately pale with cold red cheekbones, to select a table. The copper-colored man, whom I assumed to be a Mexican but later discovered was an American Indian, hooted his remarks about the French food which both puzzled and delighted him, and about motorcycles and airplanes which he could not have been more proud of had he invented them himself. You could stand outside across the street and hear him talking about air-cooled engines and water-cooled engines. Or sitting inside, you could see the decorous French pause in the street and listen toward the restaurant.

The small blond lad never seemed embarrassed by his comrade's loud voice though he was plainly aware of the Frenchmen, shrugging and mugging and raising their eyebrows all over the place. He would smile occasionally and speak so quietly that from the table opposite I could not hear whether he was English or American, though I assumed from his long lank hair and rumpled worn tweeds that he was English. He would order for the Indian who never spoke a word of French and later would pay the bill with money from his own pocket.

Sometimes in passing along the street in the late afternoons I would hear the Indian hollering and turning find the two sitting on a terrace with their coffees, the Indian ranting, the small lad whose shouted name I'd inevitably heard was Dolphy, smiling. Before them on the table would be the clipboard of white paper and laid across it the green fountain

pen, but I never saw Dolphy raise the pen to write or draw even though he had them always ready. I hoped he carried them to keep total of the considerable sum which the Indian was by now surely owing him.

One noon during the second week the Indian and Dolphy did not appear at the restaurant. I was too tired from room-hunting to wonder much about their absence. Like the French around me I appreciated the silence and was glad to be able to sit and think my own thoughts, which had nothing to do with motorcycles or airplanes. That morning Kate's concierge had stopped me in the courtyard and told me that I could not continue sleeping in Kate's room. The police would fine both me and the concierge and she did not think it just to have to pay for my pleasures. I assured her that it was not an affair of pleasure but of necessity, that I slept on a mattress on the floor and found it quite uncomfortable and cold. She showed her long gold teeth in a brief, unbelievable smile and said the entire situation was to her disagreeable and could not exist longer. She added that had she known she would have preferred my sleeping in the bed and not dirtying her mattress. The mattress was not to be put on the floor again. She was becoming explosive when I left. Two hours later I had found a room large enough for the narrow bed and maybe for my steamer trunk. The hotel was down near Notre Dame but on the Left Bank in an Arab neighborhood where late one night a friend of mine had been beaten pulpy. I was trying to decide about the room, which was dank and had no water, when Dolphy appeared shyly, like a lost child, in the restaurant door. He was alone.

He looked large-eyed around and then concentrating on the floor entered the restaurant and moved to the empty chair at the table where I was sitting. *"C'est libre?"* he asked.

"It's free," I said.

"Thank you," he said. He sat down and concentrated with unseeing eyes on the menu. Automatically he ordered two soups and the waitress asked with upraised fingers: "Two or one?" "One," he said. His white face turned gradually as red as his thin cheekbones and he grinned with true embarrassment. "One," he repeated. I pretended not to notice and waited until his soup was in front of him before asking if he knew where I might possibly find a room. "As a matter of fact," he said, still blushing, "I do."

"Not too expensive," I began. "In this *arrondissement?*"

"Yes," he said. "Just around the corner."

"Where?" I demanded. "I've been to every hotel within a mile of here."

He named a small family hotel on the *rue* Ferou.

"No," I said, my enthusiasm gone. "I've been there twice this week. They have nothing."

"I know," he said, all the while smiling shyly. "But it's my room I'm thinking of."

I hesitated. "Double or single?"

"Either; it's fairly large."

"I need a room alone."

"This would be alone," he said. "I'm thinking of leaving."

I told him he shouldn't think of giving up a room until he was certain of another.

"I mean of leaving Paris."

"Oh?" I said, but he ignored the question in my tone. Surely he looked like a child, but there was a reserve in his manner that warned the stranger that here was a person with dignity and rights and that one of the most important of these rights was that to privacy. I did not dare ask him a personal question other than to discover his nationality, for his accent was soft and uncertain. "American," he said. And then as an afterthought, almost as a reward, added: "Kentucky."

We finished the meal in silence. I dawdled over my coffee waiting for him to volunteer to show me the room. We paid and left together, but outside he merely turned abruptly and reddening again said: "Good-by."

"But wait," I said, "when can I see the room?"

"Oh," he said as though he'd forgotten completely. "Maybe tomorrow."

"There's no chance of seeing it today?" I asked cautiously, for fear perhaps he would disappear on the breeze.

He glanced, again with sightless eyes, at his watch and said: "I'm sorry but I've got to find Rainbow." He looked up and down the street. "The Indian. Perhaps you know him: Joe Rainbow."

"I've seen him."

"This morning?" he asked with excitement.

"No," I said.

"Or last night, late?" he all but pleaded.

"No," I said.

"Oh," he said. "Well." He started off again.

"Tomorrow?" I asked.

He turned and looked at me as though I were a puzzle. "Oh, about the room. Yes, tomorrow. About three o'clock."

THAT evening when I met Katie at a café near the river she was so angry she looked swollen with tears. She was a big Irish girl with arms and legs like a wrestler's and I had the feeling that if she actually cried I might laugh. "Well, what's wrong?" I asked before even sitting down.

"Oh for the Love of God," she chanted, "it's you."

"And who would you be expecting now?" I chanted back.

She sniffed and drank down her beer and sniffed again. "I may kill her," she groaned. "That's how mad I am."

It was the tone she used when talking about the concierge but more desperate than ever before. "Now Katie," I said soothingly and ordered two beers.

"Calling me filthy names."

"Did she now?" I said.

"Oh for the Love of God quit talking Irish and be sensible!" she said and seized a beer.

"Okay. What's up?"

"She's going to call the family I work for if she sees you there again."

"Yeah," I said in disgust. "I saw her this morning. I had an idea she'd be bitching it up this afternoon." There was a rumor that the concierge had been a collaborationist during the war and for money had turned over four students to be shot. Technically the room was not Kate's. It was rented and paid for by the strict family for whom she worked and was considered a large part of the salary. Poor Katie scrubbed, did washing for two babies, got another kid off to school, helped with three meals, and in her spare time ironed Monsieur's shirts—all for this lousy room and two meals and the equivalent of about two dollars a week. And here she was on the brink of crying over the threat of losing the job. "What are we going to do?" she asked. For a gal who had knocked about all over Europe for a year she was amazingly simple. She reached out and put her big raw red hands over mine. In another day of close living we would be either hating each other or liking each other; and neither of us wanted feelings, emotions, entanglements. We could stay unattached and alive.

"It seems plain enough to me," I said flatly. "I won't show up there again."

"Where'll you go?" It was a dry, professional curiosity.

I counted my money. I had six hundred francs. For three hundred I could sleep tonight in a hotel and use the rest for eating. "Then tomorrow I've got a room promised to me by a lad I met today. And then my check will be here before the end of the week."

We drank a beer to Dolphy's health and room and then one to Katie's health, one to mine, one to Amelia Earhart, and a final one to Katie's concierge, who suddenly did not seem such a bad sort as we had thought. In fact she seemed such a genial, kindly old lady that we decided she wouldn't object to one more night, especially if she knew we'd drunk her health, so we went along and, it being after midnight, tiptoed through the courtyard and up the steps without a sound.

The next morning Kate woke me about five o'clock and I tiptoed back through the courtyard and out through the tremendous doors which clicked neatly, quietly, shut.

AT THREE o'clock I knocked on Dolphy's door. The typing which I had heard inside stopped. "Yes," he said. I reminded him that I had come to see the room.

There was a long silence. Finally Dolphy said hardly louder than a whisper: "The door is locked." I reminded him he had set the hour.

"Yes," he said, "but I'm locked in."

"Oh," I said and waited. I looked at the lock, a huge fifteenth-century type contraption with a keyhole large enough for a thumb. It occurred to me that the lock, being ancient, was not easy to work. "Perhaps I can open the door from the outside if you'll slip the key under."

"I don't have the key," he said.

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"The Indian," Dolphy said. "My friend, he locks me in."

"Can't you do something about it?"

"No. I want to be locked in. I keep his money for him and he locks me in. In that

way we both have to work. He can't get drunk and I can't go sit in cafés. When I'm locked in I have to write."

He was much less reserved with a locked door between us, and seemed perfectly willing to talk.

"You write?" I asked.

"Yes." He must have been sitting near the door for his voice was very quiet.

"Poems, stories, what?"

"I used to write poems but since coming here I write stories."

"What kind?" But I knew the type they'd be: Katherine Mansfield, watered-down and gluey.

"Adventure stories."

The answer seemed most unlikely and sarcastic so I asked: "Like Virginia Woolf's?"

"Perhaps," he said. "I don't know her. Something like Zane Grey's."

If he didn't want to tell the truth about his writing and was letting me know that it really was none of my business I didn't care. It was the room I was interested in, not him and his work. "Can you come back at seven?" he asked.

I TOLD him yes and went away skeptical and during the afternoon was too disappointed to look farther for a room. When, however, I returned at seven, Dolphy opened the door and invited me in. In his own room he was shy but not morbidly so as he had seemed to be in restaurants and on the street. His innate sense of manners forced him to make conversation with a visitor in his own room. And what a fine room! It was the only one on the sixth floor and with the stairs and hall and a locked closet made up the entire garret. There were two dormer windows opening onto the tile roof toward the street and toward the morning sun. The wallpaper was light yellow and plain, unlike most French wallpaper which looks like scorched Paisley shawls. The floor was tile and in the alcove between the windows was a tile step with an alcohol stove. In the corner was a lavatory with both cold and hot water. I looked about at the studio couch, the chest, the desk, and the slanting ceilings and wanted to laugh out for joy. But I was afraid to let Dolphy determine the extremity of my enthusiasm for fear he would suddenly share it.

I sat down on the couch (which was exactly firm enough and did not squeak) and



said cautiously: "You're leaving Paris?"

"I'm thinking about it. I don't want to leave. Yet I came over to write and I don't seem to be writing much."

Laughing just enough I told him oh that no one worked in Paris. He seemed surprised, then began adjusting himself to the fact. He explained that of course he didn't know because he knew only one person, Joe Rainbow, and that neither of them worked much but he thought they were exceptions because everyone else always seemed busy. "Oh no," I assured him. "No one works here. You always get involved with people here, personalities, and you don't have time or energy to work. It's a pleasant death." He sat reflecting on this, repeating it, I could see, to himself, and realizing unwillingly some truth in the words.

"Does the Indian write too?" I asked.

"No," Dolphy said. "He's in an electronic school. During the war he was in the Signal Corps; that's how he got interested in electronics." He watched to see how I would receive this unusual news about his friend. Then suddenly in a burst of confidence he said: "Joe is a Navaho, you know." I assured him that I had not guessed. Then he explained proudly that in battle the Navahos had been used in the Signal Corps because they could phone messages back and forth

which even if intercepted by the enemy could not be translated because they spoke an unwritten language. Joe had passed through Paris one day during the war and had come back to study. Dolphy himself would be going in the Army in six months and so had quit college and come to France to live and write before being inducted for two years. He had hated the idea of Army life because he calculated it would be like his two years of college only worse.

He had left Vanderbilt and gone to the University of Kentucky but dormitory life in both schools had been intolerable. He didn't say why but I could see him there cowering behind his desk, hiding behind a book, fearing those knocks on the door announcing boisterous overfriendly freshmen on their ambitious way to important student elections; and later after the votes were counted and forgotten, Dolphy sitting there, not fearing, but praying from the depths of his isolation and loneliness that someone, anyone would knock. Then bitterly staying in the library, where he would not have to listen to the footsteps in the hall, passing his room; and where, possibly, there would be an upper-classman tired of studying and wanting to talk—or even another freshman, like himself, by pride and some seemingly innate difference, stranded.



"I didn't go back after my second year," Dolphy was saying. "My folks let me come over here instead."

"The Army's not so bad," I said. "Everyone's dressed alike, everyone looks alike. There's no social life and all that. You can have as much privacy as you want."

"It's not privacy I want." Dolphy's determined tone surprised me. "I mean I'd like to get to know people. Joe, Joe Rainbow, says I ought to get in the Signal Corps. I mean he makes it sound like everybody knows everybody. When he talks about it I even feel like volunteering." He talked on, gazing at the floor, about how he'd accidentally met Joe Rainbow in the cheap restaurant and had helped him order his food and then gradually got to know him. But looking about the room, I was not half listening. It was the perfect room and all I could wonder was whether the lad intended giving it up or not. When I turned my attention back to him and tried for the tenth time that afternoon to see what he'd look like with a suntan and haircut, he was saying: "It takes so long to get to know people. That's why I don't want to go to a new place."

"If you really want to work, you don't want to know people," I said. "They take up all your time and, when you get involved, all your energies too. That slow death."

There was no echo of comprehension in his breathing, no reflection of agreement in his eyes, nothing came back and I knew I was stepping on the shallow grave where he had secretly buried this idea. Here was the place to dig. "You have to be alone if you really want to accomplish anything."

"That's what I came over here for," he said as though he'd just remembered.

"It's sorta easy in Paris to lose sight of what you want." I smiled to myself, thinking of an incident on the subway; but Dolphy seeing the grin must have completely misunderstood and been cruelly offended. When he spoke it was in a difficult formal tone. "I should leave; I know that. The only thing is where exactly to go."

"I have a friend in Menton," I said, "who's a writer."

"Does he write there?"

"Sure," I said. "He sold a story last month for four hundred dollars. He was in Paris a long time, almost a year; then he went down there last month and already has written and sold a story." It was the truth; but the complete truth was that he had written and sold several good stories while in Paris. I was measuring the space under the window, which seemed exactly large enough for my steamer trunk.

"The weather is beautiful in Menton. Sunshine, but never too hot. Never really cold and foggy."

"I know. Funny. . . ." Dolphy paused. "I was studying the map last night and kept going back to Menton because it's just across the border from Italy and I could see some of Italy too maybe."

"It's no distance," I assured him.

Dolphy sat with head cocked, puzzled like a puppy, and then slowly, in a childish way, nodded his head gravely and said with great solemnity: "I'll go. I've got to go." After that I couldn't discourage him.

We didn't even go out to eat. I stayed there and helped him pack and together we went down to explain to the proprietor that I was taking over the room and then over to the train station to buy tickets on the 3:00 A.M. Dolphy said he was too excited to sleep so it would be pointless to wait for the 8:30 A.M. And if he waited another day he might change his mind.

By the time we'd taken his foot locker and luggage over it was already midnight. When we came back to the Left Bank Dolphy insisted on stopping at a café on St. Germain for coffee. He was leaving me his alcohol stove, pots, pans, and coffee so I asked him up to the room for coffee. He refused. When I offered to sit with him at the café till train time he insisted that I go on to bed. He had seemed so much like a kid going off to summer camp that I hated to leave him sitting in front of the café alone. "Hell, lad, I'll stay up and see you off!"

"It's not necessary. Besides," he said reluctantly, "Rainbow may come by." During the entire packing he had talked only about the wisdom of leaving and had not once mentioned the Indian. But now he was grinning proudly: "He's sure going to be surprised. That's why I wanted to buy my ticket and have all my stuff already moved before I told him. He was beginning to believe I couldn't do anything without him."

"Yes," I said, "he probably will be surprised." We shook hands and I started to cross the boulevard, but out of the corner of my eye I could see him sitting isolated in a sea of vacant tables and vacant chairs. There was a chance the Indian was drunk and wouldn't show up. Turning I called back: "Sure I can't stick around awhile?"

Dolphy again was in his shy, reserved world. "No," he said like a polite child. "Thank you very much." Then added vaguely: "Good night, good luck."

"Good luck, Dolphy," I said and crossed the boulevard.

THAT night I slept well and warm until toward noon Kate knocked on the door. She was tense as a wire and ready to snap. The concierge had thrown her out. We went over and argued with the woman but she was simply blackmailing Kate out of twelve days' rent. She had seen me tiptoe out across the courtyard in the early dawn. If Kate complained the concierge would phone the strict family and have Kate fired. So that evening we moved Kate's things to the small room I had found in the Arab section across from Notre Dame. I offered her my room; but wanting to feel independent and free of obligations she had refused and had become annoyed and angry when I insisted. She could take care of herself. And what difference, she argued, did it make where she lived? Still arguing we went out for beers and cheese. Outside a student café on Boul Mich a crowd was gathered and we stopped with them to listen to the shouting within. Inside the Indian, isolated in a sea of tough, angry little Frenchmen, was shouting: "I don't owe you another damn cent. You got all my money." He glanced about the room, the whites of his eyes gleaming, and shouted: "Where is my friend?" Neither Kate nor I had passports or identity cards with us so we hurried away in fear the police would arrive.

After walking Kate home I went by Montparnasse where a waiter was keeping my rucksack and two suitcases and struggled along through the crooked streets with them and up the steep and narrow steps. I emptied the rucksack out onto the bed and hid it with the suitcase in the closet, out of sight, so that I

could forget the months of living out of a bag, packing and unpacking. The room seemed larger and warmer yellow and brighter than by daylight. While the coffee boiled on the alcohol burner, I dusted out the dresser drawers and put in fresh, unyellowed newspapers. Under the old newspaper in the bottom drawer there were seven pages of manuscript. I dropped them aside to send to Dolphy but had rather the guilty feeling that I might look at them after the unpacking when the room would be at last all mine: my socks in the drawer, my wool shirts on hangers, my ties over the steam pipe, and the final touch of possession, my alarm clock on the bedside table.

Now it was almost two o'clock and the house was creaking with sleep; and Paris too, stretched out ragged gray against the black sky, was quiet; the only noise was off in the distance, beyond the square, near the boulevards and river where soft sad jazz blended with traffic horns.

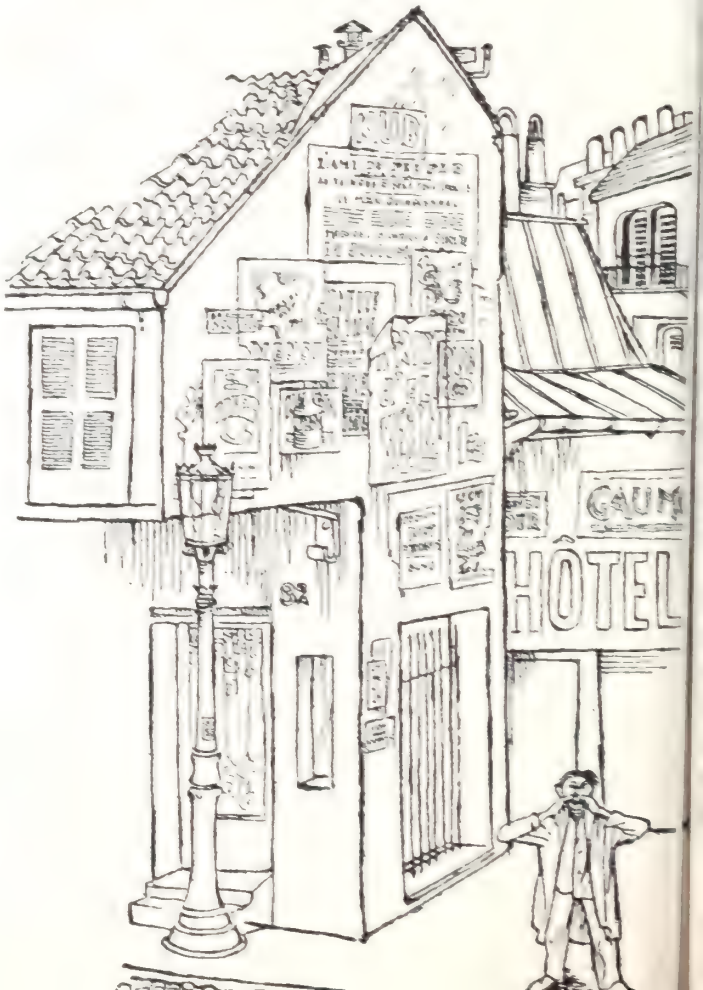
Sitting near the garret window from which the sky slanted steep black and inpenetrable, I drank my coffee and without bothering to pick it up, began reading the manuscript which I had dropped onto the yellow newspaper. Twisting my neck and shuffling the pages with my toe, I found the first:

CHIEF THUNDERBOLD AND THE DESERT KID

Chief Thunderbold strode through the door and banged it shut behind him. With him was the Kid. The Kid was eight. The Chief had adopted him a year ago when he found him wandering dazed and hungry and near to death from thirst among the slain white people—among them his parents—in the charred wagon caravan. Since then they had been inseparable and it made no difference to either that one was white and the other one red. Of all the people in the world they understood each other best.

"Whiskey!" the big Indian shouted. It was the one word of English he knew. The Kid did all the talking with the white men for him. They sat down at a table. The Indian talked loud and brave in his own language. All the little white people looked at them in fear, because they had heard of Chief Thunderbold and the Desert Kid. The Kid listened proudly to this man who had rescued him from death in the desert. No one else understood the Indian. Except when he shouted the one word of English the boy had taught him. "Whiskey!" he shouted.

THROUGH the open window the night air was pouring in and washing cold against my chest as I stood to close in the windows and draw the curtains. As I leaned out, a loud desperate cry came up from the pinched narrow street below. "Dolphy! Randolph!" Quickly I snapped off the light and drew the curtains. "Dolphy! It's me, Joe Rainbow." The cry was wild and savage and torn with pain and fear and sudden loss. Standing there in the chill dark air with that haunted voice cutting through the night, it seemed to me that being so concerned with my own immediate needs—a bed, a room, a roof, and some sunlit air—it had been years since I had truly heard another human's voice or looked directly into another being's face and seen there his awful needs. Even at that moment, for instance, I could not have told you Dolphy's last name or the color of his innocent and terribly puzzled eyes. Then was it a whimper now in the dark street below or a cry from the desolation within, and would it stop this night, and could I sleep? All I had wanted was a room where I could be alone.



The Man Whistler

Part III: The Peacock Room

Hesketh Pearson

This article concludes Hesketh Pearson's series of sketches of James McNeill Whistler, eccentric, genius, and wit. The full biography, a successor to Mr. Pearson's lives of G.B.S., Disraeli, and other famous men, will be published early next year.

Though Whistler's pictures undermined the authority of the academicians of his day and awoke people to the enchantment of modern cities, his painting was too individual to have much influence on the art of the time or to found a school. But he revolutionized interior decoration, and everything he said or did in that matter has now been accepted and followed.

He was the first to paint rooms white, and to substitute plain walls of different colors for the elaborately patterned wallpapers of Morris and his predecessors. He used to say that the room he liked best in other people's houses was the white-washed pantry. He introduced and eventually popularized the decorative use of yellow. White woodwork as well as white rooms came into fashion as a result of his precepts; and the famous "blue and white" porcelain, no less than Japanese matting, owed their ultimate prevalence in England to him. "His taste for simplicity antedated that of the rest of England by more than a generation," writes James Laver; and it is no exaggeration to say that the great majority of domestic interiors today owe whatever decorative merit they possess to him.

For this reason he was associated in the public mind with the aesthetes who caused so much amusement to our forefathers in the pages of *Punch* and the patter of "Patience." George du Maurier ridiculed Whistler in the former and George Grossmith as the original Bunthorne in the latter was made up to look like him—with eyeglass, white lock of hair, mustaches, and imperial; while W. S. Gilbert helped the identification with references to

> Such a judge of blue-and-white and
> other kinds of pottery
> From early oriental down to modern
> terra-cotta-ry

and the "greenery-yallery" of Grosvenor Gallery. Yet Whistler had about as much in common with the average aesthete as Gilbert had, and apart from their genius both of them were more like soldiers than artists—Whistler with his West Point imperial, Gilbert with his Heavy Dragoon mustache.

What is sometimes referred to as the Aesthetic Movement was no coherent action on the part of a group devoted to the same object or animated by the same desire, but simply the reaction of individual artists against the conventional beliefs, styles, ideals, and standards of the age. To speak of the Aesthetic Movement is therefore as inaccurate as it would be to speak of the Anarchistic Movement. No ideas were held in common, no directions were to be followed. There were a number of writers, painters, sculptors, architects, actors, each of whom was going his own way; and though some of them may have traveled along part of the road together, they did not keep in step and had no agreed goal. But, as usual when something novel is in the air, followers were attracted and the sense of a united movement was created. Inevitably the followers managed to make the reaction look ridiculous; and Gilbert and du Maurier found the source of their satire in the attitudes and absurdities of the tyros and votaries, though they were thought to be laughing at this or that particular man. Had they cared to satirize an individual, they could have ex-

Copyright 1952 by Hesketh Pearson

tracted plenty of fun from the story of Whistler's treatment of a certain West End dining-room.

One of Whistler's outstanding portraits of the seventies was an "Arrangement in Black," the subject being Frederick Leyland, a prosperous Liverpool shipowner, who first suggested he should call his twilight scenes "Nocturnes." Whistler at once perceived that the word was exactly right; moreover it annoyed the critics, with consequent satisfaction to himself; and he and Leyland became friends.

Leyland was rich, socially aspiring, and, like so many north-country industrial magnates, anxious to show that the making of money was not incompatible with the finer feelings. His mother had sold pies in the streets of Liverpool, and Bibby, the shipowner, sometimes bought them and liked them so much that he engaged her son Fred to sweep out his office and run errands. Frederick Leyland then improved on the storybooks which show the ascension of good boys and the declension of bad boys, and became one of the wealthiest shipowners in the world. After that he had time to cultivate the arts, and taste to appreciate Whistler, who was introduced to him by Rossetti.

He bought Whistler's *"La Princess du Pays de la Porcelaine"* and commissioned paintings of himself, his wife, son, and three daughters. Both Whistler and his mother, who were then living together, became very friendly with the Leyland family and often visited their house, Speke Hall, near Liverpool, for long periods. Leyland, as befitted a money-magnate, was inclined to be pompous, but he was generous and fond of Whistler, who admired and was greatly attracted to Mrs. Leyland. When the family was in London for the season but business enforced the temporary absence of the shipowner, Whistler and Mrs. Leyland were seen together in public on all sorts of occasions, and it was rumored that she would elope with him. In later years she admitted that, had she been a widow, she might have married him at one time; but in the seventies their close friendship was guardedly expressed by his engagement to her youngest sister, which did not terminate in marriage.

As usual he took great pains with the family portraits. Much though they liked the painter, the children hated the restriction of their liberty entailed by perpetual posing, and the son rebelled after three sittings. Leyland himself was too busy to give the artist much time; but Mrs. Leyland endured the strain and did not even grumble when she saw him rubbing out what appeared to her an almost complete picture, because he kept her continually entertained and no doubt flattered her very agreeably whenever she showed signs of distress. The only portrait of the family to be finished, however, was that of Frederick Leyland, whose fate it was to have another and less attractive resemblance done later by the same hand.

Leyland was not content with being an important person in Liverpool; he wished also to be a notable personality in London and to become one on a lavish scale. He took No. 49 Prince's Gate, Hyde Park, and determined to make it, so far as the interior allowed, a palace fit for an Italian magnifico of the fifteenth century whose taste was influenced by British art of the nineteenth. On the advice of a well known art dealer and expert named Murray Marks, he engaged the architect Norman Shaw to make the necessary structural alterations, and another architect, Tom Jeckyll, to arrange the decorations.

Northumberland House in Trafalgar Square had just been demolished, and the staircase with bronze balustrade was erected at 49 Prince's Gate, the interior of which was made sumptuous with oriental rugs, Venetian statuary, mosaic floors, carved screens, oak and walnut panelings, Beauvais tapestry, inlaid cabinets from India, Germany, Portugal, and Italy, Chippendale chairs, modern chairs, French bureaus, Renaissance bronzes, vases from China, tables from Milan, velvet curtains from Genoa, hangings and ornaments from various climes and centuries, and pictures by Rossetti, Botticelli, Burne-Jones, Lippo Lippi, Watts, Albert Moore, and Ford Madox Brown. Altogether a remarkable conglomeration.

Much attention was devoted to the dining-room, where Leyland's collection of blue and white china was to be displayed. Tom Jeckyll was entrusted with the job and he hoped the result would establish his reputation. For

£1,000 he obtained some Cordova leather which Catherine of Aragon had brought to England and which had been hanging since her time in a Tudor house in Norfolk. Its dull color was relieved by the painting upon it of pomegranates and red flowers. Jeckyll covered the walls of the dining-room with this ancient leather, which served as a background for the carved gilt shelves containing the blue and white china. The ceiling was paneled, the floor was spread with a red-bordered rug, and Whistler's *"La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine"* was hung over the mantlepiece, space being left for another of his pictures on the wall exactly opposite.

When the work was completed, Whistler, who had been painting the panels of the dado in the hall, was asked to approve the general effect of Jeckyll's scheme. He did not approve of it at all. His picture of the Princess was the only thing that mattered to him, and the room was merely a setting for it. To be worthy of it, everything else must be changed. The leather was too dark for it, the red flowers on the leather clashed with it, the red border of the carpet did not harmonize with it.

But he did not say so all at once. He merely suggested that the red flowers should be lightened up with patches of yellow. Jeckyll not being present, Leyland agreed, went off to Liverpool, and left the artist to make the necessary improvements. Then the fun began. Whistler removed the red border from the rug and gilded the red flowers on the leather. The effect was ghastly, as he must have known it would be, and he decided on his own responsibility to treat the lovely old leather simply as a canvas and paint a gorgeous mural design which he had once planned for another client.

He then proceeded to convert the entire room into a peacock's paradise. Walls, woodwork, window shutters, panels, ceilings, were covered with peacocks, their tails spread in the air or sweeping the ground, the sole unpeacocked space being that facing his picture of the Princess where another of his works was to be hung.

It was a superb harmony in blue and gold, and Whistler worked on it as he had never worked before. He started without any sketch or design, and the inspiration came with the labor. For twelve hours a day and more he was hard at it, being helped by the loyal Greaves brothers, who for years did countless jobs for him, and all three of them sometimes appeared as blue and gold as the walls. Right through the summer of 1876 he worked, canceling visits he had planned to France, Holland, and Italy. He was in the fever of creation and communicated his excitement to others. Lord Redesdale went to Prince's Gate that autumn and discovered Whistler on the top of a ladder, looking like a goblin. Redesdale wanted to know what he was doing. "The loveliest thing you ever saw," he replied. Redesdale inquired after the old Spanish leather and asked whether he had consulted Leyland.

"Why should I?" cried Whistler. "I am doing the most beautiful thing that ever has been done, you know, the most beautiful room."

Rumors of his activity got about, and many people dropped in to see the result. He held receptions, he gave teas, he discoursed to visiting royalty, he even waltzed with one caller. He was in a delirium of joy over his masterpiece of decoration; he could think, talk, dream of nothing else. With shouts of pleasure he greeted his friends, with cries of delight he displayed the marvel. On December 8 an article on the Peacock Room appeared in the *Morning Post*. Leyland read it and was greatly disturbed, but business kept him in the north.

At Whistler's invitation, the critics came on February 9, 1877, to see what he had done. A leaflet explaining his scheme was distributed to them, and the notices in the press were enthusiastic. The original decorator, Jeckyll, heard what everyone was talking about and wondered what had happened to his old Spanish leather. He called, saw the army of peacocks, was dazzled by the mass of blue and gold, shuddered at the sound of Whistler's laugh which reminded him of a peacock's scream, rushed demented from the room, managed to get home, began to paint the floor of his bedroom gold, and a few weeks later died in a lunatic asylum. On hearing of his death Whistler remarked, "To be sure, that is the effect I have upon people."

The publicity given by the press brought Leyland down from Liverpool. His private house had been turned into a public gallery;

his sanctum had been invaded by society; his employee had behaved like an owner; and he himself had been made to look ridiculous. The sight of the room did not appease him; his porcelain had been killed by the peacocks. He was furious and told Whistler that he had wasted his time and ruined the room. Whistler was deeply hurt because he believed that he had produced the most glorious bit of interior decoration in the world.

"You should be grateful to me," he informed the shipowner. "I have made you famous. My work will live when you are forgotten. Still, perchance in the dim ages to come, you may be remembered as the proprietor of the Peacock Room."

Leyland asked how much Whistler wanted for his work and was told two thousand guineas. Leyland thought this excessive and offered one thousand pounds. Whistler accepted it because he needed the money, but he never forgave Leyland for paying in pounds instead of guineas, because, by British standards, reinforced in this case by a West Point code of honor, gentlemen were paid in guineas, while only tradesmen were paid in pounds.

WHISTLER felt insulted, and though Leyland said he would give the whole sum if only Whistler would leave the house, the artist preferred his revenge to the cash. In the empty space reserved for another of his pictures he painted a Rich Peacock and a Poor Peacock, and under the claws of the Rich Peacock were the silver shillings which Leyland had knocked off his check. Though this caricature faced Leyland every time he sat down to dinner, he did not touch it; indeed his behavior then and thereafter was wholly admirable. He was seriously affected by the quarrel, which may have caused his premature death. But Whistler throve on hostility, and it is difficult to say how many improvements he might have made to the Peacock Room even then if it had not been for Mrs. Leyland, who returned unexpectedly to London one day, let herself into the house, and, as she was passing the door of the dining-room, overheard Whistler speaking of her husband: "Well, you know, what can you expect from a parvenu?"

She walked into the room and ordered him to leave, and when he returned to the house in a day or two he was refused admission.

Although he had been treated for years as one of the family and had found in Leyland his most generous and forbearing patron, Whistler remained vindictive, and not long after the episode just narrated he painted "The Gold Scab—Eruption in Frilthy Lucre," in which Leyland, who usually wore a frilled dress shirt, was quite recognizably depicted as a monstrous leering reptile, with arms and legs thin and scaly like a bird's, playing a piano and oozing golden sovereigns. It was a colorful but horrible piece of work, and a somewhat extravagant reminder of the artist's resentment at the loss of a thousand shillings.

THIS was the end of Whistler's relationship with Leyland. His Peacock Room, however, had an interesting future. After the sale of Leyland's house in June 1892, the room was exhibited in Bond Street, bought by Charles L. Freer, and transported to Detroit, Michigan. It is now in Washington.

Mitigation of Whistler's behavior to Leyland may be found in the fact that he had been agitated by the strangely impercipient criticisms of his work in the London and Parisian press. Because he was a foreigner in England and France and had not the temperament to develop a contempt for the opinions of strangers, he was extremely sensitive to criticism, and because he was outside the main tendencies of painting in both countries the criticism he received was peculiarly stupid. He had not the self-sufficiency to ignore it, and lived in a constant itch of irritation whenever he was not lost in his work. Years later, in 1896, his Nocturne, "Old Battersea Bridge," was put up for auction. Its appearance was greeted with ironical cheers which, being mistaken for serious applause, were suppressed by angry hisses. The *Observer* reported simply that the Nocturne had been received with hisses, which drew a letter from Whistler to the editor:

"May I beg, through your widely spread paper, to acknowledge the distinguished, though I fear unconscious, compliment so publicly paid. It is rare that recognition so complete is made during the lifetime of a painter, and I would wish to have recorded my full sense of this flattering exception in my favor."



The Role of the Undesirables

Eric Hoffer

Drawings by John Groth

In the winter of 1934, I spent several weeks in a federal transient camp in California. These camps were originally established by Governor Rolph in the early days of the Depression to care for the single homeless unemployed of the state. In 1934 the federal government took charge of the camps for a time, and it was then that I first heard of them.

How I happened to get into one of the camps is soon told. Like thousands of migrant agricultural workers in California I then followed the crops from one part of the state to the other. Early in 1934 I arrived in the town of El Centro, in the Imperial Valley. I had been given a free ride on a truck from San Diego, and it was midnight when the truck driver dropped me on the outskirts of El Centro. I spread my bedroll by the side of the road and went to sleep. I had hardly dozed off when the rattle of a motorcycle drilled itself into my head and a policeman was bending over me saying, "Roll up, Mister." It looked as though I was in for something; it happened now and then that the police got overzealous and rounded up the freight trains. But this time the cop had no such thought. He said, "Better go over to the federal shelter and get yourself a bed and maybe some breakfast." He directed me to the place.

I found a large hall, obviously a former garage, dimly lit, and packed with cots. A concert of heavy breathing shook the thick air. In a small office near the door, I was registered by a middle-aged clerk. He informed me that this was the "receiving shelter" where I would get one night's lodging and breakfast. The meal was served in the camp nearby. Those who wished to stay on, he said, had to enroll in the camp. He then gave me three blankets and excused himself for not having a vacant cot. I spread the blankets on the cement floor and went to sleep.

I awoke with dawn amid a chorus of coughing, throat-clearing, the sound of running water, and the intermittent flushing of toilets in the back of the hall. There were about fifty of us, of all colors and ages, all of us more or less ragged and soiled. The clerk handed out tickets for breakfast, and we filed out to

the camp located several blocks away, near the railroad tracks.

From the outside the camp looked like a cross between a factory and a prison. A high fence of wire enclosed it, and inside were three large sheds and a huge boiler topped by a pillar of black smoke. Men in blue shirts and dungarees were strolling across the sandy yard. A ship's bell in front of one of the buildings announced breakfast. The regular camp members—there was a long line of them—ate first. Then we filed in through the gate, handing our tickets to the guard.

It was a good, plentiful meal. After breakfast our crowd dispersed. I heard some say that the camps in the northern part of the state were better, that they were going to catch a northbound freight. I decided to try this camp in El Centro.

My motives in enrolling were not crystal clear. I wanted to clean up. There were shower baths in the camp and wash tubs and plenty of soap. Of course I could have bathed and washed my clothes in one of the irrigation ditches, but here in the camp I had a chance to rest, get the wrinkles out of my belly, and clean up at leisure. In short, it was the easiest way out.

A brief interview at the camp office and a physical examination were all the formalities for enrollment.

THERE were some two hundred men in the camp. They were the kind I had worked and traveled with for years. I even saw familiar faces—men I had worked with in orchards and fields. Yet my predominant feeling was one of strangeness. It was my first experience of life in intimate contact with a crowd. For it is one thing to work and travel with a gang, and quite another thing to eat, sleep, and spend the greater part of the day cheek by jowl with two hundred men.

I found myself speculating on a variety of subjects: the reasons for their chronic bellyaching and beefing—it was more a ritual than the expression of a grievance; the amazing orderliness of the men; the comic seriousness with which they took their games of cards, checkers, and dominoes; the weird manner of reasoning one overheard now and then. Why, I kept wondering, were these men within the enclosure of a federal transient camp? Were they people temporarily hard up? Would jobs solve all their difficulties? Were we indeed like the people outside?

Up to then I was not aware of being one of a specific species of humanity. I had considered myself simply a human being—not particularly good or bad, and on the whole harmless. The people I worked and traveled with I knew as Americans and Mexicans, whites and Negroes, Northerners and Southerners, etc. It did not occur to me that we were a group possessed of peculiar traits, and that there was something—innate or acquired—in our make-up which made us adopt a particular mode of existence.

It was a slight thing that started me on a new track.

I got to talking to a mild-looking, elderly fellow. I liked his soft speech and pleasant manner. We swapped trivial experiences. Then he suggested a game of checkers. As we started to arrange the pieces on the board, I was startled by the sight of his crippled right hand. I had not noticed it before. Half of it was chopped off lengthwise, so that the horny stump with its three fingers looked like a hen's leg. I was mortified that I had not noticed the hand until he dangled it, so to speak, before my eyes. It was, perhaps, to bolster my shaken confidence in my powers of observation that I now began paying close attention to the hands of the people around me. The result was astounding. It seemed that every other man had had his hand mangled. There was a man with one arm. Some men limped. One young, good-looking fellow had a wooden leg. It was as though the majority of the men had escaped the snapping teeth of a machine and left part of themselves behind.

It was, I knew, an exaggerated impression. But I began counting the cripples as the men lined up in the yard at mealtime. I found thirty (out of two hundred) crippled either in arms or legs. I immediately sensed where the counting would land me. The simile preceded the statistical deduction: we in the camp were a human junk pile.

I BEGAN evaluating my fellow tramps as human material, and for the first time in my life I became face-conscious. There were some good faces, particularly among the young. Several of the middle-aged and the old looked healthy and well preserved. But the damaged and decayed faces were in the ma-

jority. I saw faces that were wrinkled, or bloated, or raw as the surface of a peeled plum. Some of the noses were purple and swollen, some broken, some pitted with enlarged pores. There were many toothless mouths (I counted seventy-eight). I noticed eyes that were blurred, faded, opaque, or bloodshot. I was struck by the fact that the old men, even the very old, showed their age mainly in the face. Their bodies were still slender and erect. One little man over sixty years of age looked a mere boy when seen from behind. The shriveled face joined to a boyish body made a startling sight.

My diffidence had now vanished. I was getting to know everybody in the camp. They were a friendly and talkative lot. Before many weeks I knew some essential fact about practically everyone.

And I was continually counting. Of the two hundred men in the camp there were approximately as follows:

Cripples	30
Confirmed drunkards	60
Old men (55 and over)	50
Youths under twenty	10
Men with chronic diseases, heart, asthma, TB	12
Mildly insane	4
Constitutionally lazy	6
Fugitives from justice	4
Apparently normal	70

(The numbers do not tally up to two hundred since some of the men were counted twice or even thrice—as cripples and old, or as old and confirmed drunks, etc.)

In other words: less than half the camp inmates (seventy normal, plus ten youths) were unemployed workers whose difficulties would be at an end once jobs were available. The rest (60 per cent) had handicaps in addition to unemployment.

I also counted fifty war veterans, and eighty skilled workers representing sixteen trades. All the men (including those with chronic diseases) were able to work. The one-armed man was a wizard with the shovel.

I did not attempt any definite measurement of character and intelligence. But it seemed to me that the intelligence of the men in the camp was certainly not below the average. And as to character, I found much forbearance and genuine good humor. I never came across one instance of real viciousness. Yet, on the whole, one would hardly say that these men were possessed of strong characters. Resistance, whether to one's appetites or to the ways of the world, is a chief factor in the shaping of character; and the average tramp is, more or less, a slave of his few appetites. He generally takes the easiest way out.

The connection between our make-up and our mode of existence as migrant workers presented itself now with some clarity.

The majority of us were incapable of holding onto a steady job. We lacked self-discipline and the ability to endure monotonous, leaden hours. We were probably misfits from the very beginning. Our contact with a steady job was not unlike a collision. Some of us were maimed, some got frightened and ran away, and some took to drink. We inevitably drifted in the direction of least resistance—the open road. The life of a migrant worker is varied and demands only a minimum of self-discipline. We were now in one of the drainage ditches of ordered society. We could not keep a footing in the ranks of respectability and were washed into the slough of our present existence.

Yet, I mused, there must be in this world a task with an appeal so strong that were we to have a taste of it we would hold on and be rid for good of our restlessness.

My stay in the camp lasted about four weeks. Then I found a haying job not far from town, and finally, in April, when the hot winds began blowing, I shouldered my bedroll and took the highway to San Bernardino.

It was the next morning, after I had got a lift to Indio by truck, that a new idea began to take hold of me. The highway out of Indio leads through waving date groves, fragrant grapefruit orchards, and lush alfalfa fields; then, abruptly, passes into a desert of white sand. The sharp line between garden and desert is very striking. The turning of white sand into garden seemed to me an act of magic. This, I thought, was a job one would jump at—even the men in the transient camps. They had the skill and ability of the average American. But their energies, I felt, could be quickened only by a task that was spectacular, that had in it something of the miraculous. The pioneer task of making the desert flower would certainly fill the bill.

Tramps as pioneers? It seemed absurd. Every man and child in California knows that the pioneers had been giants, men of boundless courage and indomitable spirit. However, as I strode on across the white sand, I kept mulling the idea over.

Who were the pioneers? Who were the men who left their homes and went into the wilderness? A man rarely leaves a soft spot and goes deliberately in search of hardship and privation. People become attached to the places they live in; they drive roots. A change of habitat is a painful act of uprooting. A man who has made good and has a standing in his community stays put. The successful business men, farmers, and workers usually stayed where they were. Who then left for the wilderness and the unknown? Obviously those who had not made good: men who went broke or never amounted to much; men who though possessed of abilities were too impulsive to stand the daily grind; men who were slaves of their appetities—drunkards, gamblers, and woman-chasers; outcasts—fugitives from justice and ex-jailbirds. There were no doubt some who went in search of health—men suffering with TB, asthma, heart trouble. Finally there was a sprinkling of young and middle-aged in search of adventure.

All these people craved change, some probably actuated by the naïve belief that a change in place brings with it a change in luck. Many wanted to go to a place where they were not known and there make a new beginning. Certainly they did not go out deliberately in search of hard work and suffering. If in the end they shouldered enormous tasks, endured unspeakable hardships, and accomplished the impossible, it was because they had to. They became men of action on the run. They acquired strength and skill in the inescapable struggle for existence. It was a question of do or die. And once they tasted the joy of achievement, they craved for more.

Clearly the same types of people which now swelled the ranks of migratory workers and tramps had probably in former times made up the bulk of the pioneers. As a group the pioneers were probably as unlike the present-day "native sons"—their descendants—as one could well imagine. Indeed, were there to be today a new influx of typical pioneers, twin brothers of the forty-niners only in a modern garb, the citizens of California would consider it a menace to health, wealth, and morals.

With few exceptions, this seems to be the case in the settlement of all new countries. Ex-convicts were the vanguard in the settling of Australia. Exiles and convicts settled Siberia. In this country, a large portion of



our earlier and later settlers were failures, fugitives, and felons. The exceptions seemed to be those who were motivated by religious fervor, such as the Pilgrim Fathers and the Mormons.

Although quite logical, this train of thought seemed to me then a wonderful joke. In my exhilaration I was eating up the road in long strides, and I reached the oasis of Elim in what seemed almost no time. A passing empty truck picked me up just then and we thundered through Banning and Beaumont, all the way to Riverside. From there I walked the seven miles to San Bernardino.

SOMEHOW, this discovery of a family likeness between tramps and pioneers took a firm hold on my mind. For years afterward it kept intertwining itself with a mass of observations which on the face of them had no relation to either tramps or pioneers. And it moved me to speculate on subjects in which, up to then, I had no real interest, and of which I knew very little.

I talked with several old-timers—one of them over eighty and a native son—in Sacramento, Placerville, Auburn, and Fresno. It was not easy, at first, to obtain the information I was after. I could not make my questions specific enough. "What kind of people were the early settlers and miners?" I asked. They were a hard-working, tough lot, I was told. They drank, fought, gambled, and wenched. They were big-hearted, grasping, profane, and God-fearing. They wallowed in luxury, or lived on next to nothing with equal ease. They were the salt of the earth.

Still it was not clear what manner of people they were.

If I asked what they looked like, I was told of whiskers, broad-brimmed hats, high boots, shirts of many colors, sun-tanned faces, horny hands. Finally I asked: "What group of people in present-day California most closely resembles the pioneers?" The answer, usually after some hesitation, was invariably the same: "The Okies and the fruit tramps."

I tried also to evaluate the tramps as potential pioneers by watching them in action. I saw them fell timber, clear firebreaks, build rock walls, put up barracks, build dams and roads, handle steam shovels, bulldozers, tractors, and concrete mixers. I saw them put in a hard day's work after a night of steady drinking. They sweated and growled, but they did the work. I saw tramps elevated to positions of authority as foremen and superintendents. Then I could notice a remarkable physical transformation: a seamed face gradually smoothed out and the skin showed a healthy hue; an indifferent mouth became firm and expressive; dull eyes cleared and brightened; voices actually changed; there was even an apparent increase in stature. In almost no time these promoted tramps looked as if they had been on top all their lives. Yet sooner or later I would meet up with them again in a railroad yard, on some skid row, or in the fields—tramps again. It was usually the same story: they got drunk or lost their temper and were fired, or they got fed up with the steady job and quit. Usually, when a tramp becomes a foreman, he is careful in his treatment of the tramps under him; he knows the day of reckoning is never far off.

In short, it was not difficult to visualize the tramps as pioneers. I reflected that if they were to find themselves in a singlehanded life-and-death struggle with nature, they would undoubtedly display persistence. For the pressure of responsibility and the heat of battle steel a character. The inadaptable would perish, and those who survived would be the equal of the successful pioneers.

I also considered the few instances of pioneering engineered from above—that is to say, by settlers possessed of lavish means, who were classed with the best where they came from. In these instances, it seemed to me, the resulting social structure was inevitably precarious. For pioneering de luxe usually results in a a plantation society, made up of large landowners and peon labor, either native or imported. Very often there is a racial cleavage between the two. The colonizing activities of the Teutonic barons in the Baltic, the Hungarian nobles in Transylvania, the English in Ireland, the planters in our South, and the present-day plantation societies in Kenya and other British and Dutch colonies are cases in point. Whatever their merits, they are characterized by poor adaptability. They are likely eventually to be broken up either by a peon revolution or by an influx of typical pioneers—who are usually of the same race or nation as the landowners. The adjustment is not necessarily implemented by war. Even our old South, had it not been for

the complication of secession, might eventually have attained stability without war: namely, by the activity of its own poor whites or by an influx of the indigent from other states.

THERE is in us a tendency to judge a race, a nation, or an organization by its least worthy members. The tendency is manifestly perverse and unfair; yet it has some justification. For the quality and destiny of a nation is determined to a considerable extent by the nature and potentialities of its inferior elements. The inert mass of a nation is in its middle section. The industrious, decent, well-to-do, and satisfied middle classes —whether in cities or on the land—are worked upon and shaped by minorities at both extremes: the best and the worst.

The superior individual, whether in politics, business, industry, science, literature, or religion, undoubtedly plays a major role in the shaping of a nation. But so do the individuals at the other extreme: the poor, the outcasts, the misfits, and those who are in the grip of some overpowering passion. The importance of these inferior elements as formative factors lies in the readiness with which they are swayed in any direction. This peculiarity is due to their inclination to take risks ("not giving a damn") and their propensity for united action. They crave to merge their drab, wasted lives into something grand and complete. Thus they are the first and most fervent adherents of new religions, political upheavals, patriotic hysteria, gangs, and mass rushes to new lands.

And the quality of a nation—its innermost worth—is made manifest by its dregs as they rise to the top: by how brave they are, how humane, how orderly, how skilled, how generous, how independent or servile; by the bounds they will not transgress in their dealings with man's soul, with truth, and with honor.

The average American of today bristles with indignation when he is told that this country was built, largely, by hordes of undesirables from Europe. Yet, far from being derogatory, this statement, if true, should be a cause for rejoicing, should fortify our pride in the stock from which we have sprung.

This vast continent with its towns, farms, factories, dams, aqueducts, docks, railroads, highways, powerhouses, schools, and parks is the handiwork of common folk from the Old World, where for centuries men of their kind had been as beasts of burden, the property of their masters—kings, nobles, and priests—and with no will and no aspirations of their own. When on rare occasions one of the lowly had reached the top in Europe he had kept the pattern intact and, if anything, tightened the screws. The stuffy little corporal from Corsica harnessed the lusty forces released by the French Revolution to a gilded state coach, and could think of nothing grander than mixing his blood with that of the Hapsburg masters and establishing a new dynasty. In our day a bricklayer in Italy, a house painter in Germany, and a shoemaker's son in Russia have made themselves masters of their nations; and what they did was to re-establish and reinforce the old pattern.

Only here, in America, were the common folk of the Old World given a chance to show what they could do on their own, without a master to push and order them about. History contrived an earth-shaking joke when it lifted by the nape of the neck lowly peasants, shopkeepers, laborers, paupers, jailbirds, and drunks from the midst of Europe, dumped them on a vast, virgin continent and said: "Go to it; it is yours!"

And the lowly were not awed by the magnitude of the task. A hunger for action, pent up for centuries, found an outlet. They went to it with ax, pick, shovel, plow, and rifle; on foot, on horse, in wagons, and on flatboats. They went to it praying, howling, singing, brawling, drinking, and fighting. Make way for the people! This is how I read the statement that this country was built by hordes of undesirables from the Old World.

Small wonder that we in this country have a deeply ingrained faith in human regeneration. We believe that, given a chance, even the degraded and the apparently worthless are capable of constructive work and great deeds. It is a faith founded on experience, not on some idealistic theory. And no matter what some anthropologists, sociologists, and geneticists may tell us, we shall go on believing that man, unlike other forms of life, is not a captive of his past—of his heredity and habits —but is possessed of infinite plasticity, and his potentialities for good and for evil are never wholly exhausted.

The Loves of Goggle

Bentz Plagemann

I THINK I first began to be aware of my son's dawning maturity, if I may dignify with a Victorian-sounding phrase a process which is so essentially messy, when he caught me in the act of reading the Kinsey Report. I had bought the Kinsey Report on the transparent grounds that no writer should be without a copy on his reference shelf, and I can't imagine why Goggle (the childhood nickname we use among ourselves) asked me what I was reading in the first place, since he has never been what you might call a literary type. I stammered somewhat in reply.

"I am reading a book," I said, blushing with lofty dignity, and polishing my spectacles in a scientific way, "which says here that young people know more about sex than we think they do."

"That," Goggle said, with the terrible patience he sometimes employs with me, "is what I keep trying to tell you."

Actually Goggle has been in and out of love constantly ever since he gave up zwieback, and I think it not at all unlikely that a few hours spent with him would be considerably profitable for Dr. Kinsey; Dr. Kinsey, on the other hand, has been of very little help to me with Goggle, although, in all fairness, I did not expect him to be.

About the best I can do is recognize the symptoms of an approaching seizure, although even that is not easy, since these symptoms, like those of the common cold, can be confused with so many other conditions, including, of course, the common cold. But let us take an example; the evening, for instance, when I first knew that he was in love with Alice.

It was early, before dinner, and I was relaxing in a chair with a cocktail. Goggle is convinced that I am an alcoholic. On the other hand, he also considers taking an aspirin an indication of drug addiction. But I was slumped there, the ruin of a man in his late thirties, poisoning my tissues with gin, when Goggle came in from play. He was then a magnificent thirteen, and as he came into the living-room pictures trembled on the walls, ashtrays broke on the coffee table, and the upholstered chairs sagged in the middle.

"How are you, Goggle?" I asked, trying to start things off on a cheerful level.

He looked at me blankly. "Huh?" he said.

"Never mind," I said. "What happened in school today?"

He didn't hear me. He had begun to circle the room in a vague, tormented way, stumbling over chairs, picking at loose ends of wallpaper, and whistling through his teeth in that way which I had asked him ten thousand times, as of the previous March, not to do, please, for God's sake.

"Goggle," I said. "Listen."

"Huh?"

"As long as you are on your feet would you hand me the evening paper from the table?"

"What?" he asked blankly.

"The evening paper," I said patiently. "On the table."

"What about it?"

"Would you please hand it to me?"

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place!" he demanded. "All this beating around the bush."

"Dinner won't be for half an hour or so,"

I said. "Why don't you go outside and break a few windows, or something."

"Ha!" he said. "When I'm out you call me in. When I'm in you throw me out. A man can't do anything in his own house."

"I know," I said. "Things are tough all over."

He didn't reply. When he slammed the front door again on his way out the doorknob fell off on the hall floor. He had been making it burglar proof in some jazzy new way he read about in *Popular Mechanics.*

"It's Alice," my wife said, coming in from the kitchen and taking a drink from her cocktail, standing, a mixing spoon in the other hand. "I hear her on the telephone," she said. "I can hear her asinine giggle two rooms away."

"Oh," I said, "that explains it. She seems like a very nice little girl."

"Nice little girls don't ride on the handlebars of bicycles," my wife said, in a dark and final tone. "Especially wearing blue jeans."

"Is there any chance they may run away and get married, or anything?" I asked hopefully.

"I don't know about the running away," my wife said. "It's the anything I'm worried about."

"Dear," I said, in the fearful tone of a man who has been reading the Kinsey Report. "At thirteen?"

My wife put her cocktail down. She gave me a long, thoughtful look, and went back to the kitchen.

But I am getting ahead of my story. Let us go back to the beginning. Or at least back to little Mary, the siren of the fifth grade.

We lived in the city then, the city of dreadful night, where mothers of little girls prowl with a restless eye, organizing dancing classes and making lists of little boys from which the little boys can never hope to escape until they are transferred to the inactive or married file.

In this steamy milieu of dotted swiss, seed pearls, and white gloves, Mary was like a breath of fresh air. She had pigtails and a sweet right uppercut, and every boy in the class was her slave. There was hardly a one of them that she couldn't almost lick in a fight, if it was fair and square, and when she knocked them down and jumped on their stomachs their yells of delight could be heard as far as the East River. Mary was the bottleneck as far as the dancing class was concerned, and I shudder to think what methods were used (in being the father of a son there are moments like pearls), but at last she was thrown and hobbled and enrolled in the dancing class, and all the little boys followed.

I remember the first session well. It was only after he had dressed that it was discovered that Goggle had not bathed. He finally washed, under pressure, fully clothed, like painting around masking tape, and while the edges were damp, the exposed surfaces were clean, but no one, as he reasonably explained, was going to see any more of him than that.

We were waiting for him when he got home. It was a very warm afternoon and he rushed into the apartment, peeling his clothes off as he ran. Nude, with steam coming from his ears, he sank into an upholstered chair and gasped, "Mary chose me."

They had lined the girls up on one side, it seemed, and the boys on the other. When "the lady at the piano" announced that the boys would choose partners, little Mary was almost trampled in the rush, so the forces had to be redeployed and lined up again. This time the girls would choose partners. And Mary, oh joy, had chosen our Goggle.

We were all speechless with pride and excitement, but since it seemed a climax of some sort we hardly knew what to expect next.

What happened next shouldn't have happened to a dog, because it was braces on Mary's teeth, and overnight she became a hopeless bag. No boy would be caught dead tripping her in the aisle, or punching her in the back, or making any other such overt gesture of passion. Goggle buried himself in basketball. He was left guard that year and the apartment was littered with scraps of paper on which brilliant plays were diagramed. I threw one in the fire once by mistake; a loss to the world comparable with the burning of the library at Alexandria.

Soon after we moved to the country, and Goggle met Jeanie. It isn't easy to put into words the sweet courage of Jeanie. She was a pretty girl who, having had infantile paralysis, went to school on two crutches. Yet every day when she came home from school her real life began. From the sofa

in her living-room she entertained, and not with the mawkish sentiment of an Elizabeth Barrett, but with the lively wit of a Madame Récamier. She had a record player, and games of all sorts, but most of all she knew how to talk and how to laugh, even at herself. Everyone went there in the afternoon.

Naturally, romance was rather difficult under such conditions, and it was at this point that we began to see the telephone as an aid to this tender sentiment. Goggle would come home reluctantly to dinner, and the slave labor of homework, that dread word which chills the hearts of all parents, but before he went to bed he would telephone Jeanie, sitting in the upstairs study from where he could see her lighted window as he talked.

Goggle at this time was receiving twenty-five cents a week, a tribute he exacted from us for the privilege of gracing our house with his presence. Theoretically there was some work involved, like emptying the cat box, but the suffering this particular chore brought to his fastidious soul was so great that quite often we excused him, arguing that it was easier to do it ourselves. At any rate, from this tax levied on us he saved five cents a week toward a Christmas present for Jeanie.

I went with him to buy it, to the great, glittering jewelry counters at Woolworths, and there he selected a bracelet of gold, with a pendant heart, wherein to keep his picture. Christmas was unusually slow in coming that year, and the bracelet was almost worn out from being looked at. Early Christmas morning Goggle got up and dressed and went over to Jeanie's house, before his breakfast, before opening any of his own presents. We sat waiting for him, having coffee, and in a very short time he came back, came into the house silently, walked out to us in the kitchen, his face white with shock.

It was some moments before he could even tell us what had happened. But apparently Jeanie had seen him as he ran up the front steps of her house. She was downstairs, unwrapping presents on her sofa, and she called his name, and stood, and took one step toward the door. Then she fell—and broke her leg.

Some sorrows are so hopeless they are beyond words or tears. Jeanie was taken to the hospital, and after they set the leg she was to be taken far away, for a long period of time, to another institution where the special care she required could be given. Goggle went to see her before she left, and later, when our minister called on us for some reason or other, and thanked Goggle for having gone to see Jeanie, in that unfortunate way some ministers have of imagining that the power is given to them, as dedicated men, to express the inexpressible, Goggle thrust his fists in his pockets and silently turned his back.

"That wasn't very polite," I said afterward, and Goggle turned on me fiercely. "Why should he thank me?" he asked, his face hot with unshed tears.

After that Goggle took apart everything in sight, including the electric mixer, his bicycle, and the odd carburetors and clocks and other objects of virtue which always seemed to find their way to his room. Our repair bills were rather high at this time. (Any article which could not be put back together again was, of course, incorrectly put together in the first place by dopes who didn't know what the heck they were doing.)

We didn't complain, but our hearts ached, and we longed for some diversion for poor Goggle, so that when Alice appeared on the scene we welcomed her with some relief, even if she was a menace.

Alice wore her hair down to her shoulders, and, really, it was such an awful nuisance, you know, that she had to keep tossing it back all the time, like this, with her hand. She giggled all of the time she wasn't sleeping, and she fluttered her eyelashes a good bit. She imparted to Goggle her profound and original discovery that she really didn't like other girls very much. Boys were much more interesting. It was a mutual regard. The boys found her very interesting, and the girls couldn't stand her at all.

I asked one of her contemporaries one day why she didn't like Alice. (Parents are awful during this period. They lose all ethical sense and stoop to anything to get information).

The girl told me that Alice was "corny."

"What do you mean, corny?" I asked.

"Oh, you know," she said. "She puts paint on her toenails."

I was properly grateful for this definition, as I told her at the time, but I knew from that moment, with the same sinking feeling Samson's father must have felt when he heard

about Delilah, that Goggle was a gone goose.

Alice called on the telephone to make secret trysts, hanging up without answering if one of us got to it first. She gave Goggle a picture of herself which he carried in his wallet, along with his Confederate dollar, his membership card in the Junior Magicians of America, and a theater pass which had expired the year before. When they walked together she held his hand, and if he said anything even remotely funny she threw her head back with laughter and crinkled her eyes. I remembered my own youthful affair with Barbara LaMarr, when I had slept with her picture under my pillow, but at least Miss LaMarr had not been there in the flesh to hold my hand and inflame my senses, and Goggle was reduced to a state of absolute idiocy. He became a sort of pint-size Neanderthal man whose only communication with us was "ugh," and he ate his way moodily through about five hundred dollars' worth of assorted groceries, munching with the absent air of a man in another world.

I don't know where it all would have ended (certainly, as I have pointed out, the good Dr. Kinsey was no help) if Goggle hadn't discovered one day that Alice had also given her picture, a copy of the same one, to Butch Butcher, who was not only bigger than Goggle but who, it was rumored, could stand on his head for five minutes by the clock and drink a glass of water at the same time.

And that ended that.

"Her poor mother," Goggle's mother said piously, as she burned the contents of his wastebasket, including the torn scraps of Alice's picture.

The next year we went abroad, and in the English school where Goggle was put he found himself involved in an international intrigue with State Department undertones. The first inkling we had about it was his asking one day if he could bring "Sally" home for lunch.

"Sally?" his mother asked.

"Sure," Goggle said impatiently. "You know, Sally."

"Oh, yes," Mother said. "Sally, of course. Tell me, does Sally have a mother I can telephone?"

"Why do you have to telephone her?" Goggle asked with alarm.

"To ask her if Sally can come for lunch."

"How dumb," Goggle said. "What's her mother got to do with it?"

(I should like to point out here that the wise father will not allow himself to say, "Ha!" or, "You'll learn," or any such similar remark, since it will only bring down upon his head the wrath of both parties.)

At any rate, Sally's mother was duly called, and Sally duly appeared, one day, for lunch. It was the only time I have ever put my foot down. "I didn't know the situation would ever arise," I whispered sternly to my wife in the kitchen, "but even at this late date I shall have to make a rule that no drum majorette may enter my house more than once."

Sally had brought her baton with her to lunch, a gleaming chromium affair with a tassel on the end, and as we sat and chatted she practiced her twirling. She was a pretty, shy, blonde girl, but my heart hardened against her and did not thaw until later, at luncheon, when she brought off a brilliant coup.

We had been having trouble getting Goggle to eat any fruit or vegetables that season, and when dessert came to the table, fresh fruit, Goggle explained that he had eaten so much he had no more room left.

"Sally," I said, on a sudden impulse, "see that Goggle eats his fruit."

With a cry of alarm, Goggle leaped from the table and ran out on the terrace and climbed a mimosa tree. Sally, however, was quick on his heels, and with a superb dexterity, learned, apparently, from baton twirling, she snaked up the tree, dragged Goggle down, and led him back to his dessert by one ear.

I was tremendously impressed by this performance. Awe overcame my prejudice. I told myself that batons were probably something one got over, like beadwork or acne, and all went smoothly for a while.

Things came to a head, however, very quickly after that. On a Friday afternoon Goggle came home to tell us that Sally had invited him to go to a picnic with her family on Sunday. He told us in a rather offhand way, not looking at us, and added that Sally had said he didn't have to come if he didn't want to.

"Why wouldn't you want to?" my wife asked.

"Well," Goggle said doubtfully. "They only speak German. It's a club, like, and they hike."

The three of us regarded each other silently. "Goggle," I said. "Just what does Sally's father do?"

He looked at me directly. "He was a German soldier," he said.

The next day I telephoned a friend of ours in the Embassy. Yes, Sally's father had been one of the leaders and organizers of the Nazi Bund. Sally's mother was an American, and Sally had not been in school for some time after the war. Her father still had a club of some kind, ostensibly nonpolitical, and there was nothing to be done about it.

I saw him once after that when I drove Goggle to Sally's house. He was on the terrace playing chess with a friend, presumably one of the members of his club. They were large Germans in leather Tyrolean pants, and they greeted Goggle warmly and heavily in German. I did not go in, and Goggle never went back.

"It would be nice to think that the sins of the fathers did not have to be visited on the children," Goggle's mother said.

Goggle murmured something evasive in reply. I understood better now the look of shy defiance which Sally had worn in our house, when she sat on the sofa twirling her baton. I wanted to tell her that it was all right with me if she wanted to be a drum majorette. What the heck, none of us were perfect. But she never appeared again.

WHEN we came home again Goggle got mixed up with a real witch, one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Goggle's mother liked her, a fact which I tried to put down to lack of perception, but it scared me a good bit because I knew how helpless Goggle and I were in the face of feminine conspiracy. Little Helen of the chestnut hair, and the tawny skin, and the warm, slow voice could sit on the edge of a swimming pool in her red bathing suit, and in less than five minutes spin the prettiest web in which ever a man found himself hopelessly entangled.

I consoled myself by thinking that it was just a summer romance, to be forgotten when the first hint of sharpness in the air brought the footballs out to be passed around. But when summer passed and her parents took her away she wrote letters to Goggle, and I don't know if my character has ever been more severely under trial than when it fell to me to bring these letters home from the post office. They were in pale blue envelopes, addressed in a round, girlish hand beginning to be a woman's hand, and they had a mysteriously exciting scent, like strawberry jam.

But when Goggle went off to school and the letters stopped coming to us, I guess I put Helen out of my mind. It was a great relief, in fact, to think of Goggle safely stashed away in the hills, far from the siren's call, where football gave way to basketball, and basketball gave way to baseball, and where, everything else being equal, the teachers might get a few fast algebraic equations into his head while his glands were in abeyance.

When we went up the following spring to bring him home, it fell to me to help him pack his things. His room, if I may call it that, looked like one of the minor stalls in the Augean stables. I stood in the middle, with his foot locker open on one side of me and a wastebasket on the other, while Goggle directed the disposition of each object as I held it aloft from the shambles. Pack that, he would say, or "toss" that.

It was with agreeable surprise that I discovered, after I had worked down through several layers of cultures, that all the letters I had written to him were neatly stacked together on one of the bookshelves. Saved for publication, I decided. Probably posthumous. I could see the volume, *The Goggle Papers*, taking its place in the libraries of the world alongside *The Letters of Lord Chesterfield to His Son.*

"What about these?" I asked cautiously, holding up the precious packet.

Goggle looked carelessly over his shoulder. "Oh, toss em," he said. "No use saving those."

I tossed them, with a sigh, and a rebuke for my vanity, and then I came to a cigar box which, in the moment before Goggle snatched it from my hand, I opened and discovered to be full of those pale blue envelopes smelling of strawberry jam.

"Might as well start down to the car with a few things now," he said gruffly, tucking the cigar box under one arm, and grabbing up a load of books in the other.

He went downstairs and I sat on the edge

of the bed, fighting the worst case of resentment I have ever felt in my life for another human being. It wasn't directed at Helen herself, but for the first time it really dawned on me that someday one of these girls was actually going to get Goggle and take him away for her own, for better or for worse. And there just wasn't anything I could do about it, no matter what she was like.

How did I know she'd be good enough for him? Would she be one of those revolting little girls, grown up, who had chanted that little boys were made of snips and snails and puppy dog's tails? Would she be one of those terrible, ruthless women who would make Goggle pay for being a man, and pay, and pay? But even if not, would she ever be able to see beyond the bluster and the transparent toughness to the vulnerable man inside? The real Goggle, with his capacity for tenderness, his capacity for love and idealism, his capacity for being hurt? Would she, for example, this unknown girl waiting for him somewhere even now, ever be able to see in him the boy he had once been, with a smudged face and a wart on his elbow and a cigar box under his arm, full of a girl's letters?

"Come on," Goggle said, coming back into the room. "Let's get this crud packed up. I'm hungry."

"Okay," I said. I stood up and bent over the foot locker, and silently we stuffed it full.

Without Farewell — 1952

(Suicide of a Teacher)

HORTENSE FLEXNER

THE deed is nothing, but to track the mind
Reaching this door
Is fearful. We shall not find
Hint, note, or clue;
Must hold to memory and the look he wore,
Follow the solid step yet leave behind
Its credible meanings and brisk confidence.
If he had swerved or circled, broken through
To wilderness, our task were clear.
But how trace havoc fallen light as dew,
In comfortable stack or book-room, sense
Beyond the eye and ear,
What grain of poison turning like a screw,
Methodical, intense,
Reversed the stars, defiled the lonely sea—

He who had built in ruin, consoled the young,
Stopped now and left to grope
Among his own brave words and prophecy,
Till flesh was false and breath a major wrong,
Made quick decision, faced the enemy
And slew his hope.

Who Should Do the Writing?

Victor M. Ratner

A COURSE in ghostwriting was announced not long ago at American University, Washington, D. C., and immediately there was a heavy spray of caustic comment about it, especially from people who can do their own writing. *The New Yorker*, for example, went to town on the subject, remarking that "great speeches are as much a part of a man as his eyeballs or his intestines" and that "if Lincoln had had help on his Gettysburg speech, the thing would almost certainly have started, 'Eighty-seven years ago . . .' showing that the ghost was right on the job."

That is likely to be true of *great* speeches. But one might note that the other orators at Gettysburg, also operating wholly on their own, had no difficulty in avoiding greatness. And anyhow the strictures on ghostwriting, however witty and valid, overlook the other side of the matter: the dismal damage done in our time by people who *do* their own writing, in situations where they shouldn't.

Anybody who has worked in business or government or at a university or foundation has seen uncounted memoranda and reports, prepared by important executives, so badly written that their readers did not understand them, or were left totally unmoved by them, or fell asleep over them, or all three. Some of the people who wrote these documents were very able . . . in other respects. They knew how to create major policies. They knew how to handle people. They were saturated with knowledge of what they were writing about.

But they lacked the particular skills of the writer. They did not know how to be concise, eloquent, how to construct a piece of writing; and did not have the writer's patience—or compulsion—to work over draft after draft until the thing came right.

The sad fact is that effective communication of complex material is an art not every one has. It calls for considerable native endowment plus hard-won techniques. Really good writing, as any editor knows, is no less difficult and rare than good painting, sculpture, musical composition, choreography. And many people highly competent at other things cannot master those arts. But they almost always think they know how to write. What's hard about that? Doesn't anyone? They confuse their simple and effective use of words at the low level of everyday living with an ability to use language functionally at more difficult levels.

This is one reason why almost every operation I have known, in business, government, and education, suffers grievously from communication troubles. One sees major policies which seemed perfectly sound, and even noble, cause irritation and confusion and finally collapse, not so much because they were weak but because communication within them and about them was weak.

It may be helpful, therefore, to put some effort into keeping the wrong people from doing the writing. Which means getting writers to do it. And with full credit for what they do.

In the theater and movies, for example, they do get full credit. There, the producer (the maker of policies, the gatherer of talents, the person whose judgment, for good or ill, determines the ultimate quality of the project) hires writers as he hires directors, actors, musicians, and dancers, and credits them for their several contributions. One thing wrong about ghostwriting is that it is so often *uncredited* writing. If it is credited it is honest and can be admirably useful.

Granted there are a few people (like Lincoln) who combine genuine writing skill with other great skills. Granted there are many important things every man should write for himself (letters to his children, for example). It would still help all parties concerned if communication were understood to be a special and difficult function, not simply an extension of anybody's childhood ability to speak and write. It would be a beginning of an answer to the question: "What shall we do about our communications problem?"

After Hours

Mobiles, Schmobiles

IT SEEMS to be fashionable these days in the little movie houses that specialize in foreign films to throw in an Art film in the spot in the program usually occupied in bigger theaters by newsreels and cartoons. Some of these art films are merely the results of fiddling around with the abstractions that can be made with moving light and color, and they are either good or bad in their own terms. I've seen a few that I thought were imaginative and pretty and entertaining. I've seen others that hurt my eyes or bored me stiff or both. The other sort of art film is the film about the capital "A" variety of Art.

Of these there are literally hundreds, as you would discover if you were to investigate the catalogues of movie suppliers who specialize in the 16-millimeter trade—schools, museums, film societies, and the like. There is scarcely an artist of the past or present who has achieved fame who hasn't had a movie made either about him or about his works. I have by no means seen all of them, but I have seen a fair share, from the full length picture about Michelangelo called "The Titan" to very short ones which concentrated on a single altarpiece such as the van Eyck "Adoration of the Lamb." Among these there are also good and bad ones, but there is one pitfall into which many of them seem to stumble headlong. They forget that the art that is being photographed is the point of the movie.

If this seems obvious to you, let me hasten to say that it evidently does not seem obvious to the movie-makers. They succumb to what appears to be an irresistible temptation to interject their own artistry between the art they are photographing and the audience. They seem to say, "See how much better I can make this picture look, how much more fascinating, than the man who painted it." They suffer from the false notion that art is boring and can be made interesting to the public only by trick shots, fancy wipes and fades, so that in the end one is far more aware of the techniques of the photographer than of the artist on whom he has gone to work.

RECENTLY I saw a prime example of this, an elaborately muffed opportunity. It was a short, but by no means short enough, movie of the mobiles of Alexander ("Sandy") Calder, made under the direction of Herbert Matter and Burgess Meredith, who uttered resonant, if unctuous, commentary to go along with it. The mobiles of Calder are, as anyone knows who has seen them, not only gay and beautiful, but witty as well. They are never heavy-handed, and above all they are never unctuous. They are in fact the only sculpture, except for fountain sculpture, which is made to be seen in or with motion. From the movie point of view they are naturals; they cannot be adequately photographed except in motion, and it would be difficult to imagine how to photograph them in motion badly. The secret of doing them badly is this: you start with a lot of miscellaneous shots of water washing up on a beach. Then you show reeds blowing in the wind; then you show light glistening on water; it moves. Nature, you are instructed, is full of movement, so that makes it all right to make sculpture, abstract sculpture, that moves. You may get the idea right away, but you're dumb, see, so you are exposed to a great deal of color footage just in case. After a while you are ushered into Mr. Calder's studio and allowed to look at some of his mobiles and to see the master himself filing away at a piece of metal. This is nice, considering how patient you've been about the reeds and the waves, except

that suddenly you have become a little boy. It is through a little boy's eyes that you are supposed to see this revelation—the naïve, unsullied point of view. So you are shown shots of the little boy looking at the mobiles, and then you see them through his eyes, your own being too jaded.

It's nice to see things fresh, of course, and for a while it is fun to look at the gently whirling black and white and red shapes exquisitely balanced on fulcrums and hung from wires; but then the movie technician gets tired of showing what Mr. Calder can do for himself, and can't resist the itch to show you what *he* can do with Mr. Calder. So he lets loose; and what a sight! It is enough to make the head swim. More fancy effects, more whirling lights, more flashes of color than a documentary of Coney Island, and rather like one. "Pooh to Calder," it seems to say; "get a load of this!" The load lasts so long that when I saw the film the presumably sophisticated audience in the little art theater got the giggles; and when the film was over somebody said a hearty "Boo" and nearly everybody else laughed with sympathy and relief.

But the Calder film is only the usual art film raised to a slightly higher ludicrousness. Furthermore it suffered by juxtaposition with the feature film, a recent French confection called *"Casque d'Or,"* a gangster-and-moll movie set in Paris in the last quarter of the last century. Pictorially *"Casque d'Or"* is a delight, and as an art lesson (if you should want to take it that way, though it was surely not meant to be one) it is a superb document. Its scenes, especially the opening ones, are reminiscent first of Degas, then of Lautrec and of Renoir, though none of this is made crushingly obvious. It is merely as though the director had decided which artists had best depicted the looks and life of the era and decided to photograph through their eyes. The results are authentic, gay, human, and unfancy. One suspects that foot-of-film for foot-of-film *"Casque d'Or"* opens as many eyes to the delights of nineteenth-century art as the Calder film closes to the art of the mobile. No souls were saved for modern art by the Calder film after the first five minutes.

There will be good art films only when the people who make them decide, first, that the art they are photographing is not a bore and therefore does not have to be souped up for popular consumption, and second, that the men who made the art they have chosen to photograph were pictorial artists who knew what they were doing and that their work cannot be improved by putting it in motion. It is enough that the camera be an intelligent eye, an observing eye, and an exploring eye.

Blue Suit

I WONDER if there is any greater compliment that can be paid a man than to have his son tell him that he knows how to do something domestic better than his son's mother does. I've known for a long time that I'm better at one o' cat, that my backhand has more authority, that every now and then I can chip a number five iron onto the green from the tee on a par three hole. But that's nothing. I've finally invaded a domain from which I've long been excluded (probably not intentionally); I've gone shopping with my son, and he liked it.

Of course he would have liked it all along if he had only known. But how was he to know, poor fellow? He's been shopping with women all his life. He's been asked to make decisions that he didn't want to make and hadn't the slightest idea how to make. He's been asked, "Are you *sure* this is what you want?" He's been asked, "Is this going to be practical? What will you look like in this jacket after five minutes at school?" How could he know, I'd like to know. He's been taken into stores and made to look at a whole rack of suits he didn't want just to make sure that he didn't want them more than the suit he did want. He's been put in the position of getting into a suit that he hated and of being told that it looked "awfully smart" and that it looked "lovely" on him. He has been put into jackets that his mother plucked at the shoulders of and said, "Are you sure this is big enough? You know about that suit you got last year." He has been subjected to the indignity of having a woman (and what worse woman from his point of view than his mother?) put her hand in the waist band of his trousers and tug at it and say, "Have you got enough hips to hold these up?"

Today I took my son to buy a suit, some shirts, and some socks. It took fifteen minutes altogether.

We went to a department store, straight to

the middling-boys' department, and an amiable fellow with graying hair and a casual manner asked us what we wanted.

I said, "My son wants a blue serge suit."

"No," the man said, "he wants a blue flannel suit; it doesn't get shiny as soon."

"Okay," said I, "you're right."

He went to the rack, got out the jacket of the suit, put it on my boy, and said, "I guess he needs the next larger size," which he then got. It looked fine. My son's eyes brightened; the clerk called the fitter, and the deal was closed. I did ask the price, of course, but I'm afraid it was an afterthought. I didn't really know what the suit should cost, but the price was lower than I thought it would be by about five dollars. The shirts took even less time. I asked my son, "What kinds of shirts do you want?" and he said, "Just like the one I have on," and I said, "What color?" and he said, "Two white and two blue." A salesgirl was listening as we talked, and in three minutes we were on our way.

We got into a elevator (we were on the seventh floor) and started down. We were the only men in the elevator. Women got on at the sixth floor and then got out in the budget department on the fifth floor; other women got on at the fifth floor and got out at the college department on the fourth floor. By the time we had got to the main floor we were an island in an entirely different sea of females from the sea we had pushed our bows into on the seventh floor.

My son said, "Dad, did you notice that we were the only men who went up and the only men who came down?" We were longer in the elevators, I think, than it took us to shop.

As we went out the revolving doors onto the street, my boy turned to me and said, "That was easy. What about shoes?"

I said, "You go buy shoes. You know how to buy shoes."

"Okay," he said. "It's easy for men to shop."

Housewarming

I SUPPOSE I might be called a UN buff. I doubt that any fire buff haring off after the engines and hose has displayed any more energy and enthusiasm than I have trailing the General Assembly of the United Nations around these past seven years. I hitchhiked on a series of Army planes from Germany, where I happened to be at the time, to London for the General Assembly's first meeting in 1946. I fought my way through the New York subway system to get out to Lake Success for subsequent openings there, and I felt a real sense of loss when I couldn't make it to Paris for the 1951 opening session. It's got so that when I'm around a UN meeting I have to stop myself from waving to a lot of the delegates, and not necessarily the more famous ones, because I've seen them so often that I feel we must have at least a nodding acquaintance by now. And each year I check to see how they're looking.

Well, I did get to the opening of the seventh General Assembly this past October in its new $68,000,000 permanent home over on the East River, and I can report that the delegates I think I know looked a lot better dressed than they did in 1946 and a lot tireder, in spite of having had seven years of uneasy peace since then. Trygve Lie, for example, had a set look to his face, which was almost perpetually grinning in London, and I didn't see anyone slap him on the back and call him "Trigger" the way they did then, either.

It was a considerable shock to a buff like me to be in the new building too. It is, as a friend of mine remarked, "strictly out of the twenty-fifth century," and it makes the glass slab of the Secretariat building next door look like a good safe example of conservative architecture. There's nothing earth-bound about the new building: virtually everything curves and reaches up, and the truly incredible space-ship-like dome of the main meeting room gave me the feeling the whole thing was designed to shoot up into outer space the minute negotiations down here got too tough. Even at the end of the day I wasn't used to all the glass and marble, the chartreuse seats in the press gallery, and the exceedingly pale blue seats for the advisers to the delegations, arranged in a kind of orchestra circle around the floor. Reflected in the curved glass windows of the interpreters' and radio and TV booths that circle the floor above, the whole scene looked as non-objective as the two Léger murals on the back walls.

I kept thinking back to the blackout curtains, hastily dyed United Nations blue, that draped Central Hall, London, normally the headquarters of British Methodism, for the

first Assembly; the crowded, inconvenient press gallery there; and the generally makeshift look of the buildings at Lake Success. When I wandered between sessions into the handsome delegates' lounge and bar with its dramatic, limitless view of the river and its Finn Juhl chairs, I remembered the smoky, crowded pubs around Central Hall where, because of its religious nature, all alcoholic beverages were banned.

Yet in the end the similarities between the openings of the first and seventh Assemblies were far greater than the differences. The first General Assembly opened with two strikes on it—the failure of the League of Nations and the second world war—and every newspaper and every speaker emphasized the fact until, seven years ago, I felt the warnings almost blotted out the hope. The opening of the seventh session was a more festive occasion; after all, it was in the nature of a housewarming. But Dr. Luis Padilla Nervo of Mexico, president of the 1951 session, and Lester B. Pearson of Canada, newly elected president for 1952, sounded the same warnings of difficult days ahead. And after the greetings and the tributes to the contributors to the new building were over, the delegates settled down to the hard, prosaic routine business at hand as rapidly as they did in 1946. The gallery was resplendently spectacular, but nobody on the floor was playing to it.

I found that I was suddenly glad the United Nations had spent $68,000,000 building itself a house, and just as I was leaving I stopped myself abruptly from nodding to Vishinsky, who looked very tired indeed, as I passed him trotting down the corridor.

Is It Flotsam or Jetsam?

It was with a sense of noble purpose that I took myself to the 1952 National Home Furnishings Show. I looked until my feet hurt, which was pretty soon. I did all three floors of it, enough acreage for a small farm, and I came away with a single impression: tomorrow's attics (if architects let tomorrow have any attics, which is unlikely) are going to look like a beach after a storm. They are going to be crowded with driftwood.

I imagine that it was about ten years ago that I first saw a table the base of which was a piece of driftwood and the top of which was a cooky-shape of glass. It was a low coffee table, and the color and consistency of the blasted wood was almost like bone; it was split and aged like a cow's shin left to dry in a pasture, and it was surprising, romantic, and good-looking. My friend who owned that table has long since broken the glass top by mistake and burned the base in his fireplace on a cold winter evening. It may even have been he who started what has become a preposterous fad. He'd be the last to admit it.

You know, of course, that you can get not only table bases but lamp bases made of bits of wood that the waters have disgorged. You can also get wall brackets made of twisted driftwood, studded with flame-shaped lamp bulbs. (These are called driftwood creations and are made by a company called Driftwood Creations, of New York, where anything can wash up.) But this is by no means all. You can buy driftwood that is not only wired but gilded, and not only gilded but covered with pottery figures of pirates storming over it. You can buy ashtrays set into the arms of a couple of driftwood twigs, the ashtrays being made of pottery that has been specially molded to fit the irregularities that nature and water have imposed on the wood. If you don't care what you do, you can buy clocks set into driftwood that will remind you of the clocks that used to be set in the bellies of bronze reproductions of the Venus de Milo.

Since going to the Home Furnishings Show I have been increasingly aware of driftwood in shop windows serving every purpose from displaying ladies' gloves and undies to merely sitting around casually to lend atmosphere. I feel that this preoccupation with what nature does to dead wood ought to have some significance. Out of it one should be able to draw some dark conclusions about man's need to surround himself with symbols of destruction. I feel quite sure that any good Freudian could discover a quite different set of symbols. But whatever the significance, if any, of the prevalence of washed-up wood in the living quarters of America, it is here to stay for a few minutes. But only a few minutes; it will not be long before it takes its place in the attic along with other such notions of using nature in the raw, like the rustic bench and the birch-bark picture frame.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Enough for Everyone, Almost

Gilbert Highet

More books are published in November than in most other months. This is because the publishers, those starry-eyed realists, (1) want their books to be bought during the festive season, (2) can make better preparations to market their product in November than in the truncated month of December, (3) know that a work issued in December will become "last year's" when the new calendars go up, and probably (4) have a complicated financial strategy involving fiscal years and annual profits, which places their peak outlay and income in the last eight weeks of the year. The result is that six or eight interesting books have been appearing every week—too many for even the most diligent reviewer to cover, but enough to guarantee most of us many delightful hours.

Past and Present

The novels are the weakest part of the month's deposit: at least they contain more gravel and less gold than the rest. I have always liked Mark Aldanov, and remember with pleasure his *Before the Deluge* (Scribner, 1947); yet I could not finish ***To Live as We Wish*** (Dutton, $3.95), which is ingenious but painfully unreal. Tom Lea has a good idea in ***The Wonderful Country*** (Little, Brown, $3.75), and whenever he writes American the story is pretty gripping; but the climaxes are seldom satisfying, and the conversation is often in a sort of pachuco language which is unintelligible to the average reader. One gets bewildered, watching the hero leaping onto his vara and tying up his tostones in a gringo chingao. Sometimes Spanish conversation is literally translated, in the disastrous manner of *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* like this:

> "That the bad lice eat him! The *patrón* is governor and you see what we encounter? We encounter the military of the parlor. The jokers of girls . . ."

—so that after fifty pages one might as well be reading the old badly-translated Dumas novels in which Frenchmen used to cry, "Name of a name, is it that thou hast thought to evade, my little cabbage?"

Then again, you might have thought it would be impossible to write a 500-page novel about the history of moving pictures, from Bioscope to talkies, without a single memorable phrase or vivid epigram; but no, Mr. Robert Carson has done just that, in ***The Magic Lantern*** (Holt, $3.95). In twelve long chapters he tells of the rise and fall of a father-and-son team of producers; he symbolizes the movie industry in the early illnesses and unexpected growth and sterile loves of the son; and he manages to avoid giving any description of Hollywood and Los Angeles, any clear characterization of the great movie personalities, and any coherent account of the dramatic and technical problems solved by the picture-makers. Personal relationships and financial skulduggery are the core of the book. The rest is endless chat, as dry as the sands of Death Valley, studded with clichés as frequent as cacti.

There are a few good novels too. Gladys Schmitt's ***Confessors of the Name*** (Dial, $3.95) is a long and carefully worked story of collapse, conversion, and regeneration in the difficult reign of the emperor Decius, when neither Christianity nor the Empire seemed

★ Notes for Christmas Lists ★



SAM CLEMENS OF HANNIBAL by Dixon Wecter The true story of America's most famous fictional boyhood. $4.00 **A DECLARATION OF FAITH** by Herbert Agar A Pulitzer Prize winner finds in our past a good augury for our future. $3.00 **J. P. MARQUAND, ESQUIRE** by Philip Hamburger One of the most discussed *New Yorker* profiles of the year now in book form.. $2.00 **SIRONIA, TEXAS** by Madison Cooper A Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award, perhaps the longest novel ever published in America and most certainly one of the great spell-binders. 2 volumes $10.00 **EXECUTIVE SUITE** by Cameron Hawley A novel of a day in the impetuous life of a corporation. $3.00 **THE TURBULENT ERA** by Joseph C. Grew A life of diplomacy from the kid glove era of Franz Joseph to the mailed fist of Hirohito. 2 volumes $12.50 **THE COURSE OF EMPIRE** by Bernard DeVoto A Pulitzer Prize historian tells the story of the white man's onset on our West, from Coronado to Lewis and Clark. $6.00 **COLLECTED POEMS 1917-1952** by Archibald MacLeish New poems and old from a former Pulitzer Prize winner and one of our few great living poets. $4.00 **THE GREAT FRONTIER** by Walter Prescott Webb A portrait of the effect of the opening of new lands on the ways and welfare of man, by the author of *The Great Plains*. $5.00

Notes for Christmas Stockings

MR. WICKER'S WINDOW by Carley Dawson, illustrated by Lynd Ward A little magic and a modern boy steps back into the strange and dangerous past of the Revolution. Ages 12 up $3.25 **THE BIGGEST BEAR** by Lynd Ward A wonderful story about a boy and a bear and a lifelong friendship. Ages 4-8 $2.75 **MAYBELLE, THE CABLE CAR** by Virginia Lee Burton The delightful story of San Francisco to the rescue of a beloved heroine. Ages 4-8 $2.50

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY *Publishers*

to be firmly established, minds and wills were wavering, and the whole of civilization appeared ready to collapse. This book is continuously interesting. There are some historical errors—a Roman eating persimmons, which then grew only in America and Japan; a poet writing with a quill-pen, which was scarcely used until the seventh century or so—but no major blunders. The story is so intricate that it is sometimes confusing, which is probably right for that age of confusion. The characterization, the historical perspective, and the psychical overtones are sensitively and thoughtfully done. Few authors understand even their own time as well as Miss Schmitt understands that almost-Christian Rome.

A comedy on the same conflict is William March's ***October Island*** (Little, Brown, $3). (It fits in with another Pacific book I have been enjoying, ***We Chose the Islands***, by a former governor of the Gilbert and Ellice group, Sir Arthur Grimble: Morrow, $5.) This shows a peculiarly limited kind of Christianity being absorbed and fertilized by a pagan society which stresses the jollity and the ritual that are so often absent from fundamentalism; and it explains that missionaries seldom succeed without a strong sense of humanity and a close connection with their mother church. Light, but charming.

"All Zeal, Mr. Easy"

Mr. Stringfellow Barr is an eloquent writer. His style is energetic, coherent, and persuasive: he would be a dangerous man in a debate. He throws out bold, lapidary phrases. If the epigrams are not always true, if the flood of rhetoric covers many sharp rocks and dangerous rapids, still, that makes him all the more exciting to read. His latest book, ***Citizens of the World*** (Doubleday, $3), is exciting—or perhaps irritating—for another reason also. It combines broad and noble aspirations for the whole of mankind with bitter scorn and loathing for large sections of the human race. There are few hatreds so vehement, few prejudices so deep as those of the radical reformer, who can see a brave new world just over the hill, and would willingly trample into dust the stupid selfish people who keep him from reaching it. Mr. Barr speaks with approval of Aneurin Bevan; and we recall that Mr. Bevan publicly described a great number of his fellow-citizens as "lower than vermin"—which presumably meant that they ought all to be killed like rats and roaches. In the same way, Mr. Barr appears to despise big groups of his fellow-Americans, without knowing very much about them. He will say that "South Africa is the only country with a worse reputation for race discrimination than we Americans have"—as though he hated us more than the Germans who killed six million people because of race discrimination, or as though he had never walked through the streets of New York or San Francisco and watched the largest and easiest mingling of races in the world. He will talk of Americans as "raping the continent" and battening on sweated coolie labor, as though he had never seen the farms of Iowa, the orchards of California, the Wyoming ranches, or as though he had never cared to examine the relation between domestic and foreign investments in the wealth of our home-made, self-made America. He despises American business men and investors so much that he thinks they will never invest in welfare as well as in profit, although in practice they do just that; and he proclaims that it was government, "a bit socialistic," not free enterprise, that built the highways of the United States. He does not mention the privately conceived railways, the bus and truck lines, the air-services which cover the continent, and the shipping lines which girdle it and bind it to other countries. Hard sayings such as these make an odd contrast to Mr. Barr's notable softness toward the Communists. He has an eloquent passage saying that "non-Communist Europeans fought shoulder to shoulder with Communist Europeans . . . and bunked beside them in the same concentration camps." Apparently he has never talked to any non-Communist who was in a German concentration camp. If he had, he would have learned that the Comrades soon took over, collaborated closely with the SS, and used their power to torture and to kill all members of center parties who even looked as though they might be influential as moderates and liberals. (For details, see Christopher Burney's *The Dungeon Democracy* and Eugen Kogon's *The Theory and Practice of Hell.*)

However, most of the bitterness in Mr. Barr's work is understandable. It springs from

Give the books you'd like to get

A Many-Splendored Thing

By HAN SUYIN

"Han Suyin is a western-educated Chinese doctor. In Hong Kong she met the correspondent of a famous British newspaper. Though they had both passed the age of romance, they fell in love romantically, passionately, irrevocably. In A MANY-SPLENDORED THING their story is told in language that rises into rhapsody as it recaptures, for all who are not too old to remember, the initial tremors, the wild hopes and the bitter despairs of earthly love."—*The Londoner.* $3.75

Anatomy of a Satellite

By DANA ADAMS SCHMIDT

The inside story of Czechoslovakia — the most disaffected of Russia's ring of satellites — told by a *N. Y. Times* correspondent who has watched with his own eyes the impact of Communism on an industrialized country with a prosperous middle class. "The most comprehensive and interesting study made of any satellite state in eastern Europe since the close of World War II."
—J. W. POWERS, Foreign Editor, *Boston Globe.*
$5.00

The Holiday Candy Book

By VIRGINIA PASLEY

In this new book by the author of *The Christmas Cookie Book* you find recipes for favorite candies the year 'round, from winter chocolates to autumn nut goodies. The most complete book on candy-making ever published, it includes both basic and fancy recipes as well as directions for quantity cooking for gifts and bazaars.
Illustrated. $3.00

At all bookstores

AGNES DE MILLE'S
DANCE TO THE PIPER
Her story of her life "stings, slaps, sings, pirouettes with the magic of the theatre."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.50

FARLEY MOWAT'S
PEOPLE OF THE DEER
This first-person story of Eskimo outposts is "a book of rare force, beauty and vigor."
—*Boston Herald.* $4.00

WALTER LIPPMANN'S
ISOLATION AND ALLIANCES
"Logical and powerful . . . every thoughtful American should read it."
—*Saturday Review Syndicate.* $1.50

CLAUDE MOORE FUESS'
INDEPENDENT SCHOOLMASTER
The autobiography of Andover's headmaster — a lively record of a life of intellectual industry. $5.00

JAMES NORMAN HALL'S
MY ISLAND HOME
One of the most endearing American autobiographies ever published: a great storyteller's greatest story. Epilogue by Edward Weeks. $4.00

BRUCE LANCASTER'S
THE SECRET ROAD
The exciting tale of espionage in the American Revolution, "told by a veteran craftsman at the top of his form."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.50

MAZO DE LA ROCHE'S
A BOY IN THE HOUSE
AND OTHER STORIES
Nine short stories and a novelette, by the beloved creator of *Jalna.* $3.00

JOSEPH PETRACCA'S
COME BACK TO SORRENTO
A buoyant, endearing novel of an Italian family learning "the American way." $3.00

THEODORA C. STANWELL-FLETCHER'S
THE TUNDRA WORLD
The deeply lived story of a wilderness home "will delight all readers . . . delight them very much."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.50

These are all Atlantic Monthly Press Books
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY · BOSTON

For a Child at Christmas



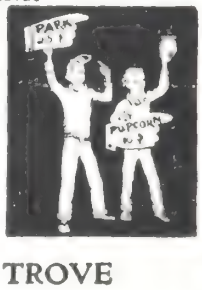
VIKING JUNIOR BOOKS

LOOK!
Verses and Pictures by Zhenya Gay
A delightful procession of baby animals for tiny readers. Simple words. Soft pictures in yellow and brown. *Ages 2-5 $2*

LOOKING-FOR-SOMETHING
By Ann Nolan Clark
Illustrated by Leo Politi
Full-color pictures of a little stray burro in Ecuador. "A lovely book with its poetic phrasing, repetition and beautiful illustrations."—*Parents'*. *Ages 4-8 $2.50*

TWENTY AND TEN
By Claire Huchet Bishop
Illustrated by William Pène du Bois
Courage and kindness as twenty French children in a mountain school hide ten young refugees from the Nazis.
Ages 8-12 $2.50

FAMILY GRANDSTAND
By Carol Ryrie Brink
Illustrated by Jean Macdonald Porter
An unforgettable fun-loving family who live near the University football stadium.
Ages 9-13 $2.50



THE TREASURE TROVE OF THE SUN
By M. Prishvin
Illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky
Two peasant children lost in a wild Russian swamp. Pictures in brilliant color of the many birds and animals.
Ages 10-14 $2.75

ALL DOWN THE VALLEY



Written and Illustrated by Henry Billings
The Tennessee River Valley from 1779 to 1952, how the TVA was built, what it has done for the Valley and its people. A distinguished book. *Ages 12-18 $3.50*

Send for 100-page free illustrated catalogue that gives complete descriptions of our 29 new Junior Books for 1952 as well as of all our older titles.

THE VIKING PRESS
18 East 48th Street
New York 17, N. Y.



a conflict within himself. It results from his inability to reconcile his aims with his methods and with the facts. His ideal is that of many humane thinkers: the use of all the planet's resources for the benefit of all its people. He believes, fundamentally, that the only method of reaching this ideal is to spread socialism and to abolish private ownership of land, private control of business and money. Yet he has begun to realize that this simply means giving more and more power to fewer and fewer people, to the government, or to whatever group of ruthless or evasive officials can seize the chief powers of the government. He is now realizing that if there are no schools but state-controlled schools, the Minister of Education will be ten times as powerful as the most Napoleonic of the "robber barons." It is dawning on him that if, instead of the "anarchic competition" of bus lines, railways, and airplanes, there is only a National Transport System under a socialist Minister of Transport, the temptations to both graft and inefficiency will be fifty times greater and five hundred times harder to check. He despises national sovereignty, but is just coming to understand that socialism increases its perils. Therefore—to fulfill the noble ideals which he and others have stated—he proposes not a set of national socialist schemes, but an International Development Authority, to be financed by . . . whom? By "well-to-do people," by "foundations," and by "baby bonds," bought by "millions of people in many lands." There is the rainbow bridge. At one end, heaven on earth. At the other end, stony facts. No wonder that, whenever Mr. Barr treads this airy structure and falls back, he writes more earnestly and more bitterly because of his bruises.

Yet it is odd to notice how, apart from his arrogance and cruelty, Mr. Barr is really a successor to men whom he would doubtless despise: the men who believed that their duty was to raise the level of education and health and nutrition throughout the depressed areas of the world, and took on that duty as "the white man's burden." He sounds like Cromer, like Milner, like Lyautey, like Cecil Rhodes—except that they faced the facts.

Interpreters

THERE are two chief kinds of literary critic: journalists and professors. They both use recent books as points of departure, but they talk from different points of view and sometimes in different languages. The journalist-critics address readers who are reasonably well informed but have no special knowledge of any one literary field, so they describe their subject clearly and brightly, analyze its broader aspects and produce articles which sound like an intelligent man's conversations with interesting acquaintances. The professor-critics assume that their audience shares their special interests, understands their own skilled and technical language, and includes opponents who will answer them in the next Association meeting. Their *Selected Papers on Literature* usually explore two or three rather limited fields, revising the work of predecessors and directing their own younger followers; sometimes it is harder to read their critiques of books than the books themselves. The journalist effloresces with epigrams. The professor sags with footnotes. The journalist makes things almost too easy, the professor almost too difficult. The journalist usually writes conversational English, the professor writes Graduate English. At their best, both types are permanently valuable. The most eminent journalist-critics are Macaulay and Sainte-Beuve; the loftiest professor-critics, Arnold and Eliot. This month we have books which handsomely illustrate their methods.

THE most distinguished journalist-critic in the English-speaking world has recently produced one of his most distinguished and interesting books. Edmund Wilson's ***The Shores of Light*** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $6.50) is a collection of reviews, survey articles, biographical and political essays, revaluations, letters, parodies, and obituaries, mainly concerning American literary life in the twenties and thirties. Mr. Wilson is so witty, so intelligent, and so honest that it is delightful to read him on almost any subject. Again and again he dazzles and enlightens us by writing solid and valuable comment on subjects a



THE VIKING PRESS

STEINBECK's EAST of EDEN

The outstanding novel of the new season, Steinbeck's great American family saga is an enduring gift for readers of all tastes.

"A story to warm the cockles of your heart and also one to chill the marrow of your bones. . . . Steinbeck's wisest and richest and happiest book."
—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"Steinbeck's greatest book. . . . It compels and holds the reader's fascinated attention from the first chapter to the last."
—HARRISON SMITH, *Saturday Review Syndicate* $4.50

SECRET TIBET
By Fosco Maraini

A travel book to rank with the greatest, this is a very personal visit to a little-known land and its exotic people—mystics and minstrels, shopkeepers, peasants, and priests. 70 magnificent photographs. *Foreword by Bernard Berenson.* $6.50

PAUL KLEE
By Carola Giedion-Welcker

This brilliant interpretation of one of the most popular modern artists does much to reveal the meaning of Klee's art and to relate it to that of his contemporaries. 160 reproductions, 13 in full color, bibliography and biographical notes. $7.50

BRAIN SURGEON
By Dr. William Sharpe

In his remarkable autobiography, a pioneer neurosurgeon tells his heart-warming success story with humility, a sense of drama, and lively humor. "... honest, pungent, vivid account of a distinguished doctor's long service to humanity."
—DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER $3.75

The OLDEST STORIES IN THE WORLD
Edited by T. H. Gaster

The virile literature of ancient cultures—Babylonian, Hittite, Canaanite—is newly translated to capture the laughter, sorrow, and suspense of these tales. Lively commentaries place each story in general folklore. *Illustrated* $5.00

IDEAS OF THE GREAT ECONOMISTS
By George Soule

An expert restatement of the living ideas of great economists, from Plato to John Maynard Keynes. Simply and forcefully he explains their basic doctrines for the modern reader, and pictures the environments which influenced their beliefs. $3.50

ACROSS THE SPACE FRONTIER
Edited by Cornelius Ryan

"An authoritative, clearly written, and superbly illustrated preview of man's first space station."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Articles by Dr. Wernher von Braun, Willy Ley, and others. *Color illustrations by Bonestell, Klep, etc.* $3.95

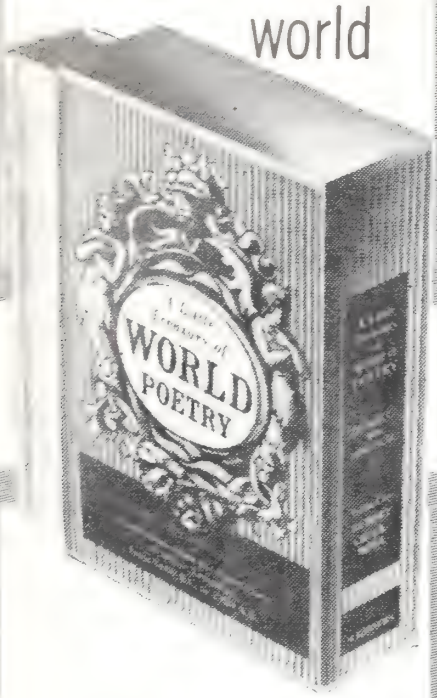
The HOME FREEZER BOOK for Better Living
By Zella Boutell

How to save time and money and have better meals with your home freezer. This first *complete* book tells how to choose and run a freezer, how to buy and package all foods. 700 recipes covering everything on the menu. *Illustrated* $4.95

WHAT PEOPLE WORE
By Douglas Gorsline

The first complete one-volume history of costume from ancient times to the 20th century, with a unique section on America. This magnificent book is "admirable . . . and indispensable." — SHELDON CHENEY. *With 1800 detailed drawings and 12 color plates.* $7.50

The great poetry of the world



A LITTLE TREASURY OF WORLD POETRY

Translations from the Great Poets of Other Languages, from 2600 B.C. to 1950 A.D.

Hubert Creekmore
EDITOR

World poetry of forty-six centuries — from Egyptian and Babylonian times down to the present day. Here is the best of Sappho, Ovid, Li Po, Dante, Baudelaire, Lorca, Goethe, Rilke, Pushkin, and many, many others. 64 photographs and portraits of the poets; fully indexed; buckram binding; gilt top; silk reading ribbon; cellophane wrap; slip case. *Deluxe edition, over 900 pages.* *$5.00*

Other Little Treasury volumes
Deluxe ed., *$5.00* Popular ed., *$3.00*

A LITTLE TREASURY OF MODERN POETRY

A LITTLE TREASURY OF AMERICAN POETRY

A LITTLE TREASURY OF AMERICAN PROSE

A LITTLE TREASURY OF GREAT POETRY

A LITTLE TREASURY OF LOVE POEMS

A LITTLE TREASURY OF BRITISH POETRY
(Deluxe ed. only)

At your bookseller

SCRIBNERS

diverse as Houdini and Tennyson and Bakunin. There is one elegant piece comparing the Roman satirist Persius with e.e. cummings, which alone is worth the price of admission. Everyone who likes wit and enjoys good writing will wish, as he closes the book, that Mr. Wilson would sit down right now and compose a large unified work on a single important subject. He has both the knowledge and the gifts.

The professors demand more, make fewer concessions. You must be registered before you can attend. You must not expect to have it proved (for instance) that Marianne Moore's poems are worth reading, and certainly not to be told who Miss Moore is. These are prerequisites. After fulfilling them, you may have to make your way through an opening sentence like this:

> In making a formal approach to Marianne Moore, that is in deliberately drawing back and standing aside from the flux and fabric of long reading to see where the flux flowed and how the fabric was made, what at once predominates is the need for special terms and special adjustments to meet the texture and pattern of her poems.

You yourself must understand these special terms and make these special adjustments before reading such criticism. If you do (and some of us find it unduly difficult) you will find that it takes you deeper inside certain limited realms of literature than you had imagined possible. The sentence just quoted is from R. P. Blackmur's ***Language as Gesture*** (Harcourt, Brace, $5.75). Mr. Blackmur's chief interest is evidently contemporary Anglo-American lyric poetry. He analyzes Crane's poems and Cummings' language with kindness, detachment, and seminar relentlessness. Such indefatigability is required for those who read the most complex contemporary Anglo-American lyric poetry. That justifies the study, of which Mr. Blackmur's work is a distinguished example; but does it not also pass judgment on the poetry? Sometimes Mr. Blackmur is more interesting than his subjects. To go through Pound's *Cantos* with him is like touring the old Jay Gould mansion with a competent art critic: the hodgepodge of fake antiquities, bogus scholarship, imper-

Books for Book Readers



Generally speaking, you give books for Christmas only to people who like books. That enormously simplifies your problem. Take, for example, a half-dozen assorted titles, including a couple of first-rate (and exceedingly lively) biographies; a beautiful and almost timeless novel by a master storyteller; a powerful story of the freedom-hungry, land-hungry peoples behind the Iron Curtain; a searching examination of the status of Western culture; and a beguiling tale of an impulsive and slightly scatter-brained trolley car. Any or all of these will delight all of your friends who like books, because those are the very people for whom they were written in the first place.

When, as an instance, the *N. Y. Times* says that Dormer Creston's **THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN VICTORIA** "is more just to its heroine than Strachey's . . . written with relish in a polished phrase and delight in a rhythmically balanced sentence," it indicates that this witty, scandalous, delightfully un-Victorian narrative will gratify people who would rather read than watch wrestling. *(With 29 pages of illustrations, $5.00).* Similarly: **THE FLAGSTAD MANUSCRIPT,** which is the famous singer's autobiography as narrated to Louis Biancolli, conveys by the subtle use of the word "manuscript" that this intimate revelation of a complex personality and colorful life is communicated by means of the written word. *(15 pages of illustrations, $4.00).* As for Mika Waltari's new novel, **A STRANGER CAME TO THE FARM,** the *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review* speaks thus of this modern love story by the author of *The Egyptian*: "Mr. Waltari's clothing of the ironically tragically human story in terse, spare appropriate prose, and the deeply poetic mood in which he has written it have made a tale worth telling." ($3.00). And Hans Habe's **THE BLACK EARTH,** in telling the story of a young Hungarian peasant's deluded — and eventually repudiated — faith in Communism, portrays as only a first-rate novel can the anguish of Europe today. ($3.50). With equal seriousness and with an even more direct appeal to the embattled intelligence of book readers, Robert Strausz-Hupé examines, in **THE ZONE OF INDIFFERENCE,** the American-European intellectual and moral tensions which constitute the real crisis of our times. ($3.75). And when you come, finally, to Hardie Gramatky's **SPARKY** you're right at the heart of the matter, for where else but in a book would you ever find such an earnest little creature? *(Pictures all over, many in color. $2.50)*

WRITE, PHONE OR VISIT YOUR BOOKSELLER

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
210 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16

ect taste, and ugly contrast brought ogether by a real love of beauty and hypertrophied ego somehow bemes almost beautiful . . . at least, the auctioneer's sense, "interesting."

Record with a Backward Look

THIS month has brought us several histories, biographies, and utobiographies of high quality. You emember Hemingway's *Death in the fternoon*. It was a tragic book. he bulls were brave, the matadors ere gallant or cowardly, the end as death. Even the names had chivalrous clang—Lalanda, Belmonte, Maera. An American bullghter who was contemporary with hose heroes appeared in the book, et was not part of it; Hemingway scribed the career and the art of dney Franklin, yet could not fit m into the tragic pattern. Now we e why. Mr. Franklin has published gay autobiography, called ***Bullghter from Brooklyn*** (Prentice-Hall, 3.75), in which he shows us another le of bullfighting. Evidently he as both brave and artistic; but he ought of it all as fun. It is all ixed up with his comic conflicts ith managers, his fabulous shipecks and love affairs, his quarrels d reconciliations with audiences, d his general enjoyment of life. *ficionados* will appreciate his deription of his best fights. Lovers of lventure will like the entire book. terary blokes must read the valuble characterization of Hemingway an epicurean, as a student, and as modest, likable man.

Only literary blokes, I fear, will ad Conrad Aiken's peculiar "autoographical narrative," ***Ushant*** uell, Sloan & Pearce/Little, Brown, .50), which is a complication of f-revelation and self-concealment. is written in a rich, layer-cake style hich is nourishing but indigestible, rived partly from Proust, partly m Woolf, partly from James, and rtly from Mr. Aiken's own broodg, transforming imagination. Its aders are expected to know too ich—for instance, the fact that Mr. ken thinks of himself not as C. or A. but as D. (because of a novel once wrote), and the pet names of s friends and lovers. It is like hearg a flow of poetic but almost unin-



Which of these books are ideal gifts for your special friends?

☐ By JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

BEYOND THE HIGH HIMALAYAS

"A grand book . . . He takes you high into the Himalayas of Central Asia—and higher still in the regions of the mind."—*Chicago Tribune*. With 42 photographs by the author, 16 in *full color;* 4 pages of new maps in color; indexed. Musical scores for 8 native songs and chants. $5

☐ **THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM**

With a preface specially written for each volume by the author. *All* of the short stories ever written by the master teller of tales. This is the only complete collection—1,680 pages! Two volumes, gift-boxed. $12.50

☐ By STANTON GRIFFIS

LYING IN STATE

Penetrating recollections of a light-hearted diplomat and tycoon, ranging from the fury of Wall St. in the 20's to his recent years of service as American ambassador to four dictator-ruled countries. $3.75

☐ By THOMAS B. COSTAIN

THE SILVER CHALICE

A novel of the Cup of the Last Supper. "Merits the accolade one reserves for the great achievements."—*Chicago News*. "Outstanding . . . different and original."—*N. Y. Times*. Literary Guild Selection. $3.85

☐ By EDNA FERBER **GIANT**

"Marvelous reading . . . A red hot novel."—*N. Y. Times*. "May be an event comparable in Texas' cultural history to the publication of Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street* in Texas' little neighbor, the United States."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. $3.95

☐ By HERMAN WOUK

THE CAINE MUTINY Special Illustrated Edition

Illustrated by *Lawrence Beall Smith*. A magnificent edition of the Pulitzer Prize novel and top best seller, with four full-color, two-page spread illustrations, title page decorations, large format. $6

☐ By H. ALLEN SMITH

SMITH'S LONDON JOURNAL

Mr. Smith goes to London—and brings back the funniest travel book since Mark Twain lost his innocence abroad! "Certainly his most ambitious and best book . . . humorous in the Mark Twain sense . . . It dwarfs Margaret Halsey's *With Malice Toward Some*."—*Houston Press*. $3

And note these special books for other special people

Rome and a Villa by *Eleanor Clark*. Travel notes through time and history: acclaimed a literary masterpiece. Illustrated by *Eugene Berman*. $4. **Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl,** whose "warm and stirring confession is wondrously alive."—*N. Y. Times*. $3. **Contract Bridge Complete** by *Charles H. Goren*. Featuring POINT COUNT. The championship way to winning bridge, by the world's #1 player. 512 pages, thumb indexed, $3.95. **Our World from the Air** by *E. A. Gutkind*. Introduction by *Lewis Mumford*. 400 superb aerial photographs and a brilliant text give a new world outlook. $7.50. **Our America Engagement Calendar** for 1953. The most beautiful of all engagement calendars – with 54 *full-color* photographs! $1.95 **Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary.** Featured in *Life, Time* and *Reader's Digest*. Over 80,000 entries, 700 illustrations, 896 pages only $2.95 standard; $3.50 thumb indexed; $3.95 flexible thumb indexed.

Now see your bookseller

DOUBLEDAY

FIRST-CLASS TRANSPORTATION

● How would you like not to be where you are...especially with the weariness of winter coming up? There are various ways of arranging to be somewhere else, but the best, by all odds, is transportation *via* the printed page: no reservations to worry about, no visas, no packing and, comparatively speaking, no expense. For an effortless and infinitely rewarding voyage to other climes, other times, we can recommend two books in particular. The first, SICILIAN ROUNDABOUT, by Eugene Bonner, transports you to an island of noble antiquity and unbelievable beauty. Its affectionate and evocative chapters are catnip to the literary traveler and its superbly reproduced photographs — more than fifty of them — provide a spellbinding record of the island's Greek, Roman, Christian, and natural glories. ($7.50)

So much for travel in space. For travel in time there is THIS STAR OF ENGLAND, by Dorothy and Chalton Ogburn. The Ogburns' scrupulously documented contention that Shakespeare's works were the pseudonymous creations of the Earl of Oxford provides not only a fascinating mystery story but an adventure that carries the reader straight to the heart of Elizabethan England. ($10.00) Both books are bonanzas for the confined spirit. They are also wonderful gifts for any and every friend who, in Gibbon's words, "by reading and reflection multiplies his own experience and lives in distant ages and remote countries."

Your bookstore has them

COWARD-McCANN, Inc.
210 Madison Avenue, New York 16

20-20 VISION FOR THE Eye of the Beholder

● The Port of New York is the local habitation (as the Earl of Oxford so strikingly put it) of some 8,000,000 people . . . as well as the place where millions of other people visit but wouldn't like to live. For both groups — the occasionally disaffected residents and the unregarding strangers — Chiang Yee's THE SILENT TRAVELLER IN NEW YORK will come as an eye-opener. Beauty may not always be in the eye of the beholder, but the vision of this globe-trotting Chinese artist has a truly transforming power. All you need do is look at the frontispiece—a Chinese landscape of cloud-capped palaces, captioned "Approaching New York at Dawn" — to realize, as Christopher Morley says, that "this lovely and innocent book would be a glorious Christmas gift."*(281 pages; 17 paintings in full color and more than 120 drawings. $7.50)*

Sight-correction of a different but no less potent kind is provided by Willard Price's THE AMAZING AMAZON. Long and muddy is the association most of us have with the Amazon, but Mr. Price, who sees it as the world's last great frontier, offsets our myopic astigmatism with this "enlivening and substantial book," as the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* calls it. And the *Atlanta Journal*, describing THE AMAZING AMAZON as a book "to make the armchair voyager tingle in his boots," says: "Mr. Price thrills the reader with his Amazon wilds, and also finds space to paint a glowing picture of this mighty river and its relation to the world's future." *(With two maps. $4.00)*

Booksellers sell these

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY
Sales Office: 210 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16

telligibly personal reminiscence from a new acquaintance who keeps stepping closer to you and breathing more and more warmly in your face. Some of us are fascinated. Others move away.

WE WORRY about our Age of Anxiety, do we? If so, we can gain calm and confidence from reading of other more legitimately anxious ages.

The fifth volume of Douglas Southall Freeman's learned and eloquent biography of Washington *(Victory with the Help of France)* has now appeared (Scribner, $7.50). It covers the best and some of the worst epochs of the War of Independence, and is written with exceptional skill and sureness. Every statement is buttressed by footnotes, and yet the prose moves on as easily and calmly as the General himself on his fine horse.

Many periods of great historical achievement combine nobility and meanness. So it was, we see, with the Revolution. So it was also with the Civil war. J. G. Randall's *Mid-Stream: Lincoln the President* (Dodd, Mead, $7.50) shows this clearly. It is a soberly written work, third in a series which will complete Lincoln's biography, and just a touch academic: but full of valuable correlations of facts and equally valuable corrections of mistakes. The enigmatic character of Lincoln, that enigma which appeared most obviously in his awkward but ultimately impressive physiogonomy, is described here, but not fully explained.

The same enigma appears, and is a little easier to understand, in Stefan Lorant's book of pictures with explanatory text, *Lincoln, a Picture Story of his Life* (Harper, $6), which is full of priceless relics and memories. This was the man, clumsy and sincere, strong and weak too, despicable and admirable to different groups, but to none indifferent. It is hard to read these two books without thinking of him as something less like a modern statesman than a medieval saint. A full-page portrait of Mary Lincoln, added to many stories of her foul temper and manners, reminds us that he had at least one test to endure which was spared to St. Francis and other bachelors.

Another ruler is easier to understand. J. M. Thompson's biography

The spiritual implications of the scientific revolution

JAMES B. CONANT
on
Modern Science and Modern Man

THE meaning of the twentieth-century revolution in physics and chemistry — interpreted for the layman. One of our most brilliant scientists and educators explains how the recent theories of the atom, the nature of light, the relation of matter and energy have brought about a new concept of science — and how the new concept is changing the philosophy of life of the average citizen. *$2.25*

At your bookstore
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

FOR— sheer reading pleasure . . . and permanent reference



STANDARD DICTIONARY of FOLKLORE, Mythology, and Legend
Edited by Maria Leach



These two volumes gather together in one major, overall survey the folklore, mythology and legend of the world. In one alphabetical arrangement of 8,000 entries are the gods, heroes, tales, motifs, customs, songs, dances, games, guardian spirits and demons of all the cultures. Included original signed articles by 33 of the world's leading folklorists and anthropologists.

TWO VOLUMES, BOXED **$2(**

At Your Bookstore or Direct From
FUNK & WAGNALLS
153 E. 24 St. • New York 10, N.

of him. *Napoleon Bonaparte* (Oxford, $6) is, as all decent biographies must be, based largely on his own writings and on the memories of those who saw the man most closely. The result is a cool, sometimes cold, account of the rise of a brilliant, hard-working, ruthless, poverty-stricken youth to the summit of material achievement; and of his fall. Its only lack is that which inheres in Napoleon's career: poetry, myth.

Perhaps it is too late to review Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudun* (Harper, $4)? No, because Mr. Huxley is a writer whose collected works make an important and lasting achievement. This new book is written with his peculiar blend of love for the Godlike in man and hatred for the animal in man; with his old pessimism; his old sneering tone ("Lord, what fools these mortals be!"); his invariable, irksome, pedagogical manner. It is clever, but scarcely wise. One has the impression that Mr. Huxley does not meet many people any more, and that he presumes the whole reading public to be a faceless, brainless mass of naïve innocents who need to be both instructed and disillusioned before being led Upward. Or has he lived too long in southern California, that land of ready smiles and unreal plants?

The most ambitious work among these histories is Bernard De Voto's *The Course of Empire* (Houghton Mifflin, $6), a large, ill-proportioned, forceful, sometimes historically precise and sometimes emotionally willful account of the discovery of the western lands of the present United States territory, which blends poetic imagination, hard research, and personal experience of the unforgettable West. Mr. De Voto, with his hot temper and his hard judgments, is one of the right men to compose such a history; and his book, although based on long research and personal experience of the receding frontier lands, is not scientific history, but, as the Romans thought history should be, something like to poetry.

Pictures

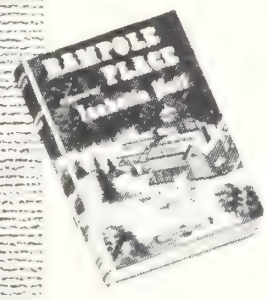
THE experts say that picture-books do not sell. If so, it is a pity: they are worth more than most

BOBBS-MERRILL
Books for a Merry Christmas



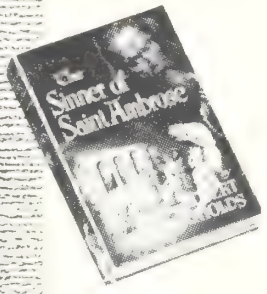
Queen's Gift

By INGLIS FLETCHER. The new novel in the brilliant Carolina Series is a story of the conflict that fixed the American way. It captures, as only Inglis Fletcher can, the excitement, challenge, suspense and consequence of the memorable contest when sturdy Tarheels refused to ratify the Constitution. Whether you are already one of Inglis Fletcher's devoted readers, or a newcomer to her magic, *Queen's Gift* will catch you just as surely in its spell. $3.75



Rampole Place

By ISABELLA HOLT. "Unquestionably one of the fine American novels of recent years. It has nearly every desirable quality a literary perfectionist could ask for!"
—*N. Y. Times.* $3.50



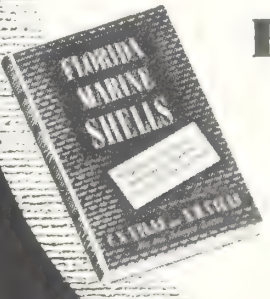
The Sinner of Saint Ambrose

By ROBERT RAYNOLDS. "All the dramatic and sensational symptoms of a collapsing order are in Mr. Raynolds' distinguished and important book."—*Saturday Review.* A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. $3.75



From Beowulf to Virginia Woolf

By ROBERT MANSON MYERS. A hilarious evening's reading in an astounding and wholly unauthorized history of English literature with illustrations from earlier histories, accompanied by the author's marvelously incongruous captions. $2.00



Florida Marine Shells

By C. N. VILAS and N. R. VILAS. A standard handbook which describes nearly 200 shells found along our southeastern coasts. With practical features for easy identification; millimeter scale; 12 pages of color plates, also halftones, drawings and diagrams. $4.00

At all bookstores

Bobbs-Merrill

Indianapolis • New York

★★★

NOW VOLUME THREE of

"The Most Authoritative History of the Civil War."

—Bernard De Voto
N. Y. Herald Tribune



LINCOLN FINDS A GENERAL

Vol. III: Grant's First Year In The West

by Kenneth P. Williams

The first two volumes of *Lincoln Finds A General* established this series as unparalleled military history. Now in Volume III Kenneth Williams turns back to the opening of the war and traces through their first year the events in the West which were eventually to carry Ulysses S. Grant to the position of general in chief. Here are the full and fascinating details of men, battles and strategy as it has never been told before. Thousands of readers can once again thrill to this truly great military history of the great conflict. *Illustrated*

$7.50 at all bookstores

The Macmillan Co.

★★★

SEND FOR

complete **FREE** illustrated catalog of new DOUBLEDAY **JR.** BOOKS by some of America's best loved authors and illustrators. Write now to DOUBLEDAY **JR.** BOOKS, Dept. H-12, Garden City, N.Y.



luxuries, although their enjoyment is less immediate. One of the finest books of photographs I have ever seen is Henri Cartier-Bresson's ***The Decisive Moment*** (Simon and Schuster, $12.50, whew!). As an amateur, I can only envy the technique which enables this master to take pictures of extreme technical difficulty with almost effortless precision, and the imagination which allows him to discover and seize unforgettable moments which another would have missed. Just look at the masked man, solidly black, passing the misty Forbidden City of Peking; or the enchanting Negro girl with her Easter bonnet and her distant admirer; or the exquisite Maharanee of Baroda, wearing Napoleon's jewels and gazing into the mirror like another conqueror.

Places, not people, appear in Martin Hürlimann's ***Eternal France*** (Crowell, $7.50, with an eloquent preface by Paul Valéry). The quality of these pictures is slightly inferior to Mr. Cartier-Bresson's, but only slightly, and their variety is no less wide, since they are concerned with landscapes and architecture. Even to see the double row of poplars with the road between them, leading into that fair country, is to realize that pictures do what prose can never, and poetry seldom, achieve.

That was what the Swiss Paul Klee believed, and a new book on him by Carola Giedion-Welcker (Viking, $7.50) shows it. As usual, the explanations of his dreamy, silly-and-wise, young-and-old paintings and drawings are painfully technical or painfully philosophical; but the lover of fanciful art will enjoy looking over the paintings and contrasting their ambitious titles with their pompous explanations and their idiot-genius execution. He threw away much of his life, and much of his art. The "throw-away" is itself an attitude which Thurber and Picasso have cultivated; and much of Klee's work is as dumb as a Thurber dog, as casual as a Picasso sketch, and as lasting as a limerick.

More yet, there are many more books. Next month we shall look at some of the philosophies, which take longer to digest. Next year, in fact. Meanwhile, health and happiness to us all this Christmas.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackso

FICTION

It's Different For a Woman, by Ma
Jane Ward.
The author of *The Snake Pit* a
The Professor's Umbrella writes
witty and affectionate novel of mi
dle-brow family life in modern s
burbia. Nothing very much happe
—the husband's old flame comes
town, the daughter breaks her e
gagement and patches it up agai
the middle-aged mother goes to
doctor—and the talk throughout
bright, frankly irreverent of the co
ventions, and touched with only t
friendliest kind of malice toward t
stuffier members of society. It's n
great writing but it's laugh-out-lo
kind of reading, about people o
would rather like to know.
Random,

The Years Are Even, by Hob
Skidmore.
This novel deals with a very re
human problem but an extreme
special one. Cyril, the protagoni
is an identical twin whose broth
has died under tragic circumstanc
So is Mr. Skidmore, and the reade
problem in this tormented story
to try to separate fact from fictio
Are identical twins really so clo
that each knows what the other
thinking and feeling even when co
tinents apart? Do they really have
fight to establish their separate ide
tities outside their so nearly identi
physical selves? Or is this somethi
the author is establishing for t
sake of building a powerful sto
The reader never knows, and sin
the factual information about M
Skidmore, so undivergingly parall
to the data we are given about Cyr
is published on the jacket (a d
service to the novel in this instan
it seems to me), there is no way
lose oneself in the story without g
ting involved in conjecture about t
author. The tale of a young m
taking over his dead brother's ide
tity to the point of feeling he mu
propose to the bereft fiancée is t
tortured to read with any pleasure

conviction. If it had been written as fact one would read at least with interest and belief. Random, $3.50

The Other Elizabeth, by Jess Gregg. Like the novel above, this too is a story of lost identity. But since it is entirely in the realm of impossibility one can be pleasantly swept along in the conventions of that never-never world, taking it or leaving it as one prefers. It is the story of a young girl, a writer, who is assigned the task of ghostwriting the autobiography of a baroness, a noted beauty with a background of tragic marriages and considerable scandal. The young ghostwriter slowly falls in love with the ghost of one of the dead husbands and identifies herself completely with the young woman of whom she is writing. A familiar conceit, prettily handled. I took about half and pooh-poohed the rest.
Rinehart, $3

Old Pines and Other Stories, by James Boyd.
Ten short stories of the South by the author of *Drums, Long Hunt,* and *Roll River,* selected (from published and unpublished work) by his wife with the assistance of Richard Walser of North Carolina State College, and Paul Green. The stories, whatever their time or tone, show love and understanding of the faults and virtues of the small Southern towns the author knew so well, and an unfailing sense of narrative.
Chapel Hill, $3

Christmas Eve: Three Stories, by Alistair Cooke.
Here are three Christmas stories by a distinguished broadcaster and reporter. Written originally to be broadcast to England on three successive Christmas eves, they are not only full of the spirit—and sometimes (as in the story of the department store Santa Claus) of the spirits—of the season, but full too of sharp insights and deep feeling about America. As all know who have read Mr. Cooke's recent *One Man's America,* the United States has no more perceptive observer or sensitive interpreter than this Englishman who sees us as we cannot see ourselves. These stories uniformly gay in tone, are most varied in their American backgrounds.

BOOKS FROM Chicago

A Mirror for Americans

Compiled and edited by WARREN S. TRYON. A rich and lively view of the everyday living that established American national social and cultural patterns. These three unique volumes of Americana—*Life in the East, The Cotton Kingdom,* and *The Frontier Moves West*—reveal, through the eyewitness accounts of American travelers, various outstanding aspects of American life between the founding of the Republic and the close of the Civil War. Handsome volumes, illustrated with drawings from the periods covered. *Three volumes, boxed, $14.50. Each volume, $5.00.*

Symbolism & American Literature

By CHARLES FEIDELSON, Jr. A critical study of the theory and practice of symbolism in American literature from the seventeenth to the middle of the nineteenth century. The book provides brilliant critiques of Hawthorne, Whitman, Melville, Poe, Emerson, and Thoreau, at the same time that it evolves a new theoretical framework. *$6.50*

Lord Acton

A STUDY IN CONSCIENCE AND POLITICS

By GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB. This biography presents the first full-length portrait of one of the great minds of Victorian England—historian, liberal Catholic, and defender of freedom. *$3.75*

At all bookstores
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

300 years of the frontier as seen by men who lived the life they painted

From the time of the Spanish conquistadores until the last war whoop was silenced, men like Catlin, Moran, Remington and Russell roamed the plains and mountains, sharing the dangers and drama of wilderness life. Now their journals, letters and paintings are combined into a magnificent panorama of Western art, history and Americana.

Portrait OF THE Old West



By HAROLD McCRACKEN
Foreword by Dr. R. W. G. Vail, Director, N. Y. Historical Society

With 32 pages in full color and nearly 100 black-and-white drawings $10.00

"A book that will flood your memory as gasoline used to flood your carburetor."
—N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

A TREASURY OF Early American Automobiles 1877-1925

By FLOYD CLYMER

"This colorful collection of old automobile pictures, advertisements, facts and figures by the most industrious lover of old cars in the world is certainly calculated to delight his fellow-addicts, and it is also a pleasant addition to any bookshelf of general Americana."
—Saturday Review

500 illustrations. $5.00



JOHN MASON BROWN'S

latest collection of essays on subjects as diverse and diverting as Chas Addams and Cleopatra. "Lively, personal and various."
—N. Y. Herald Tribune

As They Appear
$3.75
At all bookstores

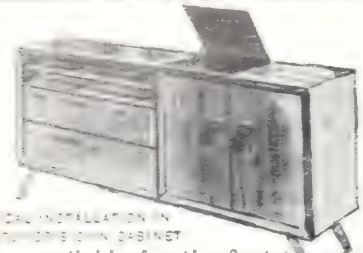
McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO.
N. Y. 36

FINEST IN RADIO—PHONO

Lafayette presents

STROMBERG-CARLSON

Custom Four Hundred



TYP. CAB. INSTALLATION IN CUSTOM-BUILT OAK CABINET

Now available for the first time for your listening pleasure — the Stromberg-Carlson line of high-fidelity reproduction equipment. This is the radio-phono system that is used and recommended by a world-famous orchestra conductor. Mail coupon for information.

Lafayette Custom Radio & Television

New York 13 [illegible] Ave. • RE 2-8910
Newark 2, N. J. [illegible] • MA 2-1661
Boston 10 [illegible] St. • HU 2-7850
Plainfield: 139 W. 2nd St. • PL 6-4718

LAFAYETTE, Dept. ML
100 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 13, N. Y.
Send FREE Hi-Fi Guide . . . everything on high fidelity.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....



A new light
on man's first challenge
to medieval tradition

THE WORLD OF

Humanism

1453-1517

By MYRON P. GILMORE
Harvard University

This latest volume in *The Rise of Modern Europe* series delves into the perennially alluring period between the fall of Constantinople and the Protestant Revolution—seeking the sources of modern European culture.

By studying the contributions of such great figures as Erasmus, Machiavelli, Michelangelo and Pius II, Professor Gilmore shows how the forces of humanism penetrated the creative and political aspects of the period, launching one of the bitterest intellectual battles in history. With scholarship and insight he has brought to life the full complexity of these years of evolution and revolution.

Introduction by WILLIAM P. LANGER. 32 pages of halftones and endpapers.

$5.00 *at all bookstores*

HARPER & BROTHERS

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Obviously excellent for Christmas giving. Knopf, $2

NON-FICTION

The Days Before, by Katherine Anne Porter.

In her essays and criticism, as in her fiction, in sentences flawless in their deceptive simplicity, Katherine Anne Porter has always been able to open up new worlds to mind, heart, and spirit. Reading here her sharp, wise, and compassionate judgments on life, on writers, their craft, and their works gives a new dimension to them all. And she does it with that final grace of mind which leaves the reader feeling he has participated in the discoveries. These essays, written over a period of thirty years, are divided into "Critical" (on Henry James, Ezra Pound, Eudora Welty, Thomas Hardy, E. M. Forster, among others); "Personal and Particular" (discussions of writing, of marriage and other personal relationships); and "Mexican" (varied essays). . . . As one preoccupied with fiction, though certainly not a writer of it, I found the following statement on art, which I apply to Miss Porter's art particularly, as moving as anything in the book—and that means very moving indeed. It comes at the end of the essay on Henry James:

> William James was fond of a phrase . . .: "There is no conclusion. What has concluded, that we might conclude in regard to it?"
>
> That is all very well for philosophy, and it has within finite limits the sound of truth as well as simple fact—no man has ever seen any relations concluded. Maybe that is why art is so endlessly satisfactory: the artist can choose his relations, and "draw, by a geometry of his own, the circle within which they shall happily *appear* to do so." While accomplishing this, one has the illusion that destiny is not absolute, it can be arranged, temporized with, persuaded, a little here and there. And once the circle is truly drawn around its contents, it too becomes truth.

Harcourt, Brace, $4

Independent Schoolmaster, by Claude M. Fuess.

The retired head of Andover, a crusader and reformer in secondary schools for forty years, and a noted biographer in his own right (Daniel Webster and Calvin Coolidge were two of his subjects), writes here his own biography. It is a happy combination of the history of American secondary education, of clear-cut portraits of notable figures in the field, and of personal memoirs of a long good fight for better life and teaching in secondary schools in general and Andover in particular.

Little, Brown, $5

FORECAST

Into the New Year: Biography

The insatiable public appetite to know more and more about more and more people is soon to be tempted in ways to suit every taste. For the world-affairs type there will be the authorized biography of Tito by ***Vladimir Dedijer,*** a close friend of Tito's who has been able to use much information hitherto inaccessible. The book will be published in London, Paris, Belgrade, and New York at the same time—very late in December. Simon and Schuster are the publishers here. For those who like their biography to have a literary flavor there is the January Book-of-the-Month selection, also a Simon and Schuster publication. It is a two-volume biography of Charles Dickens by ***Edgar Johnson,*** who has been able to review 3,000 Dickens letters and papers which no previous biographer has seen. Mr. Johnson is the editor of *The Heart of Charles Dickens* and head of the English department at City College, New York. There is also, for the literary-minded, a new critical biography—indeed it is to be more criticism than biography—of Ernest Hemingway, with special reference to and analysis of the Hemingway hero. It is by ***Philip Young,*** assistant professor of English at New York University, and is the second volume in the Rinehart Critical Studies series. Coming in February. . . . Biography of a more personal sort is *The Little Madeleine* ***Mrs. Robert Henrey's*** recollections of her life as a little French girl. Mrs. Henrey is the author of several books, but she will probably be better remembered by most of us by

cause she is the mother of the child actor, Bobby Henrey, who did such a memorable job in *The Fallen Idol.* The English Spectator has called the book "a work of considerable art." From Dutton. . . . Also personal, for "early next year," is ***Ward Morehouse's*** book of recollections, still untitled as this goes to press, but it is definite that McGraw-Hill is the publisher. . . . In February, from Dutton, comes an exciting adventure-type personal experience story about the ascent of the highest mountain yet climbed by man. It bears the name of the mountain, *Annapurna,* and is written by ***Maurice Herzog,*** head of the French expedition to the Himalayas, who was one of the two men to reach the summit. It is particularly fascinating to look forward to at a time when another expedition, the Swiss, is once more attempting to climb the still unconquered Everest.

Novels, 1953

If we are to judge by one of the first novels of the new year, fiction is going to weigh as heavily in the hand as ever next year in spite of the screams of reviewers and many readers. On January 2 McKay is publishing a first novel of epic proportions (512 pages) by ***Mikhael Soloviev,*** *When the Gods Are Silent.* It is a story of the Russian revolution from 1917 to the end of World War II. . . . Others, not billed for their size, and still scheduled only for "spring 1953" are *The Man From Brazil,* by ***E. B. Garside,*** who wrote *Cranberry Red* some years back (from Appleton); and *Land Fall,* a story of modern marriage by ***Helen Hull,*** author of several distinguished novels and many delightful short stories. From Coward-McCann.

Short Stories Collected

And it will be good news for short-story fans and for those who like their reading light of touch as well as light of heft, that both ***Daphne du Maurier*** and ***Jessamyn West*** have collections coming out next spring. Miss du Maurier's *Kiss Me Again, Stranger* will be published by Double-day in March, and Miss West's still untitled, by Harcourt, later in the spring.

"With this notable and distinguished work the fullest of all biographies of Roosevelt is brilliantly launched."

—JAMES G. RANDALL, author of *Lincoln the President*

Franklin D. Roosevelt

THE APPRENTICESHIP

By FRANK FREIDEL

"This is the real Roosevelt book. Nothing yet written can compare to it as an objective and scholarly story of the man . . . The book begins one of the most important biographies of our time." — JONATHAN DANIELS, editor, *Raleigh News and Observer.*

"The best available account of Franklin Roosevelt in his formative years." —ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR., —*Harvard University*

Illustrated with photographs.

At all bookstores • $6.00

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
BOSTON

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS
...pplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Geneal-...ies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete ...ts completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. ...end us your list of wants. No obligation. We report ...uickly at lowest prices.
We also supply all current books at retail store prices —Postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or ...ted in this issue of Harper's Magazine.)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
...7 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 36, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines.

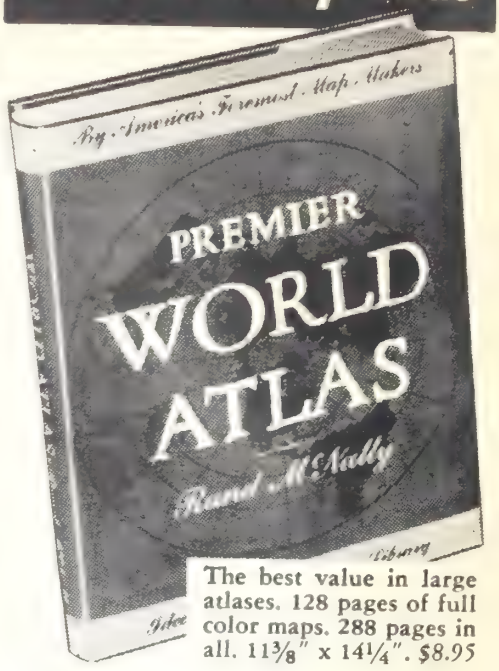
UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

...E OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE
...terary Agent, established 37 years. Manuscripts ...ized, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.
AGNES M. REEVE,
...pt. B. FRANKLIN, O.

...HEIST BOOKS
...-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO.
38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

...OKS FOUND—Any Title!
...world-wide search service! Any author, new or old, out of print. Fast service; reasonable prices. Send ...wanted—no obligation.
...TERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS,
Box 3003-H BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

GIVE A Rand McNally Atlas



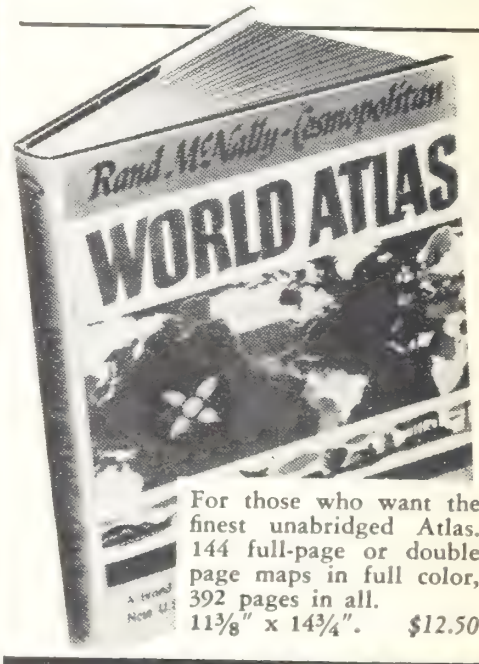
The best value in large atlases. 128 pages of full color maps. 288 pages in all. 11⅜" x 14¼". $8.95

Rand McNally STANDARD WORLD ATLAS

The handy bookshelf edition. 190 pages of full-color maps, 400 pages in all. 7⅜" x 10¾". $5.95

Rand McNally READERS WORLD ATLAS

Top quality at a very reasonable price. 190 pages of full-color maps, 304 pages in all. 7⅜" x 10¾". $3.95



For those who want the finest unabridged Atlas. 144 full-page or double page maps in full color, 392 pages in all. 11⅜" x 14¾". $12.50

See these fine Rand McNally Atlases
at your bookstore
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

The New Recordings

Beethoven

Edward Tatnall Canby

Beethoven: The Complete Piano Sonatas. Wilhelm Kempff. On 11 Decca LPs, available separately. DL 9583/92.

Fair evaluation of all thirty-two works in this enormous project—so easily belittled in the flood of LP music—would take volumes, as any one who has tried to learn two or three of the sonatas for himself will know.

Those who enjoy dramatic Beethoven in the outward sense will find Kempff's playing strange at first, as even I did myself. But, to use the standard phrase, it grows on you, and for excellent reasons. This man's musicianship is extraordinary. His ability to clarify inner details, to shape not only "the" theme but to give exact and full importance to every subsidiary idea, to the all-important march of inner lines of tone, the very structure of the sonata in Beethoven's hands, is arresting, no less. He is not a lyricist, as recorded here (and the mike can play false); the tone is uncompromisingly dry, the hard parts authentically harsh and biting—for that is a vital side of Beethoven. There are no fancy rubato effects, the thunders are restrained in point of pure loudness—yet in the end, as with Badura Skoda, the very clarity of the musical sound itself, the piled-up effectiveness of such consummately accurate and understanding portrayal, makes this man increasingly exciting as one progresses from disc to disc, as the well-remembered fine, fuzzy passages—of other performances—are one after the other brought into sharper focus, given new weight and sense.

Indeed I cannot imagine a better approach to a complete series, where the slightest affectation, the slightest weakness in conception is multipled unendurably.

I cite as merely one instance the "Appassionata," opus 57, last movement, where the rapid accompanying notes, usually a foggy blur, are given absolute clarity and perfect phrasing—at the moderate tempo which Beethoven called for—and become, suddenly, a logical and helpful part of the design instead of one of those unpianistic eccentricities that most pianists so dislike.

Good piano recording, a bit thin (not objectionable), low in level, very free of percussive sounds. Surfaces not too good.

Beethoven: Piano Sonatas in A, op. 28; "Appassionata," op. 57. Wilhelm Backhaus. London LL 597. (Also others in continuing Beethoven series.)

A Beethoven pianist to be reckoned with, but a surprising contrast to Kempff. Backhaus is a lyric player, a good dramatist, in the old Romantic style. His mannerisms—playing the left-hand notes ahead of the right-hand, for instance—are those of Paderewski's generation, if his musical feeling is more German. These performances are more effective on the first and even the fifth playing than Kempff's. The "Appassionata" has the expected drama in full measure, to please the lover of good stage pianism; the understanding is good, too. But this, to my way of feeling, is a somewhat anachronistic Beethoven, played in the manner of the time of Liszt or Brahms—to be sure, a far better approach than the chrome plate hardness of much twentieth-century Beethoven.

The recording is in perfect sympathy, bigger, fuller than Kempff, with more impressive bass sound; an ideal late-Romantic piano tone.

Beethoven: Piano Sonata, "Hammerklavier," op. 106. (A) Kurt Applebaum. Westminster WL 5150. (B) Egon Petri. Columbia ML 4479. (C) F. Gulda. London LL 422.

The Applebaum is one of a projected complete series, the others are parts of occasional Beethoven releases by these pianists.

One essential in the highest performance is the subordination of the performer himself—though it is scarcely the fashion to say so these days. It would be absurd to think that a great executionist could efface himself entirely, but when his feelings, his mood, his mannerisms are present in an irrelevant way the composer's music can only suffer. Applebaum's Beethoven is intense—too intense: it is skillful, technically expert, surely far from clumsy. He is decidedly a big pianist. But the man Applebaum is constantly in front of the man Beethoven, not in display but in a sort of emotional fervor that exceeds Beethoven's bounds and becomes, irrelevantly, his, as though the pianist's own personal life were somehow being dragged into this expression. Intensity of itself is fine. But not when it borders on a nervous sort of hysteria, when tempi are out of order in the tumult, the rhythm disturbed beyond reasonableness. This sort of thing is particularly bad in a series, for obvious reasons.

Petri, the much respected elder-statesman pianist and teacher, plays what seems to me a heavy and not too eloquent "Hammerklavier," sounding too much of the piano, and this in spite of irreproachable presentation in the technical sense. Other earlier Petri discs have suffered from poor recording; this one is excellent.

Friedrich Gulda, a young pianist (I am told), turns out what to my ear is the most remarkable Beethoven I have ever heard on a piano. This is an extraordinary playing—it "takes off" from the first notes on a peculiarly light-hearted eloquence that seems to me to go right to the heart of Beethoven's expression, leaving all other versions mired in the complexities of digital pianism. Not the usual conception, I know, and perhaps it underplays the more massive aspects of the work. But there has seldom been such eloquence as this on piano records. I'm hoping for a lot more.

Beethoven: Piano Sonatas: 22, op. 54; 27, op. 90; 16, op. 31, no. 1. Hugo Steurer. Urania URLP 7051. Also other LPs.

Here is a genial, expressive Beethoven player, not given to histrionics, no prober of the depths. His choice of the less towering piano works is excellent and his playing a pleasure of the more relaxed sort. Nicely recorded except for some slightly seasick pitch wavers.

Beethoven: Piano Sonatas in C minor, "Pathétique," op. 13; op. 111. Solomon. RCA Victor LM 1222.

Solomon (no first name) is a big-sounding pianist, full of drama, inclined a bit towards the fusty, redeemed by a generally good control of shape, according to his conception, and an easy technique, accurate whenever he wants to be. Opus 111 is a holy terror and any pianist who can make it sound reasonably practicable is good. Solomon's drama, as in the "Pathétique," is overstagy—a dreadfully slow introduction, for instance—and he betrays himself in occasional hard, ugly passages in the modern manner, paced surprisingly by others of almost Mozartean delicacy of phrasing. And on direct comparison with Kempff's opus 111, the quantity of music that he allows to blur into the pedaled background where Kempff's

iningly clear, is astonishing. Not, I n sure, through any lack of technical apacity; this is merely not as full a ealization, drama or no. There is much be learned of inner and outer reali- es through these two recordings.

eethoven, Symphony No. 9; Sym- hony No. 1. NBC Symphony, Tos- nini. RCA Victor LM 6009 (2 LPs).

Can one criticize Toscanini candidly? ot, I've found, without offending many ople—whom I have no wish to offend. t, this being the heralded ultimate scanini item, so long waited for, there nothing for it but to say what I most ncerely believe and hope that my ends won't cut me dead for saying: the best of my judgment and feeling is is a travesty of Beethoven, if an spired and obviously both powerful d sincere one. This is the epitome of e later Toscanini, the characteristic ributes seemingly exaggerated as ough for the ultimate definition. The traordinary tension, tightly controlled beyond the holding-point for other nductors, is more violent than ever, e utter inability to relax for a mo- nt—regardless of Beethoven's vital se for the contrast of dramatic ten- n and lyric restfulness—the hurried, t-of-breath tempo, the constant feel- g of near-hysteria. These things have place in this music. Moreover, ether RCA or Toscanini is to be med, there is here the most extra- dinary battery of cannon-like tympani r to be recorded— the first movement a veritable bombardment of most as- hishing thuds and booms and explo- ns, the strings and winds howling e banshees.

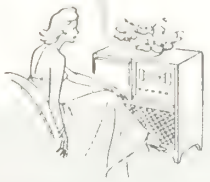
Toscanini's greatest power is clearly the magic of an actual performance, n as heard by radio. There, the mes- rism is extraordinary as I'll attest ng with others. But a record is some- ng else again. The chief emotional ficulty with the Toscanini recordings that the on-the-spot build-up, the at occasion, the drama of a great n's appearance, is missing; the white- release of pent-up tension starts cold records and sounds painfully wrong. am sure that those who have need this entirely twentieth-century sort of er-tension in musical terms have ry right to approve of the Toscanini roach and to enjoy it as a peculiarly temporary experience in the emo- nal sense. But that this is the ulti- te interpretation of Beethoven, I will admit; nor will those who can com- e it soberly, at home, with the superb ding of Bruno Walter or the classic by Weingartner of many years ago, w also available on LP.

"—Compact Little Marvel of Tone"

THE NEW BOGEN DB10-1 HIGH FIDELITY AMPLIFIER



- 10 WATTS OUTPUT
- RESPONSE FLAT FROM 30 to 18,000 CYCLES
- SHOCK MOUNTED PREAMPLIFIER
- INDIVIDUAL BASS & TREBLE CONTROLS
- VIRTUALLY HUMLESS
- UL APPROVED



CALL OR WRITE FOR LITERATURE ON BOGEN HIGH FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

C. G. BURKE, WRITING IN THE SATURDAY REVIEW HOME BOOK OF RECORDED MUSIC HAS STATED:

"The Bogen DB-10 is a compact little marvel of tone . . . resourceful enough to compete over most of its range with amplifiers costing three times as much . . . It employs six tubes and is rated at ten watts . . . It has three input channels —one for strong-impulse magnetic pickups like the Pickering, one for weak impulse magnetic pickups like the GE, and one for tuner or crystal pickup . . . The tone controls—separate for bass and treble are continuously variable providing both increase and diminuation, and are capable of surprisingly efficient rectification of the idiosyncrasies of records . . ."



db THE STANDARD OF PERFORMANCE Bogen Sound Systems

DAVID BOGEN CO., INC.
29 NINTH AVE., NEW YORK 14, N. Y.

A Quarter Century of Electronic Equipment Specialization

"For those who can hear the difference"

Listen...



. . . it comes to you in the subtle shading of a piano . . . in the clean brilliance of violins, the purity of a flute. Your ear detects the sweet mellowness of cellos, the roundness of a clarinet . . . yes, even the iridescense of clashing cymbals. And, as the symphony swells to crescendo, its dynamic energy adds a flood of color to your musical canvas.

For those who can hear the difference, these are the elusive pleasures that often remain hidden in the grooves of fine recordings. These are the thrilling new listening experiences that are released for your enjoyment when you use quality components by Pickering.



PICKERING and company inc.
Oceanside, N. Y.

For details and literature address Department S-1

RECORDS FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

FOR THE CONNOISSEUR . . .

BEETHOVEN:
SYMPHONY NO. 9 IN D MINOR OP. 125
Symphony No. 1 in C Major
Magda Laszlo,
Hildegarde Roessel-Majdan,
Petre Munteanu,
Richard Standen.
Wiener Singakademie—
Orchestra of the
Vienna State Opera
Conducted by
Hermann Scherchen. WAL 208



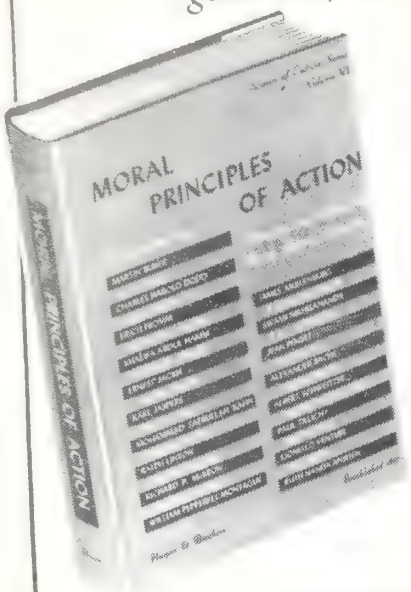
FOR EVERYBODY . . .

CHRISTMAS CAROLS VOLUME II
Randolph Singers,
directed by David Randolph;
assisted by Gordon Myers.
WL 5200
(This is the same group that gave you the very popular Christmas Carols Vol. 1) WL 5100



Westminster
LONG PLAYING RECORDS

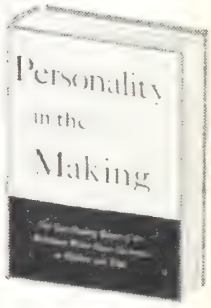
"A true book of wisdom . . . A signpost directing a lost generation, threatened with the possibilities of indiscriminate violence and wholesale genocide, to return to the path of humanity." —LEWIS MUMFORD



MORAL PRINCIPLES OF ACTION

MAN'S ETHICAL IMPERATIVE

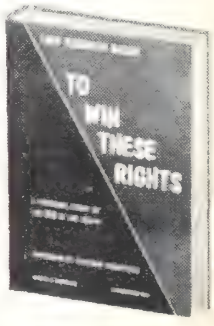
Planned and edited by *Ruth Nanda Anshen.* Are there universally applicable ethical principles? Thirty-four of today's most brilliant international minds answer this question in confronting the urgent needs of a world age for a world consciousness. These insights, in their diversity and basic agreements, present a clear, fascinating and forthright view of contemporary trends which is at once heartening and unifying. $7.50



PERSONALITY IN THE MAKING

The Fact-Finding Report of the Midcentury White House Conference on Children and Youth

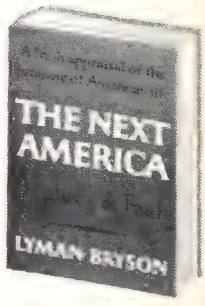
Edited by *Helen Leland Witmer* and *Ruth Kotinsky.* "This book is a gold mine. Any intelligent and curious physician, nurse, teacher, minister, court worker, who deals with children . . . could acquire a basic grasp of personality development from this one volume . . . How I wish there could have been such a book twenty years ago."—BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D. $4.50



TO WIN THESE RIGHTS

A Personal Story of the CIO in the South

By *Lucy Randolph Mason.* "A part of history that we will be proud of in the future . . . I think that the South will be proud that one of its own people wrote this record of a really remarkable piece of work for the achievement of democracy."—From the Foreword by ELEANOR ROOSEVELT. $3.00



THE NEXT AMERICA Prophecy and Faith

By *Lyman Bryson.* "An extraordinary book. It takes up the themes of current discourse about America — the growth of large-scale organization, the problem of 'mass culture,' the supposed slump in leadership, the hue and cry over 'values,' etc. — and examines them with a lovely freedom from panic and portentousness, a tough-minded patience, a skeptical yet charitable urbanity." —*Commentary.* $3.50



SIX WAYS TO RETIRE

By *Paul W. Boynton,* *Author of "Six Ways to Get a Job," etc.* For every man or woman who is planning to retire — for anyone beyond fifty, in fact — this book shows how you can transform retirement into a new life of achievement, self-fulfillment or adventure. Whether you want to pursue a new career, develop creative interests, enter civic affairs, or simply retire to the country, you will find here both the ideas and long-range plans that can make your future at once satisfying and secure. $2.50

At your bookstore, or from

HARPER & BROTHERS 49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

Dewar's "White Label"

...nd "Victoria Vat"

...he Medal SCOTCH *of the World*

...amed are the clans of Scotland ...
...heir colorful tartans worn in glory
...hrough the centuries. Famous, too,
Dewar's White Label and
...ictoria Vat, forever and always
...wee bit o' Scotland
...a bottle!



Traditional Tartan
of Clan MacIntyre

...r distinguished service



White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years

Victoria Vat
"Nor...Finer"

...f Blended Scotch Whisky

...Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

IMPORTED by Schenley

The Most Prized Whiskey Gift of the Year



DELUXE DECANTER AT NO EXTRA COST



I.W. HARPER

The Gold Medal Whiskey

THE *Prized* BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT *Bourbon*
IN THE MAGNIFICENT GIFT DECANTER

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY